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CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

TOWARDS the close of the eighteenth century, a German clockmaker named Engel Freund, accompanied by his wife and children, left his native town of Elberfeld, in Rhenish Prussia, to seek a new home in America. There is a family tradition to the effect that his forefathers were French, and that they came into Germany on account of some internal commotion in their own country. The name makes it more probable that they were Alsatians who quietly moved across the Rhine, either when their province was first ceded to France, or perhaps later, at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685. When Engel Freund quitted Germany the disturbing influences of the French Revolution may have had a considerable share in determining his departure. He landed at New York in 1797 and established himself in Hester Street, between Christie and Forsyth.

His wife, born Ann Elizabeth Schneider, in 1764, was a native of Frankenburg, Hesse Cassel. She became the mother of a son and several daughters, who attained maturity and settled in New York. As his girls grew into womanhood and married, Engel Freund, who was a thrifty and successful tradesman in his prime, dowered each of them with a house in his own neighborhood, seeking thus to perpetuate in the new the kindly patriarchal customs of the old land.

* Circumstances quite unforeseen prevented the writer of the Introduction to this Life, which was announced in the last number, from placing his MS. in our hands in time for the present issue.

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To the New-Yorker of to-day, or, indeed, to any reputable and industrious immigrant, the notion of settling a family in Hester Street could not seem other than grotesque. It is now the filthy and swarming centre of a very low-class Jewry. The "'Ebrew Jew" *par éminence* lives there and thereabouts. Signs painted in the characters of his race, not of his accidental nationality, abound on every side. Here a synagogue occupies the story above a shop; there Masonic symbols are exhibited between the windows in a similar location. Jewish faces of the least prepossessing type look askance into eyes which they recognize as both unfamiliar and observant. Women, unkempt and slouchy, or else arrayed in dubious finery, brush against one. At intervals fast growing greater the remains of an extinct domesticity and privacy still show themselves in the shape of old-fashioned brick or wooden houses with Dutch gables or Queen Anne fronts, but for the most part tall tenement-houses, their lower stories uniformly given up to some small traffic, claim exclusive right of possession. The sidewalks are crowded with the stalls of a yet more petty trade; the neighborhood is full of unpleasant sights, unwholesome odors, and revolting sounds.

But the Hester Street of seventy years ago and more was another matter. When a canal flowed through Canal Street, and tall trees growing on either side of it sheltered the solid and roomy houses of retired merchants and professional men, Hester Street was a long way up town. Seven years before the subject of the present biography was born, that elegantly proportioned structure, the City Hall, which had then been nine years a-building, was finished in material much less expensive than had been intended when it was begun. Marble was very dear, reasoned the thrifty and far-sighted City Fathers of the day, and as the population of New York were never likely to settle to any extent above Chambers Street, the rear of the hall would be seen so seldom that this economy would not be noticeable. What is now Fourteenth Street was then a place given over to market-gardens. Rutgers Street, Rutgers Place, Henry Street, were fashionable localities, and the adjacent quarter, now so malodorous and disreputable, was eminently respectable. Freund's daughters, as they left the parental roof for modest houses of his gift close by, no doubt had reason to consider themselves abundantly fortunate in their surroundings.

One of these daughters, Caroline Sophia Susanna Henrietta Wilhelmina, born in Elberfeld on the 2d of March, 1796, was still a babe in arms at the time of the family emigration. She

was a tall, fair, handsome girl, not long past her fifteenth birthday when she became a wife. Her husband, John Hecker, was nearly twice her age, having been born in Wetzlar, Prussia, May 7, 1782. He was the son of another John Hecker, a brewer by trade, who married the daughter of a Colonel Schmidt. Both parents were natives of Wetzlar. Their son learned the business of a machinist and brass-founder, and emigrated to America in 1800. He was married to Caroline Freund in the Old Dutch Church in the Swamp, July 21, 1811. He died in New York, in the house of his eldest son, July 10, 1860.

Events proved John Hecker to have been equally fortunate and sagacious in his choice of a wife. At the time of their marriage he was thrifty and well-to-do. At one period he owned a flourishing brass-foundry in Hester Street, and during his early married life his prosperity was uninterrupted. But before many years had passed his business declined, and from one cause and another he never succeeded in re-establishing it. This misfortune, occurring while even the eldest of the sons was still a lad, might easily have proved irreparable in more senses than one. But the very fact that the ordinary gates to learning were so soon closed against these children caused the natural tendency they had toward knowledge to impel them all the more strongly in that shorter road to practical wisdom which leads through labor and experience. The Hecker brothers were all hard at work while still mere children, and before John, the eldest, had attained to legal manhood, they had fixed the solid foundations of an enduring prosperity, and all need of further exertion on the part of their parents was over for ever.

Isaac Thomas Hecker, the third son and youngest child of this couple, was born in New York at a house in Christie Street, between Grand and Hester, December 18, 1819, when his mother was not yet twenty-four. He survived her by twelve years only, she dying at the residence of her eldest son's widow in 1876, in the full possession of faculties which must have been of no common order. From her, and through her from Engel Freund, who was what is called "a character," Father Hecker seems to have derived many of his life-long peculiarities. "I never knew a son so like his mother," writes to us one who had an intimate acquaintance with both of them for more than forty years. She adds:

"Mrs. Hecker was a woman of great energy of character and strong religious nature. Her son, Father Hecker, inherited both of these traits, and there was the warmest sympathy between them. He was her youngest son, her

baby, she called him, but with all her tender love she had a holy veneration for his character as priest.

"She deeply sympathized with him through the trials and anxieties that were his in his search after truth, and when his heart found rest, and the aspirations of his soul were answered in the Holy Catholic Church, her noble heart accepted for him what she could not see for herself. She said to a lady who spoke to her on the subject and who could not be reconciled to the conversion of a daughter: 'No, I would not change the faith of my sons. They have found peace and joy in the Catholic Church, and I would not by a word change their faith, if I could.'

"She had a very earnest temperament, and what she did she did with all her heart. The last years of her life she was a great invalid, but from her sick room she did wonders. Family ties were kept warm, and no one whom she had loved and known was forgotten. The poor were ever welcome, and came to her in crowds, never leaving without help and consolation. She had a very cheerful spirit, and a bright, pleasant, and even witty word for every one.

"But the strongest trait in her character was her deeply religious nature. With the Catholic faith it would have found expression in the religious life, as she sometimes said herself. The faith she had made her most earnest and devout, according to her light."

Mrs. Georgiana Bruce Kirby,* who spent a month at the house in Rutgers Street just after Isaac finally returned from Brook Farm, when Mrs. Hecker was in the prime of middle life, speaks of her as

"a lovely and dignified character, full of 'humanities.' She was fair, tall, erect, a very superior example of the German house-mother. Hers was the controlling spirit in the house, and her wise and generous influence was felt far beyond it. She was a life-long Methodist, and took me with her to a 'Love Feast,' which I had never witnessed before."

To the good sense, good temper, and strong religious nature of Caroline Hecker her children owed, and always cordially acknowledged, a heavy, and in one respect an almost undivided, debt of gratitude. Neither Engel Freund nor John Hecker professed any religious faith. The latter was never in the habit of attending any place of worship. Both were Lutheran so far as their antecedents could make them so, but neither seems to have practically known much beyond the flat negation, or at best the simple disregard, of Christianity to which Protestantism leads more or less quickly according as the logical faculty is more or less developed in those whose minds have been fed upon it. However, there was nothing aggressive in the attitude of either toward religious observance. The grandfather especially seems to have been a "gentle sceptic," an agnostic in the germ, affirming nothing beyond the natural, probably because all substantial

* *Years of Experience.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

ground for supernatural affirmations seemed to him to be cut away by the fundamental training imparted to him. He was a kindly, virtuous, warm-hearted man, with a life of his own which made him incurious and thoughtful, and singularly devoid of prejudices. When his daughter Caroline elected to desert the Reformed Dutch Church in which the family had a pew, and to attach herself to another sect, he had only a jocular word of surprise to say concerning her odd fancy for "those noisy Methodists." He had a true German fondness for old ways and settled customs, and to the end of his days spoke only his own vernacular.

"Why don't you talk English?" somebody once asked him toward the close of his life.

"I don't know how," he answered. "I never had time to learn."

"Why, how long have you been here?"

"About forty years."

"Forty years! And isn't that time enough to learn English in?"

"What can one learn in forty years?" said the old man, with an unanswerable twinkle.

Between him and the youngest of his Hecker grandchildren there existed a singular sympathy and affection. The two were very much together, and the little fellow was allowed to potter about the workshop and encouraged to study the ins and outs of all that went on there, as well as entertained with kindly talk that may at first have been a trifle above his years. But he was a precocious child, shrewd, observant, and thoughtful. It was in the old watchmaker's shop that the boy, not yet a dozen years old, and already hard at work helping to earn his own living, conceived the plan of making a clock with his own hands and presenting it to the church attended by the family, which was situated in Forsyth Street between Walker and Hester. The clock was finished in due time and set up in the church, where it ticked faithfully until the edifice was torn down, some forty years later. Then it was returned to its maker in accordance with a promise made by the pastor when the gift was accepted. In 1872 the opening number of the third volume of *The Young Catholic* contained a good engraving of it, accompanied by a sketch descriptive of its career. Although Father Hecker did not write the little story, it is so true both to fact and to sentiment that we make an extract from it. The clock hung in the Paulist sacristy for about ten years. Then, for some reason,

it was taken to the country house of Mr. George Hecker, where it was accidentally destroyed by fire :

"There were points of resemblance in my own and my boy maker's nature. In him, regularity, order, and obedience were fixed principles; and with us both, Time represented Eternity. As the days of his young manhood came his pursuits and tastes in life changed. Deep thought took possession of his mind, and with it a tender love for souls and a heart-hungriness for a further knowledge of what man was given a soul for, and the way in which he was to save it. As these thoughts were maturing in his mind I often noticed his troubled look. One Sunday in particular, he lingered behind the congregation and stood before me, with a new expression in his keen gray eye; and amid the silence of the deserted aisles he thus apostrophized me: 'Farewell, old friend! fashioned by these hands, thou representest Truth, the eternal. What man is ever seeking, through me thou hast found. Here I stand, not man's but God's noblest work, as yet not having repaid my Maker with one act of duty or of service. Thou hast faithfully performed thy mission; henceforth I labor to perform mine.' With a grave and sad look my boy maker, now a young man, left me. I felt then that we had looked our last upon each other in this place; but little did either of us dream of where, when, and how we would meet again. For thirty-five years I labored on unchanged, though I must own to having had some ailments now and then. About this period of my existence I overheard straggling remarks, as the worshippers passed out of the church, which led me to conclude that some change was contemplated, and my suspicions were confirmed by the rector proposing from the pulpit the erection of a new church edifice in another part of the city, to be fashioned after a more modern style of architecture. . . . In accordance with the promise made my boy maker, I was to go back to him. My heart bounded at the prospect. Never in all those years had I seen him. . . .

"In a short time I learned that the author of my existence, after many hard struggles and trials, had at last found truth and light, peace and rest, in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. He had returned, when he found me, from the Plenary Council of 1867. He is now a priest, and the head of a religious community. Need I assure those who have been interested in my history that I also have found a home in the same community, where I am consecrated to its use. I am no longer alone now; I am busy from morning until night, helping to regulate the movements of the community. There is not an hour in the day when I do not see my boy maker. We have established sympathies in common; I call him to prayers, to his meals, to his matins, and to his rest. Many a time, when he finds me alone, he gives me some spiritual reading, or says aloud some prayers. Every time I strike, he breathes an aspiration of love and thanksgiving. In short, we have found our glorious mission in our new birth. We are both postles: I represent Time; he preaches of Eternity."

There can be little doubt, however, that the chief formative influence in the Hecker household was that which came directly through the mother. Young as she was when an unduly heavy share of the domestic burdens fell to her portion, she took it up with courage and bore it with dignity and fidelity. What aid her father could give her was doubtless not lacking, but we may well suppose that, as age crept on Engel Freund, his business began to slip away from him into younger hands. He was probably no

longer in a position to endow daughters or to undertake the education of grandchildren. What is certain is that Caroline Hecker's boys, after very brief school-days, were put at once to hard work. What decided their choice of an occupation is not so sure, but in all probability they consulted with their mother and then took the common-sense view that as there is a never-failing market for food staples, even poverty, if mated with diligence and sagacity, may find there a fair field for successful enterprise. John, the eldest, upon whom the mother soon began to rely as her right hand, went to learn his trade as a baker with a Mr. Schwab, whose shop was on the corner of Hester and Eldridge Streets. George, who was some three or four years younger, as the only girl, Elizabeth, came between them, presently followed his brother to the same business.

As for Isaac, whom hard necessity, or, more probably, a mistaken thrift, likewise forced away from school when not much more than ten years old, his earliest ventures bear a curious symbolic likeness to his latest. He earned his first wages in the service of a religious periodical, the Methodist publication still known as *Zion's Herald*, whose office was situated in Crosby Street near Broadway. From there he went to learn a trade in the type foundry in Great Thames Street. But as it was already apparent that the family road to prosperity was identical with that chosen by his elder brothers, we find him working away beside them in the bake-house by the time he was eleven. They had already established the bakery in Rutgers Street, between Monroe and Cherry, where the family lived for so many years. They had another shop in Pearl Street, to which Isaac used to carry bread every morning.

This was a part of his life to which he was fond of recurring in his last years. "Thanks be to God!" he said on the first day of 1886, "how hard we used to work preparing for New Year's Day! Three weeks in advance we began to bake New Year's cakes—flour, water, sugar, butter, and caraway seeds. We never could make enough. How I used to work carrying the bread around in my baker's cart! How often I got stuck in the gutters and in the snow! Sometimes some good soul, seeing me unable to get along, would give me a lift. I began to work when I was ten and a half years old, and I have been at it ever since."

And again, a few days later, as a poor woman carrying a heavy basket passed him in the street, he said to the companion of his walk: "I have had the blood spurt out of my arm carrying bread when I was a baker. A lady asked me once for a hundred

dollars to help her send her only son to college. I answered her that my mother had four children and got along without begging, and that I would not exchange one year of those I spent working for several at college."

Less than a month before his death he fell into conversation with a newsboy on the corner near the Paulist church in Fifty-ninth Street. "It interested me very much," he said afterwards. "I found out that he is one of five little brothers, and their mother is a widow. She is trying to bring them up, poor thing! It reminds me of my own mother."

It is plain that there could not have been much room for formal study in a life of hard physical labor, so soon begun and so unremittingly continued during the years usually given up to school work. An ordinary boy, placed in such circumstances, would doubtless have grown up ignorant and unformed. But while none of the Hecker boys was quite of the ordinary stamp, Isaac was distinctly *sui generis* and individual. He has said of himself that he could remember no period of his life when he had not the consciousness of having been sent into the world for some especial purpose. What it was he knew not, but expectation and desire for the withheld knowledge kept him pondering and self-withdrawn. Once in his childhood he was given over for death with a bad attack of confluent small-pox, and his mother came to his bedside to tell him so. "No, mother," he answered her, "I shall not die now. God has a work for me to do in the world, and I shall live to do it."

Such instruction as Isaac obtained before beginning to earn his own bread was given him in Ward School No. 7. A Dr. Kirby was then its principal, and the time was just previous to the introduction of the present system. The schools were not entirely free, a small payment being required from the parents for each pupil, to supplement the grant of public funds. No doubt the boy, who had an ardent thirst for knowledge, regretted his removal from his desk more deeply than he was at the time willing to express. Still, it may be questioned whether he ever had any natural aptitude for close, continuous book-work, at least on ordinary and prescribed lines. He was "always studying," indeed, as he sometimes said in speaking of his early life, but the thoughts of other men, whether written or spoken, do not seem to have been greatly valued by him, except as keys which might help him to unlock those mysteries of God and man, and their mutual relations, which tormented him from the first. He was to the last an indefatigable reader, but yet it would be true to say that he was

never either a student or a scholar in the ordinary sense. It is a curious question as to how a thorough education might have modified Father Hecker. It is possible—nay, as the reader may be inclined to believe with us as the story of his inner life goes on, it is even probable—that the more he was taught by God the less he was able to receive from men.

It is certain, however, that he seriously regretted and soon set himself to rectify the deficiencies of his early training. This was one of the reasons which took him to Brook Farm. In the first entry of the earliest of his diaries which has been preserved he thus speaks of his hidden longing after knowledge. He was twenty-three when these sentences were written, and he had been at Brook Farm for several months:

"If I cast a glance upon a few years of my past life, it appears to me mysteriously incomprehensible that I should be where I am now. I confess sincerely that, although I have never labored for it, still, something in me always dreamed of it. Once, when I was lying on the floor, my mother said to my brother John, without anything previously being spoken on the subject, and suddenly, in a kind of unconscious speech, "John, let Isaac go to college and study." These words went through me like liquid fire. He made some evasive answer and there it ended. Although to study has always been the secret desire of my heart from my youth, I never felt inclined to open my mind to any one on the subject. And now I find, after a long time, that I have been led here as strangely as possible."

His childhood seems to have been a serious one. In recurring to it in later life, as he often did, he never spoke of any games or sports in which he had shared, nor, in fact, of any amusements before the time when he began to attend lectures and the theatre. It was the childhood of what we call in America a self-made man—one in which the plastic human material is rudely dealt with by circumstances. His mother taught him his prayers, the schoolmistress his letters, necessity his daily round of duties, and for the rest he was left very much to himself and to that interior Master of whose stress and constraint upon him he grew more intimately conscious as he grew in years. The force of this inward pressure showed itself in many ways. Outwardly it made his manner undemonstrative, and fixed an intangible yet very real barrier between him and his kindred, even when the affection that existed was extremely close and tender. From infancy he exhibited that repugnance to touching or being touched by any one which marked him to the end. Even his mother refrained from embracing him, knowing this singular aversion. She would stroke his face, instead, when she was pleased with him, and say, "That is my kiss for you, my son."

The mutual respect for each other's personalities shown in this closest of human relations was characteristic of the entire family, as will be seen later, when the nature of the business connections between Isaac and his brothers has to be considered. Far from weakening the natural ties, or impairing their proper influence, it seems to have strengthened and perfected them. Asked once towards the close of his life how it was that he had never used tobacco in any form, he answered: "Mother forbade it, and that was enough for George and me. I was never ruled in any way but by her affection. That was sufficient." The parallel fact that he never in his life drank a drop of liquor at a bar or at any public place was probably due to a similar injunction. The children were brought up, too, with exceedingly strict ideas about lying and stealing, and all petty vices. Throughout the family there prevailed an extreme severity on such faults. "I have never forgotten," said Father Hecker, "the furious anger of an aunt of mine and the violent beating she gave one of my cousins for stealing a cent from her drawer. That training has had a great and lasting effect upon my character."

In such antecedents and surroundings it is easy to see the source of that abiding confidence in human nature, and that love for the natural virtues which marked Father Hecker's whole career. They had kept his own youth pure. He had been baptized in infancy, however, as the children of orthodox Protestants more commonly were at that period than at present, and in all probability validly, so that one could never positively say that nature in him had ever been unaided by grace in any particular instance. It is the conviction of those who knew him best that he had never been guilty of deliberate mortal sin. One of these writes:

"During all the intimate hours I spent with him, speaking of his past life he *never once said that he had been a sinner* in a sense to convey the idea of mortal sin. And on the other hand he said much to the contrary; so much as to leave no manner of doubt on my mind that he had kept his baptismal innocence. He was deeply attached to an edifying and religious mother; he was at hard work before the dawn of sensual passion, and his recreation, even as a boy, was in talking and reading about deep social and philosophical questions, and listening to others on the same themes. He expressly told me that he had never used drink in excess, and that he had never sinned against purity, never was profane, never told a lie; and he certainly never was dishonest.

"The influence of his mother was of the most powerful kind. He told me that the severest punishment she ever inflicted on him was once or twice (once only, I am pretty sure) to tell him that she was angry with him; and this so distressed him that he was utterly miserable, sat down on the floor completely overcome, and so remained till she after a time relented and restored him to favor. Such a relationship is quite instructive in reference to the original innocence of his life."

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH.

It has been said already, in speaking of Father Hecker's childhood, that he had been consciously under the influence of supernatural impressions from a very early period. It seems probable, therefore, that at least during the few years which preceded his juvenile plunge into politics he must have been devout and prayerful, though doubtless in his own spontaneous way. Such were his mother's characteristics, and we find her son writing to her, when his aspirations after the perfect life had led him to the threshold of the church, that she, of all persons, ought most to sympathize with him, for he is about doing that which will aid him to be what she has always desired to see him. But his devotions probably bore small resemblance to those of the ordinary religiously minded boy, either Catholic or Protestant. He has said that often at night, when lying on the shavings before the oven in the bake-house, he would start up, roused in spite of himself by some great thought, and run out upon the wharves to look at the East River in the moonlight, or wander about under the spell of some resistless aspiration. What does God desire from me? How shall I attain unto Him? What is it He has sent me into the world to do? These were the ceaseless questions of a heart that rested, meanwhile, in an unshaken confidence that time would bring the answer.

But these were early days, days when the influence of his mother, never wholly shaken off, was still dominant and pervasive in all that concerned him. There came a period, however, beginning in all likelihood about his fourteenth, and lasting until his twentieth year or thereabouts, in which he certainly lost hold on all distinctively Christian doctrines. With such a mind as his, and such a training, this was almost inevitable. His intellect, while it hungered incessantly after supernatural truth, kept nevertheless a persistent hold upon the verities of the natural order, and could not rest until it had synthetized them into a coherent whole. That was his life-long characteristic. During the years of painful ill health which preceded his death, he often said that he was unlike the Celt, who takes to the supernatural as if by instinct. "But I am a Saxon and cling to the earth," he would say; "I want an explicit and satisfactory reason why any innocent pleasure should not be enjoyed." He attributed this to his

racial peculiarities. Others may differ with him and credit it to his nature, taken in its human and rational integrity. Furthermore, he was always singularly independent and self-poised. He could not endure being hindered of anything that was his, except by an authority which had legitimated to his intelligence its right to command. He could obey that readily and entirely, as his life from infancy clearly witnesses; but he never knew a merely arbitrary master.

Such a nature, fed on the mingled truth and error characteristic of orthodox Protestantism, was certain to reject it sooner or later, impelled by hunger for the whole Divine gift of which that teaching contains fragments only. The soul of Isaac Hecker was one athirst for God from the first dawn of its conscious being. Upon Him, its Creator and Source, it never lost hold, and never ceased to cry out for Him with longing and aspiration, even during that bitter and protracted period of his youth when his mind, entangled in the maze of philosophic subjectivism, seemed in danger of rejecting theism altogether. But the underpinning of his faith, so far as that professed to be Christian and to come by hearing—to have an intellectual basis, that is—began to slip away almost as soon as he left his mother's knee. It is possible that very little stress was ever laid upon distinctively Christian doctrines in her teaching. To adore God the Creator, to listen to His voice in conscience, to live honestly and purely as in His sight—the heritage she transmitted to him probably contained little more than this. Like most others reared in heresy who afterwards attain to the true knowledge of the Incarnation, he had to seek for it with almost as great travail of mind as if he had been born a pagan. It cannot be too strongly insisted on, however, that his struggles were merely intellectual, and, when they began to take a definite turn, shaped themselves into the natural result of a metaphysic as repugnant to common sense as it is to Christian philosophy. To this fact, so important in certain of its bearings, we have ample testimony in the private diaries kept before his conversion, from which we shall make extracts later on. They find a later confirmation in some most interesting memoranda, jotted down, after conversation with him at intervals during the last years of his life, by one whom he admitted to an unusually close intimacy. He was always singularly reserved concerning matters purely personal; his confidences, when they touched his own soul, seldom seemed entirely voluntary, and were quickly checked. Occasionally they were taken by surprise, as when the course of

talk insensibly turned toward internal ways; and again they were deliberately angled for with a hook so well concealed that it secured a prize before he was aware. From these notes we shall here make a few quotations bearing on the point made above—*i.e.*, that his difficulties prior to his entrance into the church were neither moral nor spiritual, but intellectual. Of him, if of any man, it was always true that his heart was naturally Christian. The first of these extracts, bearing as it does on a topic constantly in his thoughts, affords a good enough example of what was meant in saying that his confidences were sometimes taken by surprise:

"There are some for whom the predominant influence is the external one, authority, example, precept, and the like. Others in whose lives the interior action of the Holy Spirit predominates. In my case, from my childhood God influenced me by an interior light and by the interior touch of His Holy Spirit."

At another time he said:

"While I was a youth, and in early manhood, I was preserved from certain sins and certain occasions of sin, in a way that was peculiar and remarkable. I was also at the same time, and, indeed, all the time, conscious that God was preserving me innocent with a view to some future providence. Mind, all this was long before I came into the church."

And again:

"Many a time before my conversion God gave me grace to weep over those words: 'And all those who love His coming.' I did not believe in His coming, but I loved it honestly and longed to believe it. I had learned much of the Bible from my mother and had read it often and much myself."

This consciously supernatural character of his inner life from the first, should be kept closely united in the reader's mind with that other idea of his adhesion to "guileless nature" which was such a favorite theme with Father Hecker. No one could be more emphatic than he in asserting the necessity of the supernatural for the attainment of man's destiny. How could it be otherwise, when he considered that destiny to be the elevation of man above all good merely human, and by means far beyond the compass of his natural powers? Still, this was undoubtedly a conclusion of his riper years, a result arrived at after a certain intense if not very prolonged experience in contemporary Utopias, in futile endeavors to raise man above his own level while remaining on it, whether by socialistic schemes or social politics.

In an article called "Dr. Brownson and the Workingman's Party Fifty Years Ago," published in The Catholic World of May, 1887, Father Hecker has himself made some interesting

references to his experiences in the latter field, and upon these we shall draw heavily for our own account of this period of his life, supplementing them with whatever bears upon the subject in the memoranda already referred to.

Concerning the inception of this party, to which all three of the young Heckers belonged in 1834, we have a better statement in Dr. Brownson's *Convert* than we know of elsewhere. Brownson was for a time actively interested in it, and in 1829 established a journal in support of its principles somewhere in Western New York. From him we learn that it was started in 1828 by Robert Dale Owen, Robert L. Jennings, George H. Evans, Fanny Wright, and a few other doctrinaires, foreign-born without exception, in the hope of getting control of political power so as to use it for establishing purely secular schools. Their advocacy of anti-Christian and free-love doctrines had so signally failed among adult Americans that the slower but surer method of educating the children of the country without religion had dawned upon them as more certain to succeed.

"We hoped," writes Dr. Brownson, "by linking our cause with the ultra-democratic sentiment of the country, which had had from the time of Jefferson and Tom Paine something of an anti-Christian character; by professing ourselves the bold and uncompromising champions of equality; by expressing a great love for the people and a deep sympathy with the laborer, whom we represented as defrauded and oppressed by his employer; by denouncing all proprietors as aristocrats, and by keeping the more unpopular features of our plan as far in the background as possible, to enlist the majority of the American people under the banner of the Workingman's party; nothing doubting that, if we could once raise that party to power, we could use it to secure the adoption of our educational system."

This party, however, both as an engine in politics and as a fitting embodiment of his private views, Dr. Brownson soon abandoned. He was not truly radical, in the evil sense of that word, at any period of his career, and the theories of the leaders soon became insupportable to his moral sense. But he remained true to the cause of the workingmen while abandoning the organization which assumed to voice their needs and their wishes. Probably these more ulterior aims of their leaders were never fully appreciated by the rank and file of those who followed them. Yet the genesis of the present purely secular school system, against whose workings and results nearly all Christian denominations are too late beginning to protest, is clearly traceable to the propaganda carried on half a century ago by men and women whose only half-veiled warfare against Christianity, property, and

marriage was then an offence in the nostrils of our people at large. It is fair to predict that this generation, or another which shall succeed it, will yet have the good sense to regret, and the courage to atone for, the fact that hatred to the Catholic Church, and a desire to cripple her hands where her own children were concerned, should have been a more powerful agent in dragging them and theirs into the abyss of secularism than was their love of Christianity in deterring them from it.

Father Hecker's account of his own youthful connection with the "Workingman's Democracy," although written with the direct intention of placing his estimate of Dr. Brownson on record, has too many strictly autobiographic touches in it to be here omitted. Such passages, bearing on long past personal history, are fewer than we could wish them among his papers, published or unpublished. The five articles on Dr. Brownson, beginning in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1887, and concluding in November of the same year, contain almost the only matters relative to his personal history which he ever put into print. Concerning the party, of which Dr. Brownson says that he had ceased to be a recognized leader at this time, although he still threw his influence as a speaker into all its projects for social reform, Father Hecker writes:

"We called ourselves the genuine Democracy, and in New York City were for some years a separate political body, independent of the 'regular' Democracy, and voting our own ticket. I have before me the files of our newspaper organ, the *Democrat*, the first number of which appeared March 9, 1836, published by Windt & Conrad, 11 Frankfort Street. In its prospectus the *Democrat* promises to contend for 'Equality of Rights, often trampled in the dust by Monopoly Democrats,' to battle 'with an aristocratic opposition powerful in talent and official entrenchment, and mighty in money and facilities for corruption.' 'In the course of this duty it will not fail fearlessly and fully to assert the inalienable rights of the people against 'vested rights' and 'vested wrongs.' It claims to be the 'instructive companion' of the mechanics' and workingmen's leisure, 'the promotion of whose interests will ever form a leading feature of the *Democrat*.' And in the editorial salutatory it speaks thus:

"'We are in favor of government by the people. Our objects are the restoration of equal rights and the prostration of those aristocratical usurpations existing in the state of monopolies and exclusive privileges of every kind, the products of corrupt and corrupting legislation. . . . At this moment we are the only large nation on the face of the earth where the mass of the people govern in theory—where they may govern in reality, if they will—where the real taxes of government, although too heavy, are but trifling, and where a majority of the population depend on their own labor for support; yet such is the condition of that large class that the fruits of their toil are inadequate to sustain themselves in comfort and rear their families as the young citizens of a republic ought to be reared.

"'. . . He is very shortsighted, however, who thinks that a majority of the

people, where universal suffrage exists, will submit long to a state of toil and mendicity. The majority would soon learn to exercise its political rights, and command its representatives to carry the laws abolishing primogeniture and entails one step further, and stop all devises of land and prohibit it from being an article of sale. (In a foot-note of the editorial:) We actually heard these and several such propositions discussed by a number of apparently very intelligent mechanics, after the adjournment of a meeting called to consider the subject of wages, rents, etc.'

"At that time the main question was the condition of the public finances, and our agitation was directed chiefly against granting charters to private banks of circulation. We condemned these as monopolies, for we were hostile to all monopolies—that is to say, to the use of public funds or the enjoyment of public exclusive privileges by any man or association or class of men for their private profit."

We interrupt our direct quotation from this article in order to relate one of the humors of the period, so far as these brothers were concerned, in the words of the late Mr. George Hecker:

"When we were bakers the money in common use was the old-fashioned paper issued by private banks under State charters. We were regularly against it. So we bought a hand printing-press and set it up in the garret of our establishment. All the bills we received from our customers, some thousands sometimes every week, we smoothed out and put in a pile, and then printed on their backs a saying we took from Daniel Webster (though I believe it was not quite authentic): 'Of all the contrivances to impoverish the laboring classes of mankind, paper money is the most effective. It fertilizes the rich man's field with the poor man's sweat.' They tried to punish us for defacing money, but we beat them. We didn't deface it; we only printed something on the back of it. Isaac and I often worked all night putting up handbills for our meetings, for in those days there were no professional bill-posters."

Father Hecker's acquaintance with Dr. Brownson, which had so powerful an effect upon his future career, began in 1834, when Brownson was invited to lecture in New York in favor of the principles and aims of this party. Isaac was then in his fifteenth year. Among the conversations recorded in the memoranda we find this reference to their earliest interview:

"I first met Dr. Brownson in New York, in our house. I was then reading the Washington *Globe*, Benton's speeches, Calhoun's, etc. The elder Blair was its editor; its motto was, 'The world is governed too much'—a motto in whose spirit there could be no great movement except in the way of revolution. After the establishment of the American Government the principle expressed in that motto could only be abandoned or pushed into revolution and anarchy.

"I put this question to Brownson: 'How can I become certain of the objective reality of the operations of my soul?' He answered: 'If you have not yet reached that period of mental life, you will do so before many years.'

"It is a great humiliation for me to admit that I was ever in a state in which I doubted the actual validity of the testimony of my own faculties, and the reality of the phenomena of my mental existence. I had begun my mental life in politics, and in a certain sense in religion; but to my philosophical life I was yet unborn."

In the article on the "Workingman's Party," already quoted from, Father Hecker, after mentioning that Dr. Brownson continued to lecture before the New York members of the party for several years, goes on as follows:

"If it be asked why a man like Dr. Brownson, a born philosopher, should have thus busied himself with the solution of the most practical of problems by undertaking to abolish inequality among men, the answer is plain. The true philosopher will not confine himself to abstract theories. But, furthermore, Brownson at this epoch of his life had lost his grip on the philosophy that leads men to trust in a supernatural happiness to be enjoyed in a future state; and the man who does not look to the hope of a future state of beatitude for the chief solace of human misery must look to this life as its end. If a man does not seek beatitude in God he seeks it in himself and his fellow-men—in the highest earthly development of our better nature if he becomes a socialist of one school, and in the lusts of the animal man if he becomes a socialist of the brutal school. The man who has any sympathy in his heart and is not guided by Catholic ethics, if he reasons at all on public affairs, will become a socialist of some school or other. Says Dr. Brownson in *The Convert*, p. 101:

"'The end of man, as disclosed by my creed of 1829, is obviously an earthly end, to be attained in this life. Man was not made for God, and destined to find his beatitude in the possession of God his Supreme Good, the Supreme Good itself. His end was happiness—not happiness in God, but in the possession of the good things of this world. Our Lord had said, 'Be not anxious as to what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed; for after all these things do the heathen seek.' I gave Him a flat denial, and said, Be anxious; labor especially for these things, first for yourselves, then for others. Enlarging, however, my views a little, I said, Man's end for which he is to labor is the well-being and happiness of man in this world—is to develop man's whole nature, and so to organize society and government as to secure all men a paradise on the earth. This view of the end to labor for I held steadily and without wavering from 1828 till 1842, when I began to find myself tending unconsciously towards the Catholic Church.'

"The reader will have seen by the extracts given that we were a party full of enthusiasm. I was but fifteen when our party called Dr. Brownson to deliver the lectures above mentioned. But my brothers and I had long been playing men's parts in politics. I remember when eleven years of age, or a year or two older, being tall for my years, proposing and carrying through a series of resolutions on the currency question at our ward meetings. As our name indicates—'Workingman's Democracy'—we were a kind of Democrats. As to the Whig party, it received no great attention from us. At that time its chances of getting control of this State or of the United States were remote. Our biggest fight was against the 'usages of the party' as in vogue in the so-called regular Democracy embodied in the Tammany Hall party. This organization undertook to absorb us when we had grown too powerful to be ignored. They nominated a legislative

ticket made up half of their men and half of ours. This move was to a great extent successful; but many of us who were purists refused to compromise, and ran a stump ticket, or, as it was then called, a rump ticket. I was too young to vote, but I remember my brother George and I posting political handbills at three o'clock in the morning; this hour was not so inconvenient for us, for we were bakers. We also worked hard on election day, keeping up and supplying the ticket booths, especially in our own ward, the old Seventh. I remember that one of our leaders was a shoemaker named John Ryker, and that we used to meet in Science Hall, Broome Street.

"If this was the high state of my enthusiasm, so was it that of us all. Our political faith was ardent and active. But if we had been tested on our religious faith we should not have come off creditably; many of us had not any religion at all. I remember saying once to my brother John that the only difference between a believer and an infidel is a few ounces of brains. . . . We were a queer set of cranks when Dr. Brownson brought to us his powerful and eloquent advocacy, his contribution of mingled truth and error. He delivered his first course of lectures in the old Stuyvesant Institute in Broadway, facing Bond Street—the same hall used a little afterwards by the Unitarian Society while they were building a church for Mr. Dewey in Broadway opposite Eighth Street, the very same society now established in Lexington Avenue, with Mr. Collyer as minister. The subsequent courses were delivered in Clinton Hall, corner of Nassau and Beekman, the site now occupied by one of our modern mammoth buildings. I forget how much we were charged admission, except that a ticket for the whole course cost three dollars. There was no great rush, but the lectures drew well and abundantly paid all expenses, including the lecturer's fee. The press did not take much notice of the lectures, for the Workingman's party had no newspapers expressly in its favor, except the one I have already quoted from. But he was one of the few men whose power is great enough to advertise itself. Wherever he was he was felt. His tread was heavy and he could make way for himself.

"Dr. Brownson was then in the very prime of manhood. He was a handsome man, tall, stately, and of grave manners. His face was clean-shaved. The first likeness of him that I remember appeared in the *Democratic Review*. It made him look like Proudhon, the French Socialist. This was all the more singular because at that time he was really the American Proudhon, though he never went so far as '*La propriété, c'est le vol.*' As he appeared on the platform and received our greeting he was indeed a majestic man, displaying in his demeanor the power of a mind altogether above the ordinary. But he was essentially a philosopher, and that means that he could never be what is called popular. He was an interesting speaker, but he never sought popularity. He never seemed to care much about the reception his words received, but he exhibited anxiety to get his thoughts rightly expressed and to leave no doubt about what his convictions were. Yet among a limited class of minds he always awakened real enthusiasm—among minds, that is, of a philosophical tendency. He never used manuscript or notes; he was familiar with his topic, and his thoughts flowed out spontaneously in good, pure, strong, forcible English. He could control any reasonable mind, for he was a man of great thoughts and never without some grand truth to impart. But to stir the emotions was not in his power, though he sometimes attempted it; he never succeeded in being really pathetic.

"It must be remembered that although Dr. Brownson was technically

classed among the reverends, he was not commonly so called. It may be said that he was still reckoned among the Unitarian ministry, owing mostly to his connection with Dr. Channing, of Boston, who took a great interest in the Workingman's party. But I do not think he was advertised by us as reverend or publicly spoken of as a clergyman. He may have been yet hanging on the skirts of the Unitarian movement. But his career had become political, and his errand to New York was political. He had given up preaching for some years, and embarked on the stormy waves of social politics, and had by his writings become an expositor of various theories of social reform, chiefly those of French origin. So that the dominant note of his lectures was not by any means religious, but political. He was at that time considered as identified with the Workingman's party, and came to New York to speak as one of our leaders. The general trend of his lectures was the philosophy of history as it bears on questions of social reform. At bottom his theories were Saint-Simonism, the object being the amelioration of the condition of the most numerous classes of society in the speediest manner. *This was the essence of our kind of Democracy.* And Dr. Brownson undertook in these lectures to bring to bear in favor of our purpose the life-lessons of the providential men of human history. Of course, the life and teachings of our Saviour Jesus Christ were brought into use, and the upshot of the lecturer's thesis was that Christ was the big Democrat and the Gospel was the true Democratic platform!

"We interpreted Christianity as altogether a social institution, its social side entirely overlapping and hiding the religious. Dr. Brownson set out to make, and did make, a powerful presentation of our Lord as the representative of the Democratic side of civilization. For His person and office he and all of us had a profound appreciation and sympathy, but it was not reverential or religious; the religious side of Christ's mission was ignored. Christ was a social Democrat, Dr. Brownson maintained, and he and many of us had no other religion but the social theories we drew from Christ's life and teaching; that was the meaning of Christianity to us, and of Protestantism especially."

In penning the reminiscences just given Father Hecker probably had in mind the whole period lying between his fourteenth year and his twenty-first. In the autumn of 1834, when he first made acquaintance with Orestes Brownson, Isaac Hecker was not yet fifteen, while the reform lecturer was in his early thirties. But the boy who began at once, as he has told us, to put philosophical questions, and to seek a test whereby to determine the validity of his mental processes, was already well known to the voters of his ward, not merely as an overgrown and very active lad, always on hand at the polling booths, and ready for any work which might be entrusted to a boy, but also as a clear and persuasive speaker on various topics of social and political reform.

Politics of the kind into which the young Heckers threw themselves so ardently were not very different in their methods fifty years ago from what they are to-day. Reform politics are always the reverse of what are called machine politics. The

meetings of which Father Hecker speaks were spontaneous gatherings of determined and earnest men, young and old, held sometimes in public halls, sometimes, when elections were close at hand, in the open street. Often they were dominated by leaders better able to formulate theories than to bring about practical remedial measures. The inception of all great parties has something of this character. It generally happens that principles are dwelt upon with an exclusive devotion more or less prejudicial to immediate practical ends. This is why young men, and even striplings, provided they are energetic and persuasive, will be listened to with attention at such eras. Men are seeking for enlightenment, and hence views are taken for what they seem to be worth rather than out of respect for the source they spring from. Imagine, then, this tall, fair, strong-faced boy of fourteen, mounted, perhaps, on one of his own flour-barrels, dogmatizing the principles of social democracy, posing as a spontaneous political reformer before a crowded street full of men twice and thrice his years, but bound together with him by the sympathies common to the wage-earning classes. It is true that Isaac Hecker and his brothers, of whom the eldest had but recently attained to the dignity of a voter, although still poor and hard-working, had already, by virtue of sheer industry and pluck, passed over to the class of wage-payers. But they were not less ardent reformers after than before that transition. Isaac, at all events, was consistent and unchanged throughout his life in the political principles he adopted among the apprentices and journeymen of New York over half a century ago. There was little room for vulgar self-conceit in a nature so frank and sincere as his. What he had to learn, as well as what he had to teach, always dwarfed merely personal considerations to their narrowest dimensions in his mind. Hence his impulsive candor, the clearness of his views, and the straightforward simplicity of his speech at once attracted notice, and although so young, he went speedily to the front in the local management of his party. In the article already quoted from, he tells us that after 1834 the managers left all future engagements of lecturers to his brother John and himself. It was doubtless this fact which led directly to that lasting and fruitful intimacy with Dr. Brownson which then began. His was the strongest purely human influence, if we except his mother's, which Isaac Hecker ever knew. And these two were on planes so different that it is hardly fair to compare them with each other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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EASTER EVE.

How beautiful the feet of Him
Who on the everlasting hills,
Quick with the glory of new birth,
The Resurrection brings to Earth!

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!
Break glorious on the world beneath—
Old sins undone, old griefs outworn,
LIFE victor over Life and Death!

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!
Touch with thy light the eastern slopes
Where, waiting till the final dawn,
Lie buried loves and buried hopes.

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!
They too shall rise that sleep beneath:
All hearts, all hopes, that died forlorn
Shall rise and live and know not Death.

O happy Night, so soon to die
In light, in strength, in victory!

Have in thy keeping, holy Night,
All souls that watch, all souls that stray,
All souls that sin, all souls that pray;
Lay thou thy balm to every smart,
Lay thy dear peace to every heart,
Till glorious in the wakening skies
The Easter sun arise!

M. J. M.

Baltimore, Md.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC LAWS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

STRICTLY speaking, the history of the Catholic Church in New Hampshire begins at a very recent period. For more than a hundred years after the first settlement on the Piscataqua (1623) there could not have been a single Catholic resident within its boundaries, unless, perchance, some wild Indian of the forest, happily converted by the missionaries of Maine or Canada. And there were very few for two hundred years. Catholics were shut out, not only by the exclusive spirit of the first settlers, but by the early charters and the tenor of the laws—remnant of the old penal laws of England. In the charter of the council of Plymouth, England, November 3, 1620, it is expressly declared that "none (are) to go to New England but such as have taken the oath of supremacy." The greater part of the seventeenth century New Hampshire was under the government of Massachusetts Bay, which was virtually in the hands of a spiritual oligarchy, no one being admitted to full citizenship and the right of franchise except members of the Puritan Church, admission into which required the consent of the ministers and elders. The holy emblem of our Redemption was torn from the flag, and Quakers, as is well known, were sentenced to the severest penalties under the law against Jesuits. It is true that when the union between the Piscataqua settlements and Massachusetts Bay was effected, in 1643, the latter was forced to consent that the New Hampshire colonists need not be church members in order to have the privilege of voting in civil affairs; but public opinion was so much in favor of it, and the moral pressure so great, that for many years most of the leading settlers, particularly of Dover,* went to Boston to be admitted freemen.

As the magistrates were then appointed by the Massachusetts authorities, it may be supposed that New Hampshire was not far behind its sister colony in severity towards those who did not conform to the religious requirements. Parish churches (Puritan or Congregational, of course) were here established by law, and, till the early part of the present century, supported by au-

*At that period there were only four townships in New Hampshire, viz.: Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, and Hampton. Of these, Dover comprised the largest territory, including the present towns of Somersworth, Rollinsford, Madbury, Lee, Durham, and a part of Newington and Newmarket, if not of Greenland.

thorized taxes on the people, giving them very much the position of the established church in England. And not only were the inhabitants required to pay their quota for the support of the minister, but attendance at meeting on the Lord's day was then compulsory.* The public records of Dover in the seventeenth century prove this. The fine for non-attendance at public worship on Sunday was five shillings for each offence, as in Massachusetts—a sum which Mr. Brooks Adams estimates as equal to five dollars in our day †—no trifling amount for poor, struggling emigrants with but little ready money in their purses. Thomas Roberts, of Dover, for instance, having absented himself thirteen times, and having no money to pay the fine, his cow was taken in lieu thereof. One woman, whose name is on record, was for a like number of offences fined £3 5s., and her husband refusing or unable to pay that amount, she was put in the stocks, which stood in a convenient place near the meeting-house. And numerous other instances might be given.

To attend any other religious service was a still greater enormity. The fine for attending a Quaker meeting, for instance, was ten shillings; and for merely harboring a Quaker it was forty shillings an hour, rendering the Scriptural injunction of hospitality altogether too expensive for frequent practice. James Newte, of Dover, for instance, was fined eight pounds for entertaining some Quakers one day for the space of four hours. As to the obnoxious sectaries themselves—so happy, had they but realized it, as to be ranked with the Jesuits—they incurred a far greater penalty. Whittier, in his poem of "How the Women went from Dover," tells a sad story of that

> "Evil time,
> When souls were fettered and thought was crime."

* The laws for keeping the Lord's day were very rigid in New Hampshire, even after its separation from Massachusetts. An act of the General Assembly, passed July 19, 1700, forbade, among other things, "the tradesman, artificer, or any other person whatsoever, upon the land or water, to do or exercise any labour, sport, play, or recreation, on the Lord's day, or any part thereof (works of necessity and mercy only excepted), upon pain that every person so offending should forfeit five shillings." Under the same penalty, all travel was forbidden, unless through some adversity a person got belated and would have been forced to remain in the wilderness. Then he could proceed to the next inn. All public houses were forbidden to entertain any but strangers and lodgers on that day. The constable was ordered to "restrain all persons from swimming in the water unnecessarily, and from unseasonable walking in the streets or fields, or any part of the province." All heads of families were to see that these laws were observed by their children and servants. And this from the going down of the sun on Saturday evening till the evening of the Lord's day, inclusive. And all persons were, when required, obliged to come to the aid of the authorities in enforcing these laws. Any offender who refused or was unable to pay the fine was to be put in the cage or stocks (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, vol. iii. 222, 223).

† *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, page 37.

It is a true account of three poor Quaker women, who, in December, 1662, were, for the crime of religious exhortation in Dover, tied fast to the cart's tail in the street, by order of the magistrate, Major Richard Waldron, and there, on a cold winter day, received ten stripes each on their bare backs, and were then sent out into the wilderness on horseback to undergo a similar infliction in other towns on their way to Massachusetts, after the fashion of Simpcox and his wife, who were sentenced by Shakspere's Duke of Gloster to be "whipped through every market-town till they came to Berwick."

Thomas Roberts and his brother*—sons of the Roberts whose cow was confiscated—were the constables to scourge these women in Dover; Parson Reyner meanwhile looking on and laughing, as two men afterwards asserted, and were put in the stocks for so doing. The presiding magistrate at Dover the following year (1663) was William Hawthorne, of Salem (or Hathorne, as the name was then written), who was as remarkable for his severity to the Quakers as to those accused of witchcraft. His descendant, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his introduction to the *Scarlet Letter*, draws an accurate portrait of this judge, and expresses wonder whether such rigid magistrates as he and his son ever repented of their cruelties and asked pardon of God, or whether they are still groaning under the heavy consequences of them in another state of being. And, as their representative, the novelist takes the shame of their deeds upon himself, and prays that any curse incurred by them might now and henceforth be removed. All this shows clearly the exclusive religious spirit of the colonists. It will at once be seen that New Hampshire was at that time no place for Catholics, of whom a tenfold horror existed among the people. Though there was far less intolerance after the separation from Massachusetts, it is evident from the public records that it was intended the colony should remain exclusively Protestant.

It has often been asserted that the early settlers of New Hampshire did not come to this country from religious motives, and therefore should not be classed with the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. Elliot, in his *History of New England*, says when one of the New Hampshire ministers reproached his people for losing sight of the religious principles which induced their fathers to come here, one of his congregation interrupted him, saying: "Sir, you entirely mistake the matter. Our fathers did not come here on account of religion, but to fish and trade." This may be

* Their children, by a kind of moral reaction, became Quakers, and their posterity for the most part have remained so to this day.

true to a certain extent, especially at Portsmouth; but all of the first settlers, with few exceptions, were dissenters, and so thoroughly imbued with the Puritan spirit as to abhor even the Church of England. Lieutenant-Governor Cranfield thus wrote to the commissioners in England in 1632: "Touching ecclesiastical matters, the attempting to settle ye way of ye Church of England I perceive will be very grievous to the people. I have observed them to be very diligent and devout in attending on that mode of worship which they have been brought up in, and seem very tenacious of it." And he declares still more emphatically, in a letter to the secretary of state, December 1, 1682, that "introducing ye way of ye Church of England will not be practicable here."*

But whatever might be the degree of piety among the colonists, it may safely be asserted that the most irreligious among them all clung to one fundamental principle—that of Scott's Nanty Ewart, whose "hatred of Popery was the only remnant left" of his Presbyterian education. On this point the colonists were undoubtedly all agreed. But this was only to be expected from their antecedents. Sir Ferdinando Gorges himself, one of the original grantees of New Hampshire, was noted for his sympathy with the Huguenots. And a nephew of his wife, Captain Francis Champernowne, one of the early settlers, and certainly the most distinguished—being a descendant, through the Howards and Mowbrays, of Edward III. of England—was the great-grandson of the ferocious Huguenot general, Count Montgomery,† who, having mortally wounded Henry II. of France in a tournament, fled to England to escape the wrath of Catherine de' Medici, renounced the Catholic religion, became a *protégé* of Queen Elizabeth, and for ten years was one of the chief Huguenot leaders in France, making himself everywhere a terror to Catholics, especially in the southwestern part, which he ravaged with fire and sword, everywhere destroying churches and convents, and massacring priests and monks with such unparalleled brutality that one cannot regret his finally falling into the hands of Catherine de' Medici, who hurried him to the block.

It may be supposed that Captain Francis Champernowne, the grandson of Gabrielle Montgomery, and a near relative of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh,‡ and Sir Peter Carew,

N. H. Prov. Papers, xvii. 573, 575.

† Sir Gawain Champernowne, of Devonshire, the grandfather of Captain Francis Champernowne, served among the Huguenots of France, and married Gabrielle Montgomery, daughter of the Huguenot leader under whom he had fought.

‡ Sir Gawain Champernowne's aunt was, by different marriages, the mother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh.

could not be very favorable to the Catholic Church. But this is only an instance.*

Captain Champernowne married the widow of Robert Cutts, brother of John Cutts, the first president of New Hampshire. In the royal warrant of September 18, 1679, appointing John Cutts president, is the following clause, showing that New Hampshire was to remain exclusively a Protestant colony:

"And for the greater ease and satisfaction of our said loving subjects in matters of religion, we do hereby will, require, and command, that liberty of conscience shall be allowed *unto all Protestants;* and such especially as shall be conformable to the rights of the Church of England shall be particularly countenanced and encouraged."†

This commission, moreover, required that President Cutts and the members of his Council should take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and they were ordered to administer the same oaths to all persons admitted to office, or as freemen in the colony. And they were also to subscribe to "the act for preventing dangers which may happen from Popish recusants."‡

And by an act of 1672 all office-holders had to subscribe to the following declaration, which was called "the Test":

"I, A. B., do declare that I do believe that there is not any Transubstantiation in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or in the elements of bread and wine, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever."

Although New Hampshire was now separated from Massachusetts, none but English Protestants could be admitted freemen and to the right of suffrage, much less to hold office. It was decreed by the General Assembly in Portsmouth, March 16, 1680, "that all *Englishmen, being Protestants*, that are settled inhabitants, and freeholders in any town of this province, of the age of 24 years, not vicious in life, but of honest and good conversation, and such as have £20 rateable estate without heads of persons, having also taken the oath of allegiance to his Majesty, *and no others*, shall be admitted to the liberty of freemen of this Province, and to give their votes," etc. (*N. H.*

* Captain Champernowne died on Champernowne Island (now called Gerrish's), a few miles from Portsmouth, but in the township of Kittery, Maine, whither he removed after the division between Gorges and Mason. His grave is there still to be seen, marked only by a cairn-like pile of stones—"a rocky grave upon a rocky isle."

† Charles II. also required liberty for the Church of England in Massachusetts. The small number of its members in New Hampshire in early times seem to have been confined to Portsmouth. We have seen above what Governor Cranfield thought of the expediency of this attempt to introduce the Church of England into the colony.

‡ See *Acts and Laws of His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire*, Portsmouth, 1771. Also *N. H. Provincial Papers*, i. 372-382.

Prov. Papers, i. 396). The spirit of that time is also shown by the following act. Shortly before the death of President Cutts a public fast was ordered by the Council and General Assembly of New Hampshire, March 17, 1681, to deprecate the Divine displeasure in view of his illness and the appearance of an "awful portentous blazing star, unusually foreboding sore calamity to the beholder thereof," and also "to implore the Divine protection against the Popish party throughout the world." *

When Edward Cranfield entered upon his office as lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire, October 4, 1682, he and his council took all the above-mentioned oaths, and on the 10th subscribed "y^e^ Test, or abjuracion of Transubstantiacion in y^e^ Holy Sacrament of y^e^ Lord's Supper."†

The "Act for the better discovering and repressing of Popish recusants" still remained in force in the reign of James II., and ran as follows:

"I, A. B., do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, testify, and declare in my conscience before God and the world that our sovereign Lord, King James, is lawful and rightful king of this realm and of all other his Majesty's dominions and countries, and that the Pope, neither of himself, nor by any other authority of the church or see of Rome, or by any other means, hath any power or authority to depose the king or to dispose of any of his Majesty's kingdoms or dominions, or to authorize any other foreign prince to invade or annoy him or his countries, or to discharge any of his subjects of their allegiance and obedience to his Majesty, or to give license or leave to any of them to bear arms, raise tumults, or to offer any violence or hurt to his Majesty's royal person, state, or government, or to any of his Majesty's subjects within his Majesty's dominions.

"And I do swear from my heart that notwithstanding any declaration or sentence of excommunication or deprivation made or granted, to be made or granted, by the Pope or his successors, or by any authority derived or pretended to be derived from him or his see against the said king, his heirs or successors, or any absolution of the said subjects from their obedience, I will bear faith and true allegiance to his Majesty, his heirs and successors, and him and them will defend to the uttermost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against his or their persons, their crown and dignity, by reason or color of any such sentence or declaration or otherwise, and will do my best endeavour to disclose and make known unto his Majesty, his heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which I shall know, or hear of, to be against him or any of them.

"And I do further swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, this damnable doctrine and position that princes which be excommunicated or deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whatsoever.

"And I do believe, and in my conscience am resolved, that neither the Pope, nor any other person whatsoever, hath power to absolve me of this oath or

* *N. H. Provincial Papers*, i. 429. † *Ibid.*, xvii. 563–4–8.

any part thereof, which I acknowledge by good and full authority to be lawfully ministered unto me, and do renounce all pardons and dispensations to the contrary.

"And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear, according to the express words by me spoken, and according to the plain sense and understanding of the same words, without any equivocation or mental evasion or secret reservation whatsoever; and I do make this recognition and acknowledgment heartily, willingly, and truly, upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God.

"Unto which oath, so taken, the said person shall subscribe his name or mark."

In face of such oaths, the very words and construction of which seem intended to be as insulting as possible to Catholics, it is pleasant to find that they were not wholly regarded with approval by the Puritan ministers. Governor Cranfield, in a letter to the "Lords of Trade," January 16, 1683, says:

"The ministers giving it as doctrine that the oath of supremacy, and all other oaths that are not approved of by the ministers and elders of their churches, are unlawful in themselves, therefore 'tis my humble opinion that it will be absolutely necessary to admit no person into any place of trust but such as take the sacrament and are conformable to the Church of England."*

Some of the oaths promulgated in New Hampshire in 1695 were still more offensive to Catholics, especially the "Test." After the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary came the following:

"I, A. B., do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whatsoever.

"And I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual within this realm. So help me God."

The "Test," promulgated at the same time, was as follows:

"I, A. B., do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into ye Body and Blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever, and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and ye Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of ye words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted

*N. H. Prov. Papers, xvii. 593.

me for this purpose, by the Pope, or any authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning." *

In July, 1696, an act was passed by the New Hampshire Assembly requiring "all persons from sixteen years old and upward" to take the above oaths. Two justices of the peace were appointed in each town to administer them, and return a list of those sworn. Any one who refused was to be sent to the common jail for three months without bail, unless he paid forty shillings and gave proper security for good behavior and for making his appearance at the next court.

Those who were scrupulous about swearing were allowed to substitute for the word "swear" the words "sincerely promise and solemnly declare"—evidently a concession to the Quakers.

This act was passed after news had been received of the plot to assassinate King William; and an Association was formed in New Hampshire, as in England, to stand by the Protestant succession, and subscribe the act passed by Parliament "for the better security of his Majesty's royal person and government." This act declared that whereas there had been "a horrible and detestable conspiracy formed and carried on by the Papists and other wicked and traitorous persons, for assassinating his Majesty's royal person, in order to encourage an invasion from France on England to subvert our religion, laws, and liberty," the subscribers therefore solemnly bound themselves to do their utmost in the support and defence of his Majesty's most sacred person and government against the late King James and all his adherents, and in case his Majesty come to any violent or untimely death, to avenge the same upon his enemies and their adherents.†

The Earl of Bellomont, at his inauguration as governor of New Hampshire, July 31, 1699, took the foregoing oaths, and likewise subscribed the Declaration and Association—and without any reluctance, it may be supposed, for he was the grandson of Sir Charles Coote, notorious for his ferocity in Ireland in the time of Charles I., and he himself was one of the first to espouse the cause of the Prince of Orange (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, ii. 314).

Lieutenant-Governor Partridge took the same oaths on the

* *N. H. Prov. Papers*, xvii. 653.

† Hill and Moore's *Historical Collections of New Hampshire*, i. 126–7.

same day, and they were afterwards administered to the members of the Council, and to all office-holders in the province.

Queen Anne, in her commission to Governor Dudley, April 6, 1702, ordered him to take the same oaths, and also to subscribe the Test and the Association (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, ii. 367–369). In the eighth year of her reign she ordered an additional oath to be taken, in case of her demise without issue, to maintain the succession of the crown in the Protestant line, in opposition to "the pretended Prince of Wales, and all other pretenders, and their open and secret abettors."

All through Queen Anne's reign mention is repeatedly made in the New Hampshire records of subscribing the Test and Association, as well as in succeeding reigns. John Wentworth, for instance, when sworn in as one of the Council, February 14, 1712, took the oaths appointed by law, and "subscribed the Test and Declaration." Among the oaths taken by Governor Burnet, at his accession in 1729, special mention is made of the act of Charles the Second's reign for preventing danger from Popish recusants (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, iv. 18).

In the reign of George I. a change was made in the oath of allegiance, requiring the subject to renounce all allegiance to James III., and promise to support the succession of the crown against him; which succession is declared to be limited to "the Princess Sophia and the heirs of her body, being Protestants."

The oaths of allegiance and abjuration were again amended in the sixth year of George II. (1733), but no changes were made that bear particularly on our subject. There were no further changes in the oaths till the Revolution, as may be seen from the commission of Governor Benning Wentworth from George II., in 1741, and another from George III., in 1760, and the commission of John Wentworth, the last royal governor of New Hampshire, from George III., in 1766.

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(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN CATHOLIC PUBLIC WORSHIP.

TWENTY-TWO millions of Protestants in the British Empire and the United States every Sunday in the year, in the public worship of God, use what in substance are translations of prominent features of the Roman Breviary and the Roman Catholic Mass. In other words, they are used Sunday after Sunday in every Anglican or Protestant Episcopal church throughout the world, and in many daily. The resemblance to the Roman Catholic services is more marked in the English than in the American Book of Common Prayer, but is sufficiently evident in the latter.

At "Morning Prayer," "The Declaration of Absolution or Remission of Sins" is given immediately after general confession, as in the Mass, and the "Pater Noster" is read; while the "*Gloria in Excelsis*," the "*Agnus Dei*," and "*Kyrie Eleison*" (all to be omitted at discretion), one of the seven "*Dominus Vobiscums*," with its response, "*Et cum spiritu tuo*," the "*Gloria Patri*," and other parts of the Mass are rendered, but not in the ancient order. But it is from the Psalter of the Breviary,* and principally from "Prime or the first Hour" for Sunday, that the ordinary "Morning Prayer" of the English Church, and in great measure of the Episcopal Church in the United States, is taken. It is not necessary here to make an exact comparison between the Catholic and Protestant services. The order is somewhat changed. Thus the verse found in the English service but omitted in the American, "O God make speed to save us," and the answer, "O Lord make haste to help us," are found in the Breviary immediately after the Apostles' Creed, and in the Catholic worship are introduced by the making of the sign of the cross. The answer is also immediately followed, as in the Prayer-Book, with the "Glory be to the Father," and its response. Then follows, in both the English and American prayer-books, as in the Breviary at Matins for Sundays, the *Venite Exultemus Domino*, or Psalm, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord"; and after another "Glory be to the Father" follows (as in Lauds for Sundays) the Canticle (*Bene-*

* See *The Roman Breviary*, translated out of Latin into English by John, Marquess of Bute, K.T. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1879.

dicite) or Song of the Three Holy Children, "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord," etc., used in the Protestant service, at this point, interchangeably with the Catholic *Te Deum*. The "Psalter," or "Portion of Psalms as they are appointed," used in the Protestant service, follow in the order of the psalms appointed to be read in the several hours of the Breviary. Of course, the Latin initial words retained in the Protestant prayer-books as headings to the psalms, as "*Benedictus*," "*Cantate Domino*," "*Bonum est confiteri*," "*Deus misereatur*," "*Benedic, anima mea*," etc., are all found in their proper places in the Breviary. The scriptural and other verses and their answers, scattered throughout the English and American services—"O Lord, show thy mercy upon us," "And grant us thy salvation"; "O God, make clean our hearts within us," "And take not thy Holy Spirit from us"; "O Lord, arise and help us and deliver us, for thy name's sake"; "O Lord, let thy mercy be showed (or lighten) upon us," "As we do put our trust in Thee," etc., etc.—are all copied from and used in the order of the Breviary. It is unnecessary to draw attention to the extent to which the Catholic Collects are appropriated in the Protestant prayer-books. It is enough to say here that the Collect, "O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," etc., is used on Sunday at Lauds, and that "O Lord, our heavenly Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day," etc., on Sunday at Prime; while very many others equally familiar to the Episcopalian occur in other parts of the Breviary. The Creed of St. Athanasius, appointed to be read in the English Church upon certain feasts, but now vigorously objected to and never incorporated in the American Book of Common Prayer, is found in the Breviary, and is only said on Sundays when the Office is not of a feast, and on Trinity Sunday. The exceptions are Easter and Pentecost Sundays, when it is not said, because they are treated as festivals. The same analogy to the hours of the Breviary is found all through the "Order for Daily Evening Prayer." It is, of course, known that the "*Magnificat*" is used in the Catholic Vespers.

The Litany read or sung "after Morning Service on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays" is, in the main, but a blending of the shorter petitions of the Catholic Litany of the Saints; while the *Te Deum* said or sung as a part of each morning service is an exact translation of that used at Matins every Sunday and feast day in the year, with several exceptions. The

Creed, said or sung morning and evening, whether the Apostles' or the Nicene, is also a true translation of that used by Catholics. Many parts of the Mass are used bodily in the Protestant Communion Service, as the "*Sursum Corda*," etc., of the Preface, and the responses; the various Prefaces and the "*Sanctus*"; while the prayer "for the Whole State of Christ's Church Militant," used after the minister has placed "upon the table so much Bread and Wine as he shall think sufficient," is an imitation of the Catholic prayer, "*Suscipe Sancte Pater*," at the Oblation of the Host, as the prayer, "We do not presume," etc., is of that "*In spiritu humilitatis.*" The Protestant "Prayer of Consecration," the "Oblation," and the "Invocation," while out of the order of the Mass, closely resemble the prayers, "*Hanc igitur oblationem*," "*Unde et memores Domine*," and "*Supplices te rogamus omnipotens Deus*," all forming parts of the Canon. The words uttered by the priest in administering Holy Communion are also used by the minister "when he delivereth the Bread." There are other points of resemblance between the Catholic Mass and the Protestant Communion Service.

These Protestant services have been rendered Sunday after Sunday in the English language in this country since 1784,* and in England for more than three hundred years. They are now the familiar formulæ of worship of two millions of people in the United States.† The services are attended without offence, and admittedly with spiritual edification, by representatives of all the evangelical denominations; while writers of every school of thought have justly extolled their beauty ‡

Three out of five of the attendants upon services of the Episcopal Church among us to-day were not born within it. This fact, taken with the further one that the same may be said of its bishops and clergy, is enough to draw the attention of the

* The date of the consecration of Dr. Seabury, the first Protestant Episcopal bishop in the United States.

† *Whitaker's Almanack* (London) for 1889 gives statistics of the Church of England and Protestant Episcopal as follows: In England, 2 archbishops, 31 bishops, 23,000 clergy; population, 13,500,000. In colonies, 65 bishops, 3,400 clergy. In the United States, 3,760 clergy and 2,000,000 members. By "members" are probably meant the baptized; for *Spofford's American Almanac* for 1888 puts the members - *i.e.*, communicants—at 431,323. With us the distinction between mere adherents and members is unknown. All who are old enough to "adhere" of their own option or choice, and to make their first Communion, and do not formally reject the church, are members. *Hoffman's Catholic Directory* for 1890, from figures furnished by the diocesan chancellors, gives the Catholic population of the United States as 8,301,367. By population is meant the baptized. The number of priests is given as 8,463.

‡ As an illustration of this it may be stated that, as given in *Spofford's American Almanac* for 1888, the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States has 1,990,377 members, while the M. E. Church South has 1,056,058. Now, in the Methodist "Discipline," in which are included the liturgies or various offices used in the Methodist Church, is found the Communion Service of the Anglican Church, almost entire, together with several other of its offices.

least observing to that body, and to give rise to the supposition that it possesses some extraordinarily aggressive, persuasive, or inviting qualities. Those qualities are not mysterious ones; the reasons for the growth of Protestant Episcopalianism in this country—a growth proportionately far in excess of the increase in the general population, and dependent almost exclusively upon births and accessions from other Protestant bodies; a growth which exemplifies the secret of the accumulation of material wealth—making and saving, taking from others and holding what is taken—the reasons, we say, for this growth are not hard to discover.* They are found in the fact that the Anglican Church,† and her daughter in this country, has had the prodigious advantage of influencing the people by the public use of many of the choicest parts of Catholic liturgy, having them constantly and impressively read in the churches. It is a question well worth asking, whether the Catholic Church is not thus placed at a disadvantage by a sect employing her divine offices to better advantage (as a propaganda, we mean) than she does herself.

It is most earnestly to be desired that the church should properly identify herself and form a closer contact and union with the intellectual forces of the nation. It will require extraordinary efforts to bring about a proper understanding between these forces, overwhelmingly Protestant, and the church. The executive and legislative branches of the government, the judiciary, the universities and colleges, the public-school system, the press, and persons of distinction and influence in all walks and professions, are, in the main, actively or negatively arrayed against the church.

We maintain that in English-speaking countries, and brought face to face with intelligent English-speaking Protestants, the Catholic Church cannot successfully hold her own, still less draw,

* It is undeniable, and clearly proven by statistics, that the Protestant Episcopal Church is drawing from all the other Protestant denominations. What it gets it keeps, there being but few instances of defection from it to other Protestant bodies.

† *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1889 gives the population of English-speaking communities throughout the world as 98,500,000, of which 15,000,000 are Catholics. In addition, more than 10,000,000 Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and others in the East also speak and read English. In Continental European and South American countries it is believed fully one-fourth of what may be termed the educated classes have some knowledge of English. In Germany, nearly every university "has one or more professors of English, and every gymnasium and *Realschule* gives instruction in it" ("The Study of English in Germany," *Lippincott's Mag.*, 1879, vol. xxiv. p. 492). "The steps by which English, from being the language of a few thousand invaders along the eastern and southern seaboard of Britain, has been diffused by conquest and colonization over its present area, form a subject too large for the limits of this article. . . . As the study of English has made immense advance within the last twelve years, it is only in works recently published that the student will find the subject satisfactorily handled" (*Encyc. Brit.*, 1878, vol. viii. p. 401).

In view of the above statistics and facts, we claim that at least 150,000,000 people throughout the world speak, understand, or read English with a greater or less degree of accuracy.

as she should, from the Protestant bodies, confronted as she is with the disadvantages of having another body or bodies using in their public worship the Roman Ritual translated into English. Especially is this true when the body mainly instrumental in doing this arrogates to itself the name of Catholic, adopts the externals of Catholicity, and by the sophistries of grave and learned champions presents to the unlearned or the credulous deceptive arguments in favor of the truth of its claims. It would be irrelevant to the main purpose of this article to discuss the inherent weaknesses of that church, weaknesses springing from broad-churchmanship or *quasi*-infidelity on the one hand, and ritualistic doctrine and practice on the other. It is enough to know that no point of doctrinal difference with Catholics urged at the Reformation is now considered by the advanced English clergy, perhaps a majority of the whole, to present a bar to reunion, or, at least, an intercommunion, with Rome; and this assists them in annually enrolling multitudes of honest souls who fancy they are becoming members of the Catholic Church.

It is true that Catholics in the United States have cause to be profoundly thankful that they have at last in the *Manual of Prayers for the Catholic Laity*, prepared and published by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, a sterling English translation of many of the most beautiful prayers of the church. That council, in ordering the new prayer-book, evinced their appreciation of the highest phase of uniformity in the public worship of God: a common and an intelligent knowledge on the part of the congregation of the literal meaning of the prayers used by the church. It was the hope of the council that the new prayer-book would find its way into the hands of all American Catholics, and lead to that uniformity in worship of the congregation without which the true idea and reality of common worship is lost. The fact has been officially recognized that congregational worship should be directed to the exact sense of the act conducted by the celebrant at the altar; and the issue of the new prayer-book (which is the substantial result of that recognition) marks an epoch in the history of American Catholicity the importance of which cannot be calculated. Not only has it tended to promote that higher mental worship so essential to satisfy the spiritual wants of intelligent Catholics, but it has drawn, and will continue to invite, the attention of Catholics and Protestants alike to formulæ of worship which appeal in the highest degree to the soul's intelligence, without an exercise of which there can be no worship at all.

Knowing as we do from the acts of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and their hearty approval by Rome, that authority cannot be against the introduction of whatever (within the law of the church) will lead to a perfect understanding by the faithful of the ritual of the church, we venture to ask whether the time has not come for a step in advance of the line already so wisely crossed; and to recommend what we maintain would be a remedy for existing evils and a tower of strength to the church in our midst—a *Bi-lingual Service.*

To give the Catholic Church a proper standing in our age, a standing of acceptance to nineteenth-century intellect—whether Protestant or Catholic—contemplative processes of individual worship in the public services of the house of God must yield to prayers read in the vernacular in the full hearing of the congregation, to confessions of sin recited in common by the people, to ejaculations and songs of praise given and sung in the full voice of the assemblage.

We do not presume to hold out even the suggestion that the Latin, the universal and unchangeable language of the church, should be displaced by a living language. It would be an uncalled-for labor at this stage to undertake to show the indispensability of a universal and immutable language for the preservation intact of the doctrine and liturgies of the church, as a vehicle for the transmission to all parts of the earth of papal bulls and rescripts and the interchange of ecclesiastical letters; and as a means for obtaining uniformity in the educating of men for the priesthood, and permitting free discourse and correspondence between churchmen and schoolmen of every nationality.

But a bi-lingual service would be one in which the Latin would be retained, and the English (or other vernacular) used with it. Thus, there would seem to be no reason why a *lector* or reader could not assist or accompany the priest at a low Mass by reading aloud in English the *Confiteor*, to be followed or accompanied by the entire congregation; and the *Kyrie Eleison* and *Gloria in Excelsis* in the same manner. He could then, simultaneously with the priest at the altar, read aloud the Epistle, Gradual, Tract, and Gospel. The people could then respond with the "Praise be to Thee, O Christ!" After which the reader could slowly and in a loud and distinct tone recite the Creed, it also to be joined in by the people. Then might be read by him certain prayers from the Offertory and Oblation. The people would join in giving the responses in the Preface. After the Elevation the *lector* might read the Lord's Prayer, to be reverently followed by the congregation. The

prayer "Deliver us, O Lord, we beseech Thee," might be pronounced by the *lector*; after which he and the people alternately would render the "*Agnus Dei*," the service to be concluded simultaneously with the priest's Mass, by the offering by the *lector* of certain prayers and collects from the Post-communion, and perhaps the reading of the last Gospel. The most fitting conclusion, however, would be that of the priest's blessing, given from the altar to *lector* and people alike.

We would not suggest the reading of prayers during the more solemn moments of the Mass, but the singing by the congregation of some suitable Communion hymn; and there would seem to be no impropriety (although it would be for the priest) if, previous to the Confession by the priest, the forty-second psalm, "Judge me, O God," should be chanted by the people. The same may be said of psalm xxv.: "I will wash my hands among the innocent," which might be sung by the people at the "*Lavabo*."

While we have had chiefly in view this adjunct to the celebration of the holy Mass as applicable to English-speaking countries, we should rejoice to see it employed in all countries as an aid to intellectual appreciation of the beauties of the Mass, and wherever introduced, whether in Italy, France, England, America, Germany, China, or among the Indian tribes, there can be no doubt it would infinitely elevate the religious intelligence and heighten the devotion of the faithful.

But two objections could be urged against the bi-lingual service here proposed. First, the use of other than the prescribed Latin tongue; and secondly, the possible distraction to the priest at the altar. The first is answered by the consideration that the whole of the solemn service would be performed in Latin, as usual, by the celebrating priest. No law of the church would be violated, but, on the contrary, the intention of the church that the people shall understand, reverently follow, and participate in its prayers and thanksgivings, would be carried out in all its fulness.

Instances of services conducted simultaneously in two languages are, we believe, wanting in past ages. But services in which readings or prayers have first been rendered in a tongue unknown to the laity and afterwards translated and given in the vernacular have been and are still practised. We have an example in the ancient Jewish worship, as is found from the following extract from a standard work: *

* *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church*, W. Robertson Smith, M.A. New York: D Appleton & Co. 1881. Lecture II. pp. 48-49.

"Before the time of Christ, people who were not scholars had ceased to understand Hebrew altogether;* and in the synagogue, when the Bible was read, the *Meturgeman*, as he was called—that is, a 'dragoman,' or qualified translator—had to rise and give the sense of the passage in the vulgar dialect. The Pentateuch was read verse by verse; or, in lessons from the Prophets, three verses were read together, and then the Meturgeman rose, and did not read, but gave orally in Aramaic the sense of the original."

While in our day, among orthodox Jews, the Pentateuch is almost always read in the Hebrew, the Prophets are generally read in English or other vernacular. We know that already in the Mass the epistle and gospel are generally given in English, after they have been read or sung in Latin; and also that, at marriages and funerals, certain prayers are frequently read in English, as well as in the language of the church. It is certainly not the intention of the church that the laity should be ignorant of the exact language of the prayers of her liturgies; and in truth, her original adoption of the Latin tongue arose from the fact that it was at the time, and continued for many ages to be, more generally understood than any other language. The history of the Latin language as a medium of expression is singular. † Now, the Latin being known only to scholars, the church

* See the evidence of this from the Rabbinical literature in Zunz's *Gottesdienstliche Vorträge der Juden*, p. 7. Berlin, 1832. Our Lord upon the cross quoted Psalm xxii. in a Targum.

† For a while the Latin tongue was confined almost wholly within the walls of Rome; nor would the Romans allow the common use of it to their neighbors, or to the nations they subdued. Cicero observed that even in his time Greek was used almost among every people, but the Latin only confined to a very narrow compass. By degrees they were brought to grant the use of it as a favor; and in time became sensible of the necessity there was of its being generally understood for the conveniency of commerce; and accordingly used their utmost endeavors that all the nations subject to their empire should be united by a common language; so that at length they imposed that as a law which they had before granted as a favor.—*Rees' Encyc.*, "Latin."

Its adoption as the official and liturgical language of the Christian Church lent to it, in the days of its most marked decay, a new though a strangely transformed life. So appropriated, it became familiar to all who had even the elements of education throughout Western Europe; it was universally retained in the services of the church if not in the discourses with which these services were sometimes, but by no means always, accompanied. Even in the sixteenth century sermons addressed to a mixed audience in Italy were frequently delivered in Latin. But during the seventeenth century, as a consequence of the steady development of the various national literatures, Latin came to be more and more the language merely of the learned. In England the decay of Latin was never so complete as that of Greek; in the eighteenth century we still find Latin used for works on science and philosophy which appealed to the learned in all countries. The use of Latin in diplomacy died out towards the end of the seventeenth century. The Spanish embassy sent to the court of James I. in 1605 used sometimes Latin and sometimes French; the Latin state papers written by Milton during the Commonwealth are well known; and in the negotiation at Munster, 1744, even the French representative, M. d'Avaux, prided himself on his skill in writing Latin. But at Nymegen (1677) the Danish ambassador's claim that the Latin language should be used between the French representative and himself was rejected as an impertinence, and he was obliged to agree that, while he might employ Latin himself, the French should use their own language. At Ryswick, Temple opened the proceedings in French; he was answered by the Bishop of Gurk in Latin; but the French envoys pleaded that they had forgotten their Latin, and the subsequent proceedings were conducted in French (*cf.* Bernard's *Lectures on Diplomacy*, pp. 153-155). Long after this date the German Empire insisted that all negotiations with it should be conducted in Latin; and although Joseph II. attempted to make German the official language of Hungary in its

can only retain it for the sake of uniformity. The Hebrew is retained in the Jewish Church for the same reason, although every effort is made by the orthodox Jews to instruct their children in the Hebrew so far, at least, as to enable them to understand the chief prayers used in the worship of the synagogue. *

Now, if it be the motive of the church in retaining a Latin service to preserve uniformity of worship and guard against error in doctrine, greater uniformity would be insured by concentrating the attention of the congregation upon one set of prayers than by leaving it to select its own devotions; and certainly no loss to doctrine could arise from the public use of a translation of a part of the very service used by the priest at the altar. †

Secondly, as to the possible distraction of the priest during his Mass. Certainly no priest can consistently urge this objection who can devoutly and with due recollection read the Offertory

place, he was compelled to give way, and it was only in 1825 that Latin was for the first time displaced by Magyar in the debates of the Diet (*cf. Encyc. Brit.*, vol. xii. p. 371). It is now the universal practice that written communications from any European power shall be made in the language of that power, but oral intercourse is carried on in French, with rare exceptions.

* The commentary of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Challoner on 1 Cor. xv. 16 of the authorized English Catholic version of the Latin Vulgate: "Where also note that the Latin, used in our liturgy, is so far from being a strange or unknown tongue, that it is perhaps the best-known tongue in the world," while quite true at the date when written (1748), and when the English language was spoken by but ten or twelve millions of people, is wholly inapposite in our day.

† Many religious uses of the vernacular in early ages in England are recorded. Gildas writes in the beginning of his history that when English martyrs first gave up their lives for Christianity during the Diocletian persecution, in the beginning of the fourth century, "all the copies of the Holy Scriptures which could be found were burned in the streets." These copies were undoubtedly in the vernacular. St. Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died A.D. 651, is said by Bede to have employed those about him, laymen as well as clergy, in reading and learning the Scriptures, especially the Psalms. Caedmon, a lay monk of Whitby (died 680), composed a metrical version of several parts of the Old and New Testaments from English translations furnished by monks from the Latin Vulgate. Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne (died 721), translated most of the books of the Bible (Archbishop Ussher, *Works*, xii. 282). An English Psalter is preserved in the National Library of Paris, the first fifty psalms of which are in prose and the rest in verse, translated by St. Aldheim, long Abbot of Malmesbury and, at his death (709), Bishop of Sherborne. An interlinear English translation of the Lindisfarne or St. Cuthbert's *Evangelistarium* was added by Ealdred, probably the monk who afterwards (957–968) became Bishop of Chester-le-Street. An interlinear English version of what are known as the Rushworth Gospels, the original manuscript of which was written in Latin by MacRegol, an Irish scribe, about 820, was added eighty or one hundred years later by a scribe named Owen and a priest of Harewood named Faerman. The three later Gospels are so nearly identical with the Lindisfarne book as to show that the translation contained in the latter represents a publicly circulated version. A translation of the first seven books of the Old Testament, made by Aelfric, latterly (994–1005) Archbishop of Canterbury, was in circulation in the tenth century. There were also in use as late as the twelfth century many copies of the "Anglo-Saxon" Psalter, and of the Gospels, some of which are preserved in the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere. In some of these the English is written in between the lines of the Latin. (For much other information upon this subject *vide Encyc. Brit.*, vol. viii. pp. 381–2).

It may not be generally remembered that the authorized translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Vulgate by St. Jerome was, as the name implies, a translation into the vernacular of his day. This statement is emphasized by the fact that the translation was not made into classical Latin, but into a form of it, or dialect, then perfectly well understood by the people.

and Oblation at High Mass during the florid music of the average modern choir. Surely, the priest might as well hear the reverent voices of the reader and the responding congregation as such music, which cannot be otherwise than a hindrance to devotion. Besides, almost parallel actions to that proposed are found in cathedrals and churches where several Masses are celebrated at different altars; and in the singing by the sub-deacon, at solemn High Mass, of the Epistle, while the celebrant, assisted and answered by the deacon, reads the Epistle, Gradual, Tract, or Sequence. All these services, however, are conducted in the one language; and the only instance of a bilingual performance * of the same service which has come under our observation is the reading of the Passion of our Lord in English, for the edification of the faithful, while being read in Latin in the usual order. This is a proceeding exactly parallel to that here proposed; and, if lawful, is a sufficient answer to the two objections we assume to exist.

The spiritual advantages of a responsive service cannot be overestimated. There is something magnetic and soul-stirring in the mingling of voices in prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving. This is felt in the few Catholic services in which the people unite in address to God. Further than this, such a service would be a constant commentary on and exposition of the ritual and doctrine of the Mass; and also would encourage and bring about hearty congregational singing. If the people were accustomed to reciting the *Confiteor*, *Gloria*, *Creed*, and other parts of the Mass together, they would soon learn to sing together.

The service here advocated would not be feasible, or even desirable, at the earliest Masses, frequented principally by such as can spare, or who are given, but half an hour or so for hearing Mass.

At later Masses, however, it would fully explain to Catholics fortunate enough to be able to attend it the transcendent beauties of a ritual not to be discerned in their fulness by a silent reading even of the Mass prayers themselves; and instead of the devotion of the individual being incited solely by individual effort, it would catch the contagion abounding throughout the entire body. Protestants would understand the service, and would soon, instead of reviling or disparaging the holy rite, be enrolled among its defenders.

G. H. HOWARD.

Washington, D. C.

* There are various devotional exercises carried on during low Masses by congregations *composed of children*, in different parts of this country, confined chiefly to the singing of hymns in the vernacular. We know of one Sunday-school Mass which almost exactly meets the writer's suggestion of a bi-lingual service.—EDITOR.

FEAR NOT.

Ah! doubting heart, where is thy faith?
Art on the sea of Galilee,
And does the Master sleep,
And take no heed of thee?

And must thou place thy sullied hand
Within the wounded, open side
To suit thy narrow mind,
To satisfy thy pride?

"Is there no balm in Galaad,
Or is there no physician there"
To heal thy malady,
Fast leading to despair?

Arise! arise! shake off this sloth,
The poppy-buds cast from thy path;
Taste not the lotus-bloom,
Fear not the tempter's wrath!

Bethink thee of Gethsemani—
Dost hear Him say, "'Tis not for *thee*
I drain this bitter cup,
I kneel in agony"?

To-day, to-morrow, or the next,
And life is done, and time for thee
Shall be no more, and then—
Ah! then—Eternity:

Where on the threshold thou shalt meet
The King, unveiled before thine eye,
Whose smiling lips shall say,
"Thou art my friend; draw nigh."

And He shall lead thee through the gates
Of prismy lights, with portals wide,
And pearl and jasper courts,
Where gem-like blossoms bide.

Marie Louis.

THE TIN CAMEL.

CHARLIE had positively cured his father of his fondness for club-life. Before Ned Armstrong was married, five years ago, he had been so fond of spending evenings at the club that his friends felt inclined to joke him when he became a Benedict.

"Armstrong, you are going to make a big mistake," said a confirmed old bachelor to him, a man who spent seven evenings of the week at the club. "You'll get married, and won't want to come here any more, or your wife won't let you come, and then we lose you. Or, you'll come to the club, and then your wife will lose you. So you see it's going to be a bad thing, anyhow; and if you want a piece of real valuable advice that is given for nothing, take mine and don't marry. *I* never married."

But Armstrong had not the same view, partly because he was so much in love with a beautiful young lady that it didn't frighten him to think of spending his evenings in her company, and partly because he didn't want to leave his comfortable fortune to his nearest relative, a cousin whom he didn't care a button for.

It must be confessed, too, that he was pleased by the thought of a home of his own, with a sense of stability and a home atmosphere about it. His apartment was as handsomely furnished as a bachelor could wish, and there was comfort and luxury enough about it; but then—it wasn't home.

It would be pleasant to come from the office and find a chirpy little wife to greet him and seem glad that he was back. There was nobody to care whether he came in early or late at his apartment. He had a night-key if it was late, and the lift-boy took him up stairs if it was early, but in either case it was an empty room that greeted him.

It would be nice to find his slippers by the fire, and to leave the dinner-table, where Mrs. Armstrong would preside so gracefully, to go and sit in a big, comfortable arm-chair before the open grate and talk over things with her. Or they would go out somewhere together, and have that to talk over after they came home. Oh! it would be much pleasanter than old bachelorhood, or even young bachelorhood. Armstrong was twenty-eight.

The fact was that he had such domestic tastes that he was almost ashamed to acknowledge them. This was before he got married.

After that ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong set up an establishment, a very handsome and well-appointed house. It was very pleasant at first. But he had not been married very long before he found that Mrs. Armstrong was rather fond of going out. She liked society, and this was a taste she had not been able to fully gratify before her marriage. Now she meant to have what she liked.

It was not long before Armstrong found out that, in point of fact, it bored Mrs. Armstrong to stay at home in the evening alone with him. If there was nothing in the way of some society event on the cards, she liked to go to the theatre or to a concert. Armstrong did not object at first, but finally got rather tired of going out every night to talk with people who hadn't anything very interesting to say, or to sit through a play.

It was three months after they were married that they were seated at the dinner-table one Thursday evening. They had dined out Monday, had been to a dancing-party Tuesday, and to a reception Wednesday.

"We will have a good, quiet evening at home to-night, Nell," he said cheerfully, as they rose to go into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Armstrong did not look quite as delighted as he could have wished. She was silent a moment, and then said slowly: "Don't you find it rather dull, Ned, to sit down and read or talk with nobody here?"

"I don't feel as if nobody were here when you are here," he answered with a smile. "You are very good company by yourself."

"That's awfully pretty to say, Ned," Mrs. Armstrong replied with a half-smile that was somewhat forced; "but we don't want to settle down into a Darby and Joan yet, do we, and sit by the fire and look at each other for amusement?"

Armstrong was sensitive, proud, and quick. As he was sensitive, he felt hurt that his wife should virtually tell him that it bored her to stay at home in the evening alone with him; and as he was proud, he did not care to let her see that he was hurt; and as he was quick, he answered coldly:

"I suppose it is pretty stupid to mope around at home. But I find it a greater bore to go out every night and smirk and talk to a lot of society people I don't care anything about. It

you like to, I don't object, but why don't you get Harry to go sometimes? He likes that sort of thing, and I don't."

"I am sure I don't wish to force you," said Mrs. Armstrong. She seated herself and picked up the evening paper to read. Her husband tried to talk, but Mrs. Armstrong was a little absent-minded in her answers, and once or twice yawned in an irritating way. He began to think that going to the theatre was better than this.

It was the beginning of what became quite a gap. Armstrong inured himself to the thought that his wife's pleasure lay in attending the different entertainments society had to offer, where her beauty and her handsome gowns were admired. He gradually fell out of it, and got his Cousin Harry, who was a "society man," to take her, and he—well, he got into going round to the club again.

Then Charlie was born. Armstrong hoped that the little fellow would be a link to hold himself and his wife together more. But he wasn't. Mrs. Armstrong had a good nurse for him, and seemed fond enough of the child in a quiet way, but she was still just as fond of going out in society.

Ned Armstrong took the greatest interest in his son. His baby ways were a revelation and amusement to him. Charlie brought the home atmosphere into the handsome house which Ned had wanted, and which he had made an effort to obtain, and—hadn't obtained.

It was a delight to the young father to see his infant son and heir amuse himself on the floor, and when he got four small white teeth and would look up at his papa and smile, it became quite sociable. And he got so fond of watching the small chap that he very seldom went to the club.

Charlie had very round black eyes, bright and snapping, and his small mouth could take such a determined look that it was quite amusing. He was exceedingly fond of his papa, and as soon as the nurse would bring him into the room, wanted to go to him and play with his beard or investigate his watch-chain or scarf-pin. Armstrong would have spoiled the child without a doubt, if it hadn't been that Charlie was one of those wholesome children that are not spoiled easily.

As the boy grew up and got to talk and to observe things, Armstrong used to find his wife's very moderate affection for the child annoying. How could she take such a pleasure in going about, and seem so calm and unmoved by the baby visitor's 'cute little ways? The fact was that the young father felt such a

pride and delight in everything his sturdy, bright-eyed son did that he grew more estranged from Mrs. Armstrong from the fact that she did not show herself a warmer-hearted mother.

Charlie was mischievous. One day the maid was bringing a pailful of water into the kitchen. He had stationed himself by the door, and as she came by plunged his small arms in the water. Then he laughed so good-naturedly over his fun that she had not the heart to scold him very much.

Another time the cook, a large, brisk woman, who was as neat as a pin, had made some pies. The crust was spread over them, and they stood on the table a moment before she put them into the oven. Charlie saw the smooth, soft coverings, and got the idea that he should enjoy poking his small fingers into them They were such proper-looking pies! He sidled up to the table, spread out his tiny fingers, and stuck them into the middle of a pie!

Then he stood, holding out his sticky hand, and laughed in his little chuckling way, his head cocked on one side, like a bird's. He was never afraid to be discovered. But Mrs. Armstrong thought this was naughty, and that he must be taught not to do such things. So, as he stood, his small nose wrinkled up, and his tiny white teeth showing in his smile of roguery, she took the little hand and slapped it once or twice. Right before the cook, too!

It was not much of a punishment, but the little man felt it to the bottom of his soul. Children have intuitions, and know and feel much more than their elders suspect. His mother had slapped his hand hastily and with impatience in her face. Perhaps Charlie felt that if it was justice, it was justice not justly administered. And without a doubt, his dignity was hurt by being corrected before Mrs. Mullen, the cook, who was most devoted to him.

The smile faded from his face; a strange, serious expression of wounded pride stole over his small countenance, and without a word he turned and walked slowly away. There was something extremely touching to Ned Armstrong as he looked at the small figure, in the dark woollen dress, walking so stiffly toward him, with its unsteady steps, and he had a strange feeling in his heart. He caught up the little chap, and crowed to him and put him on his shoulder to give him a ride. But Charlie pushed his head against his papa's breast, seeming to nestle there for comfort. He wouldn't play or smile. He simply clung to his papa closely. He didn't say a word, nor had he cried, but that look

of wounded feeling stayed on his face for some time, and made poor Armstrong feel very uncomfortable.

Usually Ned and Charlie had a great old time together. Ned liked to see him sitting on the floor, his sturdy little legs sticking out from beneath his woollen gown, arranging the animals of a Noah's ark in a fantastic procession. This collection of animals was most demoralizing to correct ideas of zoölogy. The rhinoceros was blue, the elephant was a distressingly vivid yellow, the sheep were so dazzlingly white that they seemed as wrong, chromatically, as any of the beasts of alien hues. The zebra, beautifully striped in buff and black, and a camel, whose tender pink would have petrified a son of the desert, were Charlie's especial favorites. The hump on the camel was the source of fascination in this gracious heart, for Charlie would always rub his tiny forefinger over the elevation on the animal's back, and then wrinkle his small nose in a quizzical smile at his papa. Why the zebra was such a joy, Mr. Armstrong could not fathom. But he was a very great favorite.

When his papa took the capacious ark and tumbled the tin animals out in a heap on the floor, his son and heir always looked out the camel, and when he found him, stood him up until he had arranged the procession, in which the quadruped with the undulating back was then given a prominent position. It was hard to tell which got most fun out of this tin menagerie, Armstrong père or his bright-eyed four-year-old son. Nothing pleased the father so much as to see the constant delight the little man took in arranging them. The gravity with which he placed a glittering sheep by the side of the elephant, and gave a rooster as companion to the blue rhinoceros, was very diverting. And Ned got to wait with pleasant anticipation for the camel. Charlie gravely picked him up, rubbed his finger along the hump, and then always looked up with the 'cute little smile to his father, as if he would say: "He's got that funny lump on his back still."

It is the commonest mistake in the world for a fond parent to believe that his or her child is the most extraordinary phenomenon of its kind that exists. Ned Armstrong was certainly a proud and happy father, and he had nothing he would have wished different in his son. He was a grateful father, too. Had not this small, bright-eyed boy of his made his home what he had so long wished? Charlie was never tired of talking or playing with him. The child never wanted to leave him till his round head, with the straight black hair that made him look like

a little Indian, grew so heavy with sleep that it began to fall over like a poppy's weighed down with the rain.

Every day he got stronger and developed new traits. He was such a contented child, and although he was quiet, he was so full of roguery and animation. Ned would sometimes sit and smile to himself when he was left alone by the fire, after the little man had pressed his small, moist mouth against his for a good-night kiss. When he grew up, what fun they would have together! If he was such a companion to him now, when he was only beginning to talk and toddle around, what would he be when he was a fine, healthy boy budding out with ideas.

One evening Charlie did not seem quite himself. He would lean his head against his papa's knee, and hold it there very quietly, and then walk around in a meditative way, with his unsteady steps. He looked at his father, too, with a sort of strange, frail look that worried Armstrong, because the boy seemed so preoccupied with something. When his father took him in his arms and tried to ride him on his knee, talking to him gayly and banteringly, Charlie demurred in his quiet way, and climbing up into his papa's lap, nestled against him in a tired fashion. Armstrong felt that his cheek was hot when he pressed him close to his face.

He got a little nervous and did his best to rouse the child to his wonted cheerfulness. Finally, he placed him on the floor. "There, Charlie, sit there a minute and we'll have the old Noah's ark, and give the animals an outing." He got the big ark and tumbled the pieces out on the floor, so that they spread all about the child.

"Now, put 'em through their paces, Charlie! Give 'em a constitutional," he cried cheerily.

Charlie looked at the tin animals for two or three moments, and then turned his round black eyes up to his father with a pathetic little elevation of the eyebrows. There was the troubled look on his face. Then he turned one or two over, as if looking for the camel, but this was feebly done, and without the keen interest in that gibbous creature's whereabouts which he usually displayed. Then he seemed to give it up, and slowly took the tin beasts one by one, deposited them in the large green ark, and laboriously put the cover on.

With his little mouth compressed he walked in his slow way over to his father, and put up his arms to be lifted up. He heaved a little sigh as he was taken on Armstrong's lap. After a moment he said in his thin, childish voice: "Papa, does God love me?"

Armstrong was positively startled by the question. But he had no doubt about his answer. He wrapped his strong arms about the small figure in its little woollen dress, and said robustly: "Of course he loves you, Charlie. Why wouldn't he love a nice little chap like you?"

Charlie was perfectly quiet for a few moments more. Then he said in his small voice again, and with the quaintly curious look: "Will he have me?"

Armstrong was quite set back and a little frightened by this astounding query, coming so soon on the other. He felt nervous and uncomfortable.

"He'll have you some time, little man, but not for a good many, many years. You're going to stay with your pappy for a great long time."

Charlie kept up the strangely quiet air until the nurse-maid came in to put him to bed. Armstrong asked her if the child had been feeling unwell. She said no, only that he had been rather quiet in the latter part of the afternoon. Armstrong kissed him good-night fervently. He told the girl that he was afraid the little boy was unwell, and wished her to try and look after him particularly during the night.

He sat with a very serious face after they had gone. But he flouted the idea that the child was going to be ill. He would not admit it. Another surprise was in store for him. The two had not been away more than twenty minutes when the nurse-maid came into the room, looking a little shamefaced, with Charlie, in his night-gown, in her arms.

"Please, sir, he kept saying 'Papa' so, when he was going to say his little 'Our Father,' that I brought him down to you."

She put him on the floor. Charlie walked gravely over to his father's knee and then tumbled on his own, and with his eyes turned up to his father's face said slowly, and with some prompting from the maid, the "Our Father."

It was almost too much for Armstrong. There must be something the matter with the child! His eyes filled with tears in spite of himself.

The next morning Charlie was ill enough for Armstrong to call a doctor. He examined the child and said: "He seems feverish, but I hardly know what to think it is. It is not dangerous. He has simply overheated himself."

Armstrong went to his office, but was very restless and worried. He came home earlier than usual. He was almost grateful

to Mrs. Armstrong for the cool way in which she answered his inquiry about Charlie's condition.

"Oh! he's feverish still, but there isn't anything really the matter. Children have those things always."

There was such a cheerful confidence in her tones that he did not stop to question how well founded her experience in such cases was, nor what grounds she had for feeling so certain in the present instance. Men are prone to think that women are more knowing than themselves in matters of sickness, and it is certainly no more than human to welcome an assurance which helps to banish an agonizing doubt.

He was so pleased that he didn't take offence at Mrs. Armstrong's going over to her mother-in-law's for the evening. He drew his chair up by the little cot and watched Charlie's small head as it turned restlessly on the pillow. Once the little chap opened his round black eyes on his father, who smiled on him. "Papa!" said Charlie, with a new accent on the word, but grave and unsmiling. Then he shut his eyes and slept.

The next morning he was no better. The doctor said he was about the same, but would improve before evening, probably. Armstrong insisted on his coming again in the evening, and rather reluctantly went to the office. When he reasoned things out, he convinced himself that his boy's illness was only a natural phase of the ups and downs to which boyhood was necessarily subject. But three minutes later he felt the former fear, although he would not admit it to himself. He came home earlier than the day before, and went at once to his boy's cot. Charlie was asleep, but his cheeks were flushed and his breathing was a little labored. Ned tip-toed out of the room.

When the doctor came after dinner he gave a new prescription, said the fever seemed a little increased, that it was holding on longer than he had expected, but the child was so strong that it didn't really amount to anything.

"You don't suppose for a moment that there is anything dangerous in it, do you, doctor?" asked Mrs. Armstrong. "I have an engagement for this evening, but if the child is seriously ill I should let it go, of course."

"Oh! there is nothing you could do," the doctor answered easily. "The instructions are very simple, and the nurse can attend to them. I have left four powders, which should be given at intervals of every three hours. I don't think there is any ground for anxiety."

"Are you going out again to-night?" Armstrong asked of his wife, a little sternly, as soon as the doctor was gone.

"Why, you don't want me to give up the most important ball of the whole season simply because Charlie feels a little feverish, do you?" Mrs. Armstrong answered, in rather an injured tone. "You heard the doctor say there wasn't the slightest danger. I believe you care a great deal more for the baby than you do for me."

It was on the tip of Armstrong's tongue to retort: "The baby cares a great deal more for me than you do." But he did not like to feel that the little boy suffering in the other room was acting as a wedge to drive his wife and him more asunder, so he quietly said, "Very well," and passed into the room where Charlie was.

In about an hour it was time for the powder. Armstrong raised the small head and held the glass with the medicine in it to the boy's lips, encouraging him to take it. He had tasted it himself to see if it was unpleasant. The nurse-maid hovered over and around, but he would not let her give Charlie the medicine.

As he laid the little fellow back on the pillow he heard the soft swash of silk, and his wife entered the room. She was dressed in her costume for the ball, with her wraps over her arm. Armstrong glanced at her for a moment. Then he turned away from the brilliant face with its cool, delicate color, the dewy softness in the eyes and the contented, easy curves of the small mouth, to the flushed face in the cot with the wide-open, feverish eyes and the parted lips. He felt a hard aversion for the mother who could leave her husband by the side of her sick child to go and dance and talk and smile with others.

"How is he now, Ned?" she asked airily as she came to the side of the cot and touched the little hot cheek lightly with her index finger. "His face is a little hot, isn't it? By-by, darling."

Pressing back her laces, she bent over the bed and kissed Charlie. He put up his arms to clasp her about the neck, but she drew back quickly and pinched his cheek playfully, smiling on him. It would be stupid to let the little chap spoil the delicate lightness of effect in her corsage by crumpling the lace.

"Good-night, Ned. I sha'n't stay very long," she said to her husband, and rustled out to her carriage. He felt relieved when she had left them alone, him and the boy. How could a mother have checked that movement of affection in her child?

Charlie slept in a fitful way, and tossed about a great deal.

The nurse-maid came and looked at him now and then, and arranged the sheets and pillow. Armstrong gave him the second powder. Soon after he noticed Charlie's eyebrows raise themselves in pain, and he labored a good deal with his breathing. Ned sat anxiously watching him. He suffered as much as the boy when he saw the small chest oppressed with the want of air. Why should the little fellow have to endure this pain? If he could only have taken it on himself!

"Charlie!" he said to him; "how do you feel, little man?"

The "little man" raised his eyelids and looked at his father, but he did not speak. The breathing grew harder for him. Poor Ned drew his chair closer to the bed and put his finger in the tiny hand lying on the white counterpane. The small fingers closed tightly about it, and the old roguish smile half came to his lips. But it died away as he breathed more quickly. He straightened his little form out in his effort to breathe, and his forehead wrinkled a little with the pain. Then there was a little quiver of relaxation, his eyes closed, and he seemed to sleep quietly.

Armstrong still left his finger in Charlie's hand. He sat perfectly still, not to disturb the little invalid in the slumber whose refreshing folds had wrapped him about. This perfectly tranquil repose was a good sign. Charlie would be better when he woke up. The nurse-maid came into the room, but he glanced at her and said "'Sh!" in a low tone, and she glided out again.

He must have sat three-quarters of an hour, his finger still in the tiny hand. He would not stir for fear of disturbing the little boy's sleep. Suddenly he realized with a shudder that the soft fingers were cold! They had grown chilly to his touch. He put his other hand to the child's head, his cheek. The chill there was icy already.

He realized it all. While his "little man" had held tightly to his finger, another had taken his other hand and led him away—that other whose name is Death. He took the small form from the cot, and held him tightly pressed to his face. Alas! it was the first time the little cheek had pressed against his own without some answering touch of love.

Slowly the hot tears rolled down his cheeks. He had never felt such a hateful loneliness. Oh! how much this dear little boy had taken away from him.

It was nearly half-past two, but he still sat holding the little form in his arms. He heard a carriage roll up to the door, then a light step on the stairs, and the rustle of a silken train. Mrs.

Armstrong came into the room. She had taken off her wraps and head-covering as she came up the stairs, and stood a moment in the flush of her radiant beauty, a diamond star in her dark hair sending out sparks of glittering light.

"Is he asleep? Why don't you put him to bed?" she asked, as she tossed her wraps on the sofa and began drawing off her long gloves.

"He is dead," her husband answered in a cold, hard voice.

"O Ned! Ned!" she cried. And the tears gushed from her eyes as she hurried toward him and sought to take the child.

He rose, and holding the boy tightly with his left arm, held out his right to hold her off.

"No, you can't take him. He is my boy. He would only rumple your dress," he said in a hard voice.

She stood for a moment horror-stricken, the light fading out of her eyes. Then she fell in a swoon. He made no effort to break her fall. This woman had been whirling about to the seductive strains of music in a perfume-scented ball-room, while her only child gasped its little life out, clutching his father's hand. No! he would rather care for his dead boy than for this mockery of a living wife. Let her feel all she could for once.

But this was only momentary. He rose, placed his dead boy in the cot, and ringing for the maid, raised his wife from the floor. Restoratives were applied, and gradually she showed signs of reviving. Then she opened her eyes and sat up. As consciousness returned, memory recalled the dread event. Her husband, with her dead child in his arms, had refused to let her touch it.

But he was here, supporting her now. She flung her arms about his neck, and buried her face on his chest, weeping and wailing. "O Ned! I did not know. Forgive me! But I am wicked and thoughtless. Oh! how patiently you have borne with me! And now, Charlie—" She could not go on, but sobbed anew.

Her husband caressed and soothed her. All his resentment had faded like mist before the agony of the mother's awakening. In her humiliation and loss she was dear to him for her grief over the lost child.

"Nell," he said, gently and softly, "it is not so hard when we bear it together." She rose, and he supported her to the cot where the bright little creature lay, his small person invested with the solemn dignity of death. And then he left her to weep her heart clear.

He stepped into the next room to allow her feelings untrammelled vent. As he slowly paced to and fro, he paused near the sofa and felt something stiff and hard crunch under his foot. He stooped, and walking into the room where his wife was kneeling by the cot with her arms clasped about the boy, looked at it.

It was the pink camel, his hump crushed flat by the pressure of Armstrong's foot!

The image of his little boy sitting on the floor, in his brown woollen gown, looking up at him with his queer little amused smile as his small finger wandered over the camel's hump, came back to him, and with a groan the strong young fellow sank by his wife's side, holding the camel tightly in his hand.

She turned as she felt him there, and grasping Charlie's hand with hers, let her other arm steal about his neck. She drew his head down to her, and kissed him between her sobs.

He clasped the mother's hand which held the dead boy's, so that he held them both. Then a faint smile dawned through his tears, as he looked at the tin camel's flattened back.

"Nell," he said, and the tone thrilled her, "Charlie could never understand why there was a hump on the camel's back. There isn't any there now." His look told volumes.

She threw her arms around him, and strained him to her. Charlie's dead finger had smoothed away more than a camel's hump.

JOHN J. À BECKET.

THE THREE HUSSARS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF G. NADAUD.

HOMEWARD were bound the three Hussars
To take their holiday.
Freely they marched along the road,
Singing their camp songs gay.

"Soon shall I see the lass I love,
Madge!" the first soldier cried;
"Madeline!" the second soldier said;
"Janet!" the third replied.

A man stood in their onward way:
"The ringer John," they name.
"What news now in the village, say?"
"All things are still the same."

"Is Margaret still our neighbor fair?"
"Last year I rang for her,
For she is now a holy nun
In the convent Noirmoutier."

"Is Madeline still the same sweet saint?"
"Twice have I rung her joy;
Ten months ago her wedding-bells,
Ten days ago her boy."

"And Janet, is she happy still?"
"With her indeed 'tis well;
Three months ago this very day
I rang her funeral knell."

"Ringer, if Margaret you see
Within her convent cell,
Say to her that I seek a wife,
And that I wish her well."

"Ringer, if Madeline you see
Within her husband's home,
Say to her I'm a captain now;
Hunting the wolf, I roam."

"Ringer, when you my mother see
Salute her reverently;
Say to her I am at the wars,
To stay until I die."

M. B. M.

THE MEXICAN HIERARCHY.

So very little is known in the United States about the actual state of religion in Mexico that I hope the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will find the following account of the bishops of the sister Republic of interest. The last number contained a sketch of the head of the hierarchy, the Archbishop of Mexico, apropos of his golden jubilee.

Don Crescencio Carrillo y Ancona, Bishop of Yucatan, is a well-known *littérateur* and historian. He was born at Izamal, in Yucatan, his parents being D. Maximiano Carrillo and Da. Josefa Ancona. (It will be remarked that in Mexico, as in some other countries, the name of the mother's family is borne together with that of the father.) At his baptism he received the name of José María, and he was confirmed in 1848. He pursued his studies at the college of San Ildefonso at Merida, the state capital, and in 1856 obtained the degree of bachelor of philosophy. Four years later he concluded his ecclesiastical studies, and received holy orders in June, 1860, being twenty years of age. He was professor of Latin, philosophy, theology, and belles-letters, and is regarded as the reformer of ecclesiastical studies in Yucatan, having introduced improved text-books, founded new chairs, and effected other notable changes in his university, and to him is due the foundation of the Academy of Ecclesiastical Science, founded on the 4th of July, 1864, and of the Yucatan Museum. In addition to his arduous literary labors, D. Carrillo devoted himself to his ecclesiastical functions with assiduity. On his ordination he received the cure of the church of Santiago. Later on he was appointed rector of the seminary, secretary of the ecclesiastical courts, provisor, and vicar-general of the diocese, and the bishop having petitioned for his aid as coadjutor on account of his advanced age, he was appointed Bishop of Lero *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor-Bishop of Yucatan, with right of succession. He was accordingly consecrated on the 6th of July, 1883, by the Archbishop of Mexico, in the Collegiate Church of Guadalupe, and on the death of the bishop, Sr. Rodriguez de la Sala, in February, 1887, he succeeded to the see of Yucatan.

In this position, as also when coadjutor, he has exhibited the

wisdom, prudence, and capacity which might have been anticipated from his antecedents, and, being still less than fifty years of age, a considerable period of usefulness may be hoped for him.

Don Eulogio Gregorio Gillow, Bishop of Oaxaca, is English by the father's side, but the son of a Mexican mother. He was born at Puebla, and educated in Europe, the Roman University on one occasion designating him special preacher for a celebration held by it in St. Peter's. Returning to Mexico, he managed the affairs of his family; the well-known Hotel Gillow in the capital, close to the church of La Profesa, is a portion of the family property. Dr. Gillow was nominated Bishop of Oaxaca in the consistory of March, 1887, and consecrated by the Archbishop of Mexico in La Profesa on the 31st of July following. He has already effected a great deal in his diocese, and has founded there a clerical college. He speaks French, English, and Italian with fluency, and is a man of considerable parts, from whom the Mexican church anticipates much useful service.

Sr. D. José Perfecto Amézquita y Gutierrez, Bishop of Tabasco, was born at Fernandez, in the diocese of San Luis Potosi, in 1835, and early entered the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul, of which congregation he was for some years superior at Guanajuato, where in 1886 he was consecrated bishop by Sr. Baron in the parish church. His see, which is of recent creation, is not a bed of roses, and Masonry is rampant there. However, Dr. Gutierrez is a man of so benevolent a disposition, and of such exalted views, that he is eminently qualified for the arduous position which he fills.

Dr. Don Pedro J. de Jesus Loza y Pardavé, Archbishop of Guadalajara, who celebrated his priestly jubilee in 1888, and is the eldest of the Mexican bishops, was born in the capital of the republic in 1815. Here he graduated as bachelor of philosophy in 1833, and as bachelor of law four years later. In 1838 he was ordained priest at Culiacan by D. Lazaro de la Garza y Ballesteros, bishop of Sonora, and said his first Mass on the 19th of March of that year. He filled the chairs of philosophy and law in the Seminary of Sonora, of which institution he was afterwards rector, and he was also secretary of the diocesan ecclesiastical courts. When Dr. Garza vacated the throne of Sonora to become Archbishop of Mexico, he was succeeded by Dr. Pardavé, who was elected in March, 1852, to the vacant see. He could not be prevailed on at first, however, to accept the proffered honors and responsibilities, but escaped to Puebla, at

the other end of the country, where he was unknown, and obtained a chaplaincy in the cathedral. Here he was discovered by the archbishop, who prevailed on him to forego his scruples, and consecrated him at San Fernando's church, on the 22d of August of the same year, he being then thirty-seven years of age. There were some grounds for his *nolo episcopari*, for he was banished by General Corella six years later; again, in 1859, after a long confinement in Horcasitas, he was banished to Lower California (as yet unboomed) by General Coronado; the year after he returned, to be expelled anew, and he suffered his fourth expulsion in 1866. He was one of the bishops who had much to suffer during the wars of reform and the French intervention. In Sonora he erected the episcopal residence and various churches. In the consistory of the 22d of June, 1868, he was appointed to his present position, whither he proceeded from San Francisco in the following February, arriving at the great western capital of Mexico on the 23d of March. Here he encountered various difficulties and some opposition, but his prudence, zeal, and charity overcame these obstacles. The same year he left for Rome to attend the Vatican Council, whence he returned in February, 1871. Sr. Loza has effected many important reforms in education and ecclesiastical government, has founded parochial schools and the Pontifical Academy of Guadalajara, and has fostered the cultus of Sr. S. José and of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The archbishop has a bi-monthly official organ, destined for the instruction of the clergy. He is a distinguished Latin scholar, a correct writer, and an able mathematician, and his life, if written, would illustrate the history of the church in Western Mexico for over half a century.

D. Miguel Mariano Luque, Bishop of Chiapas, was born in 1838, at Zacapoaxtla, in the diocese of Puebla. He pursued his studies in the City of the Angels, where he received the priesthood and was secretary of the bishop. Here he held the parish of San Marcos, and was given a prebendal stall in the cathedral. He was appointed bishop of Chiapas on the 13th of November, 1884, and consecrated at Puebla by the Archbishop of Mexico on the 27th of December. During the five years that he has held the see of Chiapas he has gained the estimation of both clergy and laity in that remote district.

D. José Ignacio Arciga, Archbishop of Michoacan, was born on the 19th of May, 1830, at the dismal little town of Pátzcuaro, being the eighth son of D. Pablo Arciga and

Da. Rafaela Ruiz. His first studies were conducted by the Presbitero D. Juan Leon; he then passed to Morelia, at which city he studied philosophy and theology, being ordained sub-deacon in 1852, and deacon and priest next year by Sr. Munguía. From 1851 to 1854 he occupied the chair of physics in the Seminary of Morelia, and that of dogmatic theology from 1855 to 1857, which position he retained during the two following years, the seminary being now removed to Celaya. In 1862 he was appointed cura of Guanajuato, where he remained until, four years later, we find him back at Morelia as principal canon of the cathedral. Whilst at Guanajuato he effected the splendid ornamentation of the parish church, and was especially zealous in the discharge of his ministerial functions. In 1867 the Archbishop Munguía, being at Rome in infirm health, petitioned for a co-adjutor-bishop to act for him at Morelia, and Dr. Arciga was selected for the office, being consecrated Bishop of Legione *in partibus infidelium* on the 8th of September, 1867, by D. José Antonio de la Peña, first Bishop of Zamora. In December of the next year, on the decease of Dr. Munguía, Sr. Arciga was elected archbishop, and somewhat later received the pallium at Zamora. In 1869 he attended the Vatican Council, returning to his diocese the year following.

D. Francisco Meliton Vargas, Bishop of Puebla, presides over a diocese in some respects the most remarkable in Mexico; it has over 2,500 churches, far more than any other, and its cathedral is the most beautiful church in the country. As to the bishop, his face, which is remarkable for high intelligence and benevolence, with a soupçon of genial humor, is one of the most fascinating we ever beheld—Cardinal Manning's, without the severity. The worthy prelate first saw the light at Ahualulco, on the 9th of March, 1823, his father, D. Antonio Vargas, having been a soldier of the wars of independence, and his mother's name being Da. Ignacia Gutierrez. His parents were poor; his first years were passed amidst struggles and privations, and he had to assist his parents in gaining a livelihood. Overcoming these difficulties, he commenced his studies in 1840, and concluded them nine years later, when he graduated as bachelor of theology. Next year saw him advanced to the priesthood; he was five years professor in the Seminary of Puebla, and then in succession cura of Zapopan, Santa Ana Acatlan, Colotlan, and Aguas Calientes. In May, 1869, he was appointed to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Guadalajara, a little later to a canonry, and from 1870

to 1879 he was rector of the seminary in that city. Here he performed various important services with the greatest ability, amidst others the visitation of the vicariate-apostolic of Lower California, and in May, 1883, he was consecrated Bishop of Colima, at Guadalajara, by the archbishop. In his new position his benevolence and apostolic zeal were most remarkable, notably so in the epidemic of yellow fever at Colima and Manzanillo, where he appeared as the personification of charity. He was translated to Puebla on the 9th of May, 1888, where the people, aware of his worth, accorded him a splendid reception.

D. Fr. Buenaventura Portillo, Bishop of Zacatecas, was born at the ranche of S. Antonio, in the parish of Teocaltiche, on the 8th of May, 1827. He was the son of D. Julian Portillo and Da. Jesus Tejada, and at six years of age commenced his education under P. Estanislao Tejada; he afterwards studied at the Seminary of Guadalajara, where, in 1847, he graduated as bachelor. He then entered the college of Zapopan, and was ordained priest on the 8th of September, 1850, by Sr. D. Diego de Aranda. He had already joined the Franciscan Order, and in 1860 he was appointed cura of Ojuelos, where he remained several years, returning afterwards to occupy positions of importance in the College of Zapopan. In 1870 he went to Rome as definitor of his province. On the death of the Rev. Father Cardona he became commissary-general of his order, and on the 9th of March, 1880, he was appointed Bishop of Tricalia *in partibus infidelium*, and made Vicar-apostolic of Lower California. He was consecrated on the 29th of June next in the cathedral of Guadalajara by the Right Rev. Sr. Loza. In September, 1881, he was translated to the see of Chilapa. He visited Rome for the second time, heading the Mexican pilgrims who journeyed to the Vatican to felicitate the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee. In 1889 he was translated to the see of Zacatecas, vacant by the decease of Dr. José María del Refugio Guerra. Dr. Portillo, in whom the monastic and episcopal virtues are combined, is one of the most highly esteemed prelates in the republic.

D. Rafael Camacho, Bishop of Queretaro, was born in 1826, his parents being D. José Anastasio Camacho and Da. Matilde García, both of honorable families and eminent in virtue. Etzatlan, in the State of Jalisco, was the place of his birth, and he studied, and later occupied various important positions, at Guadalajara, serving the Santuario, the Sagrario, and other parishes, and being

rector of the seminary, governor of the mitre, and canon penitentiary. On the 30th of July, 1884, his brother, D. Ramon Camacho, Bishop of Queretaro, died in his arms; he was appointed to succeed the latter in the consistory of the following September, and on the 24th of May, 1885, he was consecrated at Queretaro by the Archbishop of Michoacan, assisted by the Bishops of Tamaulipas and Colima, his supporters being General D. Rafael Alvera, governor of the State, and Dr. D. Manuel Septien. The present bishop has a great devotion to the national patroness and is a worthy successor to his illustrious predecessors.

D. Francisco Diaz, Bishop of Colima, was born at the well-known mining town of Catorce in 1833, his parents being D. Rafael Diaz Hurtado and Da. Maria de Jesus Montes. At twenty years of age he entered the Seminary of Guadalajara, and, his studies concluded, received holy orders at San Francisco from Dr. Loza, the exiled Bishop of Sonora. On the 19th of July, 1865, he celebrated his first Mass in the Church of San Juan de Dios, at Guadalajara, his supporter being Father Agustin Torres, afterwards Bishop of Tabasco. Dr. Diaz occupied the chairs of Latin and philosophy at the Guadalajara seminary, and from 1867 to 1885 served in succession the parishes of Ahualulco, Mascota, Tizapan, and San Gabriel. He was then appointed prebend of Guadalajara, and was there consecrated Bishop of Colima on the 25th of August last by the Right Rev. Dr. Loza, assisted by the bishops of Puebla and Queretaro, the prelate who twenty-four years previously had ordained him priest now conferring the episcopal dignity on Dr. Diaz; his antecedents assure to the see of Colima a worthy successor to the present Bishop of Puebla.

Dr. José Ignacio Suarez Peredo, Bishop of Vera Cruz, had, like his episcopal brother of Queretaro, a brother as predecessor. He was the child of Don Agustin Suarez Peredo and Doña María Agustina Besarez, and first saw the light at Orizaba, at that time in the diocese of Puebla, in 1834. He graduated in canon law, and was successively cura of San Juan Bautista de los Nogales, professor of canon law in the seminary of Puebla, and fiscal promoter, first at Puebla and then at Vera Cruz. He was appointed bishop of that see in 1887 and consecrated in June, 1888, in the church of the Profesa in the city of Mexico by the archbishop. He then betook himself to his extensive diocese, and at once commenced a visitation. During the short period that he has presided over his

see he has shown himself a worthy successor of his illustrious brother.

D. Fr. José María Portugal, Bishop of Sinaloa, was born in the city of Mexico in 1839. He is of the same family as D. Juan Cayetano Portugal, celebrated in Mexican church history as Bishop of Michoacan. Like his episcopal brother of Zacatecas, whilst still young he entered the Order of St. Francis, so distinguished in the history of Mexico, making his profession and receiving holy orders in the college of Santa María de Zapopan. He was commissary-general of his order in Mexico, and for many years exercised the cure of souls in the archdiocese of Guadalajara until he was appointed to the see of Sinaloa, vacant by the death of Dr. Uriarte, and received episcopal consecration at the hands of Dr. Loza in the cathedral of Guadalajara on the 8th of December, 1888.

Don Tomas Baron y Morales, Bishop of Leon, was born at the hacienda of Treinte, in the archdiocese of Mexico, on the 21st of December, 1828, and from 1843 to 1852 studied Latin, philosophy, theology, and church history at the seminary and the College of San Gregorio. In 1851 he received minor orders, and in 1853 he was ordained priest. Five years later he was given the degree of doctor of divinity, and in 1859 he was appointed cura of Cuernaoaca. In 1867 he became secretary of the ecclesiastical courts of the archdiocese, and two years later a prebendal stall in the cathedral was conferred on him. In 1871 he received a canonry, and five years later was appointed to the vacant see of Chilapa. He was consecrated by the archbishop in the Collegiate Church of Guadalupe, and ruled the diocese till 1882. In the consistory of the 25th of September of that year he was translated to his present see, where he has worthily presided ever since. He will be long remembered in connection with the disastrous floods of 1888, which worked such havoc in the important city of Leon, where he acted as almoner of the national charity with the greatest judgment and with paternal sympathy with the afflicted sufferers from the inundation.

Don Ignacio Montes de Oca y Obregon, Bishop of San Luis Potosi, is the leading Mexican orator of the present day. He is a member of the Mexican Academy, of which he is foreign correspondent. He is a profound Greek scholar and author of a translation of Pindar and of portions of Anacreon. He has also published a volume of Spanish poems and is an acute critic. Mgr. de Oca is forty-nine years of age, and has been in succes-

sion bishop of Tamaulipas, Linares, and San Luis. He was born at Guanajuato on the 26th of June, 1840, being the son of the well-known advocate, Don Demetrio Montes de Oca, and of Doña Maria de la Luz Obregon. His early studies were made in London, and his ecclesiastical course at Rome, where in 1862 he graduated in theology, and three years later in canon and civil law. He received the first orders at the hands of Dr. Munguía, and was ordained priest by Cardinal Constantino Patrizi, in the basilica of St. John Lateran. On the 6th of March, 1871, he was appointed first bishop of Tamaulipas, and six days later was consecrated by Pope Pius IX. in his private oratory. After nine years' occupancy of the see of Tamaulipas Dr. de Oca was translated in June, 1880, to that of Linares (the cathedral, however, is at Monterey). In 1885 he was again translated to the bishopric of San Luis Potosi, and on his arrival at that important city on the 15th of February, 1885, he was accorded a magnificent reception by both clergy and laity.

The foundation of the bishopric of Mexico dates from a very few years after the conquest which Cortes completed in 1521; the twelve Flemish Franciscans, styled the "Twelve Apostles of Mexico," arrived in June, 1524, and shortly after Charles V. offered the mitre to Fray Juan de Zumárraga, and presented him in December, 1527, to Pope Clement VII.; a year later he arrived at Vera Cruz, under the title of bishop-elect and protector of the Indians. In September, 1530, a papal bull made him Bishop of Mexico and suffragan of the Archbishop of Seville. In the consistory held by Paul III. in 1545 the Mexican bishopric was declared independent, and it was raised by a bull to the rank of an archbishopric with Bishop Zumárraga as archbishop. In 1571 the Archbishop of Mexico was made Primate of New Spain. Pius IX. in March, 1863, divided the Mexican Church into three archdioceses; of these, that of Mexico, the head of the eastern district, is the most important. It has 1,654 churches, and 1,328,000 baptized members, and the following suffragan bishopries: Puebla, with 2,513 churches, founded in 1526; Oaxaca, Chiapas, Yucatan, Tabasco, Tulancingo, Vera Cruz, Chilapa, and Tamaulipas. There are said to be between 1,300 and 1,400 parish priests in the archdiocese.

One of the most notable of the archbishops of Mexico was Fray Payo de Rivera Enriquez, twenty-seventh viceroy, who from 1673 to 1680 was civil and religious head of the country, to its great advantage, which is attested by the fact that, with

the exception of various beneficent public works, there is nothing noteworthy to record during the term of his rule. During the perplexing period at the commencement of the present century, when Spain had no legitimate ruler, a difficulty very naturally arose in Mexico as to the authority to whom allegiance was due; the national party, which eventually cast off the Spanish yoke, had its origin in these times, and the Archbishop Francisco Javier de Lizana was appointed viceroy at this epoch by the Junta Central Española. Though many of the men most prominent in effecting Mexican independence were churchmen, as Hidalgo and Morelos, yet this change sounded the death-knell of ecclesiastical supremacy in the country. It was long delayed, but the contest between the Conservative-clerical and the Liberal parties was fought with extreme bitterness during the four years preceding the French intervention of 1861. Juarez, by the laws of reform, nationalized church property. Maximilian, by the influence of the church party, was solemnly crowned emperor in Mexico, June, 1864, but he gave them dissatisfaction by failing to annul the laws of reform; these have ever since continued in force; the monastic orders have been suppressed, the church despoiled of its vast possessions, the very church edifices being regarded as government property and merely lent by it to the church, and the clergy being even forbidden by law to appear publicly in a distinctive dress, or to conduct processions outside the church walls. Yet the old acerbity of party feeling is being modified by time; the remarkable demonstrations at the late jubilee, in which prominent liberals were conspicuously present, would have been impossible a few years ago, and it is to be hoped that a benign period of harmony and progress, both civil and religious, is in store for the republic.

City of Mexico.

THE EVOLUTIONARY THEORY AS APPLIED TO CONSCIENCE.

No theory in modern times has caused so wide-spread an interest, or excited such universal attention, as the theory of evolution. No theory has been so warmly advocated by its partisans, or so violently assailed by its enemies. While scientific agnostics have seen in it the opening of a new era and the answer to a thousand puzzling difficulties, nervous Christians have regarded it as an engine of fearful power, and likely in the hands of unscrupulous men to lead to the destruction of the whole spiritual life.

Now, within certain limits evolution is a fact, not a theory. Up to a certain point it is undeniable. Unfortunately, however, there is a strong tendency in man to drive an idea too far. No sooner is some new theory started, and found available for the explanation of certain phenomena, but there arises a strong desire to explain all other hitherto unexplained phenomena by the same method. Man naturally seeks uniformity, and strives to reduce everything to known laws.

In these days the attempt is being made to explain on wholly natural grounds the present condition not merely of the material universe, but of all religion and morality as well. Because the theory of evolution serves to explain, at least in some measure, the origin of species, the formation of fruits, the variety of plumage in birds, of color in flowers, of structure in plants, and of endowments in animals, it is thought that it may also be applied with success to the solution of such a question as the origin of man, considered not merely as a physical and sensitive animal but even as a moral and responsible agent.

The evolutionary hypothesis as applied to man's *physical* nature I have already considered elsewhere.* I propose now to invite attention to the subject of this same hypothesis as applied to man's *spiritual* nature, or (to confine myself within the limits of an essay), let me say, as applied to man's conscience.

The task before me is to show that the facts of conscience cannot be accounted for on any mere evolutionary hypothesis.

The importance of this contention cannot be exaggerated, for of all proofs of the existence of God and of a future life, the

* See *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

facts of conscience are the strongest and the most convincing. Nothing speaks so eloquently of the supernatural. Neither the visible creation nor the traditions of men bear such a witness to an invisible and a future state as conscience. If conscience, therefore, turns out to be a mere development—if, as Huxley believes, "we shall sooner or later arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat" (see *Lay Sermons*, ch. xiv.), then its dictates, being unsupported by any divine sanction, may be repudiated and disregarded at will. The simplest and readiest method of refuting the evolutionary hypothesis in its relation to conscience is to state as clearly as possible:

1. In what the theory consists.
2. What the theory postulates.
3. And then to show, in the third place, that its postulates are irreconcilable with facts; in a word, to disprove the theory by (*reductio ad absurdum*) reducing it to an absurdity. Let us to the task.

According to the extreme evolutionary school, conscience is merely a result of the slow growth of ages. To our earliest progenitors such a mental phenomenon was unknown. It sprang up and developed gradually—almost imperceptibly—under the influence of external stimuli, in a manner exactly analogous to that in which organic development is said to have taken place. In fact, the general principles of "natural selection" and "the struggle for existence," and "the survival of the fittest," are applied to mind, just as they have been applied to matter. Thus, just as any special condition of limb or organ in an animal which gives it an advantage over rivals in the general struggle for existence is likely to be transmitted, and to be gradually still further improved and perfected, so will it be with any disposition of soul or any mental bias. If certain inclinations or disinclinations lead to actions favorable to the general well-being of the race, such inclinations or disinclinations will in a like manner be preserved, transmitted, and still further accentuated in the descendants. And what is true of inclinations holds good of judgments and opinions.

In order to diminish as far as possible the mist that involves the general proposition, we will set aside, for the nonce, conscience in general and examine some of its decisions in particular, and see how evolutionists would explain their origin. Now, the essential characteristic of conscience lies in the power it possesses of passing judgment on the virtuousness or the vicious-

ness, the justice or the injustice, of any thought, word, deed, or omission. Take an example: Conscience declares in unmistakable terms that intemperance and gluttony are sins. What does that verdict imply? With us Catholics that statement cannot be reduced to any simpler terms; it admits of no further analysis. It is simply the voice of God speaking to our hearts and telling us what his will is: telling us what he would have us do, what he would have us leave undone. Not so with evolutionists. With them conscience is a sort of register of past experience. It is nothing more than the echo of the mighty voice of all past generations resounding in the ears of the present. It is a warning based upon a past experience of the deleterious effects of certain acts and the advantageous effects of others. To the first set of acts is given the name of vices; to the second the name of virtues. Thus, according to this system, "vice" and "virtue," "right" and "wrong," come to mean nothing more than "useful" or "not useful," "advantageous" or "disadvantageous." Though Catholics and full-blown evolutionists alike admit that conscience condemns intemperance, theft, adultery, and murder, yet while the followers of Christ condemn such acts as *intrinsically* wrong, the followers of Darwin and Spencer interpret such condemnation in a very different manner. We say that theft, murder, etc., are condemned because *intrinsically at variance with a supreme and immutable standard.* In the Darwinian and Spencerian sense such condemnation simply means that such practices are opposed to the general welfare of the race. In a word, to say that they are sinful indicates simply that they are injurious to the material prosperity of mankind.

It is not, of course, necessary—according to the Darwinian theory—that individuals should at the time realize the injurious effects of actions condemned by conscience. What that theory, however, does suppose is that any injurious practice leaves its mark behind it, and becomes in the course of ages worked up into the very texture of each living descendant in such a manner as to produce an irresistible feeling of dread and responsibility; a feeling that the practice should not be indulged in and that any such indulgence is sure to be followed by some undefined and indefinable penalty. At this stage we may say that the development of conscience is in full operation. In fact, the moral intuitions, or, as we would express it, the voice of the Holy Spirit instructing the soul made to the image of God in the ways of salvation, evolutionists consider to be nothing else than

(to use their own words) "the result of accumulated experiences of utility."

The statement, "intemperance is a sin," is thus equivalent to "intemperance is opposed to the temporal interests of the race." The knowledge of this truth has been acquired gradually and imperceptibly, and while the innumerable instances of harm done have been forgotten, the broad fact to which each instance has pointed—viz.: "intemperance must be avoided"—is transmitted from generation to generation with an ever-increasing force and momentum. In a word, the general broad conclusions remain and are perpetuated, while the innumerable special instances on which these conclusions are in reality based are forgotten. Thus the consciousness of the sinfulness of the vice of intemperance would (on this hypothesis) have come about somewhat in this manner: In remote times undeveloped men were ruled and controlled not by sound reason, which was then only beginning to dawn, but by all sorts of fancies, prejudices, opinions, and whims. The superstitions lingering in some quarters at the present day—that it is unlucky to travel on a Friday, or to sit down thirteen at table; that the owl is a bird of ill-omen, and that the sight of a magpie is a forerunner of evil—may be taken as modern instances of a state of mind at one time almost universal.

Now, observe, however varied these opinions and prejudices might be in different men, they would in each case influence and help to form conduct, behavior, and habits of life; and of these countless strange opinions and prejudices, those which led to actions beneficial to the race would always have a better chance of spreading and perpetuating themselves than such as would lead to a mode of life injurious to the race. While the one set of judgments would in consequence gradually perish, the other set would survive and grow stronger. Thus: while the superstitious beliefs that ill will result from (1) sitting down thirteen at table, (2) from travelling on a Friday, and (3) from seeing a magpie perch near the house, or (4) from hearing the owl screech, are dying out *because they confer no advantage* upon those who hold them, other superstitious beliefs (we must use this word while speaking in the evolutionary sense)—*e.g.*, that telling lies and cheating or stealing will lead to evil—not only remain, but are become more deeply rooted than ever, and this is so because superstitions *such as these do confer a decided advantage on society* and render social life and intercourse more

easy and profitable. Let us suppose an extreme case by way of illustration.

Suppose there are five hundred families living on a desert island controlled wholly by superstitious and vain fears and prejudices; suppose half of them, influenced partly by the horrible nightmares and partly by digestive troubles occasioned by too sumptuous repasts upon buffalo-steaks and monkey-soup, conceived the notion that such excessive eating is being punished by the spirits and genii of the forest. As a consequence, many of their number will persuade themselves that, for fear of arousing still further resentment, they must eat and drink temperately. We will call that section of the population Class A. Suppose that the other half of the community (whom we may call Class B) are free from such nightmares and digestive troubles, and in consequence continue to eat and drink to excess as often as the occasion offers. What would be the result in the long run? Why, the unrestrained indulgence in eating and drinking would be fraught with most disastrous consequences, which would soon begin to tell upon the constitution and to threaten the very existence of Class B. Class A, on the contrary, under the influence of fear, would abstain from strong drink, and eat in moderation; they would, in consequence, retain their wonted vigor and strength, while the more luxurious swains belonging to Class B would soon begin to experience the effects of their excesses. Excess would tend to produce disease, to shorten life, to render them less fit (*ceteris paribus*) in the general struggle for existence. Their chances of survival would diminish more and more as compared with others less addicted to intemperance. But while Class B are thus steadily deteriorating, Class A, on the other hand, with their prejudice against excess, and their consequent abstemious and sober habits, would improve. They would, in the natural course of things, live longer and beget healthier children, who would inherit the prejudices of their parents in a heightened degree; and when quarrels arose and wars were waged between these savages, Class A would come off victorious, and Class B in course of time would dwindle away, and might at last die out altogether, like the aboriginals of Tasmania. In a word, the tendency to condemn and denounce intemperance would become more and more pronounced as time wore on; and as the root of a tree or plant will follow the path of least resistance in preference to any other, so the race of man, other things being equal, will follow the path of

least intemperance, the path least opposed to its health and vigor.

Thus, assuming the existence of a population half of which approve and half of which disapprove of intemperance, we shall find that the uniform *tendency* of natural selection will be to increase and multiply the number of those who hold a prejudice against intemperance, and to diminish, and even to wholly destroy, those who have no such prejudice; in a word, *its tendency is to make universal opinions which are beneficial, and to stamp out and destroy opinions which are inimical; in other words, a constant effort is ever being made by nature to construct a "conscience"* or an "universal judgment" condemnatory of what will bring ill and approving what will bring good to the human species.

Thus, by a process of "natural selection and a survival of the fittest," as applied to opinions, prejudices, whims, superstitions, and fancies, the human conscience, as we now know it, has at last been formed. The accumulated experiences of the race regarding the deleterious effects of various actions have become stored up in each individual, so that (without necessarily knowing or adverting to the reason) he condemns certain acts and approves of certain others. In this way the present generation has acquired the power of seeing an enemy in drunkenness and intemperance, just as the race of sparrows has acquired a power of detecting an enemy in the hawk, even the first time it encounters one.

What has been said of intemperance must, of course, be applied to every other act or habit which conscience stigmatizes and condemns. In fact, to use the *ipsissima verba* of the evolutionary school, "all moral rules are merely expressions of those social adaptations which, on the whole, and after infinite gropings, prove most serviceable in the preservation of groups of human animals in the struggle for existence"; and let us also observe that evolutionists actually define morality as "the sum of the preservative instincts of society." As Schurman very truly observes: "The fortuitous origin of morality through a process purely mechanical must, I think, be regarded as the fundamental tenet of the school." "The moral faculty is the result," they contend, "of all those experiences whereby mutually repellant individual animals were fused together into society and enabled to perpetuate a victorious existence."

In a word, "as natural selection has endowed the eagle with his eye, the bee with her sting, and the lion with his rage and

strength, so must natural selection have endowed man not only with an erect attitude, but also with a reason that looks before and after, and a *conscience* that responds to right and wrong."

Such is the doctrine of evolutionists, and, as has already been said, it follows from it that there is no such thing as absolute right and wrong, and no such thing as absolute good or bad. These terms are merely relative. In the words of Mr. Spencer, "the good is universally the pleasurable"; and "conduct is made good or bad solely by its pleasure-giving and pain-giving effects." Conscience is thus reduced to nothing more than "the social instinct, illuminated by intelligence." From this it follows that in another condition of life the dictates of conscience might be totally different, and even opposite to what they now are. What it now approves it might then condemn, and what it now condemns it might then approve. "If, for instance," says Schurman, "men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, they would possess a conscience which required unmarried women, like the worker bees, to kill their brothers, and mothers to kill all their fertile daughters," and to do so would be to exercise virtue and religion.

So far we have attempted merely to state and explain the theory. Our next effort must be to refute it. For this purpose we will summarize as clearly as possible what the theory postulates, and then endeavor to show that its postulates—those very postulates upon which its whole existence depends—are irreconcilable with facts, and in the most glaring contradiction with experience.

On a careful analysis of the theory, it will be found that two propositions are insisted upon throughout, and, in fact, taken for granted:

Prop. 1. Every practice which is injurious to the temporal well-being of the community will, in the course of time, draw down upon it the condemnation of conscience, and will be registered in the mind as a vice.

Prop. 2. Every practice which is advantageous to the temporal well-being of the community or race will, in the course of ages, call down upon it the approval of conscience and be registered as a virtue.

And this because the evolution of conscience is the gradual but continuous "realization of utilities." Darwin informs us that "any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, will have a better chance of surviving, and

thus be naturally selected." But a human intellect condemning an injurious practice varies from those which approve of the practice in a manner "profitable both to itself" and to every mind subject to its influence; and therefore it also will have a better chance of surviving, and will be naturally selected. "Hence," to use Schurman's words, "it follows that the moral sentiments, as motors tending to the preservation of the tribe, must, like the mental faculties, be self-preserving and self-accumulating under the utilitarian sway of natural selection."

What follows from this? Well, that every deleterious practice should be condemned by conscience, and every useful and advantageous practice should be raised to the dignity of a virtue. But is this in any degree true? Certainly not. As in many cases conscience refuses to condemn what is undoubtedly injurious to the temporal well-being of the race, so, on the other hand, it frequently refuses to approve what is equally clearly to the advantage of the race. In a word, it acts again and again in a diametrically opposite manner to that necessarily supposed by the evolutionary theory. Take a single instance. What would obviously affect the general well-being of our wild and uncouth ancestors more than the quality and nourishing properties of the food upon which they lived? Hardly anything. Let us once again have recourse to our previous example of the island with its population of five hundred families. Instead of the habit of intemperance we will now substitute the habit of eating unwholesome food. Hence, dividing the population, as before, into Division A and Division B, we will suppose that all those included under Section A, owing to the circumstances of their position, are perfectly well able to nourish themselves on buffalo-steaks and wild fowl, while the families forming Section B are compelled to satisfy their hunger with such poor and indigestible food as sour fruit, raw nuts, and unpalatable roots. The latter practice would be fraught with many disastrous consequences, and, in a few generations, the families following such a *régime* would ill compare with their better-fed neighbors. Their indigestible food would bring on dysentery and digestive troubles. It would reduce the strength and vigor of the tribe, and tend to shorten life and to lessen the chances of survival in the general struggle for existence. Section A, on the other hand, enjoying more nutritious and digestible food, would be healthier, in a better bodily condition, and more likely than their neighbors to overcome the obstacles to still further development.

They would beget healthier children. These would inherit the same or a still stronger taste for buffalo-steak and roast ducks, as well as a stronger aptitude and cunning in hunting or trapping their game, while these qualities would carry the next generation on to a still greater vantage-ground in the struggle for existence.

But this is not all. If the evolutionary theory be true, a far more momentous consequence must follow. The acquired *experience of the utility of a more generous over a less generous diet* must give rise to a conscience proclaiming it sinful to live exclusively on roots and unripe fruits, and virtuous to live on animals and game—and why? Because evolutionists tell us that "moral intuitions are the result of the accumulated experiences of *utility*." Here we clearly see this supposition to be contrary to experience.

Indeed, a thousand practices might be pointed out which are unquestionably injurious to the temporal prosperity of the race, and against which, notwithstanding, conscience refuses to utter a single syllable of protest. But if "moral intuitions are," as these scientists insist, "the result of accumulated experiences of utility," how comes it that we have no moral intuitions, or in other words, no conscience condemning indigestible food, extreme poverty, incessant labor, broken sleep, and cold and nakedness, etc.? Considering how such things militate against the natural well-being of the race, they should by this time have reached a degree of sinfulness perfectly horrifying to contemplate.

Even if it were possible in these cases to excuse the failure of conscience on the plea of its still incomplete development, and the insufficient time that has been allowed it to evolve, it is quite clear that no such excuses will avail (on the evolutionary theory) in cases in which conscience positively condemns what is not only not injurious, but what is absolutely advantageous to the public weal. On the hypothesis we are considering, conscience could never condemn any practice from which the human race as a whole would derive real temporal advantage. The very definition of conscience as "the result of accumulated experiences of utility," renders such a supposition absolutely impossible. Indeed, the whole object of evolutionists is to make conscience purely and simply the experimental knowledge of the race, rendered articulate in each member of its modern representatives, enjoining the useful and forbidding the opposite. If, therefore, it can be shown that conscience does not always approve of what is useful,

if it be proved that, so far from doing so, it sometimes does the very opposite, we may surely conclude that the evolutionary account of conscience is a false one, and without any solid basis to rest on.

Now, we will make bold to suggest an instance in which conscience strictly prohibits a practice distinctly beneficial to the material progress and welfare of the human race. In introducing the instance, it will be well to begin by calling to mind the congested condition of so many countries at the present day, and the millions of poor who are living on the very verge of penury, as also the competition for work, which is so keen and pressing that tens of thousands are forced to accept starvation wages, while thousands of others cannot get employment on any conditions whatsoever. Every year many persons in our largest towns die of hunger and privation. Now, in all circumstances, but especially in congested centres where the populations are unusually dense, and life, even for the strong and the healthy, is a hard and continuous struggle, it would be a very great advantage (merely, of course, from a *utilitarian* view) to destroy, by some painless anæsthetic, every diseased, deformed, or hopelessly imbecile infant as soon as possible after it is born. Any unbiassed man looking *exclusively to the terrestrial good of the race as a whole*, and to the formation of a more robust and healthier people, and to an exchequer less burdened by debt, must confess that the practice of such a carefully discriminating infanticide would be a decided gain. Indeed, this view is neither a novel one, nor is it merely a speculative one. It is a view which has been actually propounded and approved by the most learned and the wisest among non-Christian writers and philosophers. Nay, more, it has actually been carried out in practice, not among savages and barbarous tribes only, but among the most civilized and cultured nations of antiquity. Plato and Aristotle, who are certainly reckoned among the greatest intellects that ever lived, agree upon this point. "Both of them," says Mr. Grote, "command that no child crippled or deformed shall be brought up; a practice," he adds, "actually adopted at Sparta under the Lycurgean institutions, and even carried further, since no child was allowed to be brought up until it had been inspected and approved by public nurses" provided for the purpose. "The Romans, too, were legally permitted to expose deformed children."

A practice so beneficial as this, when once introduced, should most assuredly (on the evolutionary hypothesis) have impressed

the human conscience with a sense of its utility, and become binding as a permanently fixed intuition. And since such "moral sentiments as tend to the improvement of the tribe must be not only self-preserving but self-accumulating, under the utilitarian sway of natural selection," the practice should by this date have secured for itself not merely tolerance but the highest approval of moralists. To destroy unprofitable infants should be one of the highest and sublimest of virtues, almost qualifying for canonization. So much for the postulate of the theory. But what is the fact? While from a *purely utilitarian* point of view its advantages are *self-evident and undeniable*, nevertheless, from a moral point of view, its deformity and iniquity are more self-evident still.

Notwithstanding its acknowledged social utility, notwithstanding its admitted advantages, notwithstanding even its having been at one time largely practised by the most civilized races on earth, conscience rises up and, shaking off all such utilitarian wrappings, condemns it in the most absolute and unqualified manner; yea, condemns it utterly, unconditionally, and fearlessly, and peremptorily in spite of all that the united voices of utilitarians can urge in its favor. While freely admitting the possible benefits that such a practice might confer on society at large, conscience declares, in the clearest and most emphatic language, that to kill a child, even though it be but an infant, and the most diseased and imbecile infant that ever breathed, is rank murder, and a sin crying to heaven for vengeance.

This fact, which is only one selected from many others, is utterly irreconcilable with the evolutionary hypothesis of conscience. An evolved conscience, from its very *raison d'être*, could never condemn in this unqualified manner acts which never had, and never could have had, the least prejudicial effects upon the prosperity and well-being of any race or tribe or people whatsoever. The whole purpose of a developed conscience is to promote the temporal welfare of mankind as a whole at the expense of individuals. In the instance before us it not only fails to do anything of the kind, but it does precisely the reverse. It espouses and safeguards the interests of the individual child even though it be to the prejudice of the entire world.

The fact is that nothing that Darwin or Spencer or Haeckel or any of their learned followers have said suffices to account for conscience as we actually find it. Their ingenious theories and explanations of its genesis would perhaps serve to account for a con-

science such as might have been fancied or imagined, but in no way does it serve to account for conscience such as we know it to be. We are forced to seek elsewhere for a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. It has been laid down by the evolutionary school that "the ancestors of man had no moral fibre in their constitution, but through long-inherited experiences of the consequences of conduct man has been rendered organically moral." To such an assertion the known facts of conscience give the lie direct, and so prove the entire theory to be as baseless as the fabric of a dream. On a thousand practices incontestably injurious to the race conscience positively refuses to utter one syllable of condemnation; on the other hand, many practices undoubtedly useful and profitable to the temporal prosperity of mankind conscience places under a ban.

The plain fact thrust upon us is that the account of the origin of conscience proposed by evolutionists, though clever and ingenious, and even workable up to a certain point, will not bear a close scrutiny. On a careful examination the theory fades away, as fade the bright figures projected by the magic lantern so soon as daylight is allowed to fall upon them. To speak of conscience as Herbert Spencer does is to ignore its essential character. Conscience approves and disapproves, justifies and condemns, both single acts and lines of conduct wholly independently of their influence upon the temporal prosperity of the race. The truth is, conscience asserts a higher law than the law of utility; it defends and safeguards higher interests than any interests of time, and points in unmistakable language both to a Law-giver and to a sanction of which mere sense can take no cognizance whatsoever. It even speaks to us of a better life and of a wider sphere of action, and throws startling gleams of light into that future world before the portals of which paces the grim sentinel Death.

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SOME HAUNTS OF THE PADRES.

I.

THE credit of discovering America in 1492 undoubtedly belongs to Spain. This has never been disputed. Of the earlier visits to this great continent, recorded in song and story, we have nothing now to say. The discovery that made it of practical utility to the Caucasian race was made by Columbus. But while receiving credit for the opening up of a new world, it seems to the writer that the Spaniards have never received even a tithe of the praise justly due them for the great work they labored to accomplish in the western hemisphere, especially for the aboriginal races. A few books, mostly written by themselves, have sufficed to tell their faults and shortcomings. Ten thousand books could not do full justice to the daring warriors and holy priests who, amid frightful hardships, sought to civilize the picturesque heathen of earlier days and make known to him Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

When studying history and biography as connected with the Pueblos and the Sierras, or traversing the dusty, sunlit plains of the great Southwest, this conviction has often forced itself upon our mind. To-day the Pueblos are representatives of the original or Indian civilization, sometimes overshadowed by the more pretentious civilization of a less remote epoch. But no fair-minded individual of ordinary observation can traverse the regions originally settled by the Spaniards, and not marvel at the remains of the wondrous works created in the wilderness by their genius or inspiration for the glory of God and the good of souls.

How were these stupendous works accomplished? Was it, indeed, the barbarian of yesterday who left to the nineteenth century the unique specimens of constructive art which are the wonder and delight of every intelligent wanderer who has penetrated the lands over which the flaming colors of Spain once waved? Was it he, indeed, who planned the vast schemes of irrigation for the thirsty soil, the noble aqueducts, the graceful *acequias*, whose slow-moving waters make the burning yellow sands cool and verdant and productive? An aged inhabitant of one of these countries said to the writer: "The missionaries

believed in work for their people above everything else. They used to say: 'If our children [the Indians] will only learn to work, we can Christianize them; if they will not, our teaching of them will be vain.'" Hence the missionaries everywhere gave the untutored Indians an example of industry and thrift. They built houses and churches, planted vineyards and olive-groves for the service of the altar, and raised fruit and corn and vegetables for their humble disciples and co-laborers in the Gospel.

When we look at the compact, carefully erected "missions" basking in the sunshine of the plain, or resting peacefully on a gentle slope, or crowning some verdant hill, beautiful even in the decrepitude of age, we are not surprised that the Indian and the old Spaniard look back lovingly to what they affectionately call "mission times." These abandoned churches, in many instances resisting time and weather; their silent bells imprisoned in towers, but giving no sign of the life that is in them, save when the storm-winds blow upon the ramparts or through the port-holes and make them ring out spasmodic peals; the carvings, because done for God, executed as carefully where no eye sees them as where exposed to the blaze of a semi-tropical sun; the walls many feet thick of baked earth or hand-made brick—all these are eloquent of the solicitude and industry of the good *padres*, who planted and watered and nursed with a care that faith alone could bestow on the neophytes and their heritage.

II.

Among the missionaries were artists, architects, and brothers who were masters of every handicraft. Hence the civilization they produced wherever they settled. They did not use their power to exterminate the red man, nor did they covet his lands. They worked and prayed. They taught and exemplified the old monastic maxim, *Laborare est orare*—Work is prayer. Their history, eloquently told in the ruins of the works of their hands and those of their disciples, is one of the noblest treasures of the church. What was the industry or enterprise of modern immigrants compared to theirs? In remote times, when neither steam nor electricity had come to abridge distances, how did they gather materials? Or, having gathered them, how did they labor in the blistering sunshine? True, the Indians were often but as hewers of wood or drawers of water to the priests who planned the grand works. Old settlers in Texas, and one in

particular who lived there over fifty years, and had known the last of the missionaries, told us that, while the Indians were willing helpers according to their poor ability, the best of the work which we admire to-day was executed by skilled artificers from Europe, girded with the brown habit and white cord of St. Francis, from plans and designs made by priests wearing the same holy garb.

These saintly men were no fireside philanthropists, no lazy philosophers. They came to subdue the savage hearts of the red men to the beautiful virtues with which Mother Church loves to see her children adorned; to teach them to cry, "Abba," "Father," to their great Creator; to make them heirs and joint-heirs with Christ to the kingdom of God. But, over and above the heavenly teachings of the church, the *padres* sought to introduce among the children of the forest the arts of civilization. They taught them to till the land, and gather from the teeming bosom of Mother Earth the best part of their sustenance, so as not to depend altogether on the precarious means of living supplied by the chase. And, to add to their comforts, they imported several domestic animals and showed their "children" how to use them. For, strange to say, up to the early days of the nineteenth century the wild Indians in several places had not yet learned the use of the horse, and were wont to set out on foot on their hunting and marauding expeditions.

If religion did not always precede these social improvements, she speedily followed in their wake. Barbarian hearts were touched by a goodness which they knew was not of earth; and ere long the missionaries were recognized as the best friends of the savage. Whole tribes willingly forsook their nomadic life and settled down with their beloved *padres*, gladly subjecting themselves to the restraints of civilization that they might enjoy the blessings of religion. The missions often became central points for the government of the country. Jesuit enterprise was fostered by the mother country, and when, unhappily, the Jesuits were expelled, Franciscans and others, undeterred by their fate, stepped in to continue the good work which their predecessors had matured under the auspices of Mary. The names of these holy men are writ on American soil from pole to pole, and from ocean to ocean. In North, South, and Central America the very ruins of their monuments praise them in the gate. But of the good work as of the human being may be said: "Not all of me shall die." The immortal part of their glorious deeds will be found in houses not made with hands—yea, in the treasuries of heaven.

III.

But as it would be impossible in one article to do justice to all the missions, or indeed to many, we shall turn from the Golden Gate and the shores of the sparkling Caribbean Sea, and passing by the Mexican Gulf, enter the fair land of Texas, and speak of "some western missions" within her boundaries. It is certain that Catholic missionaries were the first white men who penetrated the wilds of Texas, and they came not for fame or pelf—

> "Not as the conqueror comes
> They, the true-hearted, came;
> Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
> Or the trumpet that tells of fame."

When a site was selected and the nucleus of a village formed by the Indians, under the direction of the *padres*, the next step was to build a church, or, as it was styled, a "mission." Many of these "missions" have yielded to the decaying action of time. Some remain, but they, too, will be consumed by a destroyer whose progress may be delayed but cannot be arrested. In 1715 Antonio Margil, a Franciscan of the strict observance, began his labors in Texas, having previously exercised his ministry in Mexico, Central America, and Louisiana. Wonderful was the fruit that rewarded his zeal wherever his feet rested. Through him were established the missions that attract so much attention in the vicinity of San Antonio: Concepcion, San José, San Juan Capistrano, and San Francisco de Espada. In the term "mission" were included monasteries and forts. Into the outer parts of these edifices persons of European birth or lineage and Christian Indians often retreated from the savagery of the wild red men. The oblong apartment devoted to church purposes was usually of small dimensions compared to the portion devoted to cloisters, towers, apartments, arched passages, and belfries pointing heavenward.

Parts of these edifices are still wondrously beautiful, though in many instances vandals, styling themselves relic-hunters, have anticipated the destruction which time would inevitably bring. The mission church of San José, begun in 1717 by Father Margil, was not finished till 1771, when that great missionary had passed away. It was built by Spaniards and Indians, who formed a Christian brotherhood and called themselves "The Children of St. Joseph." Even at this late day "San José" is a marvel of architectural loveliness; or, to use the phraseology of the epoch,

a poem in stone, or a dream of exquisite beauty. The carving, done entirely by the hand, and the carpenter's work, cannot be surpassed in elegance of design or perfection of finish. The celebrated artist Huica, sent thither for that purpose by the king of Spain, spent several years in carving the statues and various other ornamentations which, despite the ravages of time, delight the eyes of every beholder who has taste to appreciate the beautiful. Mission Conception, whose full title was "Mission Concepcion la Purissima de Acuna," is called the first mission; San José, the second; and San Juan Capistrano, the third. They are now for the most part deserted Sometimes one finds a dark-eyed, dark-haired family guarding a mission in its decrepitude, one of whom will show the ruins to visitors and not refuse a dole in return. The tops of the towers are half gone; the walls, several feet thick, are covered with grass and field flowers; here and there tall iron crosses may be seen erect amid the general dilapidation, as if to remind the beholder that when all sublunary things pass away the cross will stand. The front door of San José is studded with stone statues so embedded in the work that the door, archway, and figures seem to be made from one solid piece of rock.

Across the Rio Grande from El Paso, the Gate City of Two Republics, is El Paso del Norte, in Mexico, the name of which has recently been changed to Juarez, a fact our geographies have not yet noted. There are hundreds of adobe huts in El Paso del Norte, and some fine buildings in American style. The culture of fruit is universal. Instead of fences, there are fruit-trees planted very closely together, which answer the same purpose. American ideas have taken possession of this fair town on the hillside. Venders describe their merchandise in English and Spanish. The Mexican women have graceful figures, and dark eyes and skin. Among their good points must be reckoned most beautiful white teeth, and long, blue-black hair; but the hair is known to be most populous. Minus the American houses and the English advertising of wares, this old town probably looks to-day exactly as it did in the time of the *padres*. Here, on a gentle elevation, is a mission church said to be three hundred years old. An ancient cemetery stretches out in front of it. Farther on is the plaza, prettily laid out, with a bust of Benito Juarez, his back turned to the church, on a high pedestal in the centre. The interior of the roof of this very ancient temple is of carved wood. As it is still in use, it is in good repair. The low, square houses in the valley empty themselves every Sunday morning to fill it.

There are neither chairs nor benches; the congregation kneel or squat; the men in Mexican or American costume, the women wearing the ever-graceful mantilla. Our Lady of Dolors is dressed like a widow; a younger Blessed Virgin is in bridal costume, in all the bravery of diamond ear-rings and gold bracelets, with human hair, and a cluster of precious stones for a halo. A statue of our Lord immediately after his painful death is terribly realistic; it can hardly be forgotten by any Christian that ever gazed on it for a moment. On the walls of this venerable church are several little pictures representing miracles that have been wrought in favor of those who put them up, or their loved ones. They are not works of art, but water-colors of the most primitive description, that tell pathetic stories. One small bit of landscape has in its centre a bed on which a beautiful child lies dying, her friends about her, her mother bending in agony over her. A novena and procession to our Lady of Guadalupe, the *Thaumaturgiste* of these regions, obtained the cure of the precious patient when all human remedies had failed. The little story is told in the simplest Spanish in an inscription beneath the picture. In these days of self-sufficiency and self-righteousness, when favors are regarded more often as a right than as a grace, these simple testimonials of gratitude to God for his mercies in this far-away spot are singularly touching. This church is probably a good specimen of what each of the ruined churches was in early days. Imagination can easily fill it with Indians. But the red people of old are very different from those to be seen in the West in our day. These latter, with their ugly features all but hidden by the coarse black hair that falls in matted ropes about them, are repulsive, or, rather, hideous. Yet with their paint and bright-colored drapery they form picturesque groups—seen at a distance.

IV.

It seems to us that no Catholic can enter these ancient missions without emotion. "The touch of a vanished hand" will never restore their pristine beauty, but "the sound of a voice that is still" will reverberate while stone clings to stone through their venerable cloisters. Since the cross was first placed by holy hands over these churches populous and magnificent cities have sprung into being. When the missionaries began to preach Christ crucified on these gentle slopes and sunlit plains, New York was scarcely a village, New Orleans a jungle of wet cypress and willow, Chicago a dismal swamp,

San Francisco a range of sand hills, and San Antonio itself a beautiful waste, a cluster of wigwams, or a collection of Mexican jacals.

The site of San Antonio was exceptionally well chosen by the early missionaries. No city on earth is better watered. The long lines of aqueducts and the little runnels made by the *padres* are still used for irrigating purposes, especially in the fields and vegetable gardens below the city. One cannot go far in any direction without meeting the pale green waters of the San Antonio River, or the crystal streams of the San Pedro. The source of the latter, on the estate of Mr. Breckenridge, is a unique sight. Under a giant tree, bent with the weight of years, the water springs up pure and cold; on account of its great depth the spring looks black, but the fluid is perfectly clear. Bubbling up from the bosom of the earth, it overflows its grassy boundaries, gliding in many streams over the beautiful country. The arrows, spear-heads, and tomahawks of aboriginal workmanship which excavations have from time to time brought to light would seem to show that this region must have been a favorite haunt of the Indians long before the Spaniards set foot in Texas.

In 1834 Colonel Almonte estimated the whole population of Texas at 36,400. Of these about 21,000 were whites, and the remainder Indians. Money was scarce, purchases were made by barter, and in the settlements people shared with each other the necessaries of life. For lack of protection and encouragement, immigrants, who were greatly desired by the authorities, were kept out. The wild Indians harassed the whites, and their trail in the forest was often marked with blood. Old residents tell terrible tales of these troublous times. The superior of a San Antonio convent, a native of San Antonio, who has scarcely passed middle life, remembers being more than once hidden in a place of safety, with other members of her family, when scouts proclaimed that the red men were on the war-path and approaching her father's dwelling.

But more often the savages came like the proverbial thief in the night. Mothers who with their girls went to the nearest village for supplies, on returning to their ranch sometimes found the entrance to their homes blocked up by the dead bodies of their murdered husbands and sons. Once, when the settlers, all Irish, fled in a body from San Patricio before a foe for whom they were entirely unprepared, one of their wagons broke down in the wilderness. It took three hours to mend it. No one

durst move till all could go together, and ever and anon they cried out: "The Indians will be on us!" But the delay they deemed so unfortunate was providential. On reaching the settlement where they expected shelter, which they did reciting aloud the Rosary, they found it, indeed, but by the door-steps they were horrified to see the still warm corpses of the brave men who would have shown them princely hospitality, riddled with the arrows of these terrible Bedouins and gashed with their tomahawks.

An ancient Irish lady, still living, who was among those that fled from San Patricio on that occasion (over fifty years ago), says she never blamed "the braves" for their sanguinary deeds, for she had seen the treatment they experienced from some American settlers. When the Indians went to the chase, many dastardly pale-faces descended upon their helpless squaws and papooses, and behaved themselves in a manner our pen refuses to record. They achieved great dexterity as marksmen, and could almost split a hair. "Often and often," said she, "I have seen a man take aim at the eye or the nose of a papoose in its mother's arms or packed on her back, and boast of it as a great deed, when the little creature, covered with blood, breathed its last in the lap of the poor mother." The Indians would have been more or less than human had they not revenged the wanton cruelty which used their babes as targets and broke the hearts of the bereaved mothers. And this was but one of the many ways in which they were provoked and tantalized by the new-comers.

San Antonio was the scene of many a fray of this kind, and many a battle and skirmish that helped to achieve the independence of Texas. It was also the scene of the early preaching of saintly men. It has always been famous for the extreme beauty of its situation and the salubrity of its mild and genial climate. But the sanguinary battles, cruel massacres, the defeating and surrendering of armies, and other stirring events of which it has been the theatre, have allured the public mind from its nobler characteristics as a grand centre of missionary labor and the seat of churches which have weathered the attrition of ages.

The strife between Royalists and Republicans ended in 1836, when Texas dissolved its political connection with Mexico and became a sovereign republic, with the Lone Star for its flag. Ten years later the Lone Star was absorbed by the star-spangled banner of its powerful neighbor, the United States.

V.

The church of San Antonio Valero, west of the river—Valero was added in honor of Marquis Valero, a viceroy of New Spain —was used by the Spaniards and their descendants. Not far from this was built for the Indians a mission whose fame has become world-wide. As it stood in a grove of cottonwood-trees, though no tree is now to be seen in its vicinity, it was called by the Mexicans Alamo, which means cottonwood-trees, as though one should say in English, The Oaks, The Beeches, The Elms, The Pines. Thirteen families from the Canary Islands, who settled on the same side of the river in 1730, built a town which they called San Fernando, in honor of St. Ferdinand, King of Spain. Their memory was perpetuated in the name of the principal square, Plaza de las Islas. Facing this they erected a fine church in the Moorish or Moresque style, part of which is still standing, and forms the sacristy and sanctuary of the cathedral of San Antonio. From the single tower of this old church the Mexican generals were wont to display their flags. The cross over the high altar is of solid silver, and the chain which decorates the statue of the Blessed Virgin is studded with diamonds. Behind the altar are the tombs of several of the first Spanish colonists. In the rear of the church is another plaza, once called the Presidio de Bexar, after the Duke of Bexar, a viceroy of Mexico. It was also called the Military Square, as it was used by the garrison. Both squares are now public markets. The stalls are covered with the products of the surrounding country, and presided over by Mexicans, whose dark faces are shaded by huge sombreros. On the military plaza it is a pleasant though a weird sight to see the Mexicans cook and eat their spicy supper every evening towards nightfall, a custom which is doubtless a relic of the mission times. The Mexicans sit at long tables well lighted, and the cooking, done on the spot, consists entirely of the national dishes of Mexico. In these garlic and chili form a large ingredient. Everything is very highly seasoned. "When a Mexican is sick," said a friend to the writer, "one does not know what to give him; the Mexican stomach is so burned out with red pepper and chili that one cannot find anything hot enough to make an impression." However, the Americans take very readily to Mexican cookery, and are often seen in the gloaming supping with their Mexican friends.

The church and fortress known as the Alamo were once out-

side of San Antonio, but are now in the heart of that city. There is nothing more touching and romantic in American history than the episode known as "The Fall of the Alamo." This structure was useful to the early colonists as a place of safety for themselves and their goods and chattels in case of Indian hostility, but, being cut up into many small apartments, it had not the compactness necessary for a fortification. And it has often been surmised that history might have a different tale to tell had the garrison taken refuge in the strong and compact Mission Conception instead of the rambling Alamo. But many of the Aztecs thought "Los Tejanos" were invincible, and unfortunately the Texans themselves leaned to the same opinion when they took the ill-advised step of entering a fortress they were never to leave alive.

Early in spring, 1836, detachments of Santa Anna's army of seven thousand men approached stealthily and were seen descending the slope west of the San Pedro. Shots from the besieged were answered by shells from the invaders. February 23 the general himself arrived and began the regular siege, which lasted eleven days. His force included the cavalry of Cualta, the infantry of Yucatan, the *zapadores* (sappers), and some permanent militia. Three times they were repulsed by Crockett, Bowie, Davis, and their one hundred and seventy-two brave companions. At dawn, March 6, the red flag, and later the black flag (no quarter—death), floated from the single tower of San Fernando, which was the original name of both cathedral and city. A blast of a bugle signalled the besiegers to march on in double-quick time, so that all might reach the outer barrier of the fortress together. The guns of the beleaguered patriots opened on the besiegers, who, however, soon beat down the outer walls. A band struck up the horrible music of the *dignello*, no quarter! A breach was soon made, and the assailants rushed in and fought hand-to-hand with the besieged wherever they were brought to bay. The fortress was taken by storm. Only three human beings, a woman, a child, and a Mexican servant, escaped in the carnage that ensued. Of the garrison not a soul was left to tell the tale of bravery and woe. It was likened to the Grecian story of the Pass of Thermopylæ, defended by the Spartan king, Leonidas, and his brave three hundred against the armies of Xerxes. But, as the slab that commemorates the event takes notice: Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, whereas the Alamo had none.

The victors made three piles of the remains of the slaughtered

patriots, gathered out of pools of blood, and made of them a holocaust before the gates of the Alamo. But, about a year later, Colonel Seguin had their ashes reverently collected and buried with the military honors which the fallen heroes so well deserved.

General Santa Anna afterwards excused this wholesale slaughter by saying that the Mexican law left him no alternative, Congress having decreed that all "Los Tejanos" taken in arms should be summarily shot, like pirates.

There were then no houses south or east of the Alamo to interfere with the cannonading or bombardment. The fort, with its church and dependencies, covered nearly two acres, and could easily accommodate one thousand men. Travis, Bowie, Davy Crockett, with their companions, sold their lives as dearly as possible, for the capture of the Alamo cost the Mexican nation one thousand men. From that memorable 6th of March, 1836, the mission church, whose earthen floors were saturated with the blood of the brave, has not been used for sacred purposes. The renowned Alamo now belongs to the State of Texas. We regret to add that the chief apartments on its ground-floor form at this moment a grocery warehouse—an adaptation which certainly does not enhance the charm of romance and chivalry with which the American heroes of the Lone Star State invested every part of the Alamo "mission."

The Indians who remained unconverted, like the terrible Comanches, were usually called "wild Indians." The other tribes, when Christianized, readily took to the arts of civilization. From the devoted missionaries they learned agriculture, and were taught by the same genuine apostles to manufacture the cloth used in their own apparel. Their cattle and horses roamed the plains in thousands. The necessaries and even the comforts of life were possessed in abundance by these reclaimed savages. They understood Spanish well and spoke it fluently. But the wars and political changes of which Texas was so long the theatre destroyed the fruits of the persevering and arduous labors of the devoted sons of St. Francis on Texan soil. The country was periodically overrun by a licentious soldiery, whose evil example began and completed, with other untoward circumstances, the ruin of the hapless red men. After the secularization and removal of their cherished *padres*, they gradually lapsed into their former barbarism.

Father Diaz, the last of the missionaries, who lived far into the present century, used in his old age to expatiate on the

virtues of the converted children of the wilderness, and the high degree of material prosperity they had achieved under the tutelage of the fathers generations before the white-topped wagon, or "prairie-schooner," brought thither the modern immigrant. The hecatomb of the Alamo, the destruction of so many brave warriors within that grim fortress and outside of it, form sad pages of the history of our country under Texan skies. But not less sad are the pages that tell of the ruin of the Christian "missions" established by the faith of a great nation for the conversion of the aborigines whom Columbus had given, with a New World, to Leon and Castile, and the gradual falling back into barbarism of the converted savage, deprived of his spiritual father and best benefactor through the sin or fault of the covetous or ambitious white man.

M. A. C.

New Orleans, La.

DÖLLINGER'S PLAINT BEFORE DEATH.

My birth, forestalling close this nineteenth age,
Had marked me for its ruling mind, whose aim
Was first—what soon I won—historic fame.
Then fostered pride a mitre would presage.
It came not. Hence with spite and learnèd rage
I strove by plots to dwarf that Papal name
Which erst I praised; against the Petrine claim
I fought, and clove our Catholic heritage.

Some followed after me, but oh! how few;
And how their leanings shocked my priestly soul!
How vile their praise to me! How dear it cost!
Long since have I their tenets spurned as new;
Alone I stand, and wait the judgment-roll.
Ah me! my ninety years are worse than lost.

L. D.

St. Boniface, Manitoba.

NORMAL SCHOOLS FOR CATHOLICS.

As we are to a great extent unconscious of the development and decay of our physical and spiritual faculties, and become other without perceiving the process of change, so are we but vaguely aware of the transformations of a thousand kinds which are for ever going on in the external world. As the earth seems to be at rest, so human society seems to be stationary, and it is only when we look back that we see its progress. And when we examine closely we perceive that what appears to be a simple movement is as complex and involved as life itself. All kinds of knowledge are correlated, and every science tends to modify every phase of human existence. Art develops into science, and science gives rules to art, and the practice of art leads to new truths of science. A mechanical invention, such as the printing-press or the steam-engine, becomes the means of political, religious, and social changes, and the state, in creating a system of free schools which afford opportunity for education to every child, gives an impulse to human activity such as the sun of spring gives to the waters when he loosens winter's grasp upon snow and ice. A higher sense of the value of earthly life has thence resulted, and education has acquired new meanings.

The pedagogue, who was originally a slave, and then a drudge, has risen in dignity, and the more enlightened men grow to be, the more noble will his office and function come to be considered; more effective work will be demanded of him, and to do this he will find it necessary that he should be a more real and genuine sort of man. Education has become a science, and teaching has become an art which only they who are thoroughly versed in the science can intelligently exercise. A hundred years ago it was generally accepted that to know a thing was to know how to teach it, but now it is plain to all that knowledge is not necessarily skill, and that the teacher, besides knowing what he teaches, should also have the ability to impart his knowledge. This special skill is the result of a knowledge of right methods, and of the training which will give power to awaken and interest the mind, to command attention, and thereby to bring the pupil's whole spiritual being under the teacher's influence. But education is a deep subject, as deep as God and

man and nature, and to know the best methods we must know the principles which underlie the science.

Of old the teacher learned his art by experimenting on the minds of the young, as the physician learned the practice of medicine by experimenting on the bodies of men. This is the empirical method which is everywhere giving way to the rational, now that we have begun to make a serious study of the history of education and of the principles on which pedagogics rest. And we may be permitted to hope that the day is near when it will be considered criminal to entrust children to those who are ignorant of the science and art of education. Like the priest or the physician, the teacher must have special training, and there must be teachers' seminaries, just as there are theological and medical colleges. The Normal School is as essential to a system of education as is the elementary school, or the college, or the university. Numbers and majorities have with us such controlling influence upon public opinion that we easily forget that they have nothing to do with truth and justice, with religion and culture. In education, certainly, the paramount consideration is not how many but what kind of schools have we? Americans, whether Catholic or Protestant, would act in a wiser and a broader spirit if, besides keeping up a controversy in which, after all, there is nothing new to be said, and which is irritating, they set themselves resolutely to work to improve educational methods.

The kind of school which develops the best men and women will in the end prevail. We live in an age of inductive reasoning, of experiment and observation, and to be right in theory will avail nothing unless the application of our principles is justified by results. What is called the school question will be settled, if it is settled at all, by facts rather than by arguments, and to insist upon our grievances may even divert us from the real work of educating our children. As for those who accuse Catholics of sinister designs against the common schools, they are bigots or politicians, and need not be taken seriously. It is to be feared that our actual education, whether common or denominational, does little more than impress upon the memory words and phrases, or paint on the fancy vague and pale images of things. How seldom does it inspire pupils with burning love and irresistible longing for the higher kinds of intellectual, moral, and religious life! They quit the schools thinking, if they think, only of making a living, not resolved to make of themselves living men and women. Such education is not the art of forming

men, but a machine-making trade. As we train animals for practical service, so by our methods of teaching we stimulate certain faculties, call forth certain aptitudes, but leave the soul untouched. Better than to warn the young of danger and failure, would it be to make them feel how divine man's life may become if his whole being be turned to what is true, and good, and fair. Let the pupil—this should be the educator's motto—become himself good, and wise, and fair, and then, without effort or exhortation, he will do what is good, and wise, and fair. Fashion the man, the rest will come of itself. What need is there to urge the bird to fly? Give the soul wings and it will lift itself into ethereal worlds. Man wills what he desires and loves. Make him desire and love the best, and he will will the right. So long as he loves only the world of sense, he will dwell therein and no power can lift him higher, for through love alone is he capable of better things. All knowledge is good, all truth is sacred, all virtue is holy, all beauty is admirable, and once we know and feel this, we live and move consciously in the Infinite Adorable, and the good becomes the law of our life.

It is indeed right and necessary to educate for practical ends, but the young must believe that they are working for more than earthly well-being. When we take pleasure in the thought of accomplishing something which as yet has no real existence we are under the influence and impulse of an ideal which is not an image of the actual, but rather its prototype; and the aim of education must be to make us able not only to grasp given ideals, but to create ideals of our own; for the children of a man's own soul fill him with the deepest and most abiding love, and impel him with irresistible force to give them the actual existence of which his heart and imagination make him believe they are capable. Thus the ideals which spring of themselves in our minds urge us to ceaseless activity, that they may take substantial form; and by this energy our spiritual being is developed. Our physical wants are certainly imperious, and will not be denied; but they are soon satisfied, and unless we hearken to the appeal of the ideal we fatally sink into a sort of animal existence. We may, of course, make an ideal of the appetites, and seek to provide for all possible future hunger and thirst and comfort by gaining position, or by heaping up wealth. But in such an ideal there is no inspiration. The aids to noble life lie within us, and the young who dream of love, of virtue, of knowledge, and of fame, should not be turned, like a herd of swine, into some fat pasture. The school which

awakens a desire of knowledge is better than the school which only imparts knowledge; for the young do not know, but only seem to know, and unless they carry into life the love of study they will never become really educated. Are not the minds of innumerable children dwarfed by the practice which compels them during their early years to learn by heart things which it is impossible for them to care for or understand? And when their minds have thus been made dull and callous, we find it strange that later on we are unable to arouse them to take interest in intellectual pursuits.

Is not our method of teaching religion, which is the distinctive feature in our schools, open to just criticism? The child learns by heart a multitude of definitions, which it is impossible he should understand, and because he can answer every question in the catechism easily persuades himself that he knows his religion. But since the notions he has thus acquired are to him almost wholly meaningless, they cannot become a part of his mental growth, and are too often soon lost even to memory; and thus, it seems to me, the germs of religious indifference and unintelligence are implanted. It is nearly always fatal to imagine that we know a thing, for what is known loses power to interest; but to imagine that to be able to repeat phrases whose words are unintelligible to us is knowledge, is not merely a delusion but a sort of mental perversion. To know by heart is not to know at all, and this is one of the first lessons the child should be taught. No subject could be made more attractive to the youthful mind than religion, for the young are full of faith, hope, and love. The heavens and the earth are to them a perpetual miracle. As the smooth-lipped shell, applied to the ear, still murmurs of the ocean, however far away it be, so to the child the whole universe is alive with whisperings of God. When heaven thus lies about him, is it not a mistake to fill his memory with abstractions which can neither touch his heart, nor inspire his imagination, nor raise his soul? And this is but an example of the false or imperfect methods by which all our teaching is impeded, both in common and in denominational schools.

The teacher makes the school. He is the living moulding power; the system is but the mechanical appliance. There are men to be brought into intimate contact with whom is to receive a liberal education; and there are universities where one may spend years and bring away only an acquired stupidity which is worse and more irremediable than the natural kind.

If the best men and women would devote their lives to teaching, which an ideal social state would make possible, the problem of education would be solved; for such men and women are lovers of knowledge, friends of truth, justice, and temperance; they are brave, modest, and pure; they are reverent and patient; they are eager to learn; they keep their minds strong and fresh, and the wisdom they teach flows from their lips as sweet and pleasant as limpid waters which bubble from the cool earth amid the quiet hills. But since in our class-rooms teachers of this quality are not always found, it is the duty of the true friends of education to provide means and institutions for the special training of those who take upon themselves the office of teachers. There is not only a gulf between our actual teaching and ideal education, but our practice falls far short of the conclusions of pedagogical science in its present initial state. Indeed, it is to be feared that the mass of teachers in America are oblivious of the fact that education is a science, and that teaching is an art resting upon rational principles. Applicants for positions in our schools are, sometimes at least, examined, and if they can read and write it is taken for granted that they are competent to teach others to read and write.

We still linger in the primitive phase of opinion when it was assumed that to be able to do a thing was to be able to teach others how to do it; that knowledge was ability to teach. In all other things men are required to learn how to do before they attempt to do; but when there is question of teaching it is not held to be necessary that one should have learned how to teach. And yet it is plain that no amount of learning will of itself make a good teacher. What educated man is there who has not had experience of the utter failure, as teachers of men, of some whose knowledge was unquestionable? A great mind, even, like Hegel's, for instance, may fail in the lecture-room, and yet be capable of exercising an influence upon the thought of mankind. If such a mind may lack the requisites of a good teacher, what are we to think of those who have neither learning nor special training? The teacher must not have knowledge alone; he must have knowledge, method, and skill. Milton was a great genius, and both in a practical and a theoretical sense he took deep interest in education; but as a teacher his success was not marked. And Bossuet and Fénelon, concerning whose genius and learning there cannot be two opinions, may be said to have failed as practical educators. Indeed, such are the infinite varieties of endowment that the education of any human

being is a problem for the solution of which there can be no fixed rules; but the chances of success increase in proportion to the teacher's acquaintance with the science of pedagogics and his skill in the practice of his art. The love of one's work is essential to its right performance, and how can he love his work who neglects to inform himself of the laws and conditions of its accomplishment? The ignorant do not know the worth of knowledge, and an ignorant teacher does not appreciate the value of education. He will consequently lack enthusiasm, be wanting in the power to hold attention and to call forth energy. He will take a narrow view of his duties, be satisfied with mechanical results, will fall into sterile methods, and whatever verbal facility his pupils may acquire, they will not be taught to become self-active in the pursuit of rational aims, will not be made capable of complete living in the world in which God has placed them. Nature gives endowments, but it is the business of education to produce faculty and character, and if it fail in this, it fails altogether.

The Catholics of the United States have an educational system of their own. They have some four thousand schools of all kinds, in which not less than seven hundred thousand pupils are receiving instruction. Here is an interest which is at once vast and all-important. The welfare of both the church and the state is to a great extent involved in the work which these schools perform. In the Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council, the purpose of the bishops in the matter of education is said to be two-fold—"to multiply our schools and to perfect them." These are noble aims, but it is well to bear in mind that, in America, at least, multiplication is infinitely easier than perfection, and consequently that, if it is really our purpose to make our schools excellent, it will be necessary to devote to this end far more thought and labor than will suffice to increase their number. In the decrees of the Third Plenary Council, on the means of improving parochial schools, the bishops declare that it is their purpose to labor strenuously that Catholics shall have "good and effective schools, inferior in no way to the public schools." We cannot take the public schools as a standard, for they vary from place to place, and while many are good, many are bad. Our aim should be simply to form the best schools, and to this end we should be willing to receive information and guidance wherever they may be had. Since the pastor, by virtue of his office, is the head of the parochial school, the council requires that theological students

learn psychology and pedagogics, with a special view to teaching. This is a decree of great importance, and it is to be hoped that in every theological seminary there will henceforth be found a chair of pedagogics, in which the history and science of education will be taught. This is a subject with which every educated man should be familiar, one which, in a way, involves every other, and which, apart from its professional bearing, has a general value as an excellent means of awakening and cultivating the mind, and it is strange that its very great importance should have failed to be recognized by the superiors of ecclesiastical seminaries. The best minds, as well as the most philanthropic souls, from Socrates and Plato down to those of our own day, have occupied themselves with questions of education, and the literature of the subject is in interest second to no other.

The history of education may be said to be the history of human progress and culture. Is not the church the school of Christ? Is not religion a heavenly discipline? The Gospel is the doctrine of eternal life and every priest is a teacher. How shall he teach unless he has learned not only what is to be taught, but how it is to be taught? The *dabitur vobis* was a temporary or exceptional dispensation, and now inspiration is given only to him who is prepared. To neglect the natural means of enlightenment is to be unworthy of divine illumination. The introduction of the study of the science and art of teaching into ecclesiastical seminaries will be the beginning of a new era in the church. It will modify both our method of teaching and our method of preaching. Better than our treatises on sacred eloquence, it will give to priests the skill to speak of eternal life like a living man to living men. But the Plenary Council goes further. The priest, though his office requires him to be a teacher, is only in exceptional cases a school-teacher. The burden of school-work is borne by others, and if our schools are to be improved, the teachers must improve. Hence the decrees of the Council require that Normal Schools, Teachers' Seminaries, be established; and, if necessary, that to this end the authority of the Sacred Congregation be invoked. Such invocation, however, ought not to be necessary, and might be found ineffective. Our faith in education is firm and unalterable; and though we know the teacher is not the only educator—that nature is a school, the state a school, the church a school, the social environment a school, life a school—yet are we nevertheless convinced that the conscious efforts of man to develop

human endowments are indispensable, and that without such efforts wisely directed, neither nature, nor the state, nor the church, nor the social environment can make us capable of complete living. When the school fails, the fault lies in the teacher and his methods; and the judicious, seeing how little educational institutions have done to favor the highest type of man and woman, know where the blame should rest, and perceive none the less clearly that without education, as without religion, we should be infinitely farther removed from an ideal state.

The teachers in our parochial schools are nearly all religious women, just as the teachers in the public schools are mostly women. What the effect of this teaching by women is likely to be upon our national character, I shall not here inquire. The causes which have led to this state of things are likely to continue to exist; and if we really desire to improve our parochial schools, some means must be found to increase the efficiency of our teaching communities of women. It is needless to speak the praises of our Catholic sisterhoods; they are the glory of the church; they are an honor to human nature. But a good religious is not therefore a good teacher; and as weak men in authority do more harm than wicked men, so nothing is so hurtful in a teacher as incompetence. These thousands of women have chosen teaching as their vocation. In the morning of life, when the whole earth gleams and glitters like another Eden, they have turned away from its fragrant, bloom-covered bowers, to devote themselves to a work which, if it is excellent, is also most arduous. With what love, with what zeal, with what self-abnegation, even to the very loss of their names, they accept their task, as though they heard the voice of Christ committing to them the children of his love. Is it not cruel, is it not criminal to permit these tender virginal souls to enter the class-room unprepared? How many of them fade and fail and die, just when they begin to be useful, simply from a lack of knowledge of hygiene as applied to education? Physical weakness generally causes mental lassitude, and the teacher should be sound in body if the mind is to be fresh and vigorous. In the larger communities of teaching women a certain amount of Normal School instruction and training may be, and no doubt is, given during the novitiate; but for obvious reasons, in this way comparatively little can be accomplished.

A central Normal School, a sort of Educational University, should be established, and the most competent professors, whether men or women, lay or cleric, should be called to fill the differ-

ent chairs. The history of education, the theories of education, physiology and psychology in their bearings upon education, the methods of education, should, of course, form part of the curriculum. Philosophy and literature, and possibly the classical languages and physics, should also have chairs; for the aim of a true Normal School is not merely to impart professional and technical knowledge and skill, but to give culture of mind, without which the teacher always works at a disadvantage. The lecture-halls and class-rooms should be in a central building, and around this the various teaching communities of women should establish houses for their younger religious. Here they would live according to the prescriptions of their respective rules, and would meet only in the lecture-halls and class-rooms. If some Catholic who has both mind and money could be induced to put up the central building and endow three or four chairs, the teaching communities could easily bear the expense of erecting their own houses. In this way we should have an Educational University which would become a source of light and strength for all Catholic teachers. Its scholars, scattered through the various schools of the country, would not only raise the standard of education, but inspire the enthusiastic love of mental culture which is the impulse to all effective intellectual work.

A similar Normal School for men should also be founded. Our seminaries, colleges, and high-schools are sufficiently numerous to make this practicable. Who that has been educated in our institutions does not reflect with bitterness of soul upon the incompetence of some of the teachers who were imposed upon him? Who can tell how many have been turned away from the pursuit of knowledge by the false methods of teaching to which they have been compelled to submit? We are entering upon a new era in which everything will tend to increase the power and influence of education. Machinery, in taking work from manual laborers, forces them to seek occupations in which intelligence is necessary to success. In the overcrowded professions those who neglect learning are driven to drudgery. Roger Bacon's motto, "Knowledge is power," each day receives new applications. What but superior knowledge gives the Christian nations dominion over the whole earth? The growing estimation of the worth of knowledge lifts the teacher in public opinion. His art henceforth rests upon science; like Socrates, the prototype of teachers, he must be a lover of wisdom, a philosopher. He has opportunity for the exercise of the highest gifts of man. A career opens before him as before the

minister, the lawyer, and the physician. The most sacred interests of society are entrusted to him, and if he perform his office in a noble way, to him honor and position will be given. We must have an institution in which our Catholic young men, while they live in an atmosphere of faith and reverence, may acquire all the knowledge and skill, as well as the mental culture, necessary to success in teaching, that they may not be excluded from a profession whose power in the world will grow as civilization advances.

J. L. Spalding.

Peoria, Ill.

TRAINING OF TEACHERS IN ONTARIO.*

The British North America Act, which formed the "Dominion of Canada," was passed by the British Parliament in 1867. In the "Distribution of legislative powers," between the Parliament of the Dominion and the provincial legislatures, it enacts that, "In and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions: 1. Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province at the union."

. . . . . .

We have here the general authority under which educational matters in each province are committed to the care of the Provincial Legislature, and the safeguard for denominational schools, which are thus recognized by the state. Each of the provinces of the Dominion, knowing the value of skilled teachers, has made ample provision for their professional training. But the training system of Ontario differs from that of the other provinces in two ways: One making attendance at a Normal School compulsory for the middle grade of certificate; the other separating the literary from the professional work, the latter being the exclusive work of the Normal Schools.

In the Normal Schools of the United States, with, perhaps, the exception of that in Boston, "academic" and professional work are combined. The object of the present paper is to show how

* This article, from a distinguished educator of the Dominion, is obviously pertinent in this place, in view of the one which precedes it.—Editor.

each, but more particularly the professional training, is carried out in Ontario, in its two Normal Schools, at Toronto and Ottawa. The great fact in the Ontario system is that every teacher, even of the lowest grade, must receive *some* professional training before he is permitted to take charge of a school. It may be well, however, to say that exigencies sometimes arise to cause a departure from this rule. But this is the *law*.

A certificate to teach a Public (or a Separate) School ranks as a First, Second, or Third Class certificate; those of the First Class are subdivided into grades A, B, and C; those of the Second and Third Classes are each of one grade only. Third-class certificates are valid for three years only, at the end of which time the candidate is required to pass, by examination, to a higher grade of certificate, otherwise he is ineligible to teach in the Public Schools, except under certain conditions. There are two examinations for granting certificates: one for testing the literary attainments of the candidates, known as the Non-Professional examination; the other for testing their knowledge of the science and art of education, known as the Professional examination, and conducted at the Training Schools at the close of the course in these institutions. The non-professional examination is passed *before* the candidate enters one of these institutions; and preparation is made for it in the High Schools or Collegiate Institutes (Academies), or by private study.

The holder of a Third Class non-professional certificate who takes the course, and passes the examination prescribed for "County Model Schools," is entitled to rank as a Third Class Teacher of Public Schools. Until he has taken up the course in the County Model School, and passed the *professional* examination at the close of that course, he is not permitted to teach.

In each county a school is ranked and used for Model School purposes, under the following conditions: 1. The Principal shall hold a First-Class Departmental certificate, and have at least three years' experience as a Public School Teacher. 2. There shall be not fewer than three assistants holding at least Second-Class Provincial Certificates. 3. The equipment of the school shall be at least equal to that required by the regulations for the fourth Form of a Public School. 4. A room for Model School purposes, in addition to the accommodation required for the Public School, shall be provided either in the same building or elsewhere equally convenient. 5. The Principal shall be relieved of all Public School duties during the Model School term, and the assistant provided for this purpose

shall, under the direction of the Principal, take charge of Public School work only.

The course of study pursued by teachers in County Model Schools is as follows: The theory and practice of education, practical teaching under supervision and criticism, school law and regulations, temperance and hygiene, music, drill, and calisthenics. The course occupies fifteen weeks, beginning in September.

Third-class certificates are good only in the county in which they are issued. The holder of a second-class non-professional certificate, who has taught a public or a separate school successfully for at least one year—his success must be attested by his Inspector—is eligible for admission to one of the normal schools. After he attends the normal school for one session, and passes the prescribed examination at its close, he is entitled to rank as a second-class teacher, and his certificate is good for any part of the province.

There are two sessions of the Normal School in each year, a session being about five months long. The course of study and training is as follows: History of education; science of education; school organization and management; methods of teaching each subject on the programme of studies in public schools; practice in managing classes and in teaching in the model school (a public school attached to the Normal School, conducted by a staff of experienced teachers, and under the control of the principal of the Normal School); instruction in temperance and hygiene; agricultural chemistry; reading, writing, drawing, music, drill, and calisthenics.

Other arrangements are made for candidates desiring to proceed to first-class certificates; but as teachers of the second grade form the large majority of the profession in the province, this paper deals with them only.

How does this system affect Catholic education? For elementary instruction the Catholics have "Separate" schools, recognized by the government, receiving state aid, and inspected by Catholic inspectors specially appointed. But the separation stops here. The High Schools and Collegiate institutes, the county Model Schools and Normal Schools, are "non-denominational," and are attended by Catholics as well as Protestants. The staffs of teachers in these schools are largely Protestant. The Principal of the Toronto Normal School is a Protestant; and with one exception, the staff in the Toronto Normal and model schools is Protestant. The Principal of the Ottawa Normal School is a Catholic; and with one exception, the staff of the Ottawa Normal

and model schools is Protestant. In the Normal Schools, which train teachers for the separate as well as for the public schools, there is a fair proportion of Catholic student-teachers. They do much to keep up the efficiency of the separate schools, the trustees of which, as well as the public school trustees, are alive to the importance of skilled teachers.

The Normal School regulations make provision for one hour's religious instruction for the student-teachers each week. On every Friday an hour is set apart, during which the students of each religious denomination receive instruction from a clergyman of their church. At this time separate rooms are placed at the disposal of the different denominations.

On the whole, the Ontario training system, as a system of *secular* training, sends forth a constant supply of good teachers; and its effects are seen in the high standard reached by the public and separate schools of the province.

I. A. M.

Ottawa, Ont.

EASTER EVE.

A WORLD of sodden leaves, and gaunt-limbed trees
That stand as in a dream. Set in the skies
The moon, like embers of a watch-fire, lies
Half-quenched by all the mist of restless seas.
And like a lion troubled in his sleep
The wind, high cradled in the piney hills,
By fits and starts with fretful moaning thrills
The echoing air. And darkness rules the steep.

And yet I know the sun will soon have kist
To sudden gold the clouds so leaden-browed.
And then I shall forget the duller mist.
I feel the Easter sun that gilds the cloud
Shall kiss God's robes, where last it touched His shroud.
And all my hopeful soul is eloquent of Christ.

THOS. AUGUSTINE DALY.

Philadelphia.

THE JOSEPHITES AND THEIR WORK FOR THE NEGROES.

St. Joseph's Society, which has so much to do with the evangelization of the American colored people, is composed of clergy and laity. Its clergy are secular priests ordained in the same way as the diocesan clergy, *ad titulum missionis*. The priests of St. Joseph are essentially missionaries; hence they take the title of their ordination from the missions, and, like all sons of the Propaganda, must look to the missions for support.

"I say, then, Go in the name of God, and, with the permission and blessing of the bishops, collect all that is necessary for your purpose in men and means. The candidates whom you will educate in the new house will be brought up under the rule and discipline of St. Joseph's Society, and thus they will be held together and strengthened to persevere in the definite missionary work for which you will train them. But let it be always felt and understood that our duty is to work under the bishops, and that we have no other interest or object than to further their views in the evangelization of the races to whom our rule permits us to be sent."

These are the words of the Bishop of Salford on the foundation of St. Joseph's Seminary.

The object, therefore, of St. Joseph's Society is to evangelize the races of men alien as yet to the Gospel. Up to this the American Church has taken no hand in the evangelization of Asia, Africa, or Oceanica. She could not do so, we are told. Let it be so; as a matter of fact, she has not. Her excuse, however, shows a true instinct that her place in the great missionary career of the church needs soon be filled. Italy, France, Germany, England, too, and, within fifteen years or so, even afflicted Ireland, have their sons and daughters doing battle for Christ against the triumph of Satan in those eastern lands so long in his bondage. Are Americans to form the home-guard of Christ's army? By no means. Right at our doors is a missionary field as uncultivated as it is inviting—the negroes of the Southern States. The bulk of them are strangers to the Gospel. Living amid Christians, they are far from being such. Strange disposition of Providence: to save men by means of men! Human means, human agencies, human hearts and hands are allied to God in his own peculiar work—saving souls. He would become a man and die for men. He also would use

men to save men. Here is the *raison d'être* of St. Joseph's Society. Ample provision exists for saving souls to whom the Gospel is no stranger; other means are necessary to win to Christ those who are ignorant of the Gospel. No small task is it, for to-day, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, the bulk of mankind is still pagan.

Let us remember that all races of men who received the faith have at once thought of spreading it. Did they not do so, they soon would lose it themselves. The French, Spanish, Italians, Irish, were each in their day great missionaries. Italy was not even entirely Christian when her sons crossed the Alps to evangelize the barbarians. Ireland, glorying in the faith, sent Columbkille to Scotland and Brendan across the wild Atlantic wastes to the unknown races beyond. The Spanish missionary planted the cross alongside his country's banner whenever flung to the breeze in a newly-discovered land. Whatever ungrateful nation was not fired with missionary zeal lost the faith. The Christians of Antioch and Alexandria, of the Levant and Syria, of Persia and Arabia, instead of turning eastward to win China, Japan, and India to Christ, spent centuries in theological disputes, and God punished them with the Moslem blight. Germany and England, the youngest European children of the church, forgetting her groanings in their births, became in their self-sufficiency a prey to the Protestant Reformation. We apprehend the same for the American Church. To keep home faith alive, the missionary spirit must be fed; to save the sheep of the fold, other sheep must be gathered in. Individual selfishness is no more criminal before God than national selfishness. "Whatsoever a man sóweth that shall he also reap," is as true of the nation as of the individual. The Christian community should be guided by the maxim that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

What hopes, then, can St. Joseph's Missionary Society have of American subjects? There is every hope of a large aggregation of American youths. And our hopes are based chiefly on this, that the church is essentially missionary and aggressive, and also that in America she is in her normal condition. Unhandicapped by governmental interference, without any old scores to settle with raging mobs or greedy nobles, no past crookedness to make straight, but free and expansive in the glorious atmosphere of American intelligence and liberty, the Catholic Church here, if true to her Spouse, must become the greatest of all missionary churches. American political ideas are permeating the

whole world; their influence is felt everywhere; American trade begins to knock at the gates of all nations; it has opened the ports of Japan and reached China's great wall. And, most suggestive fact of all, American Protestant missionaries are everywhere in the East, laboring, if with the limp of Protestant error yet with the courage of American sincerity, for the Gospel of Christ as they understand it. And are not these people bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh? Does Catholicism warp the American genius? Will we deny our American Catholic youths the energy which animates their Protestant brethren?

Self-preservation will make Americans missionaries. This country is to be won to the faith; it will be done by going beyond our own people. In trying to convert the blacks of the South we shall be strengthening our citadels of the faith in the North. Send missionaries to the Congo, and Catholics will increase on the Mississippi. Raise the cross on India's burning plain, and a chapel will go up in icy Dakota. Is it a cause-and-effect law? We know not. Read history and see its truth.

The Catholic Church is sure to sanctify the natural traits of Americans. The spirit which has pushed American brain and energy over the world surely must find a spiritual outlet. There must be scores of Stanleys, as yet known only to God's Holy Spirit, ready to bring Christ to the heart of Africa. Historians point out the universal dominion of Rome; the one language current under it; the facility of travelling on the great Roman highways; the "*immensa pacis Romanæ majestas*," mainly the offspring of the genius of government and material prosperity. All this was given by God as the means to propagate the Gospel. And now we have a counterpart. The well-nigh universal language in pagan lands is English. In Europe the traveller must know French; in the Levant, Italian; but away off among the pagans our own tongue is generally used. Again, the facilities of travel are at our disposal. And although America has no colonial possessions in those Eastern lands, still the English government, the controlling power there, makes our tongue dominant, and gives universal admission to all missionary enterprises. It is time for Americans to cry out, "Watchman, what of the night?" It is time for us to spread the faith. Are we, who consider ourselves so much ahead of Europeans, going to leave them the glory of Christianizing the world? They have not our "snap"; we call them old fogies, but they are missionaries and we are not. Such, in a few words, is the view of the members of St. Joseph's Society of the opportunities and duties of the hour, and such is

a brief summary of their aspirations. And now a few words about our Rules. They are very simple.

St. Joseph's Society has no distinct novitiate in the sense of a definite period of time set apart for exclusively devotional exercises and entire abstention from study. The greatest care is bestowed, however, on the formation of the spiritual character, upon which the missionary's future chiefly depends. No sentimental piety nor superficial virtue will answer for a missionary career. Only a growth in solid virtue fits a man for his vocation in St. Joseph's Society. Let us summarize the maxims and precepts of our Rule. Faith, the basis of all holiness, must be the strong root whence springs the missionary's life, which is to be spent in propagating the truth and morality of Christ's church. The missionaries of St. Joseph's Society must ever make Jesus Christ the special object of their study, imitation, and love. They shall never cease to ponder over the Gospel, which mirrors before them Divine Love Incarnate. The thought of our Lord's love, of which the Sacred Heart is the emblem, will urge forward the missionaries to undertake all manner of labors and sufferings in his service.

From the love of Jesus Christ comes the love of souls, his brethren. We promote the honor and glory of God by preaching the Gospel and laboring to save souls. St. Joseph's Society is instituted for this purpose, and its members consecrate themselves to labor for the souls that are most abandoned and in the greatest need—that is, for the heathen and unevangelized races of mankind. Everything is done to foster a generous spirit of self-sacrifice for souls, which should be the constant aim of men devoted to the apostolic life. Many motives concur: the priceless value of a soul redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ; the horrible destruction of souls by vice and crime going on ceaselessly, day and night; the nine hundred millions who depend for the light and knowledge of the Gospel upon the faith and charity of apostolic men; lastly, the thought of what God has done for the missionary himself, individually. All these motives should inspire a generous co-operation in this work of God's special predilection, the salvation of souls.

The Blessed Virgin Mary, as the Immaculate Queen of the apostles, is the mother of the missionaries, to whose maternal heart they daily resort for intercession. St. Joseph is their father. The young institute bears his name, and is pledged to follow him in his love and service of Jesus and Mary. St. Joseph was the first foreign missionary when, by order of an angel, he "took the

Child and his mother" and went to heathendom, thus becoming, in St. Hilary's words, "the type of all apostolic men." The apostolate should cement the members in the closest bond of union. The sweet bond of fraternal love should be the unifying principle of their institute. And union is a source of strength. The success of the society depends on the union and concord of many hearts and minds.

While every virtue ought to adorn a missionary, there are three above all others which should be his: prayer, obedience, and apostolic poverty. Prayer is the soul and mainstay of the interior life, which is the true apostolic life. "By prayer," says the Rule, "is meant not merely the formal meditation and the regular vocal prayers which are the form of sound words, supplying topics ever ready for meditation, but also that constant communion of the soul with God which is carried on by aspirations and movements of the will at all times, while travelling or at work, in the midst of crowds and in solitude, in sickness as in health." The model of obedience for the missionary is Jesus Christ, "who pleased not himself"; "whose meat and drink were to do the will of his Father"; "who humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death."

Certainly the motive power in obedience is God's love. For apostolic men the aim of authority is to conduct souls by example, as Christ himself first did, and then taught. "Jesus began to do and to teach." And when men are the pioneers of Christianity, they need a guidance which will lead them to build up and nurture the little mustard-seed of incipient Christianity. In apostolic work everything is to be done by love as the chief motive; an encouraging, stimulating authority will ever find a cheerful and efficacious obedience. Just as love is the first law of heaven and of earth, so, too, must love be the ruling spirit of superiors and subjects. Love is the unitive virtue, and obedience ministers powerfully unto it.

Disorder is the surest mark of Satan's presence. In other temptations nature or our fellows may be the immediate cause; but disorder and rebellion and disunion are always, in whole or in part, the handiwork of the enemy of souls. Hence, obedience, the opposite of rebellion and the cure of disorder, is ever the mark of the Spirit of God. Obedience is, therefore, an apostolic virtue. True, the missionary has a great latitude in his daily life; he is not fettered by the many exercises of the usual religious state; but he must be obedient to legitimate authority. In the Gospels love and obedience are linked together.

"If any man love me, he will keep my commandments." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye have love one for another." "If you love me, you will keep my word." Our obedience is but an ornament of Christian freedom. As in our own glorious land every citizen, while liberty-loving, is ever dutiful and obedient to the laws, a firm defender of order, so the apostolic laborer plants his vineyard with the hedge of order around it, while breathing an apostolic freedom, and inspired with inextinguishable love for souls.

"As St. Joseph's Society is an apostolical institution, endeavoring to follow in the footsteps of our Blessed Lord and his apostles, it attaches the highest importance to the spirit and practice of evangelical poverty, which is described by a spiritual writer as 'the foundation of the apostolic life.' Thus, though the vow of poverty is not prescribed by the Rule of the society, the conscientious practice of this apostolic virtue is held to be an essential condition of its health and of its very existence. Hence it is understood that, by becoming a member of the society, a serious engagement is entered into with God and with the society to live in the practice of evangelical poverty, according to the following Rule:

"That all moneys, gifts, offerings, and legacies, etc., acquired by members of the society on the missions, or in the work of the society, on whatever plea, or for whatever object of personal use they may be designed, belong to the society. . . . As to *patrimonialia*, legacies, and gifts from family and from persons standing *in loco parentis*, the father retains absolute and free control over their use and disposal, with the following reservation: He shall not use them for himself personally, so as to place himself in the enjoyment of comforts and distinctions which might reasonably create a painful feeling of contrast between his own condition and that of the brethren with whom he lives, or be in any manner contrary to apostolical poverty. . . . While the society leaves its subjects free as to *patrimonialia*, it would keep before the minds of all the example of generosity and detachment set forth by Jesus Christ, who emptied himself and became poor for our sake, and that of the glorious saints who are the patrons and models of the society. Thus the spirit of private interest and self-seeking will give way before a desire to do everything possible to extend the kingdom of Christ, whether by helping the education of missionaries or by promoting works of religion on the missions."

The foregoing quotation from the Rule sufficiently explains the poverty of the institute.

What has St. Joseph's Society done thus far? Since 1875 it has opened up new fields among the Telegu of the Madras Presidency, British India; it has its sons laboring among the Maoris of New Zealand; and since 1880 Borneo has witnessed the labors of them also, while within a year or so they have penetrated the Punjab, one of the most northern parts under British rule in India.

In this country four missionaries began to labor among the negroes in 1871. Since then their number has increased to

nineteen, who have charge of missions in the dioceses of Baltimore, Charleston, Louisville, Richmond, and Wilmington, Del. We lay before our readers a tabulated statement of what was done during 1889 by the fathers of St. Joseph:

	No. of Priests.	Baptisms.			Deaths.			No. of Schools.	Religious Teachers (Sisters).	Lay Teachers.	Boys.	Girls.	Totals.	Remarks.
		Adults.	Children.	Totals.	Adults.	Children.	Totals.							
Baltimore:														
St. Francis Xavier's	4	50	153	203	44	50	94	1	4	1	143	170	313	
St. Francis' Convent								1	25			75	75	
Orphan Asylum								1					70	Orphans.
St. Peter Claver's	1	13	35	48	8	8	16	1		2	62	45	107	
St. Monica's	1	18	35	53	13	11	24	1		2	51	40	91	
St. Joseph's Seminary	3												5	(1 colored).
Epiphany College	2												36	(4 colored).
St. Elizabeth's H. (Boundary.)								1	8				49	
St. Joseph's Guild	Night School for Servant Girls.							1		2			53	
Davidsonville School								1		1	16	14	30	
Woodberry School								1		1	33	30	63	
Charleston, S. C.:														
St. Peter's	1	18	46	64	20	10	30	1		3	58	68	126	
Louisville:														
St. Augustine's	1	33	44	77	16	37	53	1	2		66	76	142	
Richmond:														
St. Joseph's	2	45	27	72			20							
St. Francis' School								1	3		62	68	130	
St. John Baptist's								1	3				35	Industrial.
Virginia Missions:		15	5	20										
Keswick								1		1			23	
Lynchburg								1		1			56	
Norfolk								1	4				100	
Petersburg								1	2				60	
Washington:														
St. Augustine's	3	66	142	208	81	33	114	1	3		99	156	255	
Wilmington, Del., (just opened)	1		4	4										
TOTALS	19	258	491	749	182	149	351	18	54	14	590	742	1889	

The above is not a discreditable showing for one year, especially when we remember that five of the priests are engaged in St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College. During the present year an orphanage for colored boys will be opened on the outskirts of Baltimore near the Epiphany Apostolic College. It is noteworthy that there is a large percentage of births over deaths—a proof, by the way, that the negro is not dying out, but rapidly increasing.

How are these missions supported? Chiefly by the untiring efforts of the priests themselves, who support their own churches and pay their own personal expenses entirely from

the revenue of their missions, and receive but a small fraction of the expenses of their schools from the Negro and Indian Missions Fund.

In the United States St. Joseph's Society has two institutions in which aspirants are prepared for the negro missions. The first is the Epiphany Apostolic College, Highland Park, Baltimore. Into this college boys and young men are received for their college course, getting a good classical and scientific education. It is called apostolic to express its purpose of fostering the missionary spirit among its students. The characteristic traits of a missionary are love of the truth, as it is the universal heritage of all mankind; in other words, a mental grasp of the church's breadth. In his eye the church overrides mountains, rivers, and oceans, brings together and unifies all people and tribes and families, and makes the human race one. Possessed of truth himself, the apostle longs to impart it to others; wistfully his eye gazes on those other sheep not as yet of the fold; and longingly does he stretch out his arms towards them and lift up his voice to call them. And these traits must be fostered. They are implanted in the soul by the Holy Ghost, but they have a growth, need careful cultivation and direction, which the Epiphany Apostolic College will labor to impart. It is best, too, to take boys fresh from school and train them from a comparatively early age to their holy vocation. In Epiphany Apostolic College they are so trained and influenced from the beginning of their classical course onward, to the end that they may be ever drinking in the apostolic spirit and continually studying the methods peculiarly adapted to their vocation. The conditions for admission are:

1st. A decided inclination for the colored missions.

2d. Recommendation from a priest.

3d. A sound preparatory course in a good school.

4th. Good health and not less than fifteen years of age.

5th. Love of study and discipline, together with a docile and cheerful disposition.

6th. Besides supplying their own clothing and books, students are expected to pay as much as possible towards the expenses of tuition. The annual pension is fixed at $150, which will be modified as circumstances demand.

The corps of professors is every way competent to give the young men a first-rate education.

At present there are thirty-six students, four of whom are

colored, at the Epiphany. The building is large enough to provide accommodation for a hundred, a number which should ere long be found within its walls. All these students are in preparation for St. Joseph's Society.

St. Joseph's Seminary is the other institution mentioned. It provides the aspirants for the negro missions with their course of divinity. Its students attend the lectures in philosophy, theology, natural sciences, liturgy, canon law, and Sacred Scriptures at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, receiving together with the diocesan clergy the superior training imparted by the Sulpician Fathers, who are specially devoted to the training of priests. At St. Mary's our young men are thrown in contact with the future pastors and bishops of a great part of the land. Friendships will be formed which are sure to tend, in one way or other, to the evangelization of the negroes and spread of the missionary spirit.

The rules of admissions to St. Joseph's Seminary are: 1st, Students on entering become postulants for membership in St. Joseph's Society, as members of which they intend to devote their lives to the salvation of the negroes. 2d, Previous profession in any religious order or congregation, or dismissal from any missionary society, prevents admission. 3d, They must be fit to enter upon the study of philosophy, at least, and be able to follow the lectures at St. Mary's Seminary. 4th, Every postulant, if able, shall pay an entrance fee, and also provide himself with clothing, books, and stationery until he becomes a full member of the society.

St. Joseph's Society is also composed of laity. "All persons contributing prayers and an annual alms, or giving substantial aid for the education of the missionaries, or for their work upon the mission, are affiliated members of St. Joseph's Society and participate in all its merits and good works." About the only attempt in anywise successful to affiliate the laity to St. Joseph's Society is by means of an annual paper on the plan of Father Drumgoole's *Homeless Child*. It is known as *The Colored Harvest*. All of its subscribers are affiliated members of St. Joseph's Society, and thus, besides the special favor offered for themselves, are in touch with the whole missionary work of the society. But the lay element in St. Joseph's Society has not as yet been properly organized in the United States.

And just here let me say a word about organizing for missionary purposes. In no age has the spirit of aggregating men

and women for community of effort been more wide-spread than in this. There are societies of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent; workingmen's clubs, syndicates, benevolent societies, insurance associations; white men are united, blacks with hands joined, guilds of women; men in the turnverein; and even boys and girls banded together. In the church is the same. There are the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, confraternities, sodalities, total abstinence societies. Why should not there be a great missionary association, of which the chief object would be to foster the missionary spirit and to provide the sinews of war for missionary enterprises? What opportunities such associations would offer for discussion of missionary questions, the opening of Catholic missions in Liberia; the part American Catholics will take in the evangelizing of Africa, Asia, and the East; the defence of the negroes against their religious dangers; their claim upon us as American citizens; the teaching of trades to the negro race, and their industrial education, etc., etc. What a moral support it would be to the missionary laboring in the black belt of the South to know that his Catholic brethren were with him in sympathy, were meeting to discuss the best means of seconding his efforts, by providing for normal schools, colleges, orphanages, and other such institutions! Amid the dense Protestantism—and it must ever be remembered that the South is intensely Protestant—and annoying prejudice which surrounds him, the missionary, buoyed up by the voice which would come ringing across Mason and Dixon's line, would renew his youth like the eagle's, and win his thousands and tens of thousands for Christ and heaven.

The Catholics of America have seemingly held aloof from the negroes. Our colleges and convent-schools, with hardly an exception, are closed against them. But a paltry hundred of Catholic schools are intended for negroes. There is no Catholic high-school or normal school for them, and but two industrial ones. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that the weight of Catholic opinion, and much more of practice, silently ignores the negro. This is chiefly due to the fact that the missionary spirit is hardly yet alive among us. We are filled with ourselves, not caring a jot for those who are not of our kith and kin.

We are looking, however, with hope for a change in all this, expecting to see our Catholic laity interest themselves in the negro missions. We hope to see a great society organized, with branches everywhere in America, with a central national council

acting with the sanction of the American episcopate, meeting publicly and at fixed times, now in one city, again in another, pleading powerfully for the evangelization of the blacks, laboring to foster a missionary spirit in the whole Catholic body. Such an organization is feasible; it simply requires a few courageous souls to make the start, with the determination to persevere and build it up. May the Holy Spirit soon inspire them to begin!

J. R. Slattery.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

PROFESSOR BRIGGS' DOCTRINE OF THE MIDDLE STATE.

Professor Charles A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, one of the most noted divines of the Presbyterian Church, in his recent book, *Whither?* * remarks that "among the intra-confessional errors [of the Presbyterian Church] the most serious is the neglect of the doctrine of the Middle State. . . . The Westminster divines were themselves in the drift of antagonism to the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory. They did not distinguish between the doctrine of the middle state in the ancient Catholic Church and the perversion of it in the Roman Catholic doctrine. They threw away purgatory without substituting anything in its place" (p. 206). He also shows how Dr. Shedd, of his own church, has been guilty of an error in referring to the clause of the Apostles' Creed, "He descended into hell," as "the spurious clause," and in his further statement that "it required the development of the doctrine of purgatory, and of the mediæval eschatology generally, in order to get it formally into the doctrinal system of both the Eastern and Western Churches." "These observations," Dr. Briggs says, "are both of them unhistorical. There are few doctrines that can claim such common patristic consent as this doctrine [of the middle state], and it is at the basis of ancient and mediæval eschatology, and not a later development of it. Those who endeavor to commit this sin against the historic church do it in the interest of an attempt to get rid of the middle state which is based upon the descent of Jesus into the abode of the dead."

* *Whither? A Theological Question for the Times* By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., Davenport Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages in the Union Theological Seminary. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The doctrine of the intermediate state is of such vital importance in itself as an integral portion of Catholic eschatology, and has such a momentous bearing on the whole view of the future state, that its denial necessarily reacts on other truths intended to be retained; it frequently leads to revolt against the dogma of eternal punishment, or substitutes for it purgatory, as in the case of the Universalists and Restorationists; and sometimes it leads to doubt about the eternal life altogether, through the insuperable difficulties which it imposes by teaching that the soul of every believer passes straight from the death-bed to its eternal home. How few adults there are who seem fit at the moment of death to appear in the court of Him into whose eternal joy nothing that is defiled can enter! "The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness," says the Westminster Shorter Catechism. Now, the hypothesis that in the mere physical act of separation of soul and body immediate sanctification takes place, is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural. What is it but a plenary indulgence without conditions? "Immediate sanctification at death," says Dr. Briggs, "is an error added on to the orthodox doctrine of sanctification that makes it inconsistent, and virtually destroys it." The author sees with true discernment that the rejection of the intermediate state is an error fraught with terrible consequences. In one place he says: "The future life has been a blank or else a terror to most Protestants, and the comfortable hopes inspired by the New Testament have not been enjoyed" (p. 285). "Men are seeking relief," he adds, "by the doctrine of the extension of redemption into the middle state, by conditional immortality, by annihilation of the wicked, and by reaction to the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory" (p. 287).

Professor Briggs has thus opened up a new field of investigation for his brethren, and he has done it with a sincerity and boldness which I admire. He has established, by arguments which defy all attempts at refutation, the doctrine of the intermediate state; he has put forth on this question an irenic in theology which will remove some of the worst barriers which denominationalism has erected. He, moreover, patiently submits to the stigma, so awful in the eyes of Presbyterians generally, of being a "Neo-Romanist," and tells those who class "Romanism" with infidelity that the Roman Catholic Church is a true church of Jesus Christ, and that those who deny this are "guilty of heresy and schism."

But let us examine the question more closely. If the doc-

trine of the middle state be essential to a right understanding of eschatology, what view of it is in harmony with the orthodox doctrines of the Incarnation, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of the Son of God, and of the redemptive agencies by which the merits of Christ are applied to our souls? First of all, it must be one which in no way derogates from the perfection of the holiness which is given in regeneration. To be born again is to be made a new creature, entirely free from condemnation and fit for eternal glory. The white robe of baptism needs no cleansing; it has been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and may be exchanged for the wedding-garment worn at the feast of the Eternal King. Hence, if all Christians were faithful to their baptismal vows, there would at death be no barrier between them and the vision of God, and the church has always taught that every soul which retains its baptismal purity until death, or has before death fully expiated the sins committed after baptism, goes immediately to paradise. It follows, then, that there can be no intermediate state for those who die in communion with Christ, except for such as are imperfectly conformed to his likeness. By the Ascension of our Divine Lord the door of heaven has been opened for the just, and for those who are pure there is now no need of a place of waiting. But before heaven was opened Limbo was for all the just, and for the purified it was only a place of joyful waiting—*i.e.*, a sort of paradise. Hence we conclude that the Christian intermediate state is properly called purgatory. But this state is not necessarily to be regarded as one of compulsory suffering, but may be considered as one in which the sufferer is a voluntary agent in the working out of his own purification. Here the will must co-operate in the process by which the remains of evil habits and inclinations are purged away until the image of Christ is perfectly reproduced in the soul, otherwise the purification could never be accomplished. Dante speaks of the "happy, suffering soul" which is "safe" in that middle home; and St. Catherine of Genoa says that there is no joy comparable to that of a soul in purgatory save that of the blessed in heaven, and that this joy increases daily as every hindrance to the full influx of God upon the soul is gradually purged away. But yet this happiness does not diminish the pain which is constituted by love finding itself impeded in its longing for the Beloved. What St. Catherine of Genoa has to say about this subject, although the result of private revelation, bears, nevertheless, such credentials of wisdom, and is of

such exquisite poetical beauty that I cannot help recommending it to all who wish to know the entire truth about the middle state.

Professor Briggs is inclined to the opinion that the intermediate state is one of progressive sanctification. No objection need be offered to this definition if only sanctification by the removal of the penalty of sin and its other consequences, and the restoration of the perfect image of Christ, without increase of essential holiness, be meant by it. But if, as Professor Briggs seems to think, acts of the disembodied soul are to be regarded as affecting the eternal destiny of a man, like those of this life, or if the final and everlasting happiness or misery of the soul is not considered as finally determined by its spiritual condition at the time of its separation from the body, I cannot allow that his opinion is tenable. Such a theory is out of harmony with the doctrine of the reunion of the soul and body at the resurrection, because a soul which after leaving the body had advanced to a higher spiritual state than it had reached at the moment of its separation from the body could not properly be reunited to its body as that body was at death. The work of redemption was consummated when the Son of God expired on the cross; the glorified body of the Redeemer was on the third day reunited to his glorified soul, because it was fitting that the body should share in the glory of the soul, having been humiliated to the very last with the soul. And the reunion of the soul and body of the Saviour was like what the reunion of the souls and bodies of the just will be on the last day. In short, just as Jesus finished his work of redemption before death, so must every man consummate the work of his salvation in this life. The whole man must complete the work of salvation, or the whole man cannot be glorified on the last day. This forbids us to hold that the acts of the soul in purgatory are worthy of reward; they no more affect its glory than do acts performed in paradise. This is why our Lord tells us to work while the day lasts, because the night (of hades) cometh wherein no man can work.

Moreover, there must be a particular judgment of each soul after death, otherwise no one could be admitted to heaven until after the general judgment. Dr. Briggs, however, denies the particular judgment in order to establish the theory that there are opportunities in the middle state for the further sanctification of those who have died in infancy or have otherwise been deprived of opportunities of performing holy actions in this life, as well as

to afford the heathen benefits of which they have been deprived from the lack of explicit knowledge of the Christian religion. But I think that the Catholic doctrine of the universality of the benefits of redemption in this life removes the necessity of the extension of them to a future state. The Catholic doctrine is that God antecedently wills the salvation of all men, although he permits some to fail of its attainment through the operation of secondary causes; and, furthermore, I am allowed to hold that no one of those who do fail of their true destiny will suffer in the next life except for conscious sin, and that those who depart this life with only original sin will have a natural knowledge and love of God and the highest enjoyment of natural beatitude.

The doctrines of future sanctification and probation are for the most part a recoil from the violent distortions of religious truth brought in by the Reformers, such as that "Christ died only for the elect," that "all heathen virtues deserve only damnation," that "man deserves to be tormented for ever on account of original sin," and the like. The author speaks of "the awfulness of the doctrine of the eternal damnation of the heathen world," but I do not think that the condition of those who are invincibly ignorant of the true faith is as hopeless in this life as Calvinism declares it to be, for right reason and orthodox theology teach that a man may make an act of faith in God as existing and as a rewarder to them that seek him (Heb. xi. 6) without an explicit knowledge of the Incarnation and Redemption; nor are we obliged, in order to avoid the harsh supposition that original sin deserves positive punishment, to fall into the inconsistency into which the author says his church has drifted in the new doctrine of the universal salvation of infants. In nearly every case the objections of unbelievers to the dogma of eternal punishment are directed against the distortions of the truth which have been put forth by theologians of the Reformed churches.

The author admits that the error that sanctification cannot be accomplished in this life paralyzes every effort. True, but what will be the effect of the error of supposing that it can also be accomplished in the future life? If many who know the shortness of this life, and believe that "now is the day of salvation," postpone repentance even in that narrow limit, hoping for a more favorable time before death, what would they do if they thought there would be a chance for them to repent hereafter?

Besides, there is the further difficulty that the doctrine of progressive sanctification after death ought to apply with equal reason to all if to any, and this would place the goal of eternal rest and joy at a distance too great for human endurance. With the goal in sight, the race is easily run; but trial indefinitely prolonged produces premature weariness and exhaustion. St. Paul desired to be dissolved that he might be with Christ, not that he might engage in further conquests in a future state. Death is sometimes compared to sleep because it brings rest from labor, and to one who has "fought the good fight" it means the peace and joy of victory. Moreover, if one had succumbed to temptation here, where Christ's passion was consummated, where death was swallowed up in victory and where grace superabounds, it would seem incongruous that, in the state of a disembodied spirit, he should have an opportunity of following Christ's passion and death in another life. On the whole, I am obliged to object to Dr. Briggs' theory as one devised simply to meet a difficulty created by Calvinism; and more than this, it introduces other difficulties in the way of orthodoxy greater than any which it undertakes to solve. Furthermore, the whole weight of Scriptural and traditional authority is against it. What I have already affirmed I repeat once more, viz.: that orthodoxy does not require one to believe that men must suffer in the next life, provided they had no opportunity of escaping from it while in this life. The doctrines of sufficient grace for salvation for all who have the use of reason, and of perfect natural beatitude for those unregenerate persons who are irresponsible or who have not committed actual sin, answer the objection that opportunities are not given to all in this life to avoid everlasting misery.

I fear that Dr. Briggs' doctrine of the future life will not advance holy living; but, on the other hand, I know that the Catholic doctrine of purgatory furnishes the strongest incentives to holiness by teaching men the atrocity of sin, since the punishments which even the lightest sins entail are painful and certain to be inflicted. And, in this connection, it must be remembered that there is also a bright side to this inexorable law, in the knowledge that the Divine mercies unceasingly flow through these punishments which only cure the soul; the Divine charity is wondrously revealed in this righteous correction; fraternal charity finds the widest scope for action in pious suffrages for the departed; personal sanctity is increased by efforts towards a holy

life, through hearty detestation of the smallest faults, humble confessions, fervent communions with Christ in the Eucharist, untiring labors, generous alms-giving, strict self-denial, constant watchfulness, and unceasing prayers. And, furthermore, the certainty that the time of trial for salvation is short, and the rewards of eternity exceeding great, stimulate to action and give the greatest consolation, as the author's doctrine of the middle state of conflict cannot. And if it be objected that purgatory may be too long before the last farthing due to Divine justice is paid, it may be answered that through God's merciful provision the church militant proffers salutary aids to her suffering departed children incessantly and without stint. Thus the doctrines of purgatory and indulgences make infinite justice and mercy reconcilable in the intermediate state. All these considerations taken together clearly show the truth of my assertion, that the Catholic tenet regarding the middle state advances holy living.

In reviewing the author's doctrine of the intermediate state, I have been forcibly struck by his singular omission of its corollary—prayers for the dead. Yet his view of man's condition after death would make such a practice as praying for the dead a more urgent duty and a holier privilege than the Catholic belief regarding purgatory has. He must see that this pious practice, so full of comfort to affectionate souls, is reasonable, and not without sanction in Scripture, besides having the unmistakable witness of tradition. Prayers for the dead furnish the bulk of the testimony for the primitive belief concerning the middle state. Does Dr. Briggs think that the doctrine of the middle state will ever exert any practical influence on Christian life if prayer for the departed members of Christ is neglected? I do not see how he can. Now, Protestantism, it must be admitted, has broken the golden chain which should unite the militant saints here with the holy souls who live in the unseen world, and has caused men to think that death builds up a cruel wall of separation which cannot possibly be penetrated or overleaped. As a consequence, such a revulsion against this unnatural sentiment has taken place that multitudes of Protestants have been inclined to think, as did J. Fenimore Cooper, that prayer for the dead is "the sweetest and most endearing of all the rites of Christianity," and with him to "devoutly wish that such petitions could have the efficacy that so large a portion of the Christian world impute to them."

And will Dr. Briggs ever venture to revive among his brethren the long-lost and forgotten brotherhood of the living

and the dead? I sincerely hope so, for I cannot think that he will be content to proclaim a mere isolated truth, ignoring its connection with religious duty. His aim in the work of religious investigation appears to be the discovery of truth and the application of it to spiritual conduct. As evidence of this, I need only quote the following words from the closing chapter of *Whither?*—"Every error should be slain as soon as possible. If it be our error, we should be most anxious to get rid of it. Error is our greatest foe. Truth is the most precious possession. There can be no unity save in the truth, and no perfect unity save in the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. . . . All forms of error will disappear before the breath of truth. . . . Let the light shine, higher and higher, the clear bright light of day. Truth fears no light. Light chases error away. True orthodoxy seeks the full blaze of the noontide sun. In the light of such a day the unity of Christendom will be gained." I heartily agree with these principles, and all honest men will follow them to their conclusions, lead where they may. Catholics are only too ready to debate with men like him "in a friendly manner," as he advises Protestants to debate with Catholics, and "seek to overcome their errors." "Is Rome an ally?" he asks his brethren. He thinks that it is in nine-tenths of all Christian teaching. But I am sure that he has yet to learn how true and faithful a friend he has invoked. Rome has ever held that "truth is the most precious possession," and "error the greatest foe." On these two propositions she has always staked the continuance of her very existence.

H. H. Wyman.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. HOWELLS, who is always entertaining, has never, to our notion, been quite so much so as in *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (New York: Harper & Brothers). Perhaps his portraits are not more true to life than heretofore; certainly the young women of the incongruous Dryfoos household still leave open the question suggested by Marcia Hubbell in *A Modern Instance;* by 'Manda Greer and her giggling friend Statira in *The Minister's Charge;* and even, though, to be sure, in a much modified form, by Penelope and Irene Lapham. Are these really American girls of the uncultivated classes, or, as in the case of Penelope, of the class which Mr. W. C. Brownell once aptly described as self-made people of culture? Except when Mrs. March, or some strict social equivalent of hers, is under treatment, one is often moved to wonder just how far below the surface Mr. Howells' observation actually penetrates when he is studying certain varieties of his countrywomen. And if, reflecting that Mr. Howells, in his capacity as a professional observer, is sure to occupy a point of view less restricted, not to say less antiquated, than one's own, one concedes that Christine and Mela Dryfoos are true enough to prevalent contemporary types, then a doubt obtrudes itself as to whether the arrested development to which they testify, is or is not one of the results of that general deterioration of the native American farmer concerning which the Mugwump of the period has so much to say. He is conscienceless, declares that observer; he is greedy; he has no sense of large public issues; his vote, take him by and large, is bought and sold with a facility to which the corruptest of city wards offers no parallel. In fact, if this critic may be believed, he is not a whit better than the French peasant of recent literature. Certainly, if Mr. Howells is a credible witness, it would not do to put his daughters into literature just as they are; "the great American novel, if true, must be incredible," and chiefly on their account. We notice that the Dryfoos girls, though they have been "away to boarding-school," mark a perceptible decline in the scale of manners and ideals from that even of their parents, while Conrad is a pure exotic.

Still, the novel depends for very little of its interest upon the character or the actions of the women in it, at least when Mrs.

March has been excepted. She is so especially well done, she shines with such a bright particularity as the good Bostonian wife *par excellence*, that if one were not afraid of too professional a joke one would be tempted to speak of Mr. Howells as a Benedicktine of the Strict Observance. One reflects with a certain awe upon the immense mass of details concerning minor feminine peculiarities which a long and well-spent life must have enabled him to amass. And he can hardly, as yet, have done more than tap the reservoir at points accessible to the general public! The stream is pleasant enough, wherever broached, to continually divert the present critic from an original intention to begin by remarking that it is the general trend and purport of this novel which gives it much of its special interest. And yet to speak of it as a novel with a distinct didactic purpose would be misleading. Although Lindau is a socialist who, on the whole, wins a more cordial suffrage from us than from young Tom March; though Conrad, with his pure ideals and gentle spirit, is an interesting figure, and Margaret Vance a pleasant specimen of the society girl who sympathizes with strikers and finds her vocation in an Episcopalian sisterhood; though the co-operative magazine, run in the interest of its contributors and artists, is not so wild an idea on its face, yet the story which connects all these people and their purposes is not so burdened with direct intention that one would be justified in ranking Mr. Howells among the convinced adherents of the new sociology. But he has made an amazingly readable novel with humanitarianism and co-operation as underlying material. As a matter of course, the book being his, it is full of points which make themselves and give the reader sympathetic thrills, now through his sense of fun, now through his knowledge of himself and his neighbor, not to mention his neighbor's wife. The men are all admirably well done, Lindau being the best of them. When we have echoed Fulkerson's remark, "He's a noble old fellow; pity he drinks!" we have exhausted our censure of him. Mr. Howells has managed his sentiments and his actions as well as his accent with consummate skill; when the old man cuts the Gordian knot in which his sincerity has involved March and Fulkerson as well as himself, by refusing to earn money from Dryfoos any longer, he is superb. Quotable as the novel is on every page, it is only for a bit of the old man's talk in reply to Fulkerson's chaff in the office of *Every Other Week* that we can here find space:

"One day, with the usual show of writhing under Lindau's scorn, he said, 'Well, I understand that although you despise me now, Lindau—'

"'I ton't desbise you!' the old man broke in, his nostrils swelling and his eyes flaming with excitement; 'I bity you.'

"'Well, it comes to the same thing in the end,' said Fulkerson. 'What I understand is that you pity me now as the slave of capital; but you would pity me a great deal more if I was the master of it.'

"'How you mean?'

"'If I was rich.'

"'That would tebendt,' said Lindau, trying to control himself. 'If you hat inheritedt your money, you might pe innocent; but if you hat *mate* it, efery man that resbectedt himself would haf to ask *how* you mate it, and if you hat mate moch, he would know—'

"'Hold on; hold on, now, Lindau! Ain't that rather un-American doctrine? We're all brought up, ain't we, to honor the man that made his money, and look down—or try to look down; sometimes it's difficult—on the fellow that his father left it to?'

"The old man rose and struck his breast. 'On-Amerigan!' he roared. and, as he went on, his accent grew more and more uncertain. 'What iss Amerigan? Dere *iss* no Ameriga any more! You start here free and brafe, and you glaim for efery man de righdt to life, liperty, and de bursuit of habbiness. And where haf you entedt? No man that vorks vith his handts among you hass the liperty to bursue his habbiness. He iss the slave of some richer man, some gompany, some gorporation, dat crindts him down to the least he can lif on, and that rops him of the marchin of his earnings that he might pe habby on. Oh! you Amerigans, you haf cot it down goldt, as you say! You ton't puy foters; you puy lechislatures and goncressmen; you puy gourts; you puy gombetitors; you puy infentors not to infent; you *atfertise*, and the gounting-room sees dat de etitorial-room toesn't tink.'

"'Yes, we've got a little arrangement of that sort with March here,' said Fulkerson.

"'Oh! I am sawry,' said the old man contritely 'I meant noting bersonal. I ton't tink we are all cuilty or gorrupt, and efen among the rich there are goodt men. But gabidal'—his passion rose again—'where you find gabidal, millions of money that a man hass cot togeder in fife, ten, twenty years, you findt the smell of tears and ploodt! Dat iss what I say. And you cot to loog oudt for yourself when you meet a rich man whether you meet an honest man.'

"'Well,' said Fulkerson, 'I wish I was a subject of suspicion with you, Lindau. By the way,' he added, 'I understand that you think capital was at the bottom of the veto of that pension of yours.'

"'What bension? What feto?' The old man flamed up again. 'No bension of mine was efer fetoedt. I renounce my bension, begause I would sgorn to dake money from a gofernment that I tond't peliefe in any more. Where you hear that story?'

"'Well, I don't know,' said Fulkerson, rather embarrassed. 'It's common talk.'

"'It's a gommon lie, then! When the time gome dat dis iss a vree gountry again, then I dake a bension again for my woundts; but I would *sdarfe* before I dake a bension now from a rebublic dat is bought oap by monobolies, andt run by drusts and gompines, and railroadts andt oil gompanies.'"

The evils deplored by Lindau, both in their immoral character and their enormous extent, are real. His indignation is natural and well justified. Whether socialism such as he advo-

cated by implication would be either just or sufficient as a remedy is a question on which people may take different sides. But he stands out in admirably bold relief in Mr. Howells' presentation of him, his "principles," and his steady adherence to them, dwarfing the conventional respectabilities and compromises of March and company into a commonplace and easy sort of virtue.

It is not difficult to see how and why the journal of *Marie Bashkirtseff* (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.) has attained its present vogue. In it a young girl has done for herself that which the realistic school of fiction are constantly trying to do for her sisters. The result is only not so widely popular as that of some of the novelists whom she studied with interest and pleasure, because, notwithstanding her vanity and consuming egotism, she was hedged about not less by training and ingrained prejudice than by an innate and chilly modesty which never permitted her to lose the innocence of ignorance. She goes to the bone with her probe, to be sure, but to a bone not hidden in a mountain of gross flesh. If she could afford to be candid, we may be permitted to be interested and entertained as well as sympathetic. Poor little girl! She has gone behind the curtain for good, and all her frantic self-display is over; but it has let her attain the end she sought in making it. She will live for a while on the tongues of men; then she will pass out of sight for ever, so far as this world goes. For she has nothing of permanent interest to impart, no real contribution to psychology to make. The world knew before that pretty girls are apt to be conscious of their beauty, and to delight in it before their mirrors, though they seldom confide that fact to diaries intended for publication. It knew that the longing to love and be loved honestly is ingrained in their hearts by the nature which fits them to be wives and mothers. The only novel thing is to have one of them plainly admit it, even though her admission is, as it were, *post mortem*. Marie was by no means so frank in her intercourse with the "Cardinalino A—" or her cousin Pacha, and it is quite safe to say that, if she had been, it would have been herself and not the general public who would have been the wiser for it.

For our own part, the only sentiment awakened by this journal is that of a profound compassion, not unlike that which its author so frequently expresses for herself. "I don't know how the case may be as regards happy people," she wrote about a year before her death, "but as for me, I am greatly to be

pitied, since I have ceased to expect anything from God. When this supreme refuge fails us there is nothing left us but to die. Without God there can be neither poetry, nor affection, nor genius, nor love, nor ambition." That was the great trouble with her always. She "expected *things* from God," prayed for them with fervor, worked herself up to a feverish certainty of getting them, and then accused Him of deceiving and playing with her, or made a feint of doubting His existence, when they did not come. "O my God! grant me happiness in this life, and I will be grateful! . . . God grant that the Duke of H— may be mine! I will love him and make him happy! I will be happy, too. I will do good to the poor. It is a sin to think that one can purchase the favor of God by good works, but I know not how otherwise to express myself." That is what one reads in the first entry of her journal, written at the age of twelve, when she was indulging in a fantastic passion for a man whom she knew only by sight, and who never became aware of her existence, unless, indeed, this diary may since her death have made him acquainted with it. And again, a month or two later, on the same theme:

"O my God! at the thought that he will never love me I am ready to die of grief. I have no longer any hope. I was mad to desire things so impossible. I wished to possess what was too beautiful. Oh! but no. I must not allow myself to be thus carried away. What! I dare despair thus? Is there not a God to whom all things are possible, who protects me? Is He not everywhere always, watching over us? He can do all things; He is all-powerful; for Him there is neither time nor space. I may be in Peru and the duke in Africa, and if He wishes He can bring us together. How can I have entertained for a single moment a despairing thought? How can I have forgotten for an instant His divine goodness? Is it because He does not give me everything that I desire at once, that I dare to deny Him? No, no, He is more merciful; He will not allow a soul so innocent as mine to be torn apart by these sinful doubts. . . . This evening we spent at church; it is the first day of our Holy Week" (Marie being a Russian was a member of the schismatic Greek Church), "and I performed my devotions. I must say there are many things about our religion which I do not like; but it is not for me to reform them; I believe in God, in Christ, and in the Holy Virgin. I pray to God every night, and I have no wish to trouble myself about a few trifles that have nothing to do with true religion—with true faith. I believe in God, and He is good to me; He gives me more than I need. Oh! if He would only give me what I desire so much! The good God will have pity on me, although I might do without what I ask. I should be so happy if the duke would only take notice of me, and I would bless God."

This is sufficiently remarkable as the thought and expression of a girl of twelve, but the childish attitude of mind which it betrays was characteristic of Marie throughout her life. For her,

the present life contained all the future that her mind or her desires could grasp. She was always endeavoring to placate God by submission, or to bribe Him by promises, in order to obtain the little satisfaction that she thought would still the craving of the moment. "My God," she writes at fifteen, "if you will make my life what I wish it to be, I make a vow, if you will but take pity upon me, to go from Kharkoff to Kiêff, on foot, like the pilgrims. If, along with this, you will satisfy my ambition and render me completely happy, I will take a vow to make a journey to Jerusalem, and to go a tenth part of the way on foot. . . . My God, pardon me and take pity on me; ordain that my vows may be fulfilled! Holy Mary, it is perhaps stupid of me, but it seems to me that you, as a woman, are more merciful, more indulgent; take me under your protection, and I will vow to devote a tenth of my revenue to all manner of good works. If I do wrong, it is without meaning it. Pardon!"

Here was a soul intense, ardent, capable of persistent and heroic devotion to an ideal, and yet as shut in from all true perception of its own value and eternal destiny as if it had been frankly pagan instead of nominally Christian. To Marie Bashkirtseff, God was only a great Being who could fulfil all her desires for love, fame, distinction, health, and who probably would do so if properly importuned and flattered. Of any goods transcending these, or of eternal life itself, she never once shows any belief, or even any rudimentary comprehension. But if she prayed like a badly instructed child or a heathen, it must be admitted that she did all that lay in her own power toward the attainment of her wishes, with an unremitting industry which might shame many ordinarily good Christians. From her twelfth year, when she awoke to the fact that her education had been neglected, and that if she desired to attain knowledge she must work for it, she devoted herself to the study of art and literature with a zeal which ended by quickly consuming the never very abundant oil in her lamp of life. She came of a family hereditarily afflicted with lung diseases, and the shadow of her own fate was upon her long before she found courage to admit it. It is inexpressibly sad to follow her through the career of work, and jealousy, and feverish ambition to excel, which she led in Paris. Handicapped from the first by physical weakness, she finds all that she craves for slipping piecemeal from her grasp. Her lover is a weakling, and her love for him nothing but a fancy which, in dying, leaves her ashamed and mortified that she should have

coaxed it into existence; she loses the voice by which she had hoped to gain distinction as a singer; she paints, and wins at last an "honorable mention" from the Salon jury, but her rival, Breslau, sits like Mordecai in the king's gate, and her still greater successes take half the sweetness out of Marie's own. Then her hearing goes.

"I shall never recover my hearing," she writes in 1882. "Can you understand how horrible, how unjust, how maddening this is? . . . And so humiliating, so stupid, so pitiable an infirmity—an infirmity, in short!" Her vanity suffers horribly, but neither that, nor increasing weakness and the premonition of early death can quell her restless ambition, nor keep her from throwing her whole self into the work by which alone she hopes to satisfy it. "Miserable existence!" she complains while waiting for her "mention" the year before her death, "this, and everything else, and all for what? To end in death! No one escapes—this is the fate of all. To end, to end, to exist no longer—this is what is horrible. To be gifted with genius enough to last for an eternity, and to write stupid things with a trembling hand because the news of having received a miserable mention delays in coming."

And again, in the summer before her death: "I am in the deepest dejection. Everything goes wrong with me. . . . And I, who do not believe in God, have fixed my hopes upon God. . . . My God, why hast Thou given me the power to reason? It would make me so happy if I could but believe blindly. I believe and I do not believe. When I reason I no longer believe. But in moments of extreme joy or extreme wretchedness, my first thought is always of that God who is so cruel to me."

One closes the pitiful little book, so full of egotism, of vanity, of forever baffled desires, with a sense that her prayers must have been more efficacious than she could realize, and that in tearing off the veils that hid the nothingness of the things she craved for, God was preparing her for that great reality which alone can satisfy the heart. After all, the desire of the simplest soul after union with God, its unnoted efforts to subdue self, to conquer passion, to attain virtue, how immeasurably they surpass, both in energy and in high ambition, any ideal and any effort which can be formed so long as the thoughts are limited by the round horizon of the earth!

Lady Baby (New York: Harper & Brothers), by Dorothea Gerard, is an agreeable novel, though for terse effectiveness it does

not reach the mark attained by the same author's *Orthodox*, reviewed in this magazine some months ago. It is full of incident and plot, however, and several of its characters, notably Lady Baby, Sir Peter, and Maud Epperton, are drawn with a great deal of skill. There is no harm in it, and plenty of innocent entertainment. It is very well written, moreover.

One would like to be able to say as much for Mr. W. C. Hudson's *Jack Gordon, Knight Errant* (New York: Cassell's), but it is the sort of book likely to catch a large class of what might be called half-grown readers, who would be all the better off for letting it alone. It is not outrageously offensive in its suggestions or situations, and it keeps carefully within the bounds of propriety in its language. Nevertheless, there is hardly a woman in it who has not compromised herself in some way or other, the most virtuous-seeming and prudent of them all turning out, in the end, to have committed adultery and murder, from whose consequences she is shielded by the "Knight Errant" and his fibbing lady-love, Lucy. As for the society girls who are introduced, and whose morals are certainly unimpeachable, it must be said that their manners and speech are very much worse than any credited by Mr. Howells to Christine and Mela Dryfoos, while their "bringing up" is assigned by Mr. Hudson to the matrons of the "New York Four Hundred." In the matter of society novels, however, it is safe to allow a wider margin for the imagination of their authors than for their opportunities of observation.

Mr. William Wetmore Story's *Conversations in a Studio* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are rather interesting, but in no degree thought-compelling. The talks occur between "Belton" and his artist-friend "Mallett," in the latter's studio in Rome. Belton's time probably hung heavy on his hands. He must have been a person of immense leisure as well as mildly persistent thirst for general information on subjects more or less connected with art and artists. The talk is very good in its way. One is pleased to observe what a cordial admiration both speakers have for Shakspere—and probably for the "musical glasses" as well. Mallett so often succeeds in being encyclopedic that one ends by suspecting Belton of a covert intention to earn some "bit of color" or trifling sketch by the exercise of unwearied patience as a listener. As the artist says: "I suppose there are ten good talkers for one good listener. And what an art it is to listen with attention and interest and intelligence!" It seems impossible to doubt that the sentiment, so just in itself, sprang in this case from depths of disheartening experience. Speaking for one only, an afternoon a

week with him and Belton would presently cause us to fall into the category of persons whom he describes as prone to "look about while you are talking with them, and give only a half-mind to what you are saying; ask you to excuse them a moment while they do this or that, or give this or that order, and are ever wandering about in their thoughts, and begging you to repeat what you have said. Nothing is so boring as this; nothing takes the whole life out of one like this." And yet such persons must often be estimable members of society, notwithstanding their incapacity to enjoy to the full the entertainment popularly known as "chinning." Ten Malletts to one Belton—is not that Mr. Story's own proportion?

Chita: A Memory of Last Island (New York: Harper & Brothers), by Lafcadio Hearn, hardly exists as a story, so slight are its incidents and so diaphanous its characters. But it is a very beautiful prose poem, all the same, with the sea for its theme and motive. The sense of loneliness and desolation, of the overmastering forces of nature in their warfare with man, is strong in it. Laroussel's coming, and later that of La Brierre, his half-uncertain recognition of Chita, and then his death in a silence which leaves her, unwitting of him, where Feliu brought her from the sea, affect one like the rising and the falling of the tide. They seem to have no vocation but to come and go, washing infertile sands, leaving no deposit but weeds and sodden drift. Slight as the personages of the sketch are left in drawing, they impose themselves upon the imagination in a way which is seldom granted to the laborious mass of details accumulated by the masters of the realistic school. Feliu and the "little brown woman" Carmen; Laroussel on his knees before baby Chita; the wait herself; La Brierre beside his own tombstone or in the rocking-chair by the window where Chita looks at him with her mother's eyes—is there one of them whom a painter with a sense of poetic values could not put on canvas with so secure a hand that Mr. Hearn's readers would not recognize them without a name? To be sure, he would need to be even more sure of his poetic values than of his drawing and his color.

Mr. George Edward Woodberry's muse is academic, correct, refined, a trifle chilly, not specially attractive, not suggestive of abundant fruitfulness. So, at least, she appears under the veil of his just-published volume, *The North Shore Watch and Other Poems* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co). By far the best work in it is contained in "Agathon," in which the contrast between the heavenly and the earthly love, symbolized

by Eros and Anteros, is none the less worth making by reason of its antiquity, and in which the recurring suggestion of Emerson that one gets from time to time is not to be called unpleasant in itself. The first of the two sonnets "At Gibraltar" is fine, too, and so are the lines with which the volume closes, and which we give as a specimen of what Mr. Woodberry does when at his best:

I.

Be God's the Hope! He built the azure frame;
He sphered its borders with the walls of flame;
'Tis His, whose hands have made it, glory or shame.
Be God's the Hope!

II.

The Serpent girds the round of earth and sea;
The Serpent pastures on the precious tree;
The Serpent, Lord of Paradise is he.
Be God's the Hope!

III.

I thought to slay him. I am vanquishèd.
Heaven needed not my stroke, and I am sped.
Yea, God, Thou livest, though Thy poor friend be dead.
Be God's the Hope!

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE paper read before the Catholic Congress by Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., elicited many favorable comments among the delegates best qualified to judge an essay on the subject of "Catholic American Literature." In well-chosen language the author showed that as yet we have not had in America the favoring conditions essential to the highest literary development, especially among Catholics. Those engaged in clearing the forests, preparing the soil, and building vast cities had little time and few opportunities to cultivate the growth of a literature equal in quality and quantity to the finished productions of mature scholars in the Old World. Considering the environment, the chilling indifference of the public at large, and the apathy of publishers, Catholic writers in the United States have given us works which deserve the highest praise. We are encouraged by the hope that through the Columbian Reading Union these literary treasures, coming down to us from the pioneers of the faith, may become better known and appreciated. A system of Reading Circles properly organized is now demanded to safeguard the interests of present and future writers, as well as to preserve the valuable books inherited from those who have gone to their reward.

We may be permitted to quote the tribute of praise given by Mr. Pallen to Father Hecker for his untiring effort to foster the growth of Catholic American literature: "The late Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker possessed thorough honesty, earnestness, fervid faith, deep and genuine love of our liberty-giving institutions. The intensity of his love of country was second only to the love of his holy faith. No man of our age has displayed a more comprehensive grasp of its controlling spirit; no one has shown a deeper insight into the principles which are shaping the history of the century. His sympathies were as wide as his insight deep, and his life was a consecration to the service of the church and his fellow-men. No Catholic writer has so luminously portrayed the beautiful harmony which exists between the divine truth of Catholicity and the spirit of our republican institutions. He has vindicated the title of Catholics to American citizenship in such a way as not only to merit the gratitude of his fellow-Catholics, but to win the honest applause of his fellow-countrymen."

* * *

In reading the following letter our members will bear in mind the special qualifications of the writer on the subject of Catholic literature:

"It is as a late guest that I come to make my salutation to the Columbian Reading Union. After the many warm expressions of approval and commendation from so great a number of admirers and friends better qualified than I to pass judgment, there remains nothing new to be said. Feeling, however, that every additional expression of opinion, though it virtually cover the same ground, intensifies by mere force of gravity, I am constrained to comply with the request to contribute my mite to the general fund.

"Combination seems to be the order of the day. Everywhere united and

concerted action is brought to bear to effect ends utterly beyond the effort of the individual. That Catholics should avail themselves of the methods of the times, provided they be not wrong, if they desire to bring about large results, is too apparent to require argument. There are, besides, unique reasons why Catholics should combine to achieve the many great objects that lie within the scope of their united energy. They make but one-tenth of the entire population of the nation, and they are scattered throughout the land. Their efforts are, therefore, necessarily isolated and dispersed. The result loses just in proportion to this lack of concentration. Their interests are common, but, through the circumstances of situation, they want the one element of formal union to make them irresistibly effective. The Columbian Reading Union, it seems to me, is one of the desiderated factors necessary to bring about this end, and, therefore, the establishment of an intellectual union among Catholics in America should be hailed with unfeigned delight by all who have Catholic interests at heart.

"The effort, through the Columbian Reading Union, to create a general and uniform demand for Catholic and sound literature cannot fail to have its effect upon the market. It will no doubt stimulate our much-berated Catholic publisher to meet the demand intelligently and tastefully, matters which he has too often left out of his calculations. When the Catholic reading public finds a channel through which its demands can reach the publisher, and a proper voice to give expression to its wants, better things are to be expected. I believe that the Columbian Reading Union may fill out this programme. It is not only, however, as a stimulus to publishers that I understand the Columbian Reading Union is to carry out its purpose, but as a purveyor of good literature in general. That it may successfully accomplish its end must be the wish of all lovers of letters. The need of such a missionary factor amongst our Catholic people has been long felt. It is a difficulty against which Catholic writers have long struggled; they have had no public to appreciate their work, and the lack of such appreciation will surely chill the most glowing ardor. If the Columbian Reading Union can breathe some proper spirit of appreciation of Catholic letters into the public, it will have accomplished a noble work, and one for which the Catholic writer needs must feel a debt of deep gratitude. CONDÉ B. PALLEN."

"*St. Louis, Mo.*"

* * *

We are pleased to announce that the city of Brooklyn is to be prominently represented by its Catholic Reading Circles. Information has reached us that a beginning has been made in several places. The credit of taking the initiative belongs to

THE FÉNELON READING CIRCLE.

"That there is a great necessity of cultivating among our young people a taste for good reading no one will venture to deny. That there is also need of competent direction as to what shall be read, and some system about the reading, is equally true. To try to supply for its members this direction, and to cultivate in them this taste for the best reading, is the principal object of the Fénelon Reading Circle. It purposes to make Catholics better acquainted with their own literature, and to oppose the indifference which, unfortunately, must be admitted to exist in regard to our Catholic writers. How many of us have ever read Newman, Manning, Wiseman, Châteaubriand, Lacordaire, and the other master minds that belong to us? Yet Cardinal Newman is admitted by all to be the finest writer of the English language now living. Should we not therefore feel it our bounden duty, as it would also prove a great pleasure, to make ourselves familiar with the writings of these men?

"That this Circle will supply a long-felt want is evidenced by the fact that, though established only a month, the applications for membership have been so general that it was found necessary to extend the limit of membership at first determined on. Indeed, the growth of the society has been beyond the most sanguine expectations of the little band who first considered the formation of the Circle. These were a few of the graduates of the Visitation Convent, of Brooklyn, who, witnessing what had been accomplished in other cities by just such societies, saw no reason why they should be behindhand in any such movement. Having obtained the valuable co-operation of the Rev. Father Barry, who most kindly assumed the direction of affairs, a meeting was called. Twenty-five young ladies from various parts of the city responded to the invitations and attended this meeting.

"The society was duly organized and the name agreed upon. This name was adopted as being singularly appropriate, since Fénelon always advocated most strongly the education of women, and one of his best-known works is that on the *Education of a Daughter*.

"The first regular meeting was held on January 14, and by that date the membership had grown to seventy-five. The rules of the society, which are very few and simple, were now made known. Each member is expected to read one-half hour every day in some book of the regular course of reading which she is following.

"A meeting is held the first Tuesday of every month in the library parlor. At this meeting books are exchanged and a report of the reading done by each member is brought in. It is also expected that when the society has been fully organized and is in regular working order the members will at these meetings discuss what has been read by them during the previous month; that selections from some of the authors will be read aloud, and recitations given by those fitted to do so.

"The courses of reading so far adopted are the historical, which will take some special period of history, and the best Catholic authorities treating of the subject will be read, then the biographies of any of the prominent characters of the time will follow; also, any work of standard fiction dealing with the question in point may be read in connection with it, as well as any poem.

"The miscellaneous course is subdivided into three groups—art, biography, and general literature, including selected articles from the magazines; fiction. This last is intended for those who do not care to begin with anything requiring more serious study. As there are many who will not read anything but fiction, it has been thought wise to prepare this course, for it will at least accomplish some good by placing in their hands the choicest fiction instead of the worthless volumes now so widely circulated.

"Each member is free to choose which course she shall follow, and as the necessity arises other courses will be prepared. It is the intention of the director to have during the season lectures on subjects connected with the reading matters, and on topics of general interest. These lectures will be delivered in the evening by competent speakers, and, together with being very instructive to the members, they will serve also to show the public at large what such a society can accomplish.

"*Brooklyn, N. Y.* CATHARINE F. HENNESSY, *Secretary*."

* * *

Vincennes, Ind., has a Reading Circle which provides for its members several copies of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It is arranged on a plan that allows each member to have the use of the magazine for one week. Mrs. J. Bayard,

the energetic secretary, has shown much zeal in the good work. In her letter she writes: "We expect to extend our reading on subjects of interest to the members and report results at fortnightly meetings. For those who can do home-work the historical novel is to be taken, each copy being retained two weeks. We have succeeded in securing the entire list published by the Columbian Reading Union for our sodality library, and hope to have some Catholic works introduced into the Public Library. Since THE CATHOLIC WORLD is to be used so largely, we wish to secure when prepared the 'Index' announced lately. It will not be necessary at present to make any large purchase of books."

* * *

Catholic Reading Circles are much indebted to Brother Azarias, professor of literature at De La Salle Institute, New York City. His counsel has been sought and freely given concerning many important matters relating to the Columbian Reading Union. From all sources we hear nothing but words of praise for his masterly articles on "Books and How to Use Them," which have been republished from THE CATHOLIC WORLD in pamphlet form, under the title of *Books and Reading*, by the Cathedral Library Reading Circle, 460 Madison Avenue, New York City. In less than a year it has reached its second edition, a fact which should teach publishers that there is a positive demand for literary productions of the right kind when printed in a neat and attractive style.

Many of our readers will regret their inability to be present at the interesting meeting vividly described in the following communication:

"Recently the Ozanam Reading Circle had the honor of receiving the distinguished Brother Azarias. Cards of invitation had found their way into several Catholic homes, and in response an interested audience awaited the presence of the guest of the evening. The members of the Ozanam were unbonneted as hostesses, and the programme of the regular Monday evening meetings was given, in order to acquaint the friends with the work of the Circle. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was supplied by kind friends, and in place of a roll-call each member arose and gave a quotation, every one of which proved to be some literary gem which the speaker wished to share with her fellows. Then came a reading on the Philistine, from Maurice F. Egan, after which an essay on art standards was read; then followed a recitation by the president of the Ozanam. When the customary exercises had been concluded, Professor Young, on behalf of the Circle, introduced Brother Azarias, the guest of the evening, who gave a charming informal talk about Kathleen O'Meara, her books and ideas. With a modulated, sympathetic voice he told of her home in Paris with her mother and sister, and her *salon*, where the reverend brother had met many celebrated men of letters. The management of the *salon*, 'that institution which only flourishes on French soil,' was so well understood by Miss O'Meara that she was eminently fitted to the task of writing her papers on 'Madame Mohl, her *salon* and her friends.' Kathleen O'Meara's Irish ancestry gave her a keen sympathy with the oppressed in all climes, and led her to write her best novel, *Narka, the Nihilist*, which deals chiefly with Russian life and its wrongs. The reverend gentleman compared her work with that of Tourgénieff, and then went on to her especial talent for biography and great success in her *Life of Frederic Ozanam*. More than once the gentle writer seriously considered the advisability of abandoning the undertaking. To Cardinal Manning's friendship, as well as his belief in Miss O'Meara's correct understanding of her subject, was probably due the writer's renewed efforts and final triumph.

"At the time of her death Kathleen O'Meara had many literary projects

in view. Brother Azarias had supplied her with the materials for the 'Life of the Blessed De la Salle,' but the work was left undone, to the deep regret of her many friends. No biography has been published of this sweet Christian woman, although her sister has made some preparation by gathering material. The programme of this most delightful evening was brought to a close by the Rev. J. Talbot Smith, editor of the *Catholic Review*, who, in deference to a special request, made a short address, encouraging the members to continue their united efforts in the study of Catholic authors.

"*New York City.* JOSEPHINE LEWIS."

* * *

The interchange of opinion and suggestion established by the Columbian Reading Union has demonstrated the necessity of getting as soon as possible a *complete list* of books by Catholic writers published in the English language. Several non-Catholic publishers have already promised to print for the Columbian Reading Union a leaflet containing the books in their catalogues written by Catholics. Our members have already received copies of the lists kindly furnished by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of New York, and J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, and Longmans, Green & Co., of New York, have likewise offered to prepare lists of books published by them and known to be written by Catholic authors. In some cases even the publishers are in doubt, and cannot give the desired information. Hence it is that we ask our members to assist in this very important undertaking by sending us any knowledge they may have concerning the books of Catholic writers on various subjects. The obvious advantages of this plan to Catholic writers and publishers should induce them to co-operate by forwarding for our use critical notices of the latest editions of their works. With a complete, reliable list, such as we have in view, which is needed in every library, we can definitely show forth the influence Catholic thought has exerted on modern literature.

M. C. M.

The following extract from a letter to the Boston *Pilot*, from London, is of interest to those who love to hear all the people sing the divine praises:

"Congregational singing is in great vogue. Placards are hung upon the pulpit with the numbers of the hymns, English or Latin, to be sung. So far, I must say, I have heard none such hearty choruses as one finds at the Paulists' in New York; nor is any local book of tunes so admirable as Father Young's. There is English in the air here. English prayers after Mass, English songs and litanies at Benediction, special English choral services, like the beautiful Bona Mors devotions, every first Sunday of the month at the Jesuits'—all these are in evidence. In the diocese of Salford, that thrice happy diocese, Vespers [?] are always given in the vernacular—a thing which Cardinal Manning, for one, would be delighted to have made into a universal law.

"I have heard mixed voices but twice; and in both cases the women were 'yellers,' and reminded me of some rural Sunday experiences in the land of the free. It is not always one has the pleasure of seeing the singers as well as hearing them. In some places, and for certain services, the choir go inside the Communion-rails, and group themselves about their music-stands; but the only London Catholic church I can now recall as having permanent stalls in the chancel is Corpus Christi, in Maiden Lane. What perfectly obvious and desirable things they are! . . .

"There is this to say of our English boy-choirs, that they do not sing nearly as well as their little brethren of the Established churches; first, because they have far more trying music to attempt; secondly, because they have to do it through the medium of an unfamiliar language. The music, owing only to these reasons, is often simply harrowing. There is a child at St. Etheldreda's to-day, breaking his throat on Beethoven and Cherubini, who seems to be a born

musician, and who, in English and in the old Plain Song, would be a joy to men and angels. The Oratory and Pro-Cathedral choirs are excellent, in the morning; and the Jesuits' is the best of all again, as nobody, not even the antiphonman at Vespers, ever bellows, and as the organist does not put on his two-hundred horse-power in order to brighten things up.

" . . . The best choirs here, taking up with more hackneyed scores, sing more sweetly, and without the violent gradations from soft to loud and back again which set the ear on edge in some American churches. Some time the reform must come, and the whole business of our too ornate music will get reduced to its lowest terms. There is only one argument I know against the employment of male voices only, and of befitting music; and you will guess that. It is just such renderings of the incomparable old airs we are in the habit of hearing. . . . But the bid is not so much for beauty as for propriety. I wouldn't swear constancy to that accomplished choir of ours, the boast and the delight of years, could I but hear the boys at Manchester, in a church an hour's ride north, singing next Sunday night in English, and to Gregorian tones, the divinest verses in the world: 'That without any fear, and freed from the hands of our foes, we might serve Him, in holiness and justice before Him, all our days.'

" Such a thing I covet, even more than the seven sanctuary lamps which I find here in London, and the great arch and screen of wrought brass. . . .

" Louise Imogen Guiney."

A valued friend sends us the following:

"The last number of The Catholic World seems to me particularly strong. I was extremely well pleased with 'Bodas de Oro.' The only fault in it was that it was not comprehensive enough. I am a regular subscriber to *El Tiempo*, and am somewhat acquainted with Mexico. The episcopate of Mexico and its clergy are fast becoming models. Bishop Montes de Oca, of San Luis Potosi, is undoubtedly the best sacred orator on this continent. Of course he is really learned. I do not remember reading anything in English (*hujus generis*) that I liked as well as his sermon at the Bodas de Oro of Labastida. The nearest thing to it I recollect is the lecture of Bishop Ryan on 'What Catholics do not believe.' Montes de Oca came to Baltimore with Bishop Gillow, who, besides being a millionaire and a relative of President Diaz, is also considerable of a historian. A late work of his is attracting much attention. You see they sent us their best, and I was sorry that we sent nobody to honor the grand old martyr bishop, Labastida, and to encourage, during the persecution there, the struggling church of Mexico. Give us some more Mexico, but the true Mexico—Catholic Mexico. We have had plenty of tourists in Mexico. Public opinion in the United States moulds now to a great extent public opinion in Mexico. But, unfortunately, Mexicans hear and see of the United States nothing but nasty Methodist and Baptist gospel-mongers, who on recrossing the Rio Grande heap lies upon lies against the Mexicans. A little sympathy, a word of encouragement from here will help the struggling Mexican Church, which is groaning under the Freemasons' bondage. I can only be a looker-on, but The Catholic World can do good with such articles as that of the Bodas de Oro. If Catholics of Mexico and the United States will know more of each other, it will be to the advantage of both. We have often talked of a Catholic daily paper; Mexico has one, and a first-rate one it is—*El Tiempo*. Its Sunday edition is as good as a literary review, only its mechanical make-up is bad. Those despised Mexican Catholics support that paper (and a dozen other Catholic papers) very well, paying at the rate of $18 a year for it outside the City of Mexico. It will do us good to look occasionally beyond the limits of our Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, and Teutonic horizon."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Les Luttes Religieuses en France au Seizième Siècle. Par le Vicomte de Meaux. Paris: E. Plon et Cie.

Our attention has been drawn to the works of the Vicomte de Meaux by his recent visit to this country, on the occasion of the Baltimore Centennial, the Catholic Congress, and the opening of the new University at Washington. The distinguished author is a worthy disciple of his illustrious father-in-law, the Count de Montalembert. A calm, judicious, impartial, and careful historian, an agreeable and polished writer, he has produced in the work before us an historical sketch of a most important epoch in the grand drama of religious and political events in France and Europe. The chief scope of the author is to show how religious truth ceased to be fortified by a civil and penal sanction in France, and to point out the double *dénouement* of the struggles of the sixteenth century in the toleration of Protestantism and the renascent dominance of Catholicism.

Quite naturally, before proceeding to his main topic, the history of the modification of the public law in France, the author presents in his introduction a summary view of the manner in which the ancient laws, for a long time common to all Europe, were established, and the conjunctures in which they ruled. This introductory essay on a most difficult and generally misunderstood subject, is not the least able and interesting part of the volume.

The history which fills up the principal portion of the work is a very sad one, full of tragedies. It was a dark period for the French church and nation which intervened between the reigns of Francis I. and Henry IV. It embraces the rise and progress of Protestantism in France, the religious wars which tore and desolated the realm, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the war of the League. With the reconciliation of the two parties effected by the conversion of the Huguenot king, this dark period closes, and a brighter day begins to dawn on France. This is the objective point toward which the Vicomte de Meaux steadily aims at the beginning. His work closes with a description of the pacification of France brought about mainly by the wise government of Henry IV. and ratified by the Edict of Nantes. He shows how the struggles of the sixteenth century ended in the recognition of the Catholic religion as dominant, the toleration of Protestantism, and the political unification of the kingdom. And, moreover, he places in a clear light the result of the pacification effected by this modification of the ancient law of France, in respect to the two religions. Protestantism ceased to advance, and began rapidly to decline. There was a vigorous renascence of Catholicism, a healthy purification and restoration from within, and a preparation for the abundant fruitage of the seventeenth century in the blossoming which succeeded to the wintry period of storms.

La Réforme et la Politique Française en Europe jusqu'à la Paix de Westphalie. Par le Vicomte de Meaux. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1889.

This second work of the Vicomte de Meaux, which is twice the size of the former one noticed above, is in close connection with it. Having presented in his previous work the spectacle of the religious struggles in France, he proceeds in the present volumes to describe the *rôle* of France in the religious conflicts of

Europe. He compares the *régime* inaugurated in France for the maintenance of national unity in spite of religious division, with that of neighboring Catholic nations which did not tolerate Protestantism, and Protestant nations which did not tolerate Catholicism, in order to fix their relative value. Besides this, the author has another object. Passing from the consideration of the struggles of the two opposing religions within particular states, he turns his view upon the war which broke out between the principal states of opposite religions. In this war, France took the side of the Protestant powers, while still remaining invincibly attached to the Roman Church. She owed her intrinsic grandeur to the Catholic religion, her exterior preponderance to the Protestant arms. Here is a singular contradiction! What is its explanation, and what were the results in Europe of the part played by France in the complex religious and political drama? Such is the problem which the author attempts to solve. According to his view, the house of Austria aspired to the imperial domination of Europe, and of course awoke the opposition of the Protestant nations. France supported their cause, because it was the cause of national independence, and of that equilibrium of powers which modern statesmen consider to be necessary to the common security. Besides the direct menace to Protestants in the Austrian policy, the author regards it as an indirect and remote menace to the independence of the Holy See.

The scope of the author requires him to pass in review each of the nations engaged in the great war, and to give an account of the struggle of the two opposite religions in each particular state. This task has been performed with conscientious care, and at the cost of great labor expended in the examination of the writers of the different nations and of original documents. The three volumes together make up a work of very great historical interest and importance.

THE HISTORY OF SLIGO, TOWN AND COUNTY. 2 vols. By T. O'Rorke, D.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin: James Duffy & Co. (To be had also from the author, whose address is Collooney, Ireland.)

A very comprehensive and, to judge from the evidences of the personal and painstaking researches made by the learned author, a reliably authentic history of the County Sligo, with new views on the genuine sources and beginnings of general Irish history—views, by the way, accepted and endorsed by almost all the critics who have reviewed the work in the Irish and the English press. The natural scenery and antiquities (largely illustrated) of the county; its religion, politics, social manners and customs, are all treated of with exhaustive accuracy, minute detail, and not lacking here and there humorous anecdotes to brighten up the pages.

To Irishmen, students of Irish history, and especially to natives of the county described, the work cannot fail, of course, to be most deeply interesting, instructive, and entertaining in all its details; of which not the least attractive to their descendants will prove to be the memoirs of the old Celtic families, the O'Connors, the O'Haras, the O'Garas, the McDonoughs, the O'Dowds, the Sweenys and McSweenys, and the McDonnells; and as well of the Anglo-Irish, English, Welsh, and Scotch "grantees who came in with Cromwell."

Not a man from Sligo but will find the name of his family or some event connected with it duly mentioned.

THE LITTLE FOLLOWER OF JESUS. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.PP.S. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

This is an excellent adaptation from Thomas à Kempis for the use of young

folks. Like the other productions of the same author, it is written in a simple, direct style, easily understood, and made interesting by numerous anecdotes.

Catholic readers are indebted to Mr. Kenedy for many cheap editions of good books. It must be said, however, that there is a dreadful sameness in the pictures he has placed opposite the title-page in nearly all his publications, and a deplorable lack of taste and judgment. An illustration used as a frontispiece should have some bearing, however remote, on the subject-matter of the book.

CAROLS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, IN HONOR OF MARY, VIRGIN BLESSED OF ALL GENERATIONS; THE MOTHER OF GOD, AND HOLY QUEEN OF THE CHRISTIAN MAY. Words selected. Music by Rev. Alfred Young, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

We know of no religious melodies marked with the special characteristics belonging to *Carols*, having been written for words suitable for use during Our Lady's month, which have appeared previous to these compositions by Father Young. As the text of these carols, six in number, he has chosen two poems by Cardinal Newman, three by Rev. Dr. H. A. Rawes, and one by Rev. F. Stanfield. Something of this kind has long been a desideratum, at least as a change for the majority of the hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin which one commonly hears at the usual May devotions. We feel assured that these carols will find a welcome in all our churches and schools wherever presented.

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES. By Olive Risley Seward. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This pretty volume, bound in two shades of soft olive-green, relieved by the gilded lettering, and a pendant bough of the olive fruit, is charming inside and out. In an easy, graceful style the great secretary's daughter "personally conducts" us from China to Java through a typhoon and a monsoon, across the Indian Ocean to India, and thence up the Nile and back, with two chapters devoted to that beautiful, but dirty, mysterious, and enchanting city, Constantinople.

The two chapters which supplement these travels in the far East describe a visit to *Le Petit Trianon* under the escort of the most charming (to our mind) of modern writers of fairy tales, M. Laboulaye, and a dinner-party at Kensington Palace when it was the home of the Duchess of Inverness, aunt by marriage to the Queen.

These sketches, all of which are interesting in substance and bright and readable in style, were written for the *Wide Awake*, and while enjoying them ourselves the thought came to us that the book which had grown out of the magazine sketches was admirably fitted to be used as a supplementary reader, thus carrying profitable enjoyment to a still wider circle of young readers.

There is variety enough in the volume to please even the pampered and over-fed intellectual palate of the youth of to-day. There are thrilling chapters which treat "of moving accidents by flood and field"; amusing and pathetic chapters which tell of the "animals I have met"; instructive chapters which give us clearly outlined and brightly painted pictures of the quaint and uncouth city of Pekin, and that hideous intellectual mill, a Turkish school; and chapters so charming that one wishes for the enchanted carpet on which we might be transported to that most fascinating of islands—Java.

In addition to the interest essential to subject-matter and style, the book has the charm of associating us with "high society" in the best and truest sense of that much abused phrase. We are not only introduced to the great ones of

earth, but we have as a constant travelling companion a man of noble life, high principles, and great achievement. We heartily commend these stories to the boys and girls of an earlier and later growth who love good company, good literature, and a wider and more varied knowledge of the world we live in.

ASTRONOMY, NEW AND OLD. By Rev. Martin S. Brennan, Rector of the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Louis, Mo. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a readable and interesting little work, by means of which any one may in a few hours become acquainted fairly well with the present state of astronomical science. It undertakes to cover the whole ground, and necessarily must treat most of the matters contained in it in a manifestly hurried and imperfect manner, but it is no doubt better to stimulate scientific curiosity than to satiate and overwhelm it. It is, however, of course impossible to avoid a sort of inaccuracy in such an epitome of science by the exaggeration of one part of the subject over another; but in the chapter on photography, and probably in other places, this difficulty could have been more successfully overcome. The wet process is treated at some length, but the dry gelatine one, now almost universally employed, is barely mentioned. Other minor points might also be criticised.

A very good idea is given, however, of the results attained by photography, and also of the principle and the work of the spectroscope.

A chapter is devoted to the interesting question, "Are the Planets Habitable?" and the subject is well treated.

LITERATURE AND POETRY. Studies on the English Language; the Poetry of the Bible; the "Dies Iræ"; the "Stabat Mater"; the Hymns of St. Bernard; the University, ancient and modern; Dante Alighieri; the "Divina Commedia." By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is very much interesting reading in this book about subjects of importance to all who love good poetry consecrated to the expression of the religious sense. We presume that the author does not profess to be original in his treatment of such well-studied themes as the poetry of the Bible, the "Dies Iræ," the "Stabat Mater," and the Hymns of St. Bernard, much less in that of Dante, to whom he devotes his longest and most elaborate essay. But he is very entertaining, nevertheless, and has incorporated in his work bibliographical lists of much value to persons who might desire to investigate more widely. In addition to this we must admire Dr. Schaff's candor in treating of matters, necessarily not a few in discussing such topics as those named, bearing on Catholic doctrine and practice—candor we say, for his information is not always quite accurate, and he uses terms now and then without sufficient discrimination.

The book is a fine specimen of the publisher's art in printing, paper, and binding, and is sold for a very reasonable price; it has an alphabetical index, and is adorned with a fine photo-engraving of the author, in cassock, cincture, and biretta, insignia of his honorary degree from St. Andrew's University.

THE HARP OF JESUS. A Prayer-book in verse. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

We can easily see good use for this pretty little book in training children to pray, for it makes prayer musical. It might be called the prayer department of the kindergarten. Learned by heart, these simple verses would attune the soul

to pleasant communion with God and his saints. We cannot say, however, that we should like to have children grow up with only a rhythmical version of the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." There is here no pretence to offer the finer products of the art poetical, all being simply the metrical expression of the devout thoughts of the Christian.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS, held at Baltimore, Md., November 11 and 12, 1889. Detroit, Mich.: William H. Hughes.

The compiler and publisher of this important volume is one of the editors of the *Michigan Catholic*, a journal of much ability and influence. Mr. Hughes represents in this the committee of gentlemen who so ably managed the Catholic Congress of last November, he having been chosen by them for his task. The book is not too large, and is well printed and bound.

The letters, addresses, speeches, and other matter in this volume may be called the mirror of the Catholic Church in America. The air of liberty is everywhere evident—that is, the liberty of Americans, calm, orderly, respectful of rights, reverent towards legitimate authority. What is none the less evident is the attitude of loyalty of all minds and hearts towards Catholic truth. There is not any touchstone of orthodoxy that may not be applied with the best results to the words uttered on this occasion. The personnel of the Congress was thoroughly representative, being made up for the most part of men of affairs, children of the people, who in the professions or in trade had achieved conspicuous success, together with several who, besides this, represented the old Catholic families of the country. The papers read form together a repertory of exceedingly valuable matter expository of the claims of the Catholic religion, both positive and controversial, on questions incessantly discussed by the people of this country.

The effect of the Catholic Congress on the non-Catholic public has been to divide men into two camps—one composed of the great mass of our fellow-citizens, honest and well-wishing; these have heartily applauded the Congress, have been glad to see the Catholic laity capable of affirming the most distinctively American principles without in the least degree sacrificing their standing as members of the church. The American secular press has almost unanimously voiced this sentiment. The other party is composed of bigots. They are enraged to see the laity of the church standing before the world in her defence, represented by scores of men of national reputation, many of them leaders in their respective spheres of activity.

We have said that this book mirrors the state of Catholicity in our own country. Let us not be misunderstood if we add that it outlines the future of Catholicity everywhere. The distress in which the church finds herself in some countries of the Old World is not, in our opinion, any sign of the decadence of their religious spirit. But in what degree soever the trouble comes from conflict with a new order of things social and political, in the same degree the proceedings of the Catholic Congress at Baltimore point the way out of the difficulty. The Congress is itself an object lesson, and its proceedings a series of elaborate treatises instructing Catholic men and nations how to adjust the interaction of the religious and civil forces of life.

It may be well to say that this volume is not the one which was first brought out under the same official auspices, this being smaller, much cheaper, and better adapted to actual use; it contains no illustrations, though precisely the same report of the proceedings of the Congress.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

As announced in our last issue, this department will be devoted to literary notes, announcements of forthcoming books, new editions, etc. But the Publisher wishes it to serve another purpose as well. Heretofore he has had no medium of general communication with the subscribers to the magazine. Experience has made it plain that some such medium is a necessity, and he therefore begs to call the attention of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to this department for all information relative to the business management of the magazine. It will save both them and him time, expense, and often misunderstanding. This issue will be confined to a few general points not infrequently disregarded.

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The price of a year's subscription to THE CATHOLIC WORLD is $4 IN ADVANCE. This magazine is not supported by a stock company, nor is it published with a view to money-making. It is the property of a community of priests who devote their time and labor to make it the exponent of the best Catholic thought. It was conceived by its founder, and has been conducted for the past twenty-five years, in a missionary spirit. But it should and can meet the expense of publication if our subscribers will forward their subscriptions in advance. Our writers, printers, and paper-makers cannot be kept waiting for their money. The date on the address tab sent to each subscriber tells him when his subscription must be renewed, and it is meant to save the time and expense of sending him a bill.

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All checks, drafts, money orders, and registered letters should be made payable to the Rev. W. D. Hughes. THE CATHOLIC WORLD is no longer published by the Catholic Publication Society, or by Lawrence Kehoe, or by J. J. Farrell. It will save the Publisher a great deal of time and trouble if our subscribers will bear this in mind.

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All *editorial* matter should be addressed to the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; all *business letters* should be addressed to the Rev. W. D. Hughes.

When sending notice of a change of address, it is desirable to send both *the old and the new address* on or before the 20th day of the month. The possibility of mistake is thus avoided.

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It will save time and trouble if a notice to discontinue the magazine is sent to us *before the expiration of the subscription.*

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All communications, whether to the editor or to the business manager, should bear the name and post-office address of the sender, especially if money is enclosed. Post-office marks are often so blurred as to be illegible. There are at present several remittances in THE CATHOLIC WORLD office which cannot be credited to the senders owing to the neglect of this important matter.

THE INDEX.

The Publisher regrets that the Index to the first fifty volumes of THE CATHOLIC WORLD cannot be ready at the time announced. The illness of the compiler and unforeseen difficulties in the work of securing a complete list of the writers of the articles, as originally intended, have caused this delay. The Index will, however, be issued at the earliest possible date after April 1.

The Publisher likewise regrets that he has received so few advance orders for the Index. It was only on the presumption of a large demand for the book that the price was placed at a nominal figure. In order to meet the expense involved the price of the Index to all who order after the first day of April will be $1 net. As the edition originally intended must be reduced, and as the book will be printed from type, the Publisher reserves the right to further advance the price. All orders received prior to this date, at the advertised price of 25 cents, will, of course, be duly honored.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

Lectures on Astronomy. By Rev. Geo. M. Searle, C.S.P., delivered in the Lecture Hall of the Catholic University of America. Washington, D.C. Washington: Printed for the Students of the University.

The Laying of the Corner-Stone and Dedication of St. Mary's Church, Marshall, Mich. And the Discussion between Rev. H. H. Morey and Rev. Father Baart anent Magna Charta and the Church. Marshall, Mich.: *Statesman* Print.

Audiatur et Altera Pars. A rejoinder to the *Memoriale sulla Questione dei Tedeschi nella Chiesa di Americana*. By Tacitus and Germanicus. Chicago, Ills.: Mühlhauer & Behrle.

Sound-English: A Language for the World. By Augustin Knoflach, author of *German Simplified*, etc. New York: Sold for the author by G. E. Stechert, 828 Broadway.

Mission Work among the Negroes and the Indians. What is being accomplished by means of the annual collection taken up for our Missions. Baltimore: The *Sun* Book and Job Printing-Office.

Gethsemani, Jerusalem, and Golgotha. Meditations and Prayers for Lent. Translated from the German of Rev. A. Geyer. To which are added Morning and Evening Prayers, Devotions for Mass, the Stations of the Cross, and other Prayers in honor of the Passion of Our Lord. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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CATHOLIC AND DEMOCRATIC IDEALS.

THE alliance which had lasted between Feudalism and the Catholic Church, from the coronation of Charlemagne by Pope Leo III. came to a visible end on the day when Pius VII. crowned Napoleon. By this great symbolic message, delivered to all peoples on the threshold of the nineteenth century, it was announced that the old order of things had passed away; and that Catholicism was to survive into the new. Feudalism had perished utterly in France. It was doomed to extinction, slow or swift, in the countries of Europe which the "armed soldier of the Revolution" swept over like a whirlwind. And even England, the most conservative in many respects of the older nations, has revised her constitution again and again, until the very House of Peers is compelled to take thought as to whether it shall be "ended" or "mended." Rags and tatters of its ancient banner still flout the breeze; but, on the whole, Burke's funeral oration over it proclaims a fact, and "the age of chivalry is gone." A kind farewell to it, we say. "Chivalry" was an advance, and a notable one, on the effeminate impotence of the decaying Roman Empire. It was the flower, the high poetic bloom of Barbarism clad in coat of mail, and riding on in majesty, if not in meekness, justified to reason by the noble though rude and violent forms of civilization which its strength made possible. But now a stronger than Feudalism has come in; and its thousand year tradition belongs to the past, having left with us a certain ideal of courage, honor, and "cheery Stoicism," which we must hope will not be forgotten in the hurly-burly of conflicting material interests now grown so tumultuous and so formidable. Evident it is that the "iron aristocracy," which was never able to make

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its footing good on the American continent, is struck with paralysis in its native seats. The vehement Kaiser Wilhelm, its head and chief at this present time, whose sword flames all ways at once, like that cherubic one outside the gates of Eden, manifestly defends no garden of delights, abounding in trees of Life and Knowledge, but, let us say, a prickly hedge round about the cemetery of the past. Feudalism has gone out; Democracy has come in.

But the first stage of Democracy was disintegration, the melting down, in a fire seven times heated, of the institutions, customs, and sacred laws which bound the social organism together. It has thrown men back upon themselves; and the reign of Individualism, hardly checked by reminiscences from former times of a more generous ideal, and harmonizing but too well with the dictates of sceptical doubt or pessimist unbelief, was perhaps never more extended than during the last forty years. With a growing concentration of the resources of the world in comparatively few hands, there has naturally arisen a struggle among those who produce for some more reasonable share of that which they produce than the so-called maxims of political economy appear to warrant. Hence phenomena like the Socialist and Anarchist propaganda spread over the face of the earth, and are yearly assuming larger dimensions. We have entered, it may be said, on the era of strikes, which do but proclaim, to the seeing eye, a threatened "bankruptcy of government," as the not remote consequence of what has been called "the exploitation of labor and capital by the bourgeoisie." In other words, while property, which in the feudal system was at least supposed to have duties, now tends to have none but that of adding to its store; labor is intensified, the home of the workingman broken up, the mother of his children made a factory slave, and the children themselves ground in the mill. Education has sunk to a poor mechanical teaching of the elements, not of a noble life but of mere mental knowledge, without hopes or ideals beyond that of freedom to go astray. The "disintegration" has reached far down into society; and we may well ask ourselves what will be the next stage.

"Industry founded on exploitation," "Commerce founded on fraud," and, it must be added, "Government founded on bribery or intimidation in more than one country," are no constituents of an enduring order of things. But if Catholicism, in the person of Pius VII., laid its consecrating and prophetic touch on Democracy, it does not follow that "*laissez-faire*" with all that it implies

received a blessing thereby. Unchecked Individualism corresponds in the region of social ideas to unlimited "Private Judgment" in that of Christian faith. It is most alien to the methods and principles of a society which stands forth to mankind as the communion of saints. But, on the other hand, *does* Democracy mean "unchecked Individualism"? It was so taken by the Liberal forces which overthrew so many of the old barriers in England as in the United States. And the consequences of this disastrous interpretation are beginning to be patent to all men. For the accidental and merely apparent "freedom" which resulted has produced greater inequalities than ever in the human lot. If you are to start men really free on the career of development, you must start them equal in the essential resources of humanity. But the first who contrived, by whatever means, to get ahead in the race have kept the lead. And a golden aristocracy of money-lenders, land-forestallers, and stock-jobbers now holds the reins of power which have fallen from the grasp of Feudalism.

The remedy for such a state of things? It can be neither factitious legislation, nor a revolt of distressed and exploited labor, nor even a well-devised machinery for the just distribution of products among the producers. It lies, I am convinced, as all other great reforms have done, in a change of ideas. Not the sort of change which, like faith without works, is hardly more than an intellectual process, but that which goes down into the heart and creates there an abiding vision. It is the duty of every man and woman, as I hold, to learn how their daily bread comes to them, through what hands it has passed, and in what manner the lives are lived of those who keep society in existence and renew its constantly flowing stream from day to day. Until that vision has become habitual among us, the legislative changes which are indispensable to a true Democratic reconstruction of society, will appear, even to many Christians, chimerical and unjust. We have been brought up to believe in "*Laissez-faire*" as a part of the creed. Most of us, though dimly conscious that the ways of modern money-getting are not in accordance with the teaching of the Gospel, take for granted that things always were so, that they cannot be altered. And even practised theologians are wont to acquiesce in the disappearance of the sin of usury from the text-books of Christian Ethics. "*Non sunt inquietandi*," it has sometimes been imagined, is the church's judgment on the dealers in Wall Street. As well might we expect to find in the Sermon on the Mount Prince Bismarck's favorite aphorism,

"*Beati possidentes.*" Neither possession, nor the custom of the country, nor legislative enactments, will ever prevent justice in the long run from uttering the last word. The intrinsic quality of things, as God made them and not man, remains unalterable, though we pile up acts of indemnity for transgressors until they fill the statute-book. We need only consult the history of the past hundred years to be assured that unrighteousness is a tottering foundation on which to build our monarchies and republics. History shows more and more, as time goes on, that injustice carries within itself the seeds of death. "It cannot, and it will not, come to good."

To create the feeling and the vision of social justice was the task allotted to those far-off heralds of Christianity, the prophets of Israel. They believed, and in the grandest speech uttered by mere man they reiterated the solemn truth that there is a God who judges the world. His judgment is written in the course of things. It is the drama in which all mankind are actors. "The play is the tragedy Man," and the issues of it lie in hands to which resistance, whether by force or fraud, is hopeless and futile. What matter if the prophets failed in their day, and were sawn asunder or smitten with the sword? That word which the All-Seeing put into their mouths did not fail. The "burden" announced by them weighed heavier and heavier upon the nations until they were crushed beneath it, swept out of their place, and made an awful memory in desolate Asia to this day. And now, instead of a circumscribed National Church, and a prophesying in that remote nook between Jordan and the Great Sea, there is a Church Catholic addressing itself to all men, charged with the burden not of Tyre and Sidon, or of Egypt and Assyria, but of London, New York, Chicago, and the mighty marts of commerce which men have established beside all waters. It does not seem to me that the message has changed its substance in these twenty-six centuries. Nor has it lost, but rather gained fearfully, if we had ears to hear, in the weight of the Divine Sanction which follows it. Consider the fall of the world-empire of Rome; the social outbreak at the Reformation; the French Revolution, in whose consequences we are all entangled. These are not tokens of an abdication on the part of the Supreme. And the terrible uniformity in that law of avenging justice, ascertained more surely and by a deeper experience than any law of mere physical sequence, should teach us that the only way of escaping the effects which it threatens is to remove the cause. If unrighteousness lies in one scale, retribu-

tion will weigh it down in the other. Such is the law of Divine Equilibrium, and no man can undo it.

Now, I count it Providential that in bringing to pass the present chaotic and violent state of things, Catholic principles have not been at all involved. It is a direct consequence of the intense secular, money-getting spirit which the Reformation fostered and the development of trade and manufactures has so largely, yet so fruitlessly, rewarded. The system of bourgeois economics, or "capitalism," has grown up outside our borders. It could not subsist in a country where public life was ruled by the Catholic ideals. But, unhappily, no such country is any more to be found. Modern societies, discarding even the remnants of Christian teaching or relegating them to the church on Sundays, have taken for their rule in the great matter of social justice that every man must look to himself, keep what he has got, or submit to have it torn from him by the strong hand of the exploiter. "Free contract" is only another name for the law of economic gravitation whereby he that was rich becomes richer, and he that was poor, poorer still. The very conception of society as an organic whole, in which all the parts, humblest no less than highest, are successively ends and means, seems to have vanished from the minds of most men. There is a necessary combination for the creation of wealth, and it grows more complex every day. But for its just distribution who are they that combine? Not the employers, certainly; and not always the men. Stock-jobbers, money-lenders, landlords, peasant proprietors, agree in looking to themselves and not looking beyond. Tenant-farmers, who have been forced to compete with one another in the auction of their holdings, and so to pay rents which leave them the scantiest subsistence, oblige by precisely the same law their farm-laborers to accept the wages of starvation. And so it must be, from top to bottom of the social scale, as long as pure "Individualism" holds sway.

Two things, it appears to me, are evidently needed to cure this anarchy. One is but instrumental—the consolidation of all *working* interests as distinct from those of money-making in a union of which, naturally and by the mere fact that he is a *bona fide* worker, every member of the industrial classes should find his place. The old mediæval and Catholic associations must be restored in such manner as may fit our changed circumstances. The *Via Unitiva* is the way to social happiness; not each for himself, but each in his place. It has been well said by Adam Smith that there is a natural confederacy of employers,

who do not therefore need to unite. But here, again, I cannot help thinking that we are on the eve of a revolution in which the actual number of those holding capital in whatever shape will decrease, until the great captains of industry in any land will be few and conspicuous. Already in the United States, as the newspapers tell us every day, there are moneyed dynasties controlling mines, railways, and enormous tracts of country with their entire resources. Now, I do not hesitate to say that whatever arguments avail against political despotism, may be urged even more strongly against these overwhelming monopolies. Such powers are too great to be lodged in the hands of a human being. And the larger they become, the more manifest it is, in my opinion, that they do and ought to belong to the society whose happiness and well-being depend on the right use of them. Charles Stuart or "good old George the Third" exercised in their own persons an authority by no means equal to that of a modern railway-king. But we have decided once for all against the Charles Stuarts and the George the Thirds. What is there more sacred in a Vanderbilt? Plain it is to me that the process of concentration, now proceeding at a rapid rate, will force upon society this question of absolutism in its latest form. Nor can the issue be doubtful. The material resources of a country, the "bounty of nature," ought not to be at the disposal of one man, or many men, who are not required to take into their consideration what is or is not conducive to the social interest, but simply fill their pockets and spend their millions as seems right in their own eyes. The doctrine of "public property," as I have remarked elsewhere, is needed to complete and justify all doctrines whatsoever of "private property." The two stand and fall together.

Much has been said and written of late years concerning the extent of "eminent domain," according to the Civil Law and the necessarily vague teaching of our own schools. I have no intention of entering on the legal question, which, after all, is subordinate to the ethical one, namely, what kind of dominion over its resources, movable and immovable, ought to inhere in a sovereign or perfect society. That is the true "eminent domain" of which the legal forms are but aspects and changing realizations. To say that a country belongs to its people has been dismissed as an empty phrase by certain "lost Liberals" astonished at the demands made upon them for something beyond "freedom" by the multitude who, having enjoyed it for a round number of years, do not find that it fills their cupboards or gives them a sure

resting-place for the sole of their foot, thanks to our unrivalled "industrial system." But so it is, and Carlyle was not jesting when he said that before declaring the "Rights of Man," it would be advisable to make certain of the "Mights of Man." I am free to do as I like with my own. Yes, but suppose I have nothing of my own, and by the constitution of society never had anything; to what extent am I free? Freedom is a relative word, to be defined by means and faculties. And the great primary injustice of the law of competition as now carried out, is that it denies to a vast multitude of human beings those material aids which are requisite to their fulfilling the ends of human existence worthily. Their birthright has been stolen from them.

It is evident that the future of Catholicism will come more and more on the English-speaking and Germanic families. The churches which have withstood the flame and fury of the Reformation have brought one thing intact out of the fire—their religion. But the whole mediæval, feudal, or late Renaissance tradition of civil polity, which may have seemed at one or the other time to be inextricably bound up with Creed and Church, has gone into dust and ashes, like so much stubble. It is late in the day, then, for any people who are but just beginning to endure that fiery trial, to offer "the wisdom of our ancestors" as a panacea to their more advanced brethren for the evils of the "Commercial Era." It is they, rather than we, that have to learn.

But, North and South alike, we share in the Catholic's ideals; and these, I cannot too earnestly repeat, are the mainspring of that "Fraternity" which is social justice. We have no need to borrow from any newly-invented "Religion of Humanity," or from Socialism in its changing forms, still less from the anarchical instincts which find in a dissolution of order and casting down of law the immediate entrance into a land flowing with milk and honey. At the same time, it is clear that the mere possession of ideals, or even a genuine belief in them, will profit us nothing if we do not strive to realize them under our actual circumstances, and in view of the facts. The Catholic Church will be always amongst men, until the "consummation of the age"; but what sort of Catholic Church they shall possess depends upon themselves. It may sink into the condition of the ninth and tenth centuries, or of the eighteenth. It may rise, on the other hand, to a height of beneficent greatness which none of its children would dare to prophesy, seeing what hin-

drances and obstruction lie heavy upon it now. The age of Democracy—provided only that "the poor have the Gospel preached to them," and that Pharisees are made to hear of "justice and judgment and the wrath to come"—should be the "last great days" in which the mountain of the Lord's house is to be exalted above all the hills—on condition that men will do their part. And this, in the present distress, I take to be, that they shall make strenuous efforts to create a theory and practice of Political Economy, in accordance with the mind of Christ.

Theory and practice, for both are indispensable. Study of the Roman Law, the Canon Law, even of the Code Napoléon, has now gone on for a longer or shorter time *intra cancellos scholæ;* and I see not that we have gained much light on the terrible questions of "usury" and "exploitation."

The answer is not to be found in them, or not in the shape which can profit us. Some other method must be pursued; not that of collating authorities, however great in their day, but the careful investigation of the phenomena, and as earnest an inquiry into the Gospel principles which bear on them. No training of the clergy, I venture to say, will be satisfactory wherein they are not possessed with a full and succinct view of the modern industrial system, and a general outline of the principles on which it has grown up. Together with Laymann and Busenbaum, we must turn our attention to Adam Smith, Ricardo, and even Karl Marx. The study of controversies on extinct points of discussion should give way to an endeavor (which will prove at once more difficult and more interesting) towards a comprehension of the nature of "Free Contract," and the evils to which it has led. I foresee much trouble and many dangers in taking so bold a course; but, without it, the New Testament must remain a dead letter for the public life of nations, a mere collection of "Gospels and Epistles for Sundays and holidays throughout the year."

If I am asked in what direction these hitherto unattempted studies are likely to issue, I can but answer as I have previously hinted, that to my mind the outcome will be a recognition of the claims of society as a whole on every one of its parts, within the limits of conscience, and the abolition of many so-called rights which individuals have unjustly seized for themselves.

The conception of rights, co-ordinate or subordinate, in one

and the same thing, is exceedingly familiar to the laws of all countries. What we now require is that it should be "touched with Democracy." Again, "capitalism" has been confounded with "capital" in the gravest and most religious discourse, so that hardly any one considers how unnecessary, or even hurtful, to society at large may be the claims of a given capitalist, while "stored-up labor," which is the definition of capital, is a requisite of all civilization; or, let us grant the truth which lies at the foundation of "interest," viz., that living products are themselves productive *ad infinitum*. Is that any reason in the nature of things why certain individuals should appropriate the fruits of that fecundity until the day of doom? Nay, to suggest how even the antiquated formulas of our text-books may, on occasion, do yeoman's service in clearing away the mists of "Free Contract," why should we not, with Mr. Devas, look upon "usury" as a sin arising out of "necessitous loans," and thus open the inquiry how it comes about that such loans, in France or Ireland, are a regular part of the system of "peasant-proprietorship"? If the farmer's agreement with the money-lender, which ends in making him a slave to the neighboring bank, or to the great Jew-house in Paris or London, has all the characteristics of usury, why not say so, and pursue the matter to its legitimate term of discussion, to wit, by what process the usurer and the enslaved agriculturist have both of them been created? And if it shall turn out, as it will, that such contracts are free only on the face of them, let us not shrink from the parallel inquiry in which machinery and urban trades take the place of land, while instead of the rustic we have the skilled or unskilled workman and his family, "contracting" under the iron law of competition. Here are questions enough to fill a new and sadly wanted treatise *De Justitia et Jure*. Who will undertake to make or find for them a place in our seminary courses of ethics? In a few years it will be too late.

But, however earnest may be our investigation of these and kindred problems—and here was the second thing I had to say—let us not lose sight of the truth which Democracy, like all other forms of social development, tends constantly to overlook: that men are governed by ideals rather than by systems. Our fault, as Christians, surely has been too little faith in our own principles. We have allowed them to be spoken of, perhaps have treated them ourselves, as heavenly paradoxes, not laws of the world which now is. Yet the Founder of the Church did

really mean to set up his kingdom on earth. There is no contradiction between a poverty willingly accepted for himself by the individual, and a highly refined public order in which the most precious things should be common. So far from it that the exact contrary is the case, and mediæval cities and the great monasteries in their best days prove to us that a citizen's home-life may be of the simplest while the community to which he belongs enjoys a noble abundance and is a centre of human good; whereas in modern times private riches are a public evil. The renunciation of that gaping desire to swallow down the substance of society is incumbent on every Christian. It is a command at the heart of the counsels of perfection, which themselves, instead of dividing men into a higher and a lower spiritual caste, as many have dreamt, are in truth our bond of unity. Monasticism exemplified them in one form. I am going to say a bold thing: Democracy does so in another. Not the anarchic Democracy which, pretending to make all men free, has simply left the rich and powerful free to plunder the weak. But that Democracy whose purpose it is to "bring into one the children of God that were scattered abroad"; which has laid to heart the saying of Christ, "It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish"; which aims at a human training of all who are called upon to share in the burdens of mankind, and which has clearly seen that the rulers of society are its servants, and must not live for themselves. What else is this than Christianity, energizing in the world of matter that it may be a preparation for the world of spirit?—the true Religion of Humanity in its social, visible aspect. And if it be such, what is to hinder it from rising higher and higher until it becomes the everlasting Communion of Saints and the Vision of Peace?

WILLIAM BARRY.

LUDWIG VON WINDTHORST.

NEVER, perhaps, in any former age, and certainly nowhere in this one, has there arisen a more valiant and successful parliamentary advocate of Catholic rights than Ludwig von Windthorst. His indefatigable and victorious antagonism to the policy which Bismarck inaugurated in 1871, when that autocrat apparently resolved to eradicate the Catholic religion from the German Empire, grandly supported as his opposition has always been by his Catholic colleagues in the Reichstag, and by the devoted prelates, priests, and people of the Fatherland outside of the legislative chambers, has proven no small factor in bringing about the Iron Chancellor's recent retirement from official life. Fully as courageously as Daniel O'Connell battled in his day for Irish Catholic rights at Westminster, and in many respects far more successfully, has Dr. Windthorst, for over a score of years now, fought for his co-religionists and his faith at Berlin, and notwithstanding the fact that his antagonist was a man who swayed emperors and prime ministers at will, the Hanoverian lawyer has come out from that protracted contest a victor in the fullest sense of that term, even if some time must yet elapse before the German Catholics reap all the fruits of his labor and triumph. When William II., in case he attempts such a move, as now seems likely, shall have discovered that between the supporters of his policy and the Socialists no satisfactory or profitable alliance can ever be arranged, and when, no other alternative being left, the ministry is forced to come to terms with the Centrists, and on the demands of those representatives to blot from the Prussian constitution the last vestiges of the infamous Kulturkampf which still disfigure it, the full measure of Dr. Windthorst's success will be seen and recognized, even by those purblind individuals who are now vainly asserting that Bismarck's resignation by no means signifies that the German emperor will go to Canossa.

It was seventy-eight years ago the twelfth of last January that Ludwig Windthorst first saw the light of day. Like many other German families, the Windthorsts had a Protestant as well as a Catholic branch, to the latter of which, it is hardly necessary to add, the parents of the future parliamentary leader belonged. His father, who was quite well-to-do, was a lawyer,

but he evidently held his profession in no high esteem, since it is related of him that he strove hard to have his son made a shoemaker's apprentice, and grumblingly yielded to the determined opposition of his family, whose other members insisted that Ludwig should follow the paternal footsteps. Göttingen and Heidelberg—at the former of which, by the way, Count Bismarck also studied—were the universities where the coming Catholic champion made his academic course, and one of his professors has described him as "an ugly little wretch, who had a thoroughly level head and was very far-seeing, and, in spite of his captious spirit, very pious."

Graduating in due lapse of time, the young lawyer returned to his native town, where he soon acquired a large and lucrative practice. Even at the outset of his professional career he showed himself a loyal and practical adherent of the church, and one of his first moves was to join the local Catholic society, whose meetings he always attended whenever he could do so, and in whose debates he frequently participated. His eminent abilities and his invariable success at the bar soon obtained for him the notice of the Hanoverian government, and led to his appointment to the bench of the Upper Court of Appeal at Celle. In 1849 his political career began by his election to the Second Chamber of the Hanoverian Landtag, where he took his seat as a liberal, and showed himself such a skilled parliamentarian that, in 1851, the chamber chose him its president. He was not destined to retain that position long, however, and a few months subsequently King George V. appointed him minister of justice. Judge Windthorst soon found this office anything but a pleasant one; he could not conscientiously assist the king in the efforts that ruler was making to curtail the constitutional privileges of his subjects, and the consequence was that, after a year's tenure of his portfolio, he tendered his resignation and went back to the Landtag to oppose his sovereign's policy. There he remained for a number of years, an outspoken and vigorous opponent of the imperial idea, which was even then beginning to assert itself, convinced, as he was, that under the disguise of a national union Bismarck was striving to fasten a military despotism on the German states; a conviction which after events proved fully correct. In 1862 Herr Windthorst was again induced to accept the ministry of justice, and he managed while occupying that place to secure the passage of a number of popular laws. Three years later he again resigned his portfolio, and went back to Celle as the

royal solicitor. Then followed the absorption of Hanover by Prussia, and the beginning of Windthorst's political warfare with Bismarck and that chancellor's centralizing policy, a warfare which became more energetic on Herr Windthorst's part when he saw that his antagonist was bending all his energies to the annihilation of the Catholic Church in the German Empire.

Nemo repente fit turpissimus, an old Latin saying has it, and Bismarck, when he was meeting with success in his preliminary moves to build up the Prussian dynasty, did not show himself openly inimical to Rome. It may have been political prudence which caused the grim chancellor to conceal his enmity then, but certain is it that for several years following the annexation of Hanover he sided with the Catholics on more than one occasion. He refused at first to expel the German Jesuits; he declined to interfere, at Count Arnim's request, with the attendance of the German prelates at the Vatican Council, and in various other ways did he bid for Catholic support for his military measures. When the Centrum was formed in 1871, however, and when some of his former stanch supporters, men like Prince Radziwill and Von Savigny, joined its ranks, the chancellor, who knew that the new party opposed his imperial policy, and who feared deposition from the success of its aims, began to wage an unrelenting war on its members, and as the majority of these were Catholics, his first move was to exclude all Catholics from the ministry of worship. This step was speedily followed by a second, and the "Old Catholics" were given to understand that the government stood ready to favor and protect their rapacious sect. Arbitrary and annoying laws governing the inspection of schools were also enacted, and when the lamented Pius IX. refused to accept as Prussian ambassador Cardinal Hohenlohe, whom Bismarck sent to Rome in the hope of embroiling the German Catholic representatives with the Vatican, the chancellor recalled the entire German embassy from the Eternal City, and openly declared war upon the Catholic Church in Germany.

Then it was that the Centrum, under the able leadership of Dr. Windthorst and Herr Von Malinkrodt—the latter now, alas! no longer living—began that masterly opposition to the chancellor's schemes which more than once brought Bismarck to his knees, and which finally compelled him to abandon altogether his position of antagonism to the Catholic religion. Its members, who comprised men of all classes of society and of various political views, but who were one in their determination to defend their

church and their religion, were constant in their attendance at the legislative sessions, and whenever anything was to be gained thereby, they voted like one man against the chancellor's pet projects. Of course their opposition and methods greatly angered Bismarck, who conceived the mistaken idea that all he had to do to crush these opponents was to employ the same means which had enabled him to annihilate other antagonists. In 1872 Herr Falk, a notorious enemy of Catholicity, was appointed minister of public worship, and then speedily ensued the enactment of the atrocious May Laws, under sanction of which subsequently the religious orders were suppressed and their members expatriated; bishops and priests were removed from their sees and churches, and sent either to prison or into exile, and almost every liberty and right of the German Catholics were violently assailed. The member for Meppen, as Herr Windthorst was designated, while he naturally viewed with extreme sorrow the persecutions and injustices to which the church of which he was so loyal a son was subjected, never for a moment lost his courage or his faith in the ultimate triumph of the right. Time and time again he rose in the Reichstag to tell the government that its evil machinations would come to naught, and day after day, with all the eloquence of which he was capable, and with merciless logic, did he expose the injustices and infamies of Bismarck's course, and declare that there could be no peace in Prussia until the Kulturkampf was abolished and all her rights were restored to the church. Instead of heeding these warnings, the chancellor continued and increased his persecutions of the Catholics, and closed his eyes to the fact, which other people plainly recognized, that Socialism and Communism were growing apace while he waged war on the one institution which had shown itself capable of restraining their pernicious influences. Windthorst and his colleagues watched events closely, however, and as they saw popular discontent with the government increasing, Catholics becoming more and more disaffected, and Protestants disgusted with the workings of the May Laws, they renewed their assaults on the chancellor, who was only too glad to dissolve the Reichstag after the attempts that were made in 1878 on the emperor's life, attempts which opened the eyes of the government to the danger of the policy it was pursuing and to the evils with which an unfettered proletariat menaced the empire.

From the elections of 1878 may be dated the commencement of Herr Windthorst's real triumphs. The Centre went back to Berlin stronger than ever it was before, and it was not long

before Bismarck recognized that in order to secure the passage of his measures in the Reichstag it was necessary for him to conciliate the Catholic deputies. He knew, too, that there was but one way in which he could do so, and that before he could hope for the support of their votes he must cease his oppression of the Catholics. In 1879, consequently, he dropped a hint to his underlings to be less solicitous about the enforcement of the May Laws; he paid court to the Centrist leader, invited him to his *soirées*, named him *Oberpräsident*, or governor, in Munster, and declared his readiness to abrogate the whole Kulturkampf provided the Centre would dissolve and become supporters of the government. This demand was one to which Herr Windthorst and his allies would not listen; they distrusted the wily chancellor, who justified their distrust by endeavoring in an underhand manner—much in the same way in which the English government recently essayed to prejudice the Papacy against the Parnellites—to influence Roman opinion in their regard; which move was frustrated, however, by Pope Leo's prompt refusal to interfere. Foiled in this attempt, Bismarck was compelled to relax still farther the execution of the May Laws, though, at the same time, he tried to lessen the estimation in which the Centrists held their leader by accusing Windthorst of being a Guelf; and when that trick did not serve him, he denounced the Centrists themselves as enemies of the empire. The clericals, as the Catholic deputies are often called, continued to gain in strength, however, while the ministerialists were constantly losing, and these things were not without their influence on the government. In 1881 the deposed bishops were gradually permitted to return to their sees, and other concessions to the Catholics quickly followed. At the date of the indignities which were offered to the Holy See on the occasion of the translation of the remains of the saintly Pius IX., it was even hinted that Germany would be willing to afford Leo XIII. a refuge in case he was obliged to quit Rome, and talk of Prussian interference to secure a settlement of the Papal question was heard. The Centrists took advantage of every opportunity of furthering Catholic interests, and in 1881 Herr Windthorst demanded the annulment of the expatriation laws, threatening defeat to the budget unless his demands were granted. It was not until 1886, however, that legislation was secured virtually ending the Kulturkampf, though so severe had been the Centre's attacks on the odious code that Dr. Falk, the author of the May Laws, was forced to resign his office seven years before that event.

Herr Windthorst's victory, magnificent as it seemed four years ago, when the Amendment Bill was passed, has grown greater with each subsequent session, and the importance and influence of his followers have likewise annually increased. To-day, notwithstanding the immense Socialistic gains in the recent elections, the Centrists hold the balance of power in the Reichstag, and they can, consequently, dictate their own terms to the government. What those terms will be is a question time must be allowed to answer. But should Herr Windthorst and his colleagues declare that before expecting their support the government must eliminate the last vestiges of the infamous Falk laws from the Prussian statute-books, and compensate the German Catholics for the injuries and losses which the Kulturkampf entailed on their church, could it be said that their demands were extortionate? And should they go farther and insist that Prussian influence shall no longer be employed to bolster up and prolong the Piedmontese occupation of the Papal city, could any one deny their right to do so?

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

SONG OF WINE.

O WINE! thou bringest moments brief of gladness,
When round the festal board friends gaily sing,
And Bacchus wakes the echoes till they ring;
But thy wild song's refrain is deepest sadness,

And all thy sparkling wit akin to madness.
Thy seeming blessings direst curses bring,
And from thy kiss death and dishonor spring,
Sin, poverty, crime, and all wretchedness.

See where the broken-hearted mother lies,
See where the wife mourns to her hopeless soul,
Hear naked orphans' sad despairing cries;
Look where the maniac grasps the poison bowl,
Look on the outcast who forsaken dies;
Then sing thy song: for thou hast wrought the whole.

J. L. SPALDING.

Peoria, Ill.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.

CHAPTER III.

THE TURNING-POINT.

A BRIEF consideration at this point of a certain permanent tendency of Father Hecker's mind will be of present and future value to the student of his life. It has been said already that he never changed the principles he had adopted as a lad among the apprentices and journeymen of New York; principles which, for all social politics, he summarized in the homely expression, "I am always for the under dog." Thus, in the article quoted in the preceding chapter, he had the right to say of himself and his associates:

"We were guileless men absorbed in seeking a solution for the problems of life. Nor, as social reformers at least, were we given over to theories altogether wrong. The constant recurrence of similar epochs of social agitation since then, and the present enormous development of the monopolies which we resisted in their very infancy, show that our forecast of the future was not wholly visionary. The ominous outlook of popular politics at the present moment plainly shows that legislation such as we then proposed, and such as was then within the easy reach of State and national authority, would have forestalled difficulties whose settlement at this day threatens a dangerous disturbance of public order."

We dwell on his political consistency, however, only because it affords an evidence of that unity of character which was always recognized in Father Hecker by those who knew him best. Change in him, in whatever direction it seemed to proceed, meant primarily the dropping off of accidental excrescences. There was nothing radical in it. What he once held with the settled allegiance of his intelligence he held always, adding to or developing it further as fast as the clouds were blown away from his mental horizon. From the standpoint of personal experience he could fairly criticise, as he did in conversation some few years before his death, Cardinal Newman's dictum that "conversion is a leap in the dark." "I say," he went on, "that it is a leap in the light." "*Into* the light, but through the dark," was suggested in reply.

"No," he answered. "If one arrives at a recognition of the truth of Catholic doctrine through one or other form of Protestant orthodoxy, then the difficulties of ordinary controversy will indeed leave him to the very end in the dark. But if he comes to the Church through the working and the results of natural reason, it is light all the way, and to the very end. I had this out with Cardinal Newman personally, and he agreed that I was right."

It is true that his views were rectified when he entered the Church, and that when once in it he was ever acquiring new truth and new views of truth. But his character never changed. He was a luminous example of the truth of the saying that the child is father to the man, so often apparently falsified by experience. Boy and man, the prominent characteristic of his mind was a clear perception of fundamentals and a disregard of non-essentials in the whole domain of life. To reverse a familiar maxim, "Take care of the dollars and the cents will take care of themselves," might describe his plan of mental economy. To the small coin of discussion in any field of inquiry he paid little attention. One who knew him many years has often heard him say, "Emphasize the universal always."

He was a teacher by natural vocation. No sooner was he satisfied that he knew anything of general moment than he felt pressed to impart his knowledge. Contact with him could never be simply for acquaintance' sake; still less for an idle comparison of views. While no man could be more frank in the admission of a lack of data on which to base an opinion in matters of fact, or a lack of illumination on affairs of conduct or practical direction, when such existed, yet to be certain was, to him, the self-luminous guarantee of his mission to instruct. But until that certainty was attained, in a manner satisfactory to both the intellectual and the ethical sides of his nature, he was silent.

As a priest, though he undertook to teach anybody and everybody, yet he could seldom have given the impression of desiring to impose his personal views, simply as such. His vital perception that there can be nothing private in truth shone through his speech too plainly for so gross a misconception to be easily made by candid minds. The fact is that the community of spiritual goods was vividly realized by him, and in good faith he credited all men with a longing like his own to see things as they really are. As he had by nature a very kindly manner, benignant and cheerful, the average man readily submitted to his influence. In his prime he was always a most successful and popular preacher and lecturer, from the combined

effect of this earnestness of conviction and his personal magnetic quality. Men whose mental characteristics resembled his became, soon or late, his enthusiastic disciples, and as to others, although at first some were inclined to suspect him, many of them ended by becoming his warm friends.

It is in this light that we must view the precocious efforts of the young politician. Nothing was further from his thoughts at any time than to employ politics as a means to any private end. Although we have already quoted him as saying that he always felt bound to demand some good reason why he should not use all things lawfully his, and enjoy to the full every innocent pleasure, yet that demand was made solely in the interests of human freedom, never in that of self-indulgence. He seems to have been ascetic by nature—a Stoic, not an Epicurean, by the very make-up of his personality. The reader will see this more clearly as we pass on to the succeeding phases of Father Hecker's interior life. But we cannot leave the statement even here without explaining that we use the word ascetic in its proper sense, to connote the rightful dominance of reason over appetite, the supremacy of the higher over the lower; not the jurisdiction of the judge over the criminal In his case, during the greater part of his life, the adjustment of the higher and lower, the restraint he placed upon the beast in view of the elevation due to the man, was neither conceived nor felt as punitive. We shall see later on how God finally subjected him to a discipline so corrective as to be acknowledged by him as judicial.

Isaac Hecker threw himself into public questions, then, because, being a workman, he believed he saw ways by which the working classes might be morally and socially elevated. He wanted for his class what he wanted for himself. To get his views into shape, to press them with all his force whenever and wherever an opportunity presented itself, was for him the inescapable consequence of that belief. Like his great patron, St. Paul, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" was always his first question after his own illumination had been granted. There is a note in the collection of private memoranda that has been preserved, in which, alluding to the painful struggles which preceded his clear recognition that the doctrines of the Catholic Church afforded the adequate solution of all his difficulties, he says that his interior sufferings were so great that the question with him was "whether I should drown myself in the river or drown my longings and doubts in a career of wild ambition." Still, to those who knew him well, it is impossible to think of him as ever capable of any

ambition which had not an end commensurate with mankind itself. To elevate men, to go up with them, not above them, was, from first to last, the scope of his desire. The nature of his surroundings in youth, his personal experience of the hardships of the poorer classes, his intercourse with radical socialists, together with the incomplete character of the religious training given him, made him at first look on politics as a possible and probable means to this desirable end. But he was too sensibly impelled by the Divine impulse toward personal perfection, and too inflexibly honest with himself, not to come early to a thorough realization, on one hand of the fact that man cannot, unaided, rise above his natural level, and, on the other, that no conceivable amelioration of merely social conditions could satisfy his aspirations. And if not his, how those of other men?

One thing that becomes evident in studying this period of Isaac Hecker's life is the fact that his acquaintance with Dr. Brownson marks a turning-point in his views, his opinions, his whole attitude of mind toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Until then the Saviour of men had been represented to him exclusively as a remedy against the fear of hell; His use seemed to be to furnish a Divine point to which men might work themselves up by an emotional process resulting in an assurance of forgiveness of sin and a secure hope of heaven. Christianity, that is to say, had been presented to him under the form of Methodism. The result had been what might have been anticipated in a nature so averse to emotional excitement and possessing so little consciousness of actual sin. Drawn to God as he had always been by love and aspiration, he was not as yet sensible of any gulf which needed to be bridged between him and his Creator; hence, to present Christ solely as the Victim, the Expiatory Sacrifice demanded by Divine Justice, was to make Him, if not impossible, yet premature to a person like him. Meantime, what he saw and heard all around him, poverty, inequality, greed, shiftlessness, low views of life, ceaseless and poorly remunerated toil, made incessant demands upon him. These things he knew by actual contact, by physical, mental, and moral experience, as a man knows by touch and taste and smell. Men's sufferings, longings, struggles, disappointments had been early thrust upon him as a personal and most weighty burden; and the only relief yet offered was the Christ of emotional Methodism. To a nature more open to temptation on its lower side, and hence more conscious of its radical limitations, even this defective presentation of the Redeemer of men might have appealed profoundly. But

Isaac Hecker's problems were at this time mainly social; as, indeed, to use the word in a large sense, they remained until the end. Now, Protestantism is essentially unsocial, being an extravagant form of individualism. Its Christ deals with men apart from each other and furnishes no cohesive element to humanity. The validity and necessity of religious organization as a moral force of Divine appointment is that one of the Catholic principles which it has from the beginning most vehemently rejected. As a negative force its essence is a protest against organic Christianity. As a positive force it is simply men, taken one by one, dealing separately with God concerning matters strictly personal. True, it is a fundamental verity that men must deal individually with God; but the external test that their dealings with Him have been efficacious, and their inspirations valid, is furnished by the fact of their incorporation into the organic life of Christendom. As St. Paul expresses it: "For as the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, are yet one body, so also is Christ. For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free, and in one Spirit have we all been made to drink."*

It is plain, then, that a religion such as Protestantism, which is unsocial and disintegrating by virtue of its antagonistic forces, can contribute little to the solution of social problems. Even when not actively rejected by men deeply interested in such problems, it is tolerably sure that it will be practically ignored as a working factor in their public relations with their fellows. Religion will remain the narrowly personal matter it began; chiefly an affair for Sundays; best attended to in one's pew in church or at the family altar. Probably it may reach the shop, the counter, and the scales; not so certainly the factory, the mine, the political platform, and the ballot. If Christianity had never presented itself under any other aspect than this to Isaac Hecker, it is certain that it would never have obtained his allegiance. Yet it is equally certain that he never rejected Christ under any aspect in which He was presented to him.

Even concerning the period of his life with which we are now engaged, and in which we have already represented him as having lost hold of all distinctively Christian doctrines, we must emphasize the precise words we have employed. He "lost hold"; that was because his original grasp was weak. While no authoritative dogmatic teaching had given him an even approximately full

* 1 Cor. xii. 12, 13.

and definite idea of the God-man, His personality, His character, and His mission, the fragmentary truths offered him had made His influence seem restrictive rather than liberative of human energies. Yet even so he had not deliberately turned his back upon Him, though his tendency at this time was doubtless toward simple Theism. He had begun to ignore Christianity, simply because his own problems were dominantly social, and orthodox Protestantism, the only form of religion which he knew, had no social force corresponding to its pretensions and demands.

Now, upon this state of mind the teaching of Dr. Brownson came like seed upon a fallow soil. Like that which preceded it, it erred rather by defect than by actual or, at any rate, by wilful deviation from true doctrine. Isaac Hecker met for the first time in Orestes Brownson an exponent of Jesus Christ as the great Benefactor and Uplifter of the human race in this present life. Dr. Brownson has himself given a statement of the views which he held and inculcated between 1834 and 1843—which includes the period we are at present considering—and it is so brief and to the point that we cannot do better than to quote it:

"I found in me," he writes (*The Convert*, p. 111), "certain religious sentiments that I could not efface; certain religious beliefs or tendencies, of which I could not divest myself. I regarded them as a law of my nature, as natural to man, as the noblest part of our nature, and as such I cherished them; *but as the expression in me of an objective world, I seldom pondered them.* I found them universal, manifesting themselves, in some form, wherever man is found; but I received them, *or supposed I received them*, on the authority of humanity or human nature, and professed to hold no religion except that of humanity. I had become a believer in humanity, and put humanity in the place of God. The only God I recognized was the divine in man, the divinity of humanity, one alike with God and with man, which I supposed to be the real meaning of the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, the mystery of Emmanuel, or God with us—God manifest in the flesh. There may be an unmanifested God, and certainly is; but the only God who exists for us is the God in man, the active and living principle of human nature.

"I regarded Jesus Christ as divine in the sense in which all men are divine, and human in the sense in which all men are human. I took him as my model man, and regarded him as a moral and social reformer, who sought, by teaching the truth under a religious envelope, and practising the highest and purest morality, to meliorate the earthly condition of mankind; but I saw nothing miraculous in his conception or birth, nothing supernatural in his person or character, in his life or doctrine. He came to redeem the world, as does every great and good man,

and deserved to be held in universal honor and esteem as one who remained firm to the truth amid every trial, and finally died on the cross, a martyr to his love of mankind. As a social reformer, as one devoted to the progress and well-being of man in this world, I thought I might liken myself to him and call myself by his name. I called myself a Christian, not because I took him for my master, not because I believed all he believed or taught, but because, like him, I was laboring to introduce a new order of things, and to promote the happiness of my kind. I used the Bible as a good Protestant, took what could be accommodated to my purpose, and passed over the rest, as belonging to an age now happily outgrown. I followed the example of the carnal Jews, and gave an earthly sense to all the promises and prophecies of the Messias, and looked for my reward in this world."

The passages we have italicized in this extract may go to show how far Dr. Brownson himself was, at this period, from being able to give any but the evasive answer he actually did give to the searching philosophical questions put by his youthful admirer. But it is not easy, especially in the light of Isaac Hecker's subsequent experiences, to overestimate the influence which this new presentation of our Saviour had upon the development of his mind and character. For reasons which we have tried to indicate by a brief description of some of his life-long interior traits, the ordinary Protestant view, restricted and narrow, which represents Jesus Christ merely as the appointed though voluntary Victim of the Divine wrath against sin, had been pressed upon him prematurely. Now He was held up to him, and by a man who was in many ways superior to all other men the boy had met, as a great personality, altogether human, indeed, but still the most perfect specimen of the race; the supremely worshipful figure of all history, whose life had been given to the assertion of the dignity of man and the equality of mankind. That human nature is good and that men are brethren, said Dr. Brownson, was the thesis of Christ, taught throughout His life, sealed by His death. The Name which is above all names became thus in a new sense a watchword, and the Gospels a treasury for that social apostolate to which Isaac Hecker had already devoted himself with an earnestness which for some years made it seem religion enough for him.

So it has seemed before his time and since to many a benevolent dreamer. Though the rites of the humanitarian cult differ with its different priests, its creed retains everywhere and always its narrow identity. But that all men are good, or would be so save for the unequal pressure of social conditions on them, is a conclusion which does not follow from the single premise that

human nature, inasmuch as it is a nature and from the hand of God, is essentially good. The world is flooded, just at present, with schemes for insuring the perfection and happiness of men by removing so far as possible all restraints upon their natural freedom; and whether this is to be accomplished with Tolstoï, by reducing wants to a minimum and abolishing money; or by establishing clubs for the promotion of culture and organizing a social army which shall destroy poverty by making money plenty, appears a mere matter of detail—at all events to dreamers and to novelists. But to men who are in hard earnest with themselves, men who "have not taken their souls in vain nor sworn deceitfully," either to their neighbor or about him, certain other truths concerning human nature besides that of its essential goodness are sure to make themselves evident, soon or late. And among these is that of its radical insufficiency to its own needs. It is a rational nature, and it seeks the Supreme Reason, if only for its own self-explication. It is a nature which, wherever found, is found in the attitude of adoration, and neither in the individual man nor in humanity at large is there any Divinity which responds to worship.

It is impossible to say just when Isaac Hecker's appreciation of this truth became intensely personal and clear, but it is easy to make a tolerable approximation to the time. He went to Brook Farm in January, 1843, rather more than eight years after his first meeting with Dr. Brownson. It was by the advice of the latter that he made this first decisive break from his former life. From the time when their acquaintance began, Isaac appears to have taken up the study of philosophy in good earnest, and to have found in it an outlet for his energies which insensibly diminished his absorption in social politics. We have a glimpse of him kneading at the dough-trough with Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* fastened up on the wall before him, so that he might lose no time in merely manual labor. Fichte and Hegel succeeded Kant, all of them philosophers whose mother-tongue was likewise his own, and whose combined influence put him farther off than ever from the solution of that fundamental doubt which constantly grew more perplexing and more painful. We find him hiring a seat in the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, where Orville Dewey was then preaching, and walking every Sunday a distance of three miles from the foot of Rutgers Street, "because he was a smart fellow, and I enjoyed listening to him. Did I believe in Unitarianism? *No! I believed in nothing.*"

His active participation in local politics did not continue throughout all these years. His belief in candidates and parties as instruments to be relied on for social purification received a final blow very early—possibly before he was entitled to cast a vote. The Workingmen had made a strong ticket one year, and there seemed every probability of their carrying it. But on the eve of the election half of their candidates sold out to one of the opposing parties. What other results this treachery may have had is a question which, fortunately, does not concern us, but it dispelled one of the strongest of Isaac Hecker's youthful illusions. He continued, nevertheless, to prove the sincerity with which his views on social questions were held, by doing all that lay in his power to better the condition of the men in the employment of his brothers and himself. After he passed his majority his interest in the business declined rapidly, and it is impossible to doubt that one of the chief reasons why it did so is to be sought in his changing convictions as to the manner in which business in general should be carried on.

Although in accepting Christ as his master and model he had as yet no belief in Him as more than the most perfect of human beings, yet, even so, Isaac Hecker's sincerity and simplicity were too great to permit him to follow his leader at a purely conventional distance. "Do you know," he said long afterwards, "the thought that first loosened me from the life I led? How can I love my fellow-men and yet get rich by the sweat of their brows? I couldn't do it. You are not a Christian, and can't call yourself one, I said to myself, if you do that. The heathenish selfishness of business competition started me away from the world."

If he had received a Catholic training, Isaac Hecker would soon have recognized that he was being drawn toward the practice of that counsel of perfection which St. Paul embodies to St. Timothy in the words: "Having food and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content."* Could he have sought at this time the advice of one familiar with internal ways, he must have been cautioned against that first error to which those so drawn are liable, of supposing that this call is common and imperative, and can never fail to be heard without some more or less wilful closing of the ears. Though the Hecker brothers were, and ever continued to be, men of the highest business integrity, and though there existed between them a cordial affection, which was intensified to an extraordinary degree

* 1 Timothy vi. 8

in the case of George and Isaac, yet the unfitness of the latter for ordinary trade grew increasingly evident, and to himself painfully so. The truth is, that his ideas of conducting business would have led to the distribution of profits rather than to their accumulation. If he could make the bake-house and the shop into a school for the attainment of an ideal that had begun to hover, half-veiled, in the air above him, he saw his way to staying where he was; but not otherwise.

In the autumn of 1842 there came upon him certain singular intensifications of this disquiet with himself and his surroundings. In the journal begun the following spring, he so frequently and so explicitly refers to these occurrences, now speaking of them as "dreams which had a great effect upon my character"; and again, specializing and fully describing one, as something not dreamed, but seen when awake, "which left an indelible impress on my mind," weaning it at once and for ever from all possibility of natural love and marriage, that the integrity of any narrative of his life would demand some recognition of them. His own comment, in the diary, will not be without interest and value, both as bearing on much that follows, and as containing all that need be said in explanation of the present reference to such experiences:

"*April* 24, 1843.— . . . How can I doubt these things? Say what may be said, still they have to me a reality, a practical good bearing on my life. They are impressive instructors, whose teachings are given in such a real manner that they influence me whether I would or not. Real pictures of the future, as actual, nay, more so than my present activity. If I should not follow them I am altogether to blame. I can have no such adviser upon earth; none could impress me so strongly, with such peculiar effect, and at the precise time most needed. Where my natural strength is not enough, I find there comes foreign aid to my assistance. Is the Lord instructing me for anything? I had, six months ago, three or more dreams which had a very great effect upon my character; they changed it. They were the embodiment of my present in a great degree. Last evening's was a warning embodiment of a false activity and its consequence, which will preserve me, under God's assistance, from falling. . . . I see by it where I am; it has made me purer."

In addition to these peculiar visitations, and very probably in consequence of them, Isaac's inward anxieties culminated in prolonged fits of nervous depression, and at last in repeated

attacks of illness which baffled the medical skill called to his assistance. Towards Christmas he went to Chelsea to visit Brownson, to whom he partially revealed the state of obscurity and distress in which he found himself. Brownson, who had been one of the original promoters of the experiment in practical sociology at West Roxbury, advised a residence at Brook Farm as likely to afford the young man the leisure and opportunities for study which he needed in order to come to a full understanding with himself. He wrote to George Ripley in his behalf, and later undertook to reconcile the Hecker household with Isaac's determination to go thither.

It was during his stay at Chelsea that Isaac first began plainly to acquaint his family with the fact that his departure meant something more important than the moderately prolonged change of scene and circumstances which they had recognized as essential to his health. We shall make abundant extracts from the letters which begin at this date, convinced that his own words will not only afford the best evidence of the strength of the interior pressure on him, but will show also its unique and constant bent.

Our purpose is to show, in the most explicit manner possible, first, how irresistibly he was impelled toward the celibate life and the practice of poverty; and second, that in yielding to this impulse, he was also drawn away from his former view of our Saviour, as simply the perfect man, to the full acceptance of the supernatural truth that He is the Incarnate God.

It is at this period of Father Hecker's life that we first meet with a positive interference of an extraordinary kind in the plans and purposes of his life. Many men who have outlived them, and settled down into respectable but in nowise notable members of society, have felt vague longings and indefinite aspirations toward a good beyond nature during the "Storm and Stress" period of their youth. The record of their mental struggles gets into literature with comparative frequency, and sometimes becomes famous. It has always a certain value, if merely as contributing to psychological science; but in any particular instance is of passing interest only, unless it can be shown to have been instrumental in shaping the subsequent career. The latter was the case with Father Hecker. The extraordinary influences already mentioned continued to dominate his intelligence and his will, sometimes with, oftener without, explicit assignment of any cause. It is plain enough that, up to the time when they began, he had looked forward to such a future of domestic happiness as

honest young fellows in his position commonly desire. "He was the life of the family circle," says one who knew the Hecker household intimately; "he loved his people, and was loved by them with great intensity, and his going away must have been most painful to him as well as to them."

On this point the memoranda, so often to be referred to, contain some words of his own to the same purport. They were spoken early in 1882: "You know I had to leave my business—a good business it was getting to be, too. I tell you, it was agony to give everything up—friends, prospects in life and old associates; things for which by nature I had a very strong attachment. But I could not help it; I was driven from it. I wanted something more; something I had not been able to find. Yet I did not know what I wanted. I was simply in torment."

The truth is that, while he had always cherished ideals higher than are usual, still they were not such as need set him apart from the common life of men. But now he became suddenly averse from certain pursuits and pleasures, not only good in themselves, but consonant to his previous dispositions. The road to wealth lay open before him, but his feet refused to tread it. He was invincibly drawn to poverty, solitude, sacrifice; modes of life from which he shrank by nature, and which led to no goal that he could see or understand. There is no name so descriptive of such impulses as supernatural.

CHAPTER IV.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

THE earliest of the letters so fortunately preserved by the affection of Isaac Hecker's kindred, is addressed to his mother, from Chelsea, and bears date December 24, 1842. After giving some details of his arrival, and of the kindly manner in which he had been received, he writes:*

"But as regards your advice to write my thoughts to you, that is an impossibility which I cannot govern or control. This ought not to be so, but so it is. Am I to blame? I feel not. And what if I could tell? It might be only a deep dissatisfaction which could not be made intelligible, or at least not be felt as it is felt by me. Let us be untroubled about it. A little

* We have corrected some slight errors of orthography and punctuation in these early letters. They were of the sort to be expected from a self-trained youth, as yet little used to the written expression of his thoughts. They soon disappear almost entirely.

time, and, I hope, all will pass away, and I be the same as usual. We all differ a little, at least in our characters; hence there is nothing surprising if our experiences should differ. I feel that a little time will be my best remedy, which I trust we will await without much anxiety. Resignation is taught when we cannot help ourselves. Take nothing I have said discouragingly. Turn fears into hopes and doubts into faith, and we shall be better if not happier. There is no use in allowing our doubts and fears to control us; by fostering them we increase them, and we want all our time for something better and higher."

Two days later he writes more fully, and this letter we shall give almost entire:

"*Chelsea, December* 26, 1842.—BROTHERS: I want to write to you, but what is the use of scrawling on paper if I write what I do not feel—intend? It is worse than not writing. And yet why I should be backward I don't know. The change that I have undergone has been so rapid and of such a kind; that may be the reason. I feel that as I now am perhaps you cannot understand me. I am afraid lest your conduct would be such that under present circumstances I could not stand under it. Do not misunderstand me. If I have ever appreciated anything in my life, it is the favor and indulgent treatment you have shown me in our business. I know that I have never done an equal share in the work which was for us all to do. I have always been conscious of this. I hope you will receive this as it is written, for I am open. Daily am I losing that disposition which was attributed to me of self-approval. . . . There is no reason why I should distrust your dispositions toward me but my own feelings, and it is these that have kept me back, that and the change my mind is undergoing. This is so continuous, and at the same time so firmly fixed, that I am unable to keep back any longer. I had hopes that my former life would return, so that I would be able to go on as usual, although this tendency has always been growing in me. But I find more and more that it is not possible. I would go back if I could, but the impossibility of that I cannot express. To continue as I am now would keep me constantly in an unsettled state of health, especially as my future appears to be opening before me with clearness. I say sincerely that I have lost all but this one thing, and how shall I speak it? My mind has lost all disposition to business; my hopes, life, existence, are all in another direction. No one knows how I tried to exert myself to work, or the cause of my inability. I was conscious of the cause, but as it was supposed to be a physical

one, the reason of it was sought for, but to no purpose. In the same circumstances now I should be worse. When I say my mind cannot be occupied as formerly, do not attribute it to my wishes. This is what I fear; it makes me almost despair, makes me feel that I would rather die than live under such thoughts. I never could be happy if you thought so. My future will be my only evidence. *My experience, which is now my own evidence, I cannot give you.* To keep company with females—you know what I mean—I have no desire. I have no thought of marrying, and I feel an aversion to company for such an end. In my whole life I have never felt less inclined to it. If my disposition ran that way, marrying might lead me back to my old life, but oh! that is impossible. To give up, as I have to do, a life which has often been my highest aim and hope, is done with a sense of responsibility I never imagined before. This, I am conscious, is no light thought. It lies deeper than myself, and I have not the power to control it. I do not write this with ease; it is done in tears, and I have opened my mind as I have not done before. How all this will end I know not, but cannot but trust God. It is not my will but my destiny, which will not be one of ease and pleasure, but one which I contemplate as a perpetual sacrifice of my past hopes, though of a communion I had never felt. Can I adopt a course of life to increase and fulfil my present life? I am unable to give this decision singly. You will, I hope, accept this letter in the spirit I have written it. I speak to you in a sense I never have spoken to you before. In this letter I have opened as far as I could my inmost life. My heart is full and I would say a great deal more. Truly, a new life has opened to me, and to turn backward would be death. Not suddenly has it undergone this change, but it has come to that crisis where my decision must be made; hence am I forced to write this letter. For its answer I shall wait with intense anxiety. Hoping you will write soon, my love to all.—ISAAC."

The next letter, though addressed to his brothers, was apparently intended for the whole family, and begins with more than Isaac's customary abruptness:

"*Chelsea, December* 28, 1842.—I will open my mind so that you can have the materials to judge from as well as myself. I feel unable to the task of judging alone correctly. I have given an account of my state of mind in my former letter, but will add that what is there said describes a permanent state, not a momentary excitement. You may think that in a little time this would pass away, and I would be able to resume my former

life; or, at least, you could so adapt things at home that although I should not precisely occupy myself as then, still it might be so arranged as to give me that which I feel necessary in order to live somewhat contented.

"I am sorry to say I can in no way conceive such an arrangement of things at home. Why? I hate to say it, yet we might as well come to an understanding. I have grown out of the life which can be received through the accustomed channels of the circle that was around me. I am subject to thoughts and feelings which the others had no interest in; hence they could not be expressed. There can be no need to tell you this—you all must have seen it. How can I stop my life from flowing on? You must see the case I stand in. Do not think I have less of the feelings of a brother and a son. My heart never was closer, not so close as it is now to yours. . . .

"Do not think this is imagination; in this I have had too much experience. The life that was in me had none to commune with, and I felt it was consuming me. I tried to express this in different ways obscurely, but it appeared singular and no one understood me. This was the cause of my wishing to go away, hoping I would either get clear of it or something might turn up, I knew not what. One course was advised by the doctor, and you all thought as he did—that was to keep company with the intention of getting married. This was not the communion that I wanted or that was congenial to my life. Marrying would not, I am convinced, have had any permanent effect. It was not that which controlled me, then or now. It is altogether different; it is a life in me which requires altogether different circumstances to live it. This is no dream; or, if it is, then have I never had such reality. . . .

"When I wrote last it struck me I might secure what I need at Brook Farm, but that would depend greatly upon how you answer my letter. If you do as perhaps you may, I will go and see whether I could be satisfied and how it is, and let you know.

"So far had I written when your letter came. . . . You appear to ask this question: What object have you in contemplation? *None further than to live a life agreeable to the mind I have, which I feel under a necessity to do.*"

"*Chelsea, December* 30, 1842.—TO MOTHER: I am sorry to hear that you feel worried. My health is good, I eat and sleep well. That my mind is not settled, or as it used to be, is no reason to be troubled, for I hope it is not changing for the worse, and I look forward to brighter days than we have seen in

those that are gone. I was conscious my last letter was not written in a manner to give you ease; but to break those old habits of our accustomed communion was to me a serious task, and done under a sense of duty, to let you know the cause of the disease I was supposed to labor under. That is past now, and I hope we shall understand each other, and that our future will be smooth and easy. The ice has been broken. That caused me some pain but no regret, and instead of feeling sorrow, you will, I hope, be contented that I should continue the path that will make me better."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THROUGH FAITH.

WHEN in the west we see the sun declining,
We know some land
Beyond our sight is glorious with his shining;
On mountains grand
He streaks the mist with gold and purple splendor;
Or in the vale
He softly parts, with fingers long and slender,
The petals pale
Of flowers hiding midst the flitting shadows;
Then hies away
To light the hill-tops and the low, green meadows
With full-blown day.
He flies to where the stately river marches,
And in the spray
Of cataracts he stretches rainbow arches.
The roundelay
Of waking bird he tunes to joyous metre,
And all the white
New day is purer and full trebly sweeter
Because of night.
Thou soul, amidst the shades of sorrow faring,
Lift up thy face;
Somewhere thy brother is but duly sharing;
God knows thy place,
And in His own good time will still thy aching,
And lead the way,
And show thee where the dawn is grandly breaking
For thy fair day.

MARGARET HOLMES.

Legislative Library Ontario.

A PEASANT HOME.

So you have never been, you say, in one of our country houses, in one of the houses of our peasantry! You will not have long to say that. Come up on this little hill, and look all round you, and take your choice. I can make an excuse for calling at any one of them, Mr. Jonathan Columbus.

"That house away in the fields with the orchard near it."

"And the glimpse of sunlight resting on the gable-wall?"

"Yes."

"Good! that is Sylvie Kiely's. I'll just take him the Boston *Pilot* that I got to-day. Poor Sylvie will be glad to get it, to know if they're thinking of th' ould land in thim *furren* parts. And he'll talk of John Boyle O'Reilly as if he knew him from a child."

Now, then, we go! You see the homes of our peasantry are scattered over the face of the country; not gathered in groups, but standing in detached buildings here and there. It was not always so. Under the chieftains they were gathered around the stronghold. But when tanistry was broken up, the old Irish custom of *gavelkind*, or subdividing the land, continued; and so, on the death of the father, when the sons got their portions, they built houses for themselves as near the old home as possible. The group of houses thus formed was called in some places "the street," in others "the town"; and from it we have the word "townland." The whole farm or townland was called after the father; and hence such names as Ballymurphy, or Murphy's town; Ballykelly, or Kelly's town; Ballycahan, or Cahan's (Kane's) town, and so on. When we go home I will place Joyce's *Irish Names of Places Explained* in your hand, and if it does not entertain and satisfy you, you haven't a spark of either patriotism or antiquarian lore. For us Irishmen it has more interest than any novel, and day after day we turn to it with new delight.

God help us! look at that care-worn poor woman, and that "dragged-looking" house and place. There is landlordism! That poor woman's husband died a few months ago—died, I verily believe, of a broken heart. His landlord (God forgive him!) ran him to death as sure as ever a blood-hound ran down a croppy in olden days. The poor man's sons were in Australia,

and his wife's brothers in America, and "they'd send"—as the poor man often told me—"the £40, and the £50, and the £60 together"; and every penny of it would have to go to the landlord.

"Why would he give it?"

"*Why?* Because he was a fool! Yet, mind, I for one, Jonathan Columbus, would be slow to blame him. Until we should be put in his position we could hardly realize his motives or his actions. There's many a man, and he'd shoulder a pike or a gun and take to the hillside far rather than see his poor wife and little ones flung aimlessly and helplessly on the roadside. Things, however, have taken a different turn, thank God! The tenant now snaps his fingers at the landlord, and bids him do his best, when he will not do what is fair, or leave it "to the saying of two men"; for he knows he has the sympathy of his race at both sides of the water, an association with plenty of money to fall back upon, and the public opinion of the civilized world to judge between him and his oppressor; and he knows, moreover, that *the end is near*, and 'God send it!'"

We cross the road here, sir; over the fence, and into my aunt's farm. She lived a maiden life; she is dead. Do not ask me her character—*de mortuis* (you know) *nil nisi bonum*—but, troth, she was a tartar! As I look around, old thoughts of boyhood come upon me. We used to call this "the high field," and that "the white field," the one over there "the fort field," and the one next to it "the new field," and the long one "the clover field." There was no field in the whole of them like this for "musheroons." It was a wonder how we escaped poisoning ourselves. We'd come out here and fill our little caps or hats with mushrooms, or hang them on a "roper" (a wiry kind of weed growing in the fields), and then we'd go in to Mrs. Lanigan's. Mrs. Lanigan was the herdwoman my aunt had, and indeed her own son Jim was always the ringleader. We'd pull out the bit of fire and roast the mushrooms, and—Mrs. Lanigan had always a small, sooty little bag hanging near the chimney, in which she kept her salt—sure not a grain of salt would we leave in Mrs. Lanigan's salt-bag. And then we'd kneel down on the floor (where we had made three holes) and play marbles the rest of the time; but on the first intimation that Mrs. Lanigan was coming, I tell you we would start. There's Mrs. Lanigan's old *cowel* (the ruined walls) standing there. She went to America, and Jim behaved the best son that ever breathed to her.

From what various sources do we pick up our little crumbs of knowledge! Three items in my inventory are connected with that old house. The first time my aunt drove me here, Jim's brother Patsy—Patsy was a pedlar—was ordered to take up the horse. "What name shall we call the steed, young gentleman?" Now I thought he meant to sneer at me when he called me young gentleman, and sulkily therefore kept silent. "We'll call him Lord Edward!" continued Patsy. Fancy me, a boy in the upper form at school, knowing Euclid, algebra, conic sections, and what not in the *National School*, and did not know who on earth Lord Edward Fitzgerald was, never had heard his name! That is the way the Irish National system of education, under the care of the government we have, teaches Irish national history. But we'll change that.

My second scrap of knowledge was about Shakspere, and it was from Patsy again. He had a shaggy dog called "Romeo." In my *universal* knowledge, I thought this was simply adding the letter *o* to Rome, and condemned it like a man. Patsy took me aside, and told me the story of Romeo and Juliet. (A word about Romeo the dog, as his end, like that of his famous namesake, was tragical. He was great at hunting Mrs. Downey's cat. One day we urged him to follow the cat up a tree; but in attempting to get at one of the outer branches where the cat had taken refuge, he lost his balance, fell, and broke his back. We buried him, and over his grave vowed vengeance on the cat. We kept our word, and left the cat dead in a drain. Next day I was sent to reconnoitre and report how Mrs. Downey bore the loss. I found her carding wool by the fire, singing away for herself, and on the tail of her gown—there sat the cat!) The third was when, one glorious summertide, Patsy gave me an old discolored, dog-eared copy of Milton, and I lay on the grass and read it with as much avidity and delight as a child might some wonderful giant or ghost story.

And now here we are. There's poor Merrylass come to meet us! "Good old dog! There, now, you wag your tail and whine with joy when you are patted; or may be 'tis glad you are to see us, poor old Merrylass!"

That is Mary, the eldest girl, coming to meet us; tall, easy of carriage, elastic of foot. Of her own notion, she learned music and the languages with the intention of becoming a governess, but the poor old man could not bear to part with her. It is well that you can make yourself invisible, Columbus, or she would never have come thus far to meet us. Her countenance is full, and pleasing, and happy, you see.

"Good-morrow, Mary; how are you?"

"Oh! indeed, we ought to 'spread green rushes under your feet.' Where were you this year and more, pray, Mr. Stay-away?"

"Wait, now, Mary, and I'll explain. But first, is father at home? *It is the way*, av you plaise, ma'am, that I came over with the Boston *Pilot* to him that I got to-day."

"It is the way, and so you wanted an excuse. Aren't you coming in?" (We go in, Columbus.)

"And how are you, Mr. Kiely?"

"I oughtn't to spake to you at all. Wisha, what did we do to you that you didn't come next or near us this month of Sundays?" (Take it for certain, Columbus, you'll scarcely meet among any people with such friendship as among the Irish.)

"Here's an American paper, Mr. Kiely, I brought you."

"Theresa, Mary, bring me my spectacles. The Boston *Pilot*. Ah! poor Boyle O'Reilly and County Louth and '67. I saw him once, every inch a soldier; coal-black hair, slight moustache, his shoulders thrown back. I wish Ireland had every friend as true-hearted as Boyle O'Reilly!"

"Or as able, Mr. Kiely. But Irishmen seem to be making their mark."

Look, Columbus, this is the kitchen—sanded floor, wide, open hearth, huge fire, and over there is the corner where the poor and the homeless may rest. Often and often I've seen them there; and when the night-time came I've seen them bring in a *bart* of straw from the haggard, and spread it there near the wall, and turn the kitchen chair this way to lift their head (serve as a pillow), and get old sacks or some old things thrown over them for a coverlet, and sleep there as soundly as the proverbial sailor-boy on the top-mast. No roofing between you and the wheaten thatch, and the thatch is almost as white as the day when the threshers' hands made seed of it in the barn. Some common chairs, a dresser for delf and pewter ware—look how the ruddy light of the fire plays upon it; a clevey for tins, wooden pails on the *can*-stool, and pots and pans under it; a settle-bed—

> "Contrived a double debt to pay:
> A bed by night, a place for chairs by day."

Poor Thady Pate, the servant-boy—he died in the lunatic asylum afterwards, poor fellow!—he used always to call it "his gig."

"Won't you come and sit in the room?" (The apartment used as a parlor is always called among the unpretentious *the room*.)

"I'd rather sit here by the fire, now."

"Mary, bring out one of the room chairs."

"No, Mary. There is no chair half so comfortable as the good old soogan chair."

"Now, don't sit there," Mary says in her sweetest voice—"come on into the room." Of course we can do nothing but obey. But did you notice the vessel over the fire, Columbus? That was a pot of potatoes, and it meant that they would be soon ready for the boys' supper, and that was another reason why I followed Mary. You have hardly an idea of how delicate-minded our people are about such things. Among the poorer classes it is the custom to take all their meals in the kitchen or common apartment. The kitchen is the place where they sit and talk; it has nothing in common with the kitchens of the great, except the fact of the meals being cooked there. The kitchen is the place where the poor take their meals as well as cook them. Often and often I've seen, when a neighbor has come in for a *shanachus* (gossip), and if a meal is served up while he is there, I've seen him look towards the fire, and most industriously occupy himself in counting the coals. And when he's asked to "turn around, man alive, and help us," I've seen him persistently refuse, till at length a compromise is come to by his taking in his hand a potato or some slight portion of "what is going." The beggar, if he or she be there, is just sitting on the stool in the corner by the fire, and given a plateful of potatoes. God bless our Irish poor; what kindly hearts they have for one another! . . . We follow into the room—a nice, square apartment, uncarpeted, but the boards are "as white as a hound's tooth." Small but tasteful prints hang on the papered wall; some are religious, the Blessed Virgin or the Sacred Heart; some are national, portraits of the Irish leaders; and some are slightly amatory. A square table occupies the centre, with the Bible and other books on it. Here in the angle is what you will not see in every peasant home, a book-case with a nice collection of books. A lounge, once fashionable but somewhat aged and faded now, is at one side, and chairs fill up the empty space at the other. There is a door in the opposite wall. It stands ajar, and you can see a statue of the Sacred Heart on a little altar with gauze curtains and a red lamp lighting. Towards the side you get a glimpse of a patchwork quilt, as if spread on a bed.

"Mary, daughter, where is Theresa? Tell her her friend is here."

"Theresa is not well, father; she has got a sore throat."

Turning to us she says frankly: "We've got no girl, and poor Theresa has to get up every morning at five o'clock to have the cows milked and everything ready by the time the factory car calls. But she'll be here immediately, never fear, when she knows you're here."

Columbus, I tell you, be on your guard.

"Her cheeks are like the snow-drops,
Her neck is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e"—

Hush, there she is, one of our gentle Irish girls, graceful, gracious, and modest.

"Theresa, I was sorry to hear you were unwell."

"It is *a thing of nothing*. Mary makes mountains of molehills. But account for yourself. We might all be dead and buried *unknownst* to you."

"Mary, won't you get something, child?" says the father, meaning some refreshment.

"Of course there's no use in offering him wine. You'll wait and have a cup of tea; we were just going to take it. Here's Nannie, too, your pet. You haven't seen her yet; she's just come home from school. And she has all her prizes to show you."

"Poor Nan! Come over and give me your hand. How you have grown since you were a little witch climbing up my knee! And the auburn locks are there still! Good luck to my pet!"

"You will wait and have a cup of tea, now, won't you?" And Theresa puts on her sweetest smile as she pleads. There's nothing for it, I suppose, Columbus, but to give in.

"Very well. Father and I will go out and have a walk in the fields for a while; the evening looks tempting."

Accordingly, we take our hats; and the last thing we overhear as we pass out the door is one of the girls bidding the other to "hasten and put down the pan for a *shin*-cake." And outside the evening sunlight is casting a glamour of romance on the open fields and the green hills beyond. Oh! that we had peace in our own dear land! "So you went into the land courts, Mr. Kiely. What reduction did you get?" "Yerrah! we were robbed from that schamer of a landlord. My father took a laise at the time that whate and everything was dear; it was a coard around our neck ever since. The rent was double, and more than double, the government valuation. The valuation was £90, and he was dragging £195 out of us. It was that that killed

the poor woman herself (meaning his wife). She meant to make something of thim little girls, and sure 'tis the way she killed herself in the end."

"I hear it said, Mr. Kiely, that within two years there will be no rent paid in Ireland."

"See now, my respected gentleman, I can't for the life of me see how rent could be paid. I was making a calculation with myself the other night, when I could not sleep, and here it is. Will you sit on this sop of hay?—the legs aren't as soople with me as they used—and we will go through it. My! how nate the sun is setting there behind th' ould castle. Glory be to God!" (and he reverently raises his hat).

"It is lovely, indeed, Mr. Kiely; but come to the calculation, if you please."

"Give a man 100 acres of land, houses and out-offices all built, fences made, gates put down (and mind, all that is done in Ireland by the tenant, or by his father before him). Let the land be average good land, not the very primest, we will say, but good upland. He has to stock it. 30 cows, 'wet and dry' (*i.e.*, summer and winter), will want every perch of 75 acres; 30 sheep, 7 acres; 2 horses and a jennet, 8 acres; 5 acres green crops; 5 acres corn. That is the best way he could farm the 100 acres. We want first to see what that farm makes: 30 cows, allowing almost 3 casks of butter to the cow, say, not 90 but 85 casks* in all, at £3 a cask, £255; calves, say 25 at £6 each, £150; 30 sheep, allowing for loss, profit £1.5*s.* each, £37 10*s.* The sum total of receipts from the farm is £352 10*s.* Now for the working of that farm; and in order not to complicate matters, we will suppose that he is a single man, and has to pay for all the labor on the farm: He will require 3 men, at 10*s.* a week each, £78 (fancy a man having to work and to support himself and his family on 10*s.* weekly); 3 women, to find themselves in everything; a first-class dairy-woman he will be wanting if he is going to make first-class butter; it is an awfully low figure, but say £30 for her, and £22 10*s.* each for the two others, £75. Wear and tear and loss—some say £1 10*s.* a cow, some say £2 a cow, represents the wear and tear and loss—say £50; smith and carpenter, shoeing horses, doing ploughs, mending machinery, cart-wheels, carts, gates, doors, £10; cooperage, 85 firkins at 2*s.* each, £8 10*s.*; salt and coloring, etc., £1; tollage in market, 6*d.* each, luck penny to buyers, 6*d.* each, and other trimmings, say £15; fuel, £10; half poor-rate and county cess, £22 10*s.*; interest on £1,000 that is laid out on stock,

* A cask or firkin contains about seventy pounds of butter.

horses, sheep, machinery, carts, dairy utensils, house furniture, at 5 per cent., £50; cost of building out-offices for 30 head of cattle, stabling, suitable house, and all belongings, £1,000 at 3 per cent., £30. The man does not employ a steward; he acts as steward himself; but there is no reason why the landlord should have a right to his labor; acting as steward, £1 a week, £50. That makes a total of £390 10*s.*, as against £352 10*s.* coming in.

The occupier of the land has equal rights with the landlord, and, indeed, perhaps greater in the natural proceeds of the land.* Every penny of the above the tenant has put on the soil to work it; and if he does not pay for labor, if it is worked by himself and his family, are they to be allowed no compensation for their labor? If you go to any sensible farmer, I'll engage, he will tell you there is no exaggeration in thim figures.

"See that little villain of a calf. Sook, you thief, Sook! There, now, out of our 30 cows this year, what have we but 12 calves, and another *angishore* like that one. Still I couldn't bear to see 'em hit that craythureen with a sthraw; *herself* was so fond of him, God be good to her! This world is a world of crosses, God help us!"

I am listening, Columbus. Speak and don't be plucking me that way by the sleeve. "If his figures be correct, how could rent be paid at all? What proves too much proves nothing." "Do you see the way our people slave and toil? Do you see how they deprive themselves in the matter of food, clothes, and rest? If they lived and labored and dressed as their class do in other lands, in England or in your own country, Columbus, and if they charged interest on their own investment, they could pay no rent to the landlord from the *natural* product of the land. They live on the cheapest diet, they labor almost night and day, wet and dry; their dress is not expensive, and they turn everything (as they say themselves) to the best account."

"I tell you, my respected gentleman, it almost makes me mad, when I go through thim calculations. If we kept books, like shop-keepers, the lunatic asylum would be the end of us. And soon America will hunt us out of the beef-market, as it has already done out of the corn and milling line. The tenants have surely a bad look-out, but the landlords have the d—l's own entirely, and h—ll's cure to 'em! But there is Annie coming out for us." We go, Columbus.

* "The land is no longer the exclusive property of the landlord. By the beneficent legislation of Mr. Gladstone's former government, the tenant has now *equal proprietorial rights* in the soil which he cultivates—and if justice were done him, *greater rights*—for is it not by his labor and toil that the land of Ireland has in almost all cases been raised to its present economic value?" (*Freeman's Journal*, January 8, 1890; Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy).

A table-cover, white as snow, is laid on; tea service not expensive but pretty; square little cakes of bread, fresh and steaming; prints and rolls of home-made butter; a ewer of sweet cream; glass dishes of honey and preserves, and a comfortable fire. Who would say against a peasant home? Annie, the youngest, will not sit down at table, but at her eldest sister's desire takes down her violin, screws up the cat-gut, and gives us some of our merry Irish music. I may tell you that Annie selected the fiddle when she saw that Mary could not have a piano after learning it; and I may tell you also that poor Annie is going to be a nun. God bless her!

Oh! but they had the good mother. They will still point out to you the spot in the little flower-garden where she would hide herself and pray. Two rosaries daily, and one of them offered (like Job of old) for her children. Every week of her life she was at the altar-rails, generally at twelve o'clock Mass, and there she'd stay praying in the chapel when all the rest were gone. It would be two o'clock of a Sunday before she would get home to her breakfast. And when they'd remonstrate with her, she'd say: "We're not here for long, and we must only make the most of it." She died on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. The children were all that day going about getting St. Patrick's crosses made; and she was as busy as any of them, and as happy, making them. And mind you, there was a man living near that the neighbors did not like, and they used not to make free with him. He had his little niece living with him. "There will be no one to make a cross for poor little Joanna!" she said. And didn't she make it herself, and steal up through the orchard, and call little Joanna over the wall and give it to her; and when she came back she said: "I am glad now; Joanna won't be without a Patrick's cross. The poor child won't be crying." They were at their tea in the evening. She was *for the rails* next morning, and she wouldn't take anything, only a cup of tea. The clock struck six, and she said: "Let us kneel down and say the Angelus." About an hour afterwards she complained of an inward pain. She asked for some Lourdes water that was there, but it gave her no relief. She asked for it a second time, and they thought to get her to take burnt whiskey; they pretended it was the Lourdes water; but the moment she tasted it she refused it. She suddenly grew very bad, and called for the priest. A messenger was hurried to put the saddle on the horse and go for priest and doctor, but it was too late!

She raised herself on the bed by an effort, and tried to put

up her hand to make the sign of the cross, but was unable. They lifted her hand, and she blessed herself. She motioned to be laid back; her head rested on the pillow, her lips murmured the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and all was over!

God bless our Irish mothers! We have, thank God! thousands and thousands of such angelic women beautifying and blessing the Peasant Homes of our Land! R. O'K.

NIL NISI TE, DOMINE.

THE hastening flight of summer wings,
The haunting sense of passing things,
The emptiness the future brings
Echo a dull refrain

Within the time-imprisoned soul,
That hears the clanging seasons roll
Their changes round the shifting pole
In monotones of pain.

What trust within the restless years,
Their broken hopes and pulsing fears—
A desert watered by our tears,
And cockle for the grain!

One Hope shines out from Galilee,
The Life that walked the raging sea,
And blossomed on the bitter tree
That looked o'er Kedron's plain.

One faith amidst the fleeting sense,
One stay unto our impotence,
One steadfast buckler of defence
Against a world's disdain.

One Love to flame our weak desire,
And like Isaias' coal of fire,
Chasten the heart that dare aspire
To that eternal fane.

One Hope, one Faith, one Love, O Lord,
To lead us with a triple chord—
Three rays from thy eternal Word
To make the dark way plain.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC LAWS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

II.

RETURNING to the pioneers, it is certain that the anti-Catholic sentiments of the New Hampshire colonists were heightened by their sufferings during the French and Indian wars, when the settlements along the Piscataqua were repeatedly ravaged, especially Dover and the Oyster River settlement (now Durham), and the inhabitants in scores massacred or carried into captivity. These attacks were supposed to be encouraged by the Catholic missionaries of Maine. The Earl of Bellomont, in his address to the General Assembly of New Hampshire, August 7, 1699, speaks of the eastern Indians as "cruel and perfidious by nature, but taught and encouraged to be more so by the Jesuits and other Popish missionaries from France, who were not more industrious during the war to kill your people treacherously than they have since the peace to debauch these Indians from their former subjection to the crown of England" (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, iii. 66). Many historians, even of our day, have made similar assertions. The Rev. Mr. Baird, in his *Huguenot Emigration to America*, speaks of the "savage raids from Canada being instigated, and sometimes *conducted*, by Jesuit missionaries." The absurdity of this need not be demonstrated to Catholics. Whatever sympathy these missionaries might have had for their flock, and it was undoubtedly great; however loyal they might naturally be to the French government, which claimed a prior right to the greater part of Maine, it is certain they never countenanced the cruelties of the Indians. The latter had endured too many wrongs from the English settlers not to avail themselves of every opportunity of vengeance. They needed no stimulating. It was the base perfidy of Major Richard Waldron, of Dover, in 1676, when he invited the Indians to a sham fight and then treacherously seized several hundred of them and sent them to Boston, where some of them were hung and others sold as slaves in Barbadoes and elsewhere, that crowned all other wrongs and made them swear implacable revenge. It was this that led to the horrors at Dover and Oyster River in 1689 and 1694, in

the former of which Major Waldron himself expiated his misdeeds in so terrible a manner.

When war broke out again in 1703, called Queen Anne's War, Lieutenant-Governor Partridge, of New Hampshire, proclaimed a general fast September 23, not only "that success might, under the good conduct of Heaven, attend the forces sent against the bloody and murderous salvages, and just revenge be taken of the perfidious enemy for the innocent blood by them shed," but "that the Protestants in Europe might be preserved and prevail," etc.* And April 29, 1704, all Frenchmen were ordered to be registered, and all French Roman Catholics to be forthwith made prisoners of war.† The few Huguenot settlers, however, could not be suspected of sympathy with the Canadian schemes, and seem never to have been molested. Among these were the Janvrin, Chevalier (now Knight), and Jaques families, which have been perpetuated to this day. It was a Lieutenant Jaques who killed the saintly Father Rale at Norridgewock in 1724. If he belonged to the last-named family, as seems not impossible, he was perhaps actuated by the venom of a Huguenot, rather than zeal in the English cause.

In this connection it might be mentioned that it was a native of New Hampshire who had command of the expedition to Norridgewock in 1722 for the purpose of capturing Father Rale. This was Colonel Thomas Westbrook, a member of the New Hampshire Council under Governor Vaughan, and one of the wealthiest men of Portsmouth, but who ended his days in Maine, where he had accepted a government office. Failing in the chief object of his raid on Norridgewock, he pillaged Father Rale's house and church, and carried away his "strong box," containing, among other things, a dictionary of the Abenaki language, begun by the missionary as early as 1691, now preserved in the library of Harvard College; and also his handbook of theology, the *Medulla Theologiæ Moralis*, composed by Father Busenbaum, the celebrated German Jesuit, now in the public library of Portland, Me. The papers in the box were sent to the civil authorities in Boston, but the box itself, of curious workmanship, was kept by Colonel Westbrook. His only child Elizabeth married Richard Waldron, grandson of Major Waldron, of Dover, and the box till a recent period was preserved by her descendants, the Waldrons of Portsmouth. Her great-grandson, the late Rev. Edmund Q. S. Waldron, of Pikes-

* *N. H. Provincial Papers*, vol. ii. 405. † *Ibid.*, vol. ii. 429, 430.

ville, Md.,* a convert to the Catholic Church and a zealous priest, gave it to the Maine Historical Society in Portland, where it is now carefully treasured. The same society is also in possession of Father Rale's church bell, discovered in 1808, which once summoned the Indians to their daily prayers, as related by the father in one of his letters to France (*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, vol. vi.)

The religious sentiments which animated the expeditions against the French in those days is evident from many official documents Governor Dudley, in his address to the General Assembly of New Hampshire April 7, 1707, speaks of the expedition to Nova Scotia and Acadie, to make, he says, "what spoil we can upon our ill neighbors the French, there inhabiting." And that same day he ordered a solemn fast on Wednesday, April 16, to obtain among other blessings "that the present wars may happily issue in the advancement of the Protestant religion and the glorious kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." † Among other fast days he proclaimed one, June 7, 1710, to pray "that our prisoners in the hands of the enemy may not be poysoned with the Romish religion, . . . that the true Protestant religion may be propagated throughout the whole earth," etc. ‡

This anti-Catholic feeling is still more evident in the expedition to Louisbourg in 1745. Whitefield, the noted English "revivalist," was at that time in New England, and did all he could to fan the flame. § He furnished the motto for Sir William Pepperell's flag: *Nil desperandum Christo duce*—Nothing should be despaired of with Christ for a leader—thus giving the expedition the appearance of a crusade, as Belknap, the New Hampshire historian, confesses. One would think it was the Spanish setting forth against the Moors to crush the false Mahound.

The Rev. Nicholas Gilman, the minister of Durham at that time, ‖ being at Kittery Point, heard Whitefield in one of his

* Father Waldron's line of descent from father to son, for six generations, is as follows:

I. *Major Richard Waldron*, of Dover, killed by the Indians in 1689.

II. *Colonel Richard Waldron*, councillor and chief-justice.

III. *Richard Waldron* (who married Elizabeth Westbrook), long secretary of the Province of New Hampshire, a councillor, judge of probate, and a great friend of Governor Belcher's.

IV. *Colonel Thomas Westbrook Waldron*, an officer in the expedition to Louisbourg in 1745.

V. *Daniel Waldron.*

VI. *Rev. Edmund Quincey Sheafe Waldron.*

† *N. H. Prov. Papers*, iii. 339, 340. ‡ *Ibid.*, ii. 607.

§ Whitefield preached in Portsmouth February 25, 1745. Pepperell lived at Kittery Point, Me., a few miles from Portsmouth. The forces raised in New Hampshire against Louisbourg sailed from the Piscataqua March 23. Louisbourg surrendered June 17.

‖ The Rev. Mr. Gilman was the uncle of John Taylor Gilman, of Exeter, governor of New Hampshire in 1794 and 1795.

prayers compliment Pepperell as having undertaken this expedition, not from secular motives, but because he had been "moved of the Lord." Mr. Gilman afterwards wrote a letter of reproval to Whitefield, telling him he was possibly mistaken in attributing Pepperell's course to supernatural influences. And he warned Pepperell himself as to the importance of not omitting God from his scheme.

Old Parson Moody of York, Me.,* was the chaplain of Pepperell's own regiment. He is said to have beat up recruits for it with a drum, on the head of which he inscribed his own name as the first in the list, and to have shouldered an axe, vowing to destroy therewith all the images in the Jesuits' church at Louisbourg, and afterwards to preach therein; which vow he is said to have fulfilled to the letter.

And Deacon John Gray, of Biddeford, wrote General Pepperell: "Oh! that I could be with you and dear Parson Moody in that church to destroy the images there set up, and hear the true Gospel of our Lord and Saviour there preached."

Among the spoils brought home from Louisbourg was an iron cross, *fleur de lisée*, still preserved in Cambridge, Mass. It was greatly injured some years ago in a fire, but has since been gilded and now hangs over the entrance of the library at Harvard College. And a church bell of six hundred pounds weight was brought to Portsmouth, N. H., and presented by the officers of the expedition to Queen's Chapel, where it was put up March 30, 1746.

To this same chapel was given, a few years later, a baptismal font of African porphyritic marble, brought from another French Catholic church in Senegal in 1758, by Colonel John Tufton Mason, a descendant of John Mason, the early grantee of New Hampshire. This font was presented to Queen's Chapel in 1761 by Colonel Mason's daughters, and may now be seen in St John's Episcopal Church in Portsmouth. On its brass cover is graven the inscription, "*Ex Gallicis manubiis apud Senegalliam.*"

Governor Benning Wentworth, who was of old New Hampshire stock and understood the people, appealed more than once to their religious prejudices in order to stimulate them to action during the French and Indian war. In his message of December 11, 1754, he expresses great concern that so many captives taken

* He was called "Old" Parson Moody to distinguish him from his son, Parson Joseph Moody, popularly known as "Handkerchief Moody" from the covering he wore over his face when in the pulpit, that is said to have suggested to Hawthorne his story of *The Minister's Black Veil*.

the previous summer should remain in the hands of the French, where, to use his words, "the young people are exposed to the craft of the Romish clergy, and are in great danger of being corrupted with the pernicious principles of the Church of Rome, principles destructive of all societies but their own, and to be abhorred by every true Protestant," and he declares himself ready to do anything in their behalf, not merely to release them from captivity, but to "rescue them from the hands of the Romish clergy, who are more assiduous in proselyting them to their religion than any but those who have had the opportunity of seeing it can conceive." *

In his message of March 12, 1755, in view of the preparations to resist the encroachments of the French, he says: "The expense will be great, but neither that, nor any other consideration, can be put in the balance against impending tyranny, the loss of our civil and religious privileges, setting up Superstition and Idolitry (*sic*) in the room of the pure worship of the one living and true God. . . . Therefore let it not hereafter be told in Gath, or ever published in the streets of Askelon, that so many populous colonies of Protestants should tamely submit to entail irretrievable misery and bondage on the generations yet to be born (a burden which our forefathers could not bear) without making our strongest efforts to repel the threatening danger." †

And in his message of August 15, 1757, after the surrender of Fort William Henry, he urges the raising of fresh troops, and the use of every expedient to overcome the French, for, he says, "nothing can be laid in the balance against our happy Constitution in Church and State, nothing will avail us Protestants when we become the abject slaves of Popery and Tyranny. These are the calamities which we dread, but must inevitably be our lot unless we exert ourselves and use our utmost efforts to make a stand against this powerful enemy now entering into the bowells (*sic*) of our country." ‡

But when peace was finally declared, Governor Wentworth discontinued his no-popery addresses, and spoke in the most deferential manner of "his Most Christian Majesty of France," and even of "his Most Catholic Majesty" of Spain.

It was at this period that, by way of avenging the massacre at Fort William Henry, Captain Rogers' noted company of Rangers made a raid upon the Indians of St. Francis (1759), and destroyed their chief village, taking care, however, to pillage the

* *N. H. Prov. Papers*, vol. vi. 327. † *Ibid.*, vol. vi. 357. ‡ *Ib.*, vol. vi. 602-3.

church before they set fire to it. Among the valuables is said to have been a silver Madonna of thirty pounds weight, which was carried off by a soldier, who, probably finding it an impediment in the disastrous march homeward, buried it for safety in the valley of the upper Connecticut. He doubtless died on the way—perhaps of starvation, like so many of his comrades—for he never returned for the silver Madonna, and it is said to lie still buried in some unknown spot in the Coös Meadows above Lancaster, N. H., perhaps to be brought to light years hence, like the celebrated Virgin of Montserrat in Spain, which lay buried for centuries after it was concealed from the Moors.

Among the ministers who came to Governor Wentworth's assistance during this war was Parson McClintock, of Greenland, N. H., of "Scotch-Irish" origin, who rivalled Parson Moody in his zeal in using the secular arm. He not only aided in recruiting soldiers, but volunteered as chaplain, and took part in the expedition to Montreal in 1660. He lived to be the chaplain of the New Hampshire troops in 1775, and was at the battle of Bunker Hill. Trumbull, in his painting of that battle, depicts the parson in the midst, wearing his bands, and, if the writer mistakes not, ramming the shot into his musket with the force peculiar to his nature.*

Among the old anti-Catholic demonstrations in New Hampshire was the celebration of Guy Fawkes' day, at least in Portsmouth and Exeter. Strange to say, this custom has been perpetuated to our day in the former town, where it is called "Pope's Night," the celebration being always in the evening.† In the Portsmouth *Journal* of October 31, 1885, is an absurd

* The writer cannot forbear mentioning another extraordinary minister of that day, though not of New Hampshire. This was Parson Smith, of Falmouth, Me., who took a singular means of increasing his revenues. He was a member of a kind of joint-stock company, formed to defray the expenses of private scouting parties in order to obtain Indian scalps, for which the government then offered sixty and a hundred pounds, according to circumstances. The stockholders had their share of this blood-money, and Parson Smith's dividend on one occasion may be seen from the following entry in his journal, June 18, 1757: "I received 165 pounds–3–3, of Cox, of my part of *scalp money*." It is not surprising that the parson became a wealthy man (Goold's *Portland in the Past*, page 191).

One certainly need not be afraid of comparing any Catholic missionary of early times with such ministers as these above mentioned.

† The celebration of "Pope's Night" in Boston is mentioned by Captain Francis Goelet, a New York merchant of last century, who, being in Boston in 1750, made the following entry in his journal: "After dinner went with some of the Com'y to ye North end of the Towne . . . where we saw the Devil and the Pope, etc., carried abt by the mob represented in Effegy very drole. . . . This was called observing Popes Night."

The celebration at the north end generally ended on Copp's Hill, where the effigies were consumed in a bonfire, surrounded by a tumultuous crowd. Washington discountenanced this observance.

appeal to the citizens of that town for the better observance of this anniversary. The writer expresses regret that so time-honored a custom should have found such scanty observance among thoughtful people the previous year, and declares "it would be a real loss if so wholesome and venerable a practice as the keeping of Pope's Night should prove to be in its decadence."

After such encouragement, it is not surprising to hear that the evening of November 5, 1889, was duly honored by a saturnalia among the Portsmouth roughs, though it does not appear there were any special anti-Catholic demonstrations.

We now approach the Revolutionary period. The last royal governor of New Hampshire was John Wentworth, who was ordered in his commission from George III., August 11, 1766, to take the oaths appointed the first year of the reign of George I. (1714) "for the further security of his Majesty's person and government, and the succession of the crown in the heirs of the late Princess Sophia, being Protestants, and for extinguishing the hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales and his open and secret abettors"; likewise the oath of abjuration of the sixth year of George I. (1733) and his amended oaths of the seventh year of Queen Anne; and to make and subscribe the declaration of the twenty-fifth year of Charles II., entitled "An Act for preventing dangers from Popish recusants."

The members of the Council and General Assembly, and all office-holders, were to take these oaths, and the governor was empowered to have them administered from time to time to all persons who came to reside in the province. That they were administered down to the very moment of the Revolution is proved by two original documents in the writer's possession. One is a commission from George III., signed by Governor Wentworth, February 11, 1773, authorizing Ebenezer Thompson and four others, among whom is John Sullivan (afterwards general in the Revolutionary army), to administer to all officers of government, both civil and military, the oaths appointed by parliament, and "cause them to subscribe the *test* therein contained, together with the oath of abjuration."

The other is a commission of April 13, 1775, also signed by Governor Wentworth, appointing Henry Rust and Joseph Sias special justices of the Court of Common Pleas, then sitting at Durham. To this commission is appended the following attestation of April 15, 1775:—"Then Henry Rust and Joseph Sias, within named, took the Oaths of Allegiance appointed by

Act of Parliament, as *also the declaration against Popery*, and took the oath of office before

JOHN WENTWORTH, * } *Commissioners.*"
EBENEZER THOMPSON, † }

This was only two days before the battle of Lexington.

The name of General John Sullivan has just been mentioned. He became prominent at the Revolutionary period, at which time he was a resident of Durham. He was one of the most able generals in the Continental army, and was the personal friend of Washington. He afterwards proved to be an efficient statesman, and was finally chosen chief magistrate of the State of New Hampshire. General Sullivan was as much of an Irishman as though he had been born in Cork, and should have been a Catholic, as he sprang from the O'Sullivans of Ireland—a race noted for patriotism and fidelity to the Catholic religion. His father, also named John, one of the earliest Catholic emigrants to New Hampshire, was a native of County Kerry, and is said to have been educated on the Continent with a view to the priesthood. Abandoning this idea, he came to America, and as early as 1737 was married and living in that part of Dover, N. H., which is now Somersworth, near the dividing line from Berwick, Me. Here he taught school for years, and acquired a small tract of land, but at first eked out a livelihood in other ways, it appears.

According to the records of the Somersworth parish, it was voted Dec. 15, 1737, "that John Sullivan be the schoolmaster for the ensuing year," and also that he "sweep and take care of the meeting-house, and have thirty shillings for so doing." What a fall from the priesthood, O Melchisedech! This office of sexton seems hardly consistent with the tradition that he never attended the religious services in his neighborhood, whence it has been supposed he remained faithful to the church. Whether he subscribed the religious test, or evaded it, does not appear. His wife Margery Brown, a native of Cork, was probably a Protestant, as she came to this country in her girlhood. At any rate all their children grew up Protestants—inevitable, perhaps, in a country where there was no altar or priest. Three of

* This was not Governor Wentworth, but his kinsman, John Wentworth of Dover.

† Ebenezer Thompson, the great-grandfather of the present writer, was then a member of the General Assembly. At the Revolutionary period he was, for several years, a member of the Council and of the Committee of Safety. He was the first to hold the office of secretary of State in New Hamphire, which he retained for eleven years. He twice declined a seat in Congress, and for many years was judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and, for a time, of the Superior Court.

their sons became governors, and all were prominent men. General Sullivan, the most eminent, was born in Somersworth in 1740. He studied law in Portsmouth, and established himself in Durham. So violent was the prejudice here at that time against the Irish that a mob is said to have gathered around his house threatening to destroy it unless he would consent to leave the town. But Sullivan was not a man to be driven. He addressed the mob from a chamber window, and by dint of native eloquence and tact sent the crowd away in a good humor. He never left Durham except in the service of his country, and here he lies buried on a height overlooking the pleasant valley of Oyster River as it approaches the Piscataqua.

At the close of the Revolutionary War General Sullivan lent his aid in preparing a form of government in New Hampshire, and showed himself opposed to the religious disqualifications for office still adhered to. Although the Declaration of Independence declared all men to be created free and equal, Protestants alone could hold office in the State, as before. An effort, however, was made to abolish the religious test as early as 1781, when a revision of the temporary constitution of the State was under consideration. A committee was ordered to be chosen in each town to draw up the amendments thought necessary, and the people were required to vote thereon. The report of the Durham committee, dated December 10, 1781, is worthy of notice not only for its purport, but because it must have been written by General Sullivan or Ebenezer Thompson, both of whose signatures are affixed thereto. We quote the following portion:

"By the sixth article of the Bill of Rights the legislature is authorized to 'empower the several towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies to make adequate provision at their own expense for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality.' This clause by implication excludes the legislature from authorizing those of any other denomination to make provision, even at their own expense, for the support of public teachers of piety, religion, and morality.

"It is somewhat singular that a Bill of Rights should declare that every individual has a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and at the same time exclude every denomination of Christians except Protestants from being supported and protected by law, and even from holding any office in the State. This is not only evidently contradictory to the principles which it seems in other parts to hold up, but will have a tendency to prevent foreigners of every other religious persuasion from settling within the State."

The committee therefore recommends "that in the sixth article of the Bill of Rights the words *public teachers of the Christian religion* be substituted in lieu of the words 'public Protestant

teachers of piety, religion, and morality,' and that in all other places where the words 'Protestant religion' are used as a qualification for office, the words *Christian religion* be substituted in lieu thereof."*

All the votes in Durham were in favor of the above amendments, but this was not the case throughout the State, and the religious test became a part of the new constitution which took effect in 1784.

An effort was again made to abolish this test when the constitution of New Hampshire was revised in 1792, but without success, though many of the leading men in the State were in favor of it.

New Hampshire has so often been accused of bigotry on account of its test laws that, for the credit of the State, the names of some of the statesmen of 1792 who so far rose above the prejudices of that day as to vote for their abolition deserve to be mentioned. Besides General Sullivan and Judge Thompson, already spoken of, were the following: *William Plumer*, of Epping, afterwards governor of New Hampshire. *Jeremiah Smith*, of Exeter, judge of the Superior Court and governor in 1801. *Daniel Humphreys*, of Portsmouth, U. S. district attorney. *Dr. Nathaniel Peabody*, of Atkinson, member of Congress in 1779–80. *Dr. John Rogers*, of Plymouth, who, as well as Dr. Peabody, claimed descent from John Rogers, who was burned at the stake at Smithfield in Queen Mary's time. *Joseph Blanchard*, of Chester, senator and councillor in 1800 and 1801. *Colonel Nathan Hoit*, of Moultonborough, a brave officer of the Revolution. *Colonel David Copp*, of Wakefield, who commanded a company for the defence of the Piscataqua harbor in 1775. *Colonel David Page*, of New Ipswich, a statesman and a man of inventive genius. *Rev. William Hooper*, a Baptist minister of Madbury. *Dr. Samuel Tenney*, a surgeon of the army all through the Revolutionary War, and afterwards judge of probate. *Abiel Foster*, of Canterbury, a graduate of Harvard, a Congregational minister, a magistrate, and a member of Congress for twenty years. *Major Caleb Stark*, of Dunbarton, oldest son of General John Stark, of Revolutionary celebrity. *Daniel Beede*, of Sandwich, judge of the Court of Common Pleas. And many others of like prominence in the State.

Notwithstanding the influence of so many prominent men, it was again decreed in the revised constitution of 1792 that no one could be elected to the office of governor, or as State sen-

* Town Records of Durham.

ator, or even as a member of the House of Representatives, "unless he be of the Protestant religion." And the sixth article in the Bill of Rights remained unchanged.

The religious qualification for office remained in force for nearly a hundred years longer, and the sixth article in the Bill of Rights has never been amended. This was hardly a grievance in 1792, for there were no Catholics then in New Hampshire, unless a few laborers who had ventured in. The tendency of the law, however, was to prevent emigrants from settling here, and thereby to injure the prosperity of the State. The cotton factories of Dover, begun about 1812, but not in full operation before 1816, and of no great extent till after 1821, drew thither a small colony of Irish, who acquired means enough to build a small wooden church in 1830.* But they were more desirous of obtaining work than of holding office, and gave but little thought to the religious test. By the middle of the century the railways and new industries of all kinds throughout the State had greatly increased the number of Catholics, especially in Manchester, Dover, Great Falls, and other manufacturing towns. Another attempt was made in 1851 to abolish the religious disqualifications, but failed in spite of the efforts of General Franklin Pierce; and subsequently the influence of the "Know-Nothing" party strengthened for a time the feeling against their repeal. But twenty-five years later there was a second generation of Catholics, if not a third, who were Americans by birth and chafed under the restrictions, particularly those of any education and ability. The obnoxious laws, to be sure, were in a measure a dead letter, and several Catholics had already occupied a seat in the legislature, but their very existence was considered a stigma. It was universally felt that the time had come when the religious test must be abolished, in spite of more or less opposition throughout the State. It was therefore decided in the constitutional convention of 1876 to submit the question again to the popular vote the following March, when the test of office was repealed by a vote of 28,477 against 14,231. This amendment, with some others, was confirmed by Governor Cheney April 17, 1877. Catholics were now legally eligible to office, and could feel that they were freemen indeed. Of the 307 members of the legislature in 1887-8 nineteen were Catholics, and in the legislature of 1889-90 there are twenty-four.

* A church had been erected in Claremont seven years previous for the small number of Catholic settlers in that town. This was the first Catholic church in the State, and was chiefly built through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Barber, a convert from the Episcopal Church, who was aided by contributions from Canada.

A prominent Irishman in New Hampshire not long since asserted in a public journal that the test laws of this State were owing, "not so much to the Protestants of English origin as to those from the North of Ireland"—the so-called "Scotch-Irish," who, from 1718 onward, settled in Londonderry, N. H., and other townships.* Strong as the latter undoubtedly were in their prejudices against Catholics, enough has been said in this article to show that these laws were the legitimate outcome of the old provincial laws and of the principles of the early English colonists.

The last vestige of the old penal laws of England in the constitution of New Hampshire yet remains to be effaced. In the Constitutional Convention held in Concord, N. H., January, 1889, under the presidency of ex-Governor Bell—himself of Scotch-Irish origin—for the purpose of again revising the constitution, it was resolved to once more submit to the popular vote whether Article Six of the Bill of Rights should be amended, and made non-sectarian. This article is as follows in the Constitution of 1792:

"As morality and piety, grounded on evangelical principles, will give the best and greatest security to government, and will lay in the hearts of men the strongest obligations to due subjection; and as the knowledge of these is most likely to be propagated through a society by the institution of the public worship of the Deity and of public instruction in morality and religion; therefore, to promote those important purposes the people of this State have a right to empower, and do hereby fully empower, the legislature to authorize from time to time the several towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies within this State to make adequate provision at their own expense for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality.

"Provided notwithstanding, That the several towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies shall at all times have the exclusive right of electing their own public teachers, and of contracting with them for their support and maintenance. And no person of any one particular religious sect or denomination shall ever be compelled to pay towards the support of the teacher or teachers of another persuasion, sect, or denomination.

"And every denomination of Christians, demeaning themselves quietly, and as good subjects of the State, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law."

* The name of "Scotch-Irish" was given to these settlers at a later period. They invariably called themselves Scotch, and protested against being considered Irish, claiming that their fathers were Scotch people who had settled in the North of Ireland, but had never intermarried with its inhabitants. The Rev. James McGregore, who came over with the first colony of them in 1718, and was their leader in civil and religious affairs for many years at Nutfield (Londonderry), in an address to Governor Shute, February 27, 1719–20, expresses his surprise that they were termed "Irish people" (*N. H. Prov. Papers*, iii. 770). In spite of this, an attempt has lately been made to enrol the names of many of their descendants, such as General Stark, the McClarys, etc., etc., among the Irish soldiers of the Revolution. This is a great error. Besides, the military glory of the Irish in our country, as well as in Europe, is too well established for them to need claim a race that has always protested against being confounded with them. *A tout seigneur tout honneur.*

The question of amending this article by striking out the word "Protestant" and some other words, to make it non-sectarian, was submitted to the people March 12, 1889. The entire vote in favor of it was 27,737 against 20,048, but as this majority lacked several thousand of the necessary two-thirds vote the amendment was not made. This was probably owing to the recent agitation of the school question in New England, and to the proposal to strike out the word "Christian" as well as "Protestant"—perhaps in favor of the few Israelites in the State.

New Hampshire still continues, therefore, to recognize, as it were, a state religion.

MARY P. THOMPSON.

Durham, N. H.

BEGINNINGS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.*

I.

FOR more than half a century Dr. Henry Barnard has been active in sowing broadcast the seeds of educational wisdom. "Declining numerous calls," says a friend and admirer, "to high and lucrative posts of local importance and influence, he has accepted the whole country as the theatre of his operations, without regard to State lines, and by the extent, variety, and comprehensiveness of his efforts, he has earned the title of the American Educator." † He went abroad and studied the educational systems and the educational methods of the various countries of Europe, and returned laden with the experiences of the older civilization. He explained to his countrymen what was being done for all grades of education in France and Germany, in Italy and Austria and Switzerland, and England and Ireland; he brought home valuable documents giving facts and figures and suggesting improvements in methods. Nor did he confine his observations to state institutions. He also sat on the benches of the schools conducted by the Jesuits and the Christian Brothers, and found much to admire in their educational methods, and without prejudice revealed the secrets of their great success. He went back to the educational traditions of the early Christian schools, and feared not to speak the truth, so far as he knew it, concerning the efforts of the Catholic Church

* *Normal Schools, and other Institutions, Agencies, and Means designed for the Professional Education of Teachers.* By Henry Barnard. Hartford.

† John W. Stedman in the *Massachusetts Teacher*, January, 1858.

to preserve learning and maintain schools during the ages of violence through which she was striving to civilize the barbarians who overran Europe. Pamphlet after pamphlet and volume after volume has he issued, embodying the past and the present of educational reformers and educational schemes, for the study and reflection of American teachers. This was a noble work, and nobly and well, according to his lights, did Dr. Henry Barnard perform it. All educators, knowing the man and his work, knowing the devotedness and the singleness of purpose with which he labored during the past fifty years, will agree that he is worthy of any recognition, no matter how emphatic.

The present volume on Normal Schools occupies 659 closely printed pages. It makes a survey of the workings of teachers' seminaries in Europe and the United States, and gives a rapid historical sketch of their establishment in various countries. We in America borrowed our conception of the normal school from Germany, but the idea was conceived long before Germany had begun to make it a reality. As Dr. Barnard has not traced the origin and growth of the professional school for teachers, it may be of interest to do so and afterwards dwell upon the scope and function of such an institution.

II.

To every thoughtful teacher, in every age and clime, there must have frequently occurred the all-important question, "How can I best convey instruction to my pupils?" And every successful teacher, after much experimenting and overcoming many difficulties, has managed to hit upon the method best suited to his talent and temperament on the one hand, and on the other to the capacities of the children under his charge. With religious orders, from the days of St. Benedict to the present time, teaching has held an important place, and educational traditions embodying the combined experiences of several successful members were handed down from generation to generation, and acted upon and developed to a certain extent. A century after the time of St. Benedict we find the Benedictine Common Rule insisting that the master who instructs the young religious shall be skilful.* Alcuin did much in his day to simplify instruction; on one occasion we come upon him giving the Archbishop of York a leaf out of his experience as regards the best method of dividing and grading the classes of a school. Later on, educa-

* Cap. i. See Mabillon, *Études Monastiques*, Paris, 1691, p. 47.

tional traditions are carefully cherished by the Brothers of the Common Life. Both John Sturm and the Jesuits learned from them many points in their systems of instruction. It is amusing to hear Sturm, forgetting the common source, speak of the method of the Jesuits as "a method so nearly like ours that it appears as if they had copied from us." * Now, while we would not detract one iota from the merits of Sturm as an organizer and educator, we must confess that we look upon the Jesuits as the legitimate depositaries of the traditions in which Thomas à Kempis was educated, for they were preservers of the faith that inspired *The Imitation*, while Sturm was organizing an adverse force to destroy that faith. Before the close of the sixteenth century the Blessed Peter Fourier of Mattaincourt, who possessed advanced ideas upon every subject to which he gave thought, prepared an admirable school manual for the Congregation of Notre Dame, which sisterhood he had organized. Alain, speaking of primary education in France during the two centuries preceding the Revolution, says: "In reality, the first normal schools were the novitiates of the teaching orders established during the last two centuries." † But these methods and traditions did not become public property; they were confined exclusively to the members of the religious orders possessing them. Lay teachers had no share in them beyond the glimpses they got when receiving instruction as children. Lord Bacon saw the necessity of proper methods of teaching in his day, and wrote: "The art of well delivering the knowledge we possess is among the secrets left to be discovered by future generations."

When we undertake to seek in our educational literature the origin of the normal school we are met with vagueness and absence of documents. We turn to Buisson's *Dictionnaire de l'Éducation*. This is on the whole a valuable work. Many of the articles are solid and trustworthy. Many also are mere rubbish. M. Buisson and some of his co-laborers have their intellectual vision limited by the Revolution; and so we are told in all seriousness that, in France, "this generous thought is due to the National Convention. . . . The history of normal schools dates from the year iii." (1795). ‡ The school established by the Convention was most abnormal. The ablest men in France were installed as professors—that is, such as had escaped the guillotine. But these men had not the least conception of their duties. Laplace and Lagrange gave a few lessons in elementary mathe-

* Barnard, *Education in Germany*, p. 233.

† *L'Instruction Primaire en France avant la Révolution*, p. 129.

‡ T. ii. p. 2,058.

matics, and then started off explaining to a bewildered class their most recent mathematical discoveries. The Abbé Sicard was named professor of grammar; but he was content to interest his class in the methods by which he taught his deaf-mutes. Laharpe made literature the cloak with which to cover his political disquisitions against the Jacobins. And so on with the others. The young men learned anything and everything except methods of teaching. The courses have been published, and they are a standing monument to the inefficiency of the work done. Within a few months the school was closed. The Convention, judging from the failure, could not appreciate the value of such an institution, and voted against the establishment of normal schools in each district as chimerical. Fifty years before this vote was taken Hecker had demonstrated the success of normal schools in Stettin and in Berlin. But the first conception of the normal school of which we have any record dates one hundred and fifty years back of the foundation of Hecker's institution.

III.

This conception originated with Richard Mulcaster. Mulcaster was for twenty years head-master of the Merchant Taylors' School, an experienced teacher, and a severe disciplinarian, to whom Fuller bears this testimony: "It may be truly said (and safely from one out of his school) that others have taught as much learning with fewer lashes." * He was favorably looked upon by Queen Elizabeth—his boys played twice before her—and was good-naturedly bantered by Shakspere.† Edmund Spenser was under him, and imbibed some of his enthusiasm for English literature. Now, in 1581, Mulcaster published a valuable work on education, known as *Positions*, ‡ in which, through much clumsiness of diction and no small share of pedantry, abound many wise suggestions. Among others does he suggest in his own awkward manner, and with apology as though he were too bold in his views, that a way might be found for the establishment of a seminary for excellent masters, either without or within the universities. He throws the hint out with the hope that the more it is thought of

* *Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 431.

† "I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain; too too vain." —*Love's Labor's Lost*, act v. sc. 1.

‡ The full title is: *Positions wherein those primitive circumstances be examined, which are necessary for the training up of children, either for skill in their booke, or health in their bodie.* 1581. A fac-simile edition of this volume was reproduced by Mr. R. H. Quick in 1887. It is from this edition we quote.

the better it will be liked.* The suggestion was beyond the reach of the educators of his day and generation. All the more credit be his for having conceived and expressed it.

The next allusion made to such an institution occurs in the annals of the University of Paris. At the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. there was found to be a great lack of competent professors for the large number of colleges then existing in Paris. And so we are told that in October of the year 1645 the rector, Doumoustier, "occupied with the best means of encouraging vocations for professorships, proposed to raise at the expense of the university a certain number of poor and promising children, who might afterwards become regents or professors." † But the suggestion remained fruitless. Doumoustier's was a voice crying in the wilderness. Forty-odd years later another voice is raised, this time in the shape of a petition to Louis XIV., coming from M. de Chennevières, who styles himself "a priest serving the poor—*prestre servant les pauvres.*" In a rather prolix style this zealous priest advocates the establishment of what he calls seminaries for schoolmasters and schoolmistresses in every diocese of France, for the good of religion and the benefit of the state. ‡ The memorial bears no date, but there is internal evidence that it was written after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It remained unheeded.

But when this good priest was inditing his memorial the experiment had already been made. Shortly after Blessed de la Salle had organized the Brotherhood of the Christian Schools, the fame of the schools taught by them in Rheims spread far and wide. Their wonderful method of teaching was the subject of loud encomiums. Several of the clergy in the towns and hamlets applied for a single brother to take charge of their schools. This could not be, as the founder had established the rule that not less than two brothers teach in any school. Ac-

* We here give this remarkable passage in all its quaintness of expression: "There were a way in the nature of a seminary for excellent masters in my conceit, if reward were abroad, and such an order might be had within the university: which I must touch with licence and for touching crave pardon, if it be not well thought of, as I know it will seem strange at the first, because of some difficulty in performing the devise. And yet there had never been any alteration to the better, if the name of alteration had been the object to repulse. This my note but by the way, though it presently perhaps do make some men muse, yet hereafter, upon better consideration, it may prove very familiar to some good fantasies, and be exceeding well liked of, both by my masters of the universities themselves and by their masters abroad. Whereby not only schoolmasters, but all other professors also shall be made excellently able to perform that in the commonweal which she looketh for at their hands when they come from the University.' —*Positions*, pp. 236, 237.

† Jourdain, *Histoire de l'Université de Paris*, p. 157. Quintane records the original Archiv. M. Reg. xvii., fol. 361. This MS. is now to be found in the Library of the Arsenal, Paris.

‡ Alain, loc. cit., p. 128.

cordingly, he offered to open, under the title of a seminary for schoolmasters, an institution in which young men would be trained in the principles and practices of the new method of teaching. The school was opened in 1684. The clergy sent thither intelligent and virtuous young men, and Blessed de la Salle soon reckoned twenty-five under his direction.* This was the first normal school ever established.

About the same time the Duc de Mazarin, nephew of the great cardinal, having consulted Blessed de la Salle in regard to carrying out the pious intentions of his uncle, was advised by the servant of God to found a normal school similar to the one then established in Rheims, for the training of teachers for every town and hamlet upon his vast estates. The duke had visited the Brothers' schools, had admired their methods, and hastened to meet the wishes of Blessed de la Salle. Accordingly, in a deed of contract testified to before the notary at Rethel, we find the duke agree to endow seventeen burses in perpetuity for young men "destined to be instructed in the true maxims of Christian pedagogy, as also to read, write, and sing well, in order that they may afterwards teach the youth throughout the burghs, villages, and hamlets in the Duchy of Mazarin."† The school was to be directed by two competent brothers deputed for the purpose by "the aforesaid Sieur de la Salle."‡

This was certainly a noble work, and nobly and generously was it begun. But it was considered so new-fangled a notion, so great a departure from the old ways, so impracticable and unfruitful in its results, that it aroused opposition where opposition should have been least expected. Monseigneur Letellier, the bishop of Rheims, refused to sanction the work. When La Salle and the duke submitted to him their articles of agreement and asked his approval, the good bishop looked at them amazed, and gave vent to his feelings on the subject in memorable words, which history has preserved: "And so you are two fools—*Vous êtes donc deux fous!*" Other influences were brought to bear upon Mazarin; they prejudiced him against the scheme, and for a time his ardor cooled. The articles of agreement were annulled. But his better judgment again prevailed; again he sought La Salle. His vast territory extended beyond the jurisdiction of Monseigneur Letellier. The marquisate of Montcornet,

* *Conduite admirable de la Providence envers le Vénérable J. B. de la Salle.* MS. in Archives of the Régime, Paris.

† Minutes de Me. Mistris, notaire à Rethel.

‡ Minutes de Maître Aubert, notaire à Renwiz, chef-lieu de canton (Ardennes). See *Vie du Vénérable de la Salle*, par F. Lucard, t. I. p. 75.

also Mazarin's, was in the bishopric of Laon, and the bishop was a friend of both the noble lord and the eminent educator. He entered warmly into their project of establishing a normal school, and gave them sympathy and encouragement in the undertaking. Thereupon new articles of agreement were drawn up. The territory not being so extensive, the number of burses was reduced. The document goes over the same ground as the one previously annulled, and bears the date of September 22, 1685. We learn from it, furthermore, that La Salle solicited letters-patent for the establishment in Rheims "as well as for the normal school."*

Nor were these La Salle's only efforts to establish normal schools. In 1699 he opened one in Paris, in the faubourg St. Marcel. This had attached to it a poor school, in which the young masters were exercised in the practice of teaching under the guidance of an experienced brother. In 1708 he opened another at St. Denis, which was the admiration of Cardinal de Noailles, deeply interested Madame de Maintenon, and caused Louis XIV. to grant the house, as a personal favor, exemption from having soldiers billeted upon it.†

The course of studies in these institutions included simply the branches taught in the elementary schools for which the teachers were preparing. When, in 1851, the government of France established primary normal schools throughout the kingdom, it laid down practically the same course. Here are both programmes:

1684.	1851.
Catechism.	Moral and religious instruction.
Reading of printed matter.	Reading.
Reading of manuscripts.	Penmanship.
Penmanship.	Elements of the French language.
Grammar and orthography of the French language.	Arithmetic, including legal system of weights and measures.
Arithmetic, including the system of weights and measures then in use.	Religious music.
Plain chant.	N.B.—In 1865 geography and the history of France were made obligatory in this course.

Under the guidance of the saintly La Salle the young men possessed an advantage which the state schools could not supply. Their spiritual life was cultivated by prayer, meditation, spiritual reading, and daily conferences. The result was in keeping with

* M. Lepine. *Monographie du Marquisat de Montcornet.* See *Vie du Vénérable J. B. de la Salle*, par F. Lucard, 1874, pp. 41–46. See also *Annales de l'Institut des Frères des Écoles Chrétiennes*, t. i. pp. 32–40.

† *Annales*, t. i. p. 243.

the training. The rector of the Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet bears witness to the merits of four young men who had been trained for his schools: "They went forth," he says, "so zealous and so well formed, that if the clergy with whom they were placed had cultivated the good dispositions with which they were animated, they might have established one of the most useful communities in the province. Both myself and my country are under never-ending obligations to M. de la Salle." *

Such, in brief, is the story of the establishment of the first normal schools. That which Mulcaster timidly alluded to one hundred years before, Blessed John Baptist de la Salle made a living reality. Withal the work of the great educator did not survive. It was the seed sown upon parched earth. It sprang up, soon to be nipped. In the meantime, the necessity of preparing teachers for their profession is dawning upon men's minds. As early as 1687 Des Roches established a normal school in Brussels. Hermann August Francke, an educator whose name should ever be held in benediction, in 1697 organized at Halle a teachers' class, composed of poor students who assisted him in return for their board and lodging. From this class, in 1704, he selected twelve pupils who gave evidence of "the right basis of piety, knowledge, and aptness to teach." These he constituted his *Seminarium Præceptorum*. Their course of training ran through two years, and so great was his success in forming them hundreds flocked from all parts to witness and to study his methods. In 1698 Frederick II., Duke of Saxe-Gotha, decreed that ten of the most experienced teachers in his duchy should assemble promising youths in their houses in order to initiate them into proper methods of teaching. The father of the normal school in Prussia was the eminent educator Johannes Hecker. A disciple of Francke's, thoroughly imbued with his spirit, he was no less devoted as an educator. He established his first normal school at Stettin in 1735. In 1748 Frederick the Great called him to Berlin, where he established another, and organized the schools of the city upon such a footing that they became the admiration of all Europe. The necessity of the normal school is again being felt in France; and so we find Madame Guillard, a wealthy lady of Dunkirk, give in 1753 "eight thousand livres to the commune of Saint Waast, Pas-de-Calais, for the purpose of founding a novitiate in which might be formed good schoolmasters, whom the boys so sadly need." †

* *Vie de M. J. B. de la Salle*, 1733, t. ii. p. 179.
† *Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie*, t. ix., 2e partie, p. 28.

The idea spreads. It takes root in Hanover in 1757; it becomes transplanted in Brandenburg in 1767. Bishop Felbiger is deeply interested in the problem of education. While still a young priest he hears of the wonders wrought by Hecker in Berlin. He visits the Prussian capital in order to see for himself; he sees and is rejoiced; he finds description to fall short of the reality; and forthwith the Catholic priest sits at the feet of the Protestant educator and learns his methods. In this manner was cemented a life-long friendship between kindred souls. He returns to Sagan and with renewed energy continues the work of regenerating his schools till they become models. In 1764 the Royal Board at Breslau, under his advisement, decreed the establishment of normal schools in each province, to defray the expenses of which every newly-appointed pastor should pay the first quarter of his revenue; and furthermore, that every newly-ordained priest qualify himself in a normal school so as to be able to direct and counsel the teachers of his parish; and till such time as the normal schools are established that he repair to Sagan to familiarize himself with the reformed method as introduced by Felbiger. So great was the bishop's reputation as an educator he was called to Austria by Maria Theresa with the view of reforming the school system of the empire. In 1770 he organized a normal school in Vienna with a special course of lectures and practice for teachers extending over four months. When recalled to his native land, he had left the schools of Austria in a flourishing condition and with a uniform method—the Simultaneous Method of Blessed John Baptist de la Salle.

Thus it was that, two centuries from the first suggestion of the normal school—one hundred years after the first of its kind had become a reality—this institution came to be regarded, especially among the German-speaking nations, an essential factor in the work of education. Teaching was placed on a footing with other professions requiring a course of preparation. To-day, throughout the whole civilized world, the normal school is of primary importance. There are one hundred and fifty of them in the United States.

IV.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding has recently advocated the establishment of Catholic normal schools among us.* It is a want that must be supplied in the near future. He who so successfully sounded the necessity of a Catholic university and

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1890. Art. "Normal Schools for Catholics."

labored so arduously to see it become a reality, cannot bring his graceful pen or his eloquent voice to bear upon this greater want without evoking enthusiasm and co-operation in the work. It is only normal schools can give our Catholic teachers the standing and the aptitude for their profession that will insure them complete success. Handicapped as they are in so many ways, they need all the encouragement that can be held out to them to enable them to persevere in their noble though ill-paid and greatly slighted profession. The day cannot be far distant when every bishop will consider a normal school as essential an institution in his diocese as a seminary for the priesthood. Without a special training in the science of education, our young men and our young women can rarely become efficient teachers. From the lack of this training great injustice is done to our children. You will not let a carpenter attend to your plumbing, or a blacksmith mend your watch, but you will allow an inexperienced teacher, with no knowledge of method in his teaching, with no clear idea of what a teacher's duties are, with no conception of the onerous charge he assumes, to tinker with the intellect and character of your child. You may remedy the damage done by the unskilful artisan, but what human power can undo the injuries inflicted by an ignorant or incompetent teacher?

Now, one of the most efficient means of guarding against this disaster is the normal school. There the young teacher will learn how to prepare and how to impart his lessons with method; how to pass from the simple to the complex, from the easy to the difficult; how to review subject-matters till they are well known and clearly understood; how to awaken and direct the spirit of observation; how to put questions that will cause the pupil to think. There he will be initiated into the psychology of education; he will analyze the faculties of the soul; he will learn how each may best be cultivated, and what subjects are best suited to strengthen and develop each without destroying any of the others; he will learn how to exercise and improve the memory, how to exercise and improve the judgment and reason, how to exercise and improve taste and sentiment—in a word, every sense and every faculty. He will learn how to combine the various groups and orders of studies so as to produce the maximum result with minimum labor to himself and his pupils. He will learn how to economize mental force and energy, how to keep the child's brain in a state never idle and never fatigued; he will learn the limitations beyond which a strain

should not be placed upon the youthful mind. There he will learn the discipline belonging to the class-room ; order, punctuality, cleanliness, carrying out the daily regulation with the greatest exactitude, and other such details as constitute an essential part of education.. Therein he will study character and how to build it up ; how to take the various dispositions of children ; when to be gentle, when severe, and how to be always firm and uniform and impartial towards his whole class.

Much of this a clever young man or woman can acquire after some years' experience in the school-room, by closely observing and following the methods of older teachers ; but while the clever young man and the clever young woman are gaining the experience, what is becoming of the generations of children passing under them ? Have we ever reckoned the terrible expense at which that experience has been acquired ? Have we counted the lives wrecked because the youthful character was ill-understood ; the numbers who abandoned school with a distaste for books and learning which accompanied them through long years, because teachers did not take the pains, or did not know how, to place before them in a clean and attractive manner the first principles of knowledge, and they were obliged to stumble through their lessons with scarcely a single ray of intelligence to light up their befogged minds ; the numbers who contracted physical diseases because their teachers knew not how to regulate the air or the temperature of the class-room, or allowed the little chests of younger children to become permanently contracted from stooping over desks or keeping arms folded all day long—have we ever scanned this awful record ? Valuable experience this of your untrained teachers ! But calculate the holocaust, and then say if normal schools are or are not a pressing want.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

OUR DIPLOMACY.

I.

We were a gay set in our young days and made the halls of our old house echo and re-echo to our merriment. Ah me! the days of the long ago, with what an atmosphere of sadness does not memory veil them! But we were not given to retrospection then, however much such moods may have grown upon us since.

We were four, we children; three girls, led by our brother Paul, who was the oldest. I rank next, Pearl being my successor and Beatrice the youngest. From the days of my earliest womanhood until my father's second marriage I was obliged to take our dead mother's place in the house, and this has given me a self-reliance and self-possession not natural to me. People say, or used to say, that I was proud, but I think there was a mistake there. However, that is enough about myself; my story is about somebody else, or several somebodies. They used to say also, those who wished to flatter us, that they did not know which of the Misses Warrington was the handsomest; but I think I know. Shall I use the past or the present tense? For I am writing of twenty years ago, when the glamour and brightness of youth was over and about us, and yet these twenty years passed since have only matured, not altered, the faces and figures so much admired. Therefore I will write in the past tense and leave the present to our friends.

My own mirror reflected a petite figure with black hair and eyes, and features, well—not unpleasant. In coloring Paul and I are like our father, he resembling him in face and figure; but the girls are of the blonde type, as our mother was. Pearl, as we called our Margaret, had a rose-leaf skin, large blue-gray eyes that looked black at times, and brown hair with just a glint of red in it. Her features were regular, like our father's, who was and is one of the handsomest men of his day. She was, in a word, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." But Beatrice was to me a dream of heavenly beauty. Pale as a lily, with large blue eyes shaded by dark lashes, beneath dark, straight eyebrows, her hair was like spun gold. However, she was so dazzling that one did not pause to examine

whether the nose was Greek or the lips curved. Though not so tall as Pearl, I had to raise my eyes to meet hers. Paul and Pearl had already disposed of themselves, the one engaged to a very dear friend of mine, the other to Lieutenant Henry Vincent, U. S. A. As Pearl's time was greatly taken up in inditing long letters to him in far-off Arizona, in thinking of him, and reading equally lengthy communications from him, Bee and I, who were fancy free, were thrown upon each other for companionship, and our love was something passing that of sisters.

How or when the friendship between papa and Colonel Talbot had its rise is not germane to my story. There was a difference of some years in their ages, the advantage being with papa. He was so closely identified with us that I do not remember when, in joy or sorrow, we children did not run to Colonel Talbot for sympathy. The tradition with us, how acquired I cannot say, was that early in life he had met with a disappointment, from the grief of which he had never recovered. Certain it was, he seemed to us, except we in our childish pranks roused him, to be very quiet, if not sad. This sadness, in connection with his story as we had received it, created for him in our minds a certain awe. We wondered, too, in our ignorance, why he did not, being a Catholic, become a priest, for we looked upon him as a being set aside from the world and its ordinary affairs; and if we gave him any place in the economy of existence, it was as ours, the children's, friend. He was our hero. In all the pictures of heroic characters which imagination eliminated from the magic pages of Froissart or other mediæval history, we gave them the corporate appearing of our colonel. He impressed every one, so superb was his physique, although his face was not, strictly speaking, handsome. Tall, with broad, square shoulders, small head held proudly erect and thickly covered with iron-gray hair, he had that unmistakable stately carriage which army training gives. His brown eyes always looked lovingly at us, albeit they could flash at times with sterner expression. A heavy brown beard, threaded with silver, hid the lower part of his face. And his was a noble nature, noble and strong, and withal gentle as a woman's.

I remember one instance in which I received a glimpse, never forgotten, of his real, inner soul. And the reverence which that glimpse, child as I was, awoke in me has never diminished. Smarting under the sense of injustice and unnecessary severity, I was raging like a caged animal round the room into which I had been locked in punishment for some childish fault, when

the door opened and our colonel entered. I remember standing at bay for a moment while I tried to guess by his face whether he came as friend or foe. He did not speak, only held out his arms, and the next moment I was sobbing within their loving embrace. He let me cry my cry out, only holding me closely to him and occasionally passing his hand over my hair. Then, when the sobs grew less frequent, he sat down, and, drawing me to his knee, began to talk about outside matters that he knew would interest me, and thus gradually carried my thoughts into brighter channels. Afterwards he inquired into the cause of my punishment, and listened with loving attention while I told my version and inveighed against the injustice Never shall I forget the conversation which followed. It was too sacred to be repeated here. But from that time I knew better than any one how grand a soul was concealed beneath that calm and simple exterior.

I write of the period preceding the War of the Rebellion, and before the mass of the people realized what was the promise of the near future. And as the summer faded away behind the glowing colors of a luscious autumn, we received, rather unexpectedly, an addition to our family in the person of a ward of my father's. Juliet Rathburn was the daughter of another old friend of papa's, who was joint guardian with her uncle since her father's death. She was very wealthy and had made her home with the uncle until now; but Mr. Rathburn having decided to remove to Buenos Ayres, she came to us. She had been educated in Paris and Dresden, and had had Liszt for her music master. Her coming among us, thence, was an event, since, carefully as we had been schooled and many as were our accomplishments, the prestige of an European residence was not ours. But no thought of jealousy or fear of eclipse by her superior brilliancy occurred to any of us; we had been too happy and healthy all our lives to be morbid. No; her coming was a delight and a pleasure entirely unalloyed. Only we wondered how our colonel would like her, and anticipated the meeting anxiously. We had arranged among ourselves various ways in which this meeting should come about, but, as is so often the case, the happening was entirely different from anything we had planned. Colonel Talbot was indisposed for several days just at this time, and thus it was—

"They met by chance, the usual way!"

We were showing Juliet the lions—for we love our queenly

city in spite of the coal smoke which besmirches her face—when, on turning a corner, we met the colonel. He was walking with his usual stately step, his cane well up under his left arm and his right hand behind him. In the instant he saw us his cane was lowered and his hat was in his hand. The introduction followed, and a few *façons de parler*, he standing uncovered the while; then we passed on and he went his way, after promising me that he would spend the evening with us. I was in advance with our guest, Bee and Pearl behind us. The expected question came from the latter immediately: "How do you like him, Juliet?" I can remember her laugh as she threw her answer over her left shoulder:

"How can I reply to such a question after two seconds' acquaintance, Mag! Your Bayard has very courtly manners and a pleasing voice, *voilà tout!*"

"He is a king among men, Juliet," said Bee quietly.

"He certainly is fortunate in his friends," was the quiet reply.

That evening we were gathered in the library around the fire when the door-bell rang and our colonel was announced. How my heart swelled with loving admiration of his noble presence as he entered the room! Juliet was half-buried in a luxurious easy-chair somewhat back from the hearth, and as the gas was burning low in the drop-light on the table her face was in shadow and I could not see its expression, but I know *now* what she thought of him. Greetings had hardly concluded when Arthur announced "tea" as served, and we adjourned to the dining-room. Pearl managed in some way that Juliet and the colonel sat next each other, and consequently it fell to him to offer her the courtesies of the table; but the conversation continued general, and a laughing, merry time we had. Afterwards we prevailed upon her to play and sing, and her performance was as the opening of a sealed book to Colonel Talbot. Naturally, as he had spent several years in Europe, the conversation turned upon transatlantic topics and reached a number of subjects, literature, manners, and governments, in its range. After the first, we girls were content to listen while Juliet, Colonel Talbot, and papa kept the ball of talk rolling.

"Is your colonel a veritable, or is the title one of courtesy?" asked Juliet that night during our dressing-gown symposium. We explained to her that he had graduated at West Point, but after the Mexican War had resigned his commission on the inheriting a small fortune, which meant originally about two thousand a year, but which had been greatly reduced since. In fact, our colonel was at present quite poor. And even though we talked

of other things, this statement of Colonel Talbot's financial condition recurred to me with an idea, the outcome of it, which, fortunately, I did not put into words.

Small need to tell any one that Juliet was a social success! Wherever she went she seemed to dwarf all around her by her regal appearing; her beauty made her the cynosure of all eyes, while that indescribable something which we call magnetism drew all hearts to her. What a winter we had! Towards Christmas I thought I noticed a great change in our colonel. It was a subtile one, such as the affection felt for him by me alone, perhaps, would have discovered. But it was there all the same. He grew restless and nervous, and lost somewhat of the patient gentleness that had so distinguished him, though never towards us did he grow irritable. This slight ruffling of the waters seemed to show itself more to other men, particularly towards those young, aimless butterflies of fashion, whose only use in the world seems to be to ornament a drawing-room *en fête*. And I at length discovered that this new phase was most evident when Juliet was the recipient of their attentions!

And so I think I was the first to know his secret. Uncertain at first whether I was correct, I watched carefully, and soon became satisfied. On entering a room where Juliet already was, I saw that his first glance sought her. Or, if she was the late one, he seemed to know of her coming before she passed the threshold. The tone of his voice altered in speaking to her, and his eyes, when they rested on her, seemed to caress her reverently. Having arranged the colonel's status in my mind, I gave attention to Juliet, wondering whether she knew what I knew or not, or whether, knowing it, it made her happy. I could not imagine her a flirt, she was too queenly and large-minded for such small amusements. Still, I did not know her so very thoroughly, and I trembled for my colonel. Need I blush to record a wee bit of heart-ache which would not down when I brought home to myself the thought that *my* colonel existed no longer?

But while I was studying the problem, Pearl jumped to a conclusion after ten minutes' thought, and forthwith favored us with it. It was one night after Colonel Talbot had been spending a quiet evening with us, a heavy rain preventing other visitors. Juliet had gone directly to her own room and we three were gathered around my fire in our dressing-gowns. To speak more correctly, Bee and I were there when Pearl entered with a rush and a breathless exclamation:

"Girls! I do believe we're to have another wedding!"

"What makes you think so?" and

"Whose?" were the joint questions flung at her.

"My eyes, and Juliet and the colonel!" was the comprehensive reply. "Of course, you, my saint," to Bee, "nor you, my spinster," to me, "know not the signs, but I—I do."

"You ought, Pearl, if any one," said Bee, while I exclaimed: "Well, tell us what you saw."

Before she answered me, Pearl caught at Bee's loosened tresses, which, as she sat on a low chair, reached and lay upon the floor, and wound them round their owner's head and face so that she was entirely enmasked.

"That for your impudence!" she said, laughing. Then to me: "I saw five things: first, the rose he wore in his buttonhole fell to the carpet unnoticed." She counted this off on her thumb. "Then he said 'Good-night,' and as I was closing the piano I saw our empress stoop; she picked up something just where I had seen the rose lying." So much for the first finger. "The top of the piano served me as a mirror, in which I saw this wonder: our empress pressed the thing she had picked up to her lips, and I saw that it was red—*his* rose was a jacqueminot." Resting the third finger against her chin, she added: "And she bade me good-night all in a hurry and ran up-stairs! Fifthly and lastly," she continued, holding up her little finger, "I went to look for the rose and it was gone, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind'—nor a leaf. What say you, most grave and reverend; am I not correct in my diagnosis?"

"What a vivid imagination you have, Pearl," I said laughingly, "to found a marriage upon the inhaling of the perfume of a rose!"

"Inhaling! Is her nose in her chin? I thought Juliet's features were classically regular!"—with withering scorn.

"What has that to do with it?" I asked. "But—"

"But me no buts! I know the act of kissing from that of 'inhaling'"—triumphantly.

"You ought—" began Bee, whose hair now resembled that mythical horror of our childhood, an "hurrah's nest." Pearl made a spring at her, which she evaded, and for the next few moments there was a chase around the room, and a tussle which ended in Bee's being thrown on the bed and kissed till she cried for mercy. When quiet was allowed again, nothing broke the silence for several moments.

"But you included the colonel in your statement, Pearl. How did you diagnose his case?" I asked at length.

"Oh! by intuition. I saw as soon as they met that they were meant for each other and I've seen the state of his feelings for some time. Why, he is a veritable Othello!"

I winced at this, but I knew Pearl saw all that I did.

"He is so poor and she is so rich!" I sighed.

"Yes," said Pearl, "there's the rub. He'll never speak and she'll just 'let concealment, like a worm,' etc. Oh! it's too bad!"

To relieve her excitement she took up the poker and broke the large lump of coal that had been smoldering during our confab. As the pieces were presently wrapped in cheery flame, they seemed to give her an inspiration. Alas! that they did. "I say, girls, can't we resolve ourselves into the god in the machine, or out of it, and force the catastrophe some way?"

"Turn match-makers!" exclaimed Bee. "Dear Pearlie, that would be a dangerous game."

"Not in this instance, I am sure; and if you won't help me, you two, I'll see what my unaided wits will do."

Yes, it was a merry winter, and we, young and thoughtless, took no heed of the cloud, little bigger than a man's hand at first, but which spread to the zenith with wonderful rapidity and deluged the country for four long years with blood. Business men were the first to feel the storm, and there was, as we all remember, a general *bouleversement* of fortunes. So it happened that late in January papa suddenly found himself called to the East to endeavor to save Juliet's. He was to start in the ten P.M. train, and we had just finished supper when Colonel Talbot came. Pearl telegraphed me by a nod that she had some plan in her mind, and went into the parlor alone. Papa was busy in his den, Bee was with Juliet, who was suffering from a nervous headache and from whom the reason for the journey had been kept. I was arranging a lunch to be stowed away in papa's valise, in case he should be delayed or get hungry, for in those days there were no buffet-cars attached to the trains. So Pearl had the field to herself. That she improved the occasion I learned in a very short time, when she appeared like a wraith in the dining-room and whispered hurriedly:

"It's all right; I've done it! He has asked to see papa, and I am going to send him in. Now, don't you go near him or you'll spoil all. Leave the affair to me."

Before I could recover breath to ask a question she was gone. Her stay in the library was much longer than was necessary to inform our father that Colonel Talbot wished to see him; it was

fully twenty minutes after that that I heard the swish-sh of her dress in the hall. I opened the dining-room door, but she was half-way up-stairs, and, turning, shook her finger at me. Then I heard the library door open, and just had time to withdraw before papa crossed the hall. Immediately Pearl flew down and launched herself into the room and upon me in hysterical excitement.

"He behaved so splendidly, Durdy"—Juliet had given me the nickname of "Dame Durden," and this was the family abbreviation of the same. "I told him the reason for papa's sudden journey, and how sorry we were for Juliet, who as yet knew nothing of it. He seemed very much worried and yet glad, and after walking up and down the room and asking several questions which I didn't attempt to answer—for I didn't know, you know, and didn't want to say anything to destroy the fine effect of my first statement—he said he'd like to speak to papa, and then I knew it was all right, for you know his old-fashioned ideas, and he'd never think of asking Juliet to marry him without papa's consent. So it's all right!"

"I hope it is, Pearl," I said quietly. She made no reply, but caught up a piece of bread, crumpled it up, and threw it out of the window for the benefit of some early-minded sparrow in the morning, I suppose, for all but the most dissipated of the feathered tribe had tucked their heads under their wings hours ago. Presently papa came, and she asked quickly:

"Was it as I expected, papa?"

"Yes," he replied, but added nothing to the monosyllable.

"But, papa," I exclaimed in dismay, "she has not lost anything! O Pearl! why did you deceive him so?"

"Deceive him! I didn't. Papa, you won't spoil it now?"

"If by 'spoil' you mean tell Talbot that he is mistaken, no, for I don't know that he is; it may be even worse than I fear. If, however, I am mistaken and Juliet accepts him, why, the plot will thicken slightly; but if she don't—"

"'If she don't!'" echoed Pearl. "Why, papa, dear, there is no such 'if' I know she loves him."

"Well, well! I can do no more now and can only hope all will be well. You will hear from me as soon as I have anything to tell."

That evening a note came for Juliet from Colonel Talbot. Papa got off in time, and then, after seeing that our guest needed nothing, and leaving Bee, who occupied the small room adjoining, with her, Pearl and I adjourned to my room, our council-ground, as we called it. How we went over and over the thing,

looking at it first in one light and then in another! I made her repeat her words to him a dozen times, and was never tired of hearing how he looked and spoke. Neither of us slept much that night.

Nor did we see Juliet until after Colonel Talbot had called. The interview was a long one, and when, from the library, we heard the colonel's voice in the hall as he was leaving the drawing-room, we flew to the window nearest the front door and peeped through the blinds. The impulse which led us to this silly act was foolish, and one at which I have often smiled since. Did we expect some wonderful transformation of the familiar figure? With beating hearts we heard the door close. He stood a moment on the veranda, drawing on his gloves and slightly turned towards us. The expression of his face told us all we wanted to know, and as he passed slowly down the path, with one impulse Pearl and I turned and caught hold of each other with a sob and a laugh, while Bee ran out of the room.

We were very glad in Juliet's gladness, and that was very deep. I doubt if the great disparity in their ages troubled her at all. I doubt if she thought of it, or remembered for a moment that while she was but twenty-four her Philip was forty-two. But glad as I was for her, in spite of the sore regret I could not put aside for the loss of *my* colonel, I felt all the time a premonition of trouble. Colonel Talbot was so honest and so upright, so scornful of anything approaching deceit and subterfuge, that I hardly knew how he would bear the *dénoûment*, even while exonerating Juliet from all complicity.

When he came that evening we had an opportunity to offer our shy congratulations before Juliet appeared. I devoted the time of his visit to a long letter to papa, in which I unfolded my fears and my forebodings. Pearl had to begin one of those interminable communications to Harry, as the events of the two days had prevented her usual effort. What *did* she find of interest to fill so many pages every day? Bee retreated to her own room for her private meditations. She had long ago decided that a religious life was the one suited to her, and only awaited papa's tardy consent to make her novitiate at the dear old "Notre Dame" convent on Sixth Street

The next afternoon we had a telegram from papa. He had arrived safely, and a letter just mailed would give particulars. How we devoured that letter, we three, Pearl and Bee over my shoulder. After all, much of it was Greek to us, but we gathered from it that Juliet's income would be greatly reduced.

Some of her money was lost entirely. As civil war seemed imminent, securities were depreciating, but there was one investment of a large amount which papa had been advised to hold, in spite of the panic that had lowered it—something in Wall Street. I don't pretend even now to comprehend the jargon. Understanding that some loss was to befall Juliet—O friendship! blush for us!—we were glad. We were not to say anything about it to her, as papa preferred telling her himself.

He was at home in a week. But when we would have plied him with questions he declined to answer, saying that though we had put him into an unpleasant quandary, he did not think we could help him out of it; at any rate, he preferred to extricate himself in his own way. He regretted, now that things had turned out so much better than he had hoped, that he had listened to Pearl's special pleading, and had not frankly told the colonel the truth at that first interview. For when he would have undeceived him now, Colonel Talbot would not allow him to touch upon the subject, evidently taking the worst for granted. Consequently, papa could not force his information upon him.

All went smoothly for weeks. Harry Vincent paid us a visit on his way to his new station, Fort McHenry, near Baltimore. In April the question of war or no war was decided by the guns of Sumter. Who of us does not remember the excitement of that time? And yet what a dream it all appears now! Marriage-bells mingled their music with the roar of the cannon, for Harry Vincent wrote urging Pearl to hasten her wedding-day, which had been fixed for the autumn; Paul had obtained Emily's consent to a marriage in the first week in May, braving the legend or superstition regarding that month in a matrimonial light, and Colonel Talbot, after offering his services to the government and being authorized to raise a regiment in Ohio, pressed for an early consummation of his happiness. As there were no reasons why these requests should be refused, I stood appalled by the threatened deluge of wedding favors. The eighth of May was the day fixed upon for the triple ceremony —not quite a month in which to make all preparations. Juliet had been brought up an Episcopalian, but her long residence in Continental Europe had eliminated all prejudices, if they ever existed. She was too refined in feeling, too large-minded, too pure-souled, not to perceive the beauty and the holiness of God's house, and would defend the faith she had not as yet felt impelled to adopt from all attacks. Since then she has

seen the necessity of professing that faith, and I know her conversion is the brightest jewel in our colonel's crown of happiness.

Through all my busy hours I could not help wondering whether papa would insist upon telling Colonel Talbot the truth about the money. Meantime the colonel was occupied with his regiment, and Paul with his company for said regiment. Harry Vincent was still in Baltimore, but he did not know when he might be ordered elsewhere. At last, one day at dinner, papa asked Juliet if she could give him an hour or two that afternoon, as he wished to have some conversation with her on business. Pearl and I exchanged glances, and both trembled. The interview was a long one, and when Juliet left the library we were on the watch for her. She had been crying. As she closed the door Pearl ran forward, and, putting her arms around her, together they got up-stairs somehow, while I followed. Once in Juliet's room my poor sister, unable longer to bear the tension of her nerves, gave way to an hysterical crying-spell, and we had some difficulty in quieting her.

"O Juliet!" she exclaimed at last, between her sobs, "can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Why, Pearl, I have to thank you for the greatest happiness of my life."

"But what will you do? Will you tell Colonel Talbot?" we asked.

"No."

"O Juliet!" It was I who made the exclamation.

"No, I shall tell him nothing. Your father showed him a copy of the will which, under all circumstances, continues his guardianship until I am twenty-six, and also settles my fortune absolutely upon myself. I didn't know that until to-day, and am sorry that I can't give it all to him!"

"Has papa told him the truth, ever?" asked Pearl, timidly.

"No; at first, you know"—with a smile at Pearl—"he found him under the idea that all was lost; later Colonel Talbot positively refused to be told anything about it." Then, seeing that I was about to speak, she hurried to add: "But, Dame Durden, don't you suppose that I can arrange all when I am his wife? Trust me, all will yet be well."

But I knew my colonel, and I knew that the deception and secrecy would be more to him than loss of money.

"I wish," I exclaimed, "that you, Juliet, had known nothing of it until you were married. Dearest," and I put my arms

round her, "do be guided by me. Remember, I know Colonel Talbot even better than you do, and he will never broach the subject of your fortune again since he has seen your father's will. But if, even after long years, he finds that you have deceived him, oh! it will be terrible. Do, for his sake, for your own sake, for the sake of all the happiness you hope for in the days to come, tell him all now!"

"Dame Durden, I cannot. I, too, wish I had not been told of the deception until later. But how can I give him up; what would life be to me now without him? For that would be the end. Even to the breaking of my heart and his own, he would listen to nothing but his pride. I know him too!"

"I think you are mistaken there, Juliet; he loves you too deeply."

"But not too deeply to forget his pride! What man does so love a woman? No, I cannot, cannot!"

An hour after I was alone in my room, when there was a timid knock at my door and Juliet entered. But was this my radiant Juliet, this pale, tear-stained face, this drooping figure? She came swiftly to my side, and dropping on her knees, buried her face in my lap, while her whole frame shook with her convulsive sobbing. I could not speak, but dropping my work, gathered the dear head in my arms and held her tight. At last:

"Oh! tell me what to do. And yet, no, no! I can't, I cannot speak the words that will drive him from me! O Dame Durden, what a curse money is! I'd be glad to be the veriest pauper that begs upon the streets if only Philip loved me!"

It must have been indeed a deep and heartfelt, soul-enchaining love that could bring my queenly Juliet to this.

II.

The wedding-day came, soft and balmy and bright, and no one, to look into that azure sky and scent the odor of the lilacs, but shuddered to think what might be ere those perfumed blossoms faded. Weddings are stupid things to all but those intimately concerned, so I will not describe ours. My own heart was heavy, for in spite of common sense, the popular objection to the month, united to my knowledge of the ill-advised secrecy preserved towards Colonel Talbot, made me fear a fulfilment of the prophecy. To be sure, he could blame no one but himself—or

Juliet. With masculine inconsistency, he might blame her for not telling him what he refused to hear from papa.

Of course our bridegrooms—I like the old-fashioned double word, the modern abbreviation smacks too much of the stables—as well as their best men, were in uniform. Civilian's habiliments were at a discount in those days. And the gilded trappings well became our colonel's superb physique. He had asked to see Juliet for a moment before the first guests arrived and awaited her in the drawing-room, where I ventured to join him; slipping my hand through his arm I walked beside him one or two turns of the room, and then, hearing the rustle of Juliet's satin dress on the stairs, left him by one door just as she entered by the other. I turned for one look and heard him say softly: "My queen!" Then he knelt and pressed a fold of her dress to his lips. I felt a sudden swimming of my senses and turned into the library, closing and locking the door. Then I held hard by the back of a chair and shut my eyes tight till the sensation passed. Thus it was that I took leave of my childhood's ideal, for never more could Philip Talbot be to me what he had been.

Of the two brides I do not know which was the more beautiful, Juliet or Pearl. The latter was a poem and a picture in one, robed in her bridal whiteness. There is something magnificent about Juliet at all times; her tall, *svelt* figure, her dark gray eyes responsive in tint to every emotion, her auburn-shaded hair, the long oval of her face and her regularly moulded features attract admiration and challenge criticism. But that day there was something added to it. She might have been Marie Antoinette in the pleasant days of the Petit Trianon, or did she more resemble the wondrous beauty of that fairest blossom of the Stuart tree? Well, they were married, and then came the partings, Juliet and Colonel Talbot for Columbus; Harry and Pearl to Philadelphia, where he could leave her till the railroad was safe for travel to Washington; Emily and Paul to Dayton, where Paul's company was mostly recruited. After that it was very lonely and dreary for a little while. I missed my colonel.

Need I recount the events which crowded upon each other during that summer, till the first check was given at Bull Run? After that folly the North seemed to wake to a sense of what a task she had in hand, and to realize that to succeed she must go to work systematically and slowly. Ah me! how the memories of those days gather around me! Truly:

"Then there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes."

In August Colonel Talbot was ordered to West Virginia with his regiment; Emily returned to her father's house and Juliet to us. The latter was very happy, never a shadow of anything painful having come between her and Philip. Several of his companies had been recruited in our city, as also those of the Tenth and Sixth Ohio. Without delay she sought out the families of the soldiers. Where she found poverty or sickness she relieved it, and where they were comfortable as to worldly goods she gave them sympathy and interest. And as the various skirmishes which were then reported as such stirring battles occurred, she moved among them an angel of mercy where the fortunes of war were bitter. Indeed, we were all busy that summer with our Sanitary Commissions and clothing-bees. In all the battles among the West Virginia mountains our colonel escaped injury. His letters were as frequent as possible, and eloquent, I suppose, with proper sentiments, judging from Juliet's dewy smiles while reading them. She favored us with portions of them, and we had our own prized missives also. In one to papa he wrote:

"I trust my wife is not denying herself things which, to her, must always be necessities to do for my soldiers' families. So many have come to me to sing her praises in that she has tended a wife or child in sickness, with open purse, that I fear she leaves little for herself. Long ago she insisted upon my retaining my pay, and under the circumstances I hardly know how to act. Without wishing to seem to dictate, let me entreat you to guard whatever is left to her well. The fortunes of war may leave her widowed in a moment, and then there will remain but the paltry pension. O my dear George! I pray you, guard and protect my jewel." There were tears in papa's eyes when he handed this to me.

Early in the autumn Juliet decided to purchase a house, and was fortunate enough to secure one in our neighborhood, only across the street and around the corner, next but one to the corner, so that our third-story windows gave us a view into her rear yard, which ran back to Lysle Street, upon which a stable opened. The fitting up and furnishing of her house

occupied much of our empress' time. Not a word was to be said to the colonel—or general, as he was now—but when all was complete she would urge him to obtain a leave of absence, if only for four or five days. I had not forgotten the sword of Damocles, if Juliet had; I felt as if this was the beginning of trouble, if, as she said, she intended telling her husband the whole truth. She really had forgotten all danger I believe, and everything but her own great happiness. It was the latter part of November when the last touches were put to the adornment of the new home and it was just perfect. An aunt of Juliet's was to be her companion. I must not forget to state that that mysterious investment in Wall Street which papa had made had turned out Bulls, or Bears, I don't know which; at any rate, Juliet was very much richer by reason of it than she had been before there was question of loss.

Yes, our colonel was a general now, commanding a brigade; Harry Vincent was chief of staff, and so Pearl was with us again. Paul, also, was on the staff. And as it sometimes happens in real life, though not so often as in novels, events turned out just as we think they ought, so it was that Juliet and her "aunty, dear," had hardly established themselves when news came that General Talbot's brigade was ordered to join the army in Tennessee! Of course he would pass through Cincinnati. A letter came telling us that they were to begin the move as quickly as possible, marching up to Gallipolis, where they would take the boats. If it could be arranged, he would make the journey by rail and rejoin his command at Louisville. But, he wrote, we must not count upon this, for it might seem an unfair thing to do by the other officers, who would be equally anxious to reach their families, and they could not all leave the men. And so it was; he did not take the privilege his rank allowed, but remained with his "boys," going from boat to boat, for there were several, preventing disorders, encouraging the men, and looking to the maintenance of the strictest discipline.

Not only we but the whole city was on the alert to greet the coming brigades; for there were hundreds whose homes were among us, and one regiment was exclusively of Cincinnati, the Sixth. As the nucleus of this had been the crack city troop, the Guthrie Grays, comprising in its ranks scions of some of our best known and wealthiest families, those same butterflies of fashion of whom I've spoken disparagingly and whose pardon I beg—for they proved their metal on many a field—it could not go by unheeded. Alas! for all our hopes and preparations.

The day upon which all hearts were fixed, which was to be a universal feast day, dawned and brought a disappointment almost heart-breaking. The boats were not allowed to land their passengers, nor even to stop in mid-stream ! Rumors to this effect had been rife through the city the night before, but were scouted by the people. Military law is, however, military law, and takes no heed of anxious or breaking hearts. It would have been subversive of all discipline had the men been allowed *en masse* to set foot on shore, and how was it possible to discriminate ? So the gallant fleet, black from the water's edge to the hurricane decks with human figures, steamed steadily, ruthlessly by. Not even the swarm of small boats that hung on its edges were allowed to approach the vessels within speaking distance. It was a beautiful winter's day, the air crisp with frost and the sky a cloudless blue. The sunlight sought out the patches of snow that nestled among the Kentucky hills, gleamed from the spires of Newport and Covington and from the windows and points of the houses on the hill-top suburbs of Cincinnati, brought into strong relief the dull smoke of the canopy which rested above the city proper, caught on the bayonets of the slowly-pacing guards upon the boats, in the trappings of the men, and rippled in the folds of the flags massed near the pilot-houses and in the wavelets of the ruffled water. All eyes among the soldiers were turned citywards, and doubtless many were making calculations to locate their own homes and wondering whether dear ones were awaiting them there, or were in the surging crowd that filled the public landing and the streets leading to it, stretching itself also along the very edge of the river for miles.

After the first shout of welcome there was silence ; hearts were too full for speech. The rhythmic puff of the steam, the rush of the water over the paddles, the jarring of the boats, were all that was heard. And so it was that many of Ohio's sons saw their home for the last time. I think few who witnessed the scene will ever be able to forget the passing of the boats from the mouth of the Kanawha to that of the Cumberland. For ourselves, having been assured from the then highest authority the day before that there would be no stopping, we remained quietly at home. But no words can tell our disappointment.

Two days after we had a glad surprise. Pearl and I were at Juliet's, busy with arranging of scrap-books, as was then the fashion. From the small room at the head of the first flight of stairs, which she had arranged as a lounging-place and where she could make what litter she pleased, we heard Henry open

the door and a clanking of metal in the hall. The next moment Juliet was down-stairs and in her husband's arms; we did not know whether he had come alone or not, but we slipped off our work-aprons and hurried home, there indeed to find Harry and learn that Paul also was in the city. He and Emily presently appeared, and then papa and I had somebody to make a fuss over. It must have been two hours after that Juliet's carriage drew up at the gate. I saw the general alight and walk slowly up the path to the door, and flew to meet him. Alas! of our colonel there was no trace; cold and formal and very pale, he seemed with difficulty to suppress some strong emotion. After answering my many questions, he said that he wished to see papa alone. The interview lasted half an hour, after which he left the house at once. I learned afterwards that Juliet was in the carriage.

The terrible parting, the thought of which had subdued our joy at seeing our dear ones, came all too soon, and not till this agony was over could papa tell us of the painful interview with General Talbot. As I feared, he resented the deception from his very soul.

Towards evening I received a note from Miss Hilton asking me to come to her. Papa accompanied me, but Juliet would see no one. Her aunt said that she lay with her eyes closed, and would not speak or take any notice, only moaning like a dumb animal hurt to death every little while. She was very uneasy about the child, and so I concluded to remain all night, and after we were alone Miss Hilton told me all she knew of the visit. As soon as the first joy of the meeting was quieted, Juliet sent for her to introduce her husband, and his behavior was all she could desire; she was charmed with him. Of course the project of taking a house and having Miss Hilton's companionship had been communicated to the colonel and his approbation given at the first. But the exact location of the house, beyond the street and square, was kept a secret; he had had to inquire of the neighbors to reach it.

After this introduction Juliet asked him how he liked their new home. A glance around showed him that only lavish means could have supplied the demands of such luxurious taste, that the mirror and bronzes ornamenting one mantel alone were worth, if not a king's ransom, certainly several months' pay of a colonel in the army of the United States. In fact, the exterior of the house, the stately gray stone façade, the size and finish of it, had startled him.

"It is all very lovely, but has not my wife been improvident —a little bit extravagant?" he said gently.

"I think not; indeed, Philip dearest, I have a great surprise in store for you," she replied.

"I can guess it; your guardian has recovered—"

"What was never *really* lost!" she cried, throwing her arms around him. At these words General Talbot's face changed and Miss Hilton prudently withdrew. After a comparatively short time there was a knock at her sitting-room door; she opened it to find the general standing there. He held out his hand and said quietly that his time was up and he must leave, expressed a hope that she would make her home constantly with Juliet, and bade her good-by. She hardly knew what answer she made to this, so troubled and nervous was she at the expression of his pale, set face. Then the carriage came, and Juliet, closely veiled, was handed into it, her husband following her.

This outline gave me a pretty clear insight into what must have passed, and I could see our colonel growing colder and stiffer as the conviction was forced upon him of how entirely he had been misled. Well, perhaps it was natural, he being, after all, only a man, that he should resent the deception. But the punishment was, I think, out of all proportion to the fault. And the mental suffering which our poor darling underwent left an impress upon her after-life never to be effaced. Of course, that the general suffered also goes without saying, though he suffered as men suffer, in a far different degree. His duties forbade brooding and his self-love supported him. But she had, she thought, lost all—not only her husband's love, but his respect—and life took on a very dark and sombre coloring.

For several weeks Juliet was really ill, and we were all most anxious about her. Then the letters from the army were very uncertain, and those she received from the general very formal and cold. He never mentioned her in his letters to papa. Pearl wrote to him under enclosure to Harry, but the latter could not muster courage to speak to his chief, so sent him the missive by an orderly. He wrote, however, that Headquarters was a changed place, and General Talbot a changed man; that every one wondered at it, he only being in the secret. The general's answer to Pearl was short, cruel, and in every way painful. He thanked her for her frankness and generosity in wishing to take all the blame, but it was too late; no confessions would do away with the fact, and the least said about it the better. For the only time in my life I was ashamed of my colonel.

It was December when the colonel paid that visit, and it was well into January before Juliet was able to be about once more. She had forbidden us to write of her illness, and she was never too ill to answer her husband's letters, two of which only came in that time.

Bee's novitiate was to begin the 15th of January, and so my hands and heart were full. Ah! what a Christmas-tide that was. How the joyousness natural to the time was subdued by anxious dread and forebodings, and yet increased as we worked to send tokens to our brave boys, whose very names made our hearts swell with pride. What a strange medley of joy and fear, pride and dread, delight and anxiety, our minds were then! How we pitied those who had neither kith nor kin in the army, yet how we trembled for our loved ones there. The words "*Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori!*" are very grand-sounding, and produce a fine effect stamped upon a banner, but when we were called upon to act out the sentiment, there were few Roman wives, mothers, or sisters amongst us—or Spartans, either.

In February General Talbot's command was at Nashville, but Kentucky being at heart in sympathy with the South and overrun with the raiders from that army, the mail facilities were not many. All those weary three months Juliet had lived quietly, a changed woman, but making it still her duty to go among the soldiers' families wherever she could brighten, comfort, or assist. I was constantly with her. In fact, she clung so to me that I found I must give up many of my own pursuits to meet all that was required of me as mistress of my father's house and companion to our poor "empress." It was that winter that my own happiness came to me. Among the military stationed here at different times I found my fate, which has, thank God! proved a very happy one. How strange it is to look back upon those accidents in life which seem to be sent as preludes to the drama of existence! A chance meeting, a casual glance, a bow in return for some trifling courtesy, a hand extended to prevent a sudden casualty—these things happen every day, and yet when a second meeting follows with its momentous consequences, how magnified become the proportions of the one until then almost forgotten! So it was with me. We were introduced one evening at a friend's house, all properly, but nobody knew then, or knows now, of the first meeting. That was our romance; it occupied but a second, a bow and a backward stepping, a word of apology and a disclaimer, and the currents of two lives were

changed. But that is all I am going to say about it; it is our secret, and middle-aged, humdrum married folks as we are, its memory is one of the brightest in our years.

On the 5th of April we received letters written just before the start southward, made on the 17th of March. Two days after the news of the battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro', was flashed over the wires. And then came the awful, the soul-sickening list of killed and wounded. Among the latter was that of Colonel Harry Vincent, chief of staff to General Talbot. The next dispatch was as follows:

"General Philip Talbot is not among the dead or wounded so far as discovered. Colonel Vincent reports him wounded, in fact caught him as he swayed in the saddle, and being struck himself at the same moment, they fell together. The colonel's fever has abated and he is able to talk intelligently. He thinks that the body of his chief will be found where he fell, or if not, that he has been taken prisoner. But that does not seem probable, as the enemy was driven from that part of the field and did not regain it. The fate of this gallant officer is a sad one, if he is indeed killed, for aside from the many friends among his comrades-in-arms who will miss him, there will be mourning as only women mourn, and tears shed too sacred for pen of ours to chronicle."

Pearl at once made her preparations for going with the corps of nurses which the Sisters of Charity sent out, and was all ready to start when a telegram came from Harry saying that he was able to be moved to Nashville and expected thence to get by boat to Cincinnati. Meantime, we had watched Juliet carefully, anxious to keep this last item from her, and that no paper should reach her hands containing any allusion to General Talbot's fate. None of us had the courage to speak to her on the subject until definite intelligence was received. But our precautions were made vain in a most singular manner.

She had not risen until quite late since her illness, and on the morning of the 9th of April papa and I walked around to pay our usual visit of inquiry. She was descending the stairs as we entered and met us almost joyfully. Drawing us into the sitting-room, she said:

"Mr. Warrington, I am going down to the battle-field. I saw Philip last night, was led to him by a colored man in soldier's clothes, and found him badly wounded but alive. He knew me and seemed to revive at sight of me. Before I was taken to him I was awakened by his voice calling me. I heard it distinctly; he said, 'Juliet, come!' You have been very kind in keeping, as you thought, that dispatch away from me, but it was care wasted, for I saw it the next day, only I didn't believe he was dead."

All this in a calm tone of voice, and we listened, mute.

Then to me: "Will you go with me, Dame Durden?" She looked at papa. But one reply could be given to that request, and I interpreted her look:

"Papa, can't you come too?" I asked, and Juliet exclaimed: "Oh! if you would! I didn't dare to ask it."

And papa walked up and down the room twice, then said:

"I'll let you know by dinner-time. When do you want to start?"

"To-night if I can get the passes. Will you see General Burnside?"

"I will, of course." No word of remonstrance was spoken. Pearl decided to go with us as far as Nashville. We reached Louisville the next morning, and thence took the train for Nashville. A relay of ambulance cars had been telegraphed the morning of our arrival, and we left Pearl awaiting with tears and smiles the coming of her hero. During the rest of the journey we did not see a woman's face. It seemed very strange.

Once at our journey's end, as General Rosecrans was a personal friend and a fellow West-Pointer with our colonel, our way was open. We were sitting in the tent at "general headquarters," listening to various accounts of the battle, when a contraband wearing a "regulation" suit, doubtless picked up on the battle-field, entered and saluted General Rosecrans. But Juliet sprang up, regardless of military etiquette, and hurrying to him, laid her hand on his arm.

"Where is he? Where is my husband? You are the man I saw; take me to him!"

The negro looked at her in alarm, and then at the general, to whom he was a stranger, having been sent by his temporary master on a message from a neighboring division.

"Can't you speak, man?" cried papa.

"Dunno, mas'r, dunno!" scratching his head.

"My name is Juliet. He calls: 'Juliet, come!'" exclaimed our poor child, catching the man's arm and holding it with unconscious force. At her words the negro's wool seemed actually to stir, the blood rushed back to his heart, and his black face turned gray. His eyes started and his knees shook, and crying out, "It's de debbil!" turned to run. But the two soldiers on guard brought down their guns across the entrance. At this new terror the fellow dropped to the ground in a heap and lay there.

"O Mr. Warrington! O general! do you see? He lives—

he is near. My God, I thank thee!" Papa caught her as she swayed backward.

As soon as the matter was explained to General Rosecrans he acted promptly. The negro was carried into another tent and his employer sent for Then, by dint of scolding and entreating, threatening and promising, he was made to understand what was required, and finally acknowledged that his old mother had a wounded man hidden away in her cabin, whom she had found on the roadside, where he had dragged himself, searching for water, the day after the battle. The reason why she did not give him up to his friends, who were in camp near, was not very clear; the boy said it was because she was afraid of "ole marse," her cabin being near the residence of the planter upon whose property the battle had been fought. But we all thought it was for the sake of reward in case his friends were able to find him, or he recovered.

The wounded man's cry had been, in all his delirium, "Juliet, come!" Hence the negro's fright. As soon as Juliet was able, we all, with Major Strange, in whose service our guide was, set out for the cabin. As we walked along Juliet pointed out a tree, or a fence-gate, or a cabin she had seen, and it all made me feel very *creepy;* at length, when *the* cabin was reached, we thought she would faint. The two officers entered the place first and found our colonel lying on a pile of hay, over which a blanket had been thrown. He was asleep, and retiring without waking him, Juliet in her turn went in. As she entered the old woman who had been sitting beside the lowly couch arose, nodded to her, and left her there alone.

From Chloe we learned that General Talbot's wound was not one requiring surgery; that she was a doctress among her own people, and had applied simple but sure remedies, and she thought he would get well if his mind were set at rest. He cried out frequently, "Juliet, come!"

"So one day I axes him: 'Is dat yoh wife, honey, what yo' is axin' fo'?' An' he sez: 'Yes, aunty; does yo' know whar to fin' her?' An' oh! it make my ole heart ache to see him a-watchin' me, it I'se gwine to say 'Yes.' But laws a massy! how'd I know?"

But to the question why she did not come to headquarters no satisfactory reply could be obtained. We waited there patiently for an hour, sitting about upon fallen logs and stumps of trees. All around us were marks of the strife, in broken branches hanging from the trees, their foliage not yet withered;

trenches plowed by the rushing balls, and balls and bullets lying around, thick as hail. Dark stains upon the ground and grass made me shudder, but nothing more painful met my gaze. At length I asked papa if I had not better go into the cabin, and he assenting, I did so. Juliet was kneeling beside the bed, but had not touched even the dear hand; whether it was that my entrance roused him I don't know, but as I reached her side he opened his eyes, and oh! what a joyous light came into them.

"My Juliet! I knew you would come. Did you hear me calling? I called so loud!"

With wonderful self-control she steadied her voice to answer: "Yes, my dearest, I heard you and I came." Then she stooped and kissed him, and I slipped away unnoticed.

When we left headquarters General Rosecrans had sent word to his staff surgeon to come as quickly as possible. I had not rejoined the waiting group long before that gentleman arrived, and the circumstances were related to him. Then I was dispatched into the cabin to announce his arrival. I found our dear one lying quietly, with his hand clasped in that of Juliet, at whom he was looking with a dreamy intentness, as if the subtile change in her face puzzled him. He was as yet too weak to recall the cause. As I approached, his eyes turned upon me with a smile of welcome, and I knelt down and kissed him. When I told Juliet that Dr. Bond wished to see her husband, she made a movement to rise, but his fingers tightened around her hand and he looked at her in alarm. The surgeon found no bones broken; the ball had passed entirely through the general's body, but touched no vital spot; he praised Chloe's nursing and nostrums and said the wound was healing, and the only danger was from inflammation. On this account it would be better to leave the patient where he was for the present. We made our arrangements accordingly, but it was long ere I sought my cot; literally, for a tent was set up for me near the cabin, and Chloe was to sleep in the outer division of it. Paul and papa occupied another quite near. The radiant moonlight, the soft air of the southern spring, the strange surroundings—all served to keep us waking, and we sat about upon logs and stumps until long after "taps"; that is, papa, Paul, Dr. Bond, Major Strange, and I. Juliet was with her husband, and Chloe and her hopeful were somewhere near. It was then I heard the story of the top fence-rails, since so frequently told. When the army first arrived orders were given that the enemy's property must be respected and preserved. There was

rail-and-rider fence temptingly near, and the boys had nothing with which to make fires. General Rosecrans was asked if they might not take the fence-rails. The reply was: "Yes, if they only took the top ones!" In a very short time there was no fence left. Presently our quiet chat was interrupted by a crooning noise which came from a clump of trees behind us. It grew louder, and we could hear some of the words: "De Lincum sojers come! glory!" etc.

The singers gradually worked themselves into a frenzy, their voices raised to a scream, and the "glory" of the hymn or song was emphasized by bringing their hands together with a loud noise. It was Chloe and her son, who, by the way, rejoiced in the following nomenclature, Thomas Jefferson Andrew Jackson John Henry Nobles. When she began a third verse, "I'se a gwine to the Norf, glory!" I thought it time to silence her, fearing the general's rest would be disturbed, so I found my way to her quietly, and chatted a while, asking her about her family and her life, and learning in a short time many things which made my soul rise in protest, although they were told in a simple, matter-of-fact way.

Papa and I remained several days, honored guests of the whole camp, and very interesting days they were too, spent going about among "the boys." We visited the hospital also under Dr. Bond's escort, and oh! the sights and sounds we met there!—they haunted me for months afterwards. But I think our visit gave some pleasure, for I had a note-book and received many messages which I promised to write from Nashville to loved ones at home, the last, perhaps, the waiting hearts would ever receive.

My story draws to a close, for I only intended to tell of our diplomacy and how nearly it came to grief and to making mischief where we had hoped to insure happiness; as other statecraft has gone awry before, and will again.

When the Talbots returned to Cincinnati, lo! Chloe was with them, and also Thomas of the many names. Chloe was determined to come "Norf," and Juliet has never regretted bringing her. She still reigns mistress of the kitchen, while Thomas, having determined to achieve an education, if only an elementary one, succeeded beyond his hopes by attending a night school, and is now the general's trusted, intelligent major-domo.

Mary M. Meline.

THE CHURCH AND THE JEW.

JESUS CHRIST, our Divine Lord and Redeemer, was persistently and grossly calumniated, and he predicted that his church should undergo similar experience. This mark of legitimacy, among others, the Catholic Church has disclosed; during all ages she has been the conspicuous mark for darkest calumny.

There is, perhaps, no matter in connection with which such calumny has been more constant and bitter than the one of the church's relations towards the Jews. Infidel and Protestant have joined with the Israelite in elaboration of this theme until the chorus has grown at length so strong and loud that multitudes even of Catholics have come to accept all as truth. As a sample of harsh misrepresentation in this respect, let us present one extract from a discourse delivered by Rabbi Sonneschein, of St. Louis, Mo., in Temple Sinai, in the city of New Orleans, before a "crowded, . . . wealthy, and fashionable congregation," and published in the New Orleans *Picayune* of May 10, 1889. The date is stale, but the matter is made fresh by constant renewal:

"Where is Edom now? Where is the great Roman Empire? Where is Rome itself? Ancient Rome is a heap of ruins. Modern Rome! Where was the Ghetto? Where was the power and the might of Rome, that most malicious and inveterate enemy of the Jews on account of the Jewish religion, because the Jews did not want to subscribe to a dying God? Fallen, fallen for ever!"

By way of showing that Rabbi Sonneschein is no exception in the matter of denouncing the Catholic Church as a special persecutor of the Jews, we submit the following from the *Jewish Times and Observer* of February 28, 1890. Many other citations in the same line might be added:

"In the language of a famous personage, 'We have changed all that.' The Ghetto has fallen for ever, blasted by the scorching and destroying power of enlightened public opinion. O Garibaldi, of glorious and immortal memory! you and your red-shirted followers, the invincible Thousand and One, battered and crumbled the accursed ecclesiastical Bastile, where hundreds and thousands of God's children were deprived even of the fresh air of heaven, of the golden beams of the beneficent sun, which the crawling creatures of the earth enjoy in fulness."

This is strong language, such as deep passion or feeling

alone casts forth. If the accusation so hotly expressed be well founded, then does this force of expression but evidence an indignation at once powerful and just. If, on the other hand, the charge be false, the display is then one simply of malignant animosity. By *inveterate* the rabbi meant "firmly established by long continuance; obstinate; deep-rooted; vindictive; malignant." Such is the definition of Webster. By "malicious" he means to announce that this persistent persecution was actuated by ill-will alone, every possibility of worthy motive being excluded. Now, is this accusation against the Catholic Church, as represented in the Papacy, true or false?

We have no question here as to actions of particular states or communities against the Jews. We need not enter upon a discussion of the reasons of state policy which led nations of every other blood and creed to circumscribe the privileges of the Hebrews, and even to expel them, as constituting a race at all times and in all places united among themselves and against others, and as harmful to society or dangerous to non-Jewish peoples. Nor need we, for the purpose of the discussion legitimately before us, investigate the causes of the various popular outbreaks against the Jews which have arisen from time to time and in different places. It were foreign to the issue to seek to establish from historical sources that the Israelite, on his part, when occasion presented, has been a furious persecutor, and to similarly disprove the pretension that he has been ordinarily the entirely innocent and unprovoking victim of hatred merely religious. The question is whether, even were we to concede all these things to have been exactly as the Jewish orators and writers have claimed, has the Papacy participated or made itself responsible?

In a discussion such as this one has the right to appeal to historians of his own way of thinking. Catholic testimonies might, therefore, be advanced, and the case rested upon them alone. Such are at least as worthy of credit as testimonies from non-Catholic sources. But when evidence can be produced favorable to Catholic positions, yet coming from those who are opposed to Catholicism, such evidences have greater weight than mere testimony. They are in the nature of confessions against interest.

Having in the present instance at command an abundance of non-Catholic testimonies, we can afford to lay aside entirely the solemn declarations of Catholic councils and synods, and all, as well, which Catholic saints and Catholic historians have

written. We have remaining for our use what Protestants, hostile to the church, have declared, and what has been admitted by Israelites themselves.

It is proper, however, to present, as a basis upon which to rest the authorities to be cited, certain of the papal decrees, which may for themselves show the merciful temper of the Holy See in this connection.

Saint Gregory the Great, in an ordonnance, published the following sentiment to the Christian world: "They must be called to the unity of the Faith by mildness, by persuasion, and the giving of charitable advice. Violence is calculated to disgust those whom mildness and charity would attract." Innocent III. repeats similar sentiments, and cites several of his predecessors as having done the same: "Although they [the Jews] prefer," says the ordonnance of Innocent, "persisting in hardness of heart, rather than seek to understand the secrets of their Law and so come to the knowledge of Christ, they have none the less right to our protection. Hence, since they claim our help, we place them under the ægis of our protection; . . . and following in the footsteps of our predecessors of happy memory—of Calixtus, Eugenius, Alexander, Clement, and Celestin—we forbid all, without distinction, to force a Jew to Baptism, since he who is forced is not esteemed to have the faith." "Let no one," decrees this same Pope Innocent, "disturb them in their days of feast, either by striking them or casting stones; let no one impose upon them on such days, labors which they may perform at other times. Such as violate these prohibitions shall be excommunicated." Basnage, a Protestant historian, bears the following testimony: "Of all sovereigns, there has been scarcely any whose dominion was milder towards the circumcised than that of the popes: they left them full liberty of conscience." *

Milman, who, though an Episcopalian minister and dean of St. Paul's, wrote history in many respects as though he were a Jewish rabbi, makes the following concession: "Of all European sovereigns, the popes, with some exceptions, have pursued the most generous policy towards the Jews." † The following we extract from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, one of the most bigoted anti-Catholic publications of our later years: "Practical consequences, such as these, the church of course did not countenance; the popes set themselves against persecution of the Jews,

* *Histoire des Juifs*, vol. ii., part ii., chap. xix.
† *History of the Jews*, vol. iii. p. 175; edition A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

but with imperfect success." * Bedarride, an Israelite, gives many testimonies in the same line, which are to be found in his work, *Les Juifs en France, en Italie, et en Espagne.* "Despite certain temporary expulsions," says this author, "which struck them (the Jews) in certain Italian states, they were able always to re-establish themselves; and the Holy See offered them always a refuge" (p. 363).

Grégoire, unfortunate priest, apostate to Red Republicanism, who, dying unrepentant, was denied Christian sepulture, and who appeared before the French National Assembly in behalf and in the name of the Jews, gives evidence as follows: "The States of the pope were always their (the Jews) terrestrial Paradise. Their Ghetto at Rome is yet the same as that in the time of Juvenal; and, as M. de Buffon observes, their families are the most ancient Roman families. The enlightened zeal of the successors of Peter protected always the remnants of Israel." †

Finally, we have to submit the official declaration of the "Assembly of Notables of Israel, reunited in Great Sanhedrin," which body was called together by the First Napoleon, during his empire, and was to regulate Hebrew affairs. It met at Paris, February 4, 1807, and continued sessions until March 4 of the same year. During the session of February 5, M. Avigdor, a member of the Assembly, or Sanhedrin, presented the following resolution: "The Israelite deputies of the Empire of France, and of the Kingdom of Italy, at the Hebrew Synod decreed May 30, last, penetrated with (a sense of) gratitude for the successive favors which the Christian clergy has rendered in all past ages to Israelites of various states of Europe; full of gratitude for the reception which different pontiffs and many ecclesiastics have extended at different times to Israelites of divers countries, when barbarity, prejudice, and ignorance had persecuted and expelled the Jews from the bosom of society; Resolve, that the expression of these sentiments be recorded in the *procès-verbal* of this day, that it may remain for ever as authentic evidence of the gratitude of the Israelites of this Assembly for the benefits which the generations preceding them have received from ecclesiastics of different countries of Europe; Resolved, further, that a copy of these sentiments be forwarded to his excellency the Minister of Worship." The presenter of this resolution, after detailing the many favors received by Israel during succeeding

* Vol. xiii., art. "Israel," p. 431.

† *Motion en faveur des Juifs*, par Grégoire, Curé d'Emberménil, Député de Nancy, p. 15.

centuries from the popes, concluded his address before the Assembly as follows: "The people of Israel, always unfortunate, and nearly always oppressed, have never had opportunity for manifesting recognition for so many favors, a recognition which is so much more pleasant (literally sweet, *douce*) to express, because due to men disinterested and doubly respectable. Since eighteen centuries the occasion now upon us is the only one which has presented itself for making known the sentiments with which our hearts are penetrated. This great and happy occasion is also the most suitable, the most beautiful, as well as the most glorious for expressing, in a marked manner, to ecclesiastics our entire gratitude towards them and towards their predecessors. Let us hasten, therefore, gentlemen, to profit by this memorable era; and let us pay them this just tribute which we owe them; let us make these precincts ring with the expression of all our gratitude; let us express with solemnity our sincere thanks for the successive benefits with which they have heaped the generations which have preceded us." The *procès-verbal*, in its conclusion, informs us that, in addition to adopting the resolution, "the assembly applauded the discourse of M. Avigdor." *

We must not be understood as contending that the popes did not approve of many restrictive measures adopted in different ages by various civil governments, as also by councils, synods, etc., for protection of state and church against the dangers with which they were, from time to time, threatened by Judaism and by the Jewish race. To do so would be to falsify history; it would be, in addition, to repudiate actions which were just and necessary, and which truthful history abundantly vindicates. What we do claim, and what has been fully established, is that whatever was in the nature of outrage or of unjust persecution was consistently discountenanced and resisted by the Papacy, and, in fact, by the great body of the Catholic clergy. In light of the unquestionable authorities cited, the untruthfulness and malice of Rabbi Sonneschein's onslaught against the Catholic Church, and especially the Papacy, must be manifest to all.

FRANK MCGLOIN.

New Orleans, La.

* *Procès-Verbal des Séances de l'Assemblée des Députés Français professant la Religion Juive*, p. 169; Abbé Lémann, *Les Israélites dans la Société Française*, pp. 107, 108; Drumont, *La France Juive*, vol. i. 305, *et seq.*

KINSHIP OF SPECIES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

IT is the belief of very many naturalists that when Almighty God created organic beings he implanted in them two properties, namely, Inheritance and Adaptation, which properties have enabled the immense variety of animal forms which we see around us to spring from a few original ones. By inheritance is meant the power in the parents of handing down to their offspring their essential characters. By adaptation is meant the plastic quality which organisms possess, whereby they are able to accommodate themselves by modification to changed conditions of life. The more we study fossil remains, the more probable does this view of creation become. There was an epoch, we know, in the distant past when implacental mammals, or Marsupials, largely predominated. Then came a time when marsupials became fewer and fewer, and as they diminished in number placental mammals took their place. May we not believe that the latter were marsupials which, by this plastic quality of adaptation, were changed with changed surroundings? This is not an unreasonable belief, for we discover transitional forms leading upward through geological time from the implacentals to the placentals, and would not these transitional forms be quite enigmatical unless we viewed them as forms developing gradually from lower into more highly organized mammals? We discover among the fossils of the Jurassic Age birds with teeth in their jaws and whose wing-bones were not grown together as in birds of our day, but were more or less parted, as are the bones of a quadruped's forefoot, and these bird's wings were armed with claws so that they could seize with their wings; they had also a perfect lizard's tail composed of twenty vertebræ, and with feathers not set fan-shaped, but running along the whole length of the tail. With these discoveries before them, is it strange that most naturalists should consider birds to be an offshoot from the great reptile branch of the animal kingdom? Paleontology reveals a thread of kinship between the order of Pachyderms and the order of Ruminants, at present widely separated. It appears at first unreasonable to say that the graceful, active antelope is in any way related to the clumsy hippopotamus; yet we can trace through numerous intermediate forms an almost insensible passage from the heaviest hoof of a pachyderm to the lightest hoof of a ruminant.

We find also in the Tertiary Age a thread of affinity between the horse and the rhinoceros, as well as between the bear and the dog. The Amphicyon is more dog than bear; the Hyænarctas, which succeeds it, is more bear than dog. And putting these two forms between the present dog and bear, we find the interval which parts them very much lessened, and we are not unwilling to believe that they may have had a common ancestor. For a good description of many transitional forms we refer the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to a work entitled *Les Ancêtres de nos Animaux dans les Temps Géologiques*, by Albert Gaudry, Professor of Paleontology at the Museum of Natural History, Paris.

If we wish to understand how animals of widely different kinds may be genealogically related, and if we wish to discover the path which the Creator marked out for nature to follow in order to bring about the numberless forms that exist to-day, it is necessary to study the laws which affect the relations of various species to each other, and which maintain or modify their existence as species; and this we may call the study of the physiology of the animal kingdom. No study is more important to one who is fond of nature; but within our limited space we can only touch on a few facts which this study embraces, and which help us to realize its usefulness. As we cast our eyes over animated nature we often lose sight of the influence which one organism may possess over another organism. Yet it is certain that if we change the mode of any animal's existence, this change will influence the fate of other animals in any way dependent on it. Exterminate the insect-eating birds of a country, and immediately there will be a vast increase of insects, which will perhaps entirely ruin the grain crops; and then grain-eating birds, left without their accustomed food, must either perish or change their mode of life. If by long-continued droughts the grass of any region be destroyed, the herbivora will disappear, and then the carnivora, having no longer any flesh to eat, will disappear also, or change their habits. But experiments prove that if an animal be able to change its mode of life and to subsist on different food, this change will surely bring about modifications in its structure. Hunter, the English anatomist, fed a gull on grain for a twelvemonth, and succeeded in hardening the inner coat of its stomach so that it resembled the stomach of a pigeon. It has also been proved that the gizzard of a pigeon fed for a long time on meat is little by little changed into the soft-skinned stomach of a carnivorous bird.

Von Willich has shown that a frog's skin assumes a darker coloring when the frog is not given enough food. The quality of the food also exerts a marked effect. Wallace tells us that the Indians of Brazil change the feathers of a parrot—Chrysotis festiva—from green to red by feeding it on the fat of a fish allied to the shad. We know that the bullfinch turns black if fed on hempseed, and butterflies, especially those of the genus Euprepia, have an abnormal tint when the caterpillars are confined to a diet of walnut-leaves.

It may therefore be reasonably held that, were experiments in food carried out on a larger number of animals and for a greater length of time, even more fundamental modifications might be brought about.

The absence of light may also cause structural changes. It is proved that darkness destroys the eyes of animals, for eyes are useless without light, and by the law of degeneration they gradually, through disuse, disappear. Here let us observe that the facts thus far ascertained leave little doubt that blind animals descend from ancestral forms which were not blind. The mole, although almost totally sightless, has true eyes which are quite invisible outwardly, for they are covered by the skin. Sometimes the mole can see a little, for the optic nerve of both eyes is not always degenerate, and the images formed on one eye may occasionally be transmitted to the animal's sense—consciousness. In the embryo of the mole both eyes are found to be connected with the brain by perfect optic nerves. It is, however, a curious fact that animals with well-developed eyes have been discovered in caves where total darkness prevails. Moreover, among certain insects living in darkness only the females are blind, and this might seem to show that their blindness was not owing to the absence of light, otherwise the males, too, would be blind. We may ask what use can these male cave-insects have for their eyes? An answer has been suggested; namely, that the blind females may be phosphorescent, and this light may guide the males to them. It is believed that in the case of fire-flies, phosphorescent light serves as a guide between the sexes.

The greater or less degree of saltness in water has a marked influence on animals living in it. It has been proved that salt, when in solution in water, may penetrate an animal's skin without the animal's agency. Place a frog in salt water in such a manner that it cannot swallow any of the water, yet it will soon be found that the salt has entered its body; and a frog can endure a solution of one per cent. of salt without injury. But while it is

now generally admitted by naturalists that many fresh-water forms may grow accustomed to a life in salt water, and many marine forms to a life in fresh water, nevertheless such changes must produce marked modifications. The recent experiments of Schmankewitsch prove that by adding or diminishing the quantity of salt in water, certain crustaceans may be made to vary so much as to become, in the course of several generations, not only of a different species, but of a different genus.

It is very interesting to study the influence of oxygen in water. All the outward parts of an animal which come in contact with a medium full of oxygen form, as it were, a breathing surface; and any internal portion of an animal may also become a breathing surface, provided the medium containing oxygen can reach it. But the part or parts which seem best fitted to breathe are those to which the term "organs of respiration" is properly applied. It has been proved that in many invertebrate animals the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal serves for breathing; and we know that gills may occur in the intestine of a water animal as well as on the outer surface. In some species of water-lice gills are found as appendages to the legs, while other invertebrates—the common leech, for instance—breathe only through the skin. One species of fish—Cobitis fossilis—breathes through the intestines—that is, it swallows air-bubbles at the surface of the water and thus brings oxygen in direct contact with the breathing surface of the intestines. Then, again, under certain conditions, the general respiration of the skin of a water animal may be so increased as to be enough for the animal's needs, and its special organs for respiration may be dispensed with. It has been shown that a frog, when not allowed to come to the surface, may live under water as long as it is given food, and as long as it is plentifully supplied with fresh water. Here skin respiration takes the place of lung respiration.

The physiological action of the air-breathing organs of animals living in air does not differ from that of the skin and gills in water-breathing animals; through them the blood is brought into the nearest contact with the medium containing oxygen. Yet nothing can be conceived more unlike in structure than a fish's gills, the lungs of the higher vertebrates, and the tracheæ of insects. The tracheæ of insects are exceedingly fine elastic tubes ramifying in all directions, and allowing the alternate inspiration of fresh air and expiration of impure air; and by those tiny tubes the oxygen needed is brought directly to and absorbed by all the organs of the insect.

So readily may organisms adapt themselves by modification to their surroundings that we find water-breathers which are able to be air-breathers. Fish, we know, breathe through their gills. These are placed at the sides of the head and absorb oxygen from a stream of water entering the mouth, and which, after bathing the gills, flows out behind through the gill-openings. We might, therefore, take fish to be animals adapted solely to a life in the water. Yet there are several kinds of fish which not only can breathe out of water, but which spend no small part of their life out of water. The Periophthalmus and Boleophthalmus skip along the sand near the water's edge in quest of mollusks and insects. Like all fish, they have true gills, but these do not fill up the bronchial cavities, which in their case hold air as well as water, and we may consider these organs as lungs which have developed by modification of a part of the water-breathing cavity. And the fishes which have such gills, and which are consequently able to exist out of water, may be looked upon as amphibians. Hence, we see that an organ which at one time acts as a lung may at another time become a water-breathing organ. But this is not so surprising when we know that in snails a gill cavity has by modification become finally changed into a lung. And this surely God-planned power of modification has no doubt saved many organisms from extinction; it may have enabled them to escape from enemies encroaching on their native domain, be it land or water, or it may have enabled them to procure food when it had become wanting in the medium in which they originally dwelt. The porpoise, although seemingly a fish, is not a fish, and it is not improbable that its remote ancestor may have lived on the land, whence some enemy or some unfavorable condition drove it away. Yet through the plastic quality of adaptation it has so taken on the guise of a fish that many people are surprised when they are told it is a mammal.

There are eminent naturalists who believe that fertile cross-breeding between animals of two different species may have been one of the means by which new forms have originated. The possibility of such fertile cross-breeding can no longer be doubted, and it is interesting to know that in hybrids may be found characters which do not belong to either parent, while hybrids have sometimes been described as distinct species. It is positively known that the rabbit has crossed with the hare, the tiger with the lion, the polar bear with the brown bear, the dog with the jackal and the wolf. Nor are the newly originated

hybrid forms always sterile, as was formerly believed. Hybrids between the jackal and the dog, and between the dog and the wolf, stay fertile for many generations. Nor are the instances which are known of successful hybridization confined to animals under man's influence. Fertile union of hybrids has occurred in a state of nature; for instance, between the domestic cat and Felis torquato, described by Cuvier as a distinct species. Professor Siebold, in his great work on the fresh-water fishes of Germany, describes no fewer than eight hybrids, which other naturalists had described not only as different species, but actually as types of special genera.

It is interesting to know that the mollusk forming the genus Onchidium has in certain localities eyes on its back as well as on its head, and these dorsal eyes, while simple in structure, are similar in type to the eyes of vertebrates. In both we find what is known as the 'blind spot' (the spot where the optic nerve pierces the outer skin of the eye), and this mollusk is the only invertebrate possessing the eyes of a vertebrate. Professor Semper, in his excellent work entitled *Animal Life as affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence*, tells us that this mollusk lives on the sea-shore, and that in the same neighborhood may be found the Periophthalmus, a fish which, as we know, is able to skip along the sand and whose chief food is this very mollusk.

Now, Professor Semper believes that the presence of the Periophthalmus may account for the development of these eyes (sometimes ninety in number) on the back of the Onchidium. This mollusk is incapable of fleeing from an enemy, it has no protecting shell like other mollusks, and it is consequently very much exposed to capture by this singular fish, which is almost as nimble out of water as in the water.

Professor Semper's hypothesis is that when the helpless Onchidium perceives through its dorsal eyes a Periophthalmus leaping toward it, it quickly contracts its whole body, and by doing so the minute glands with which its back is studded eject countless globules of an offensive secretion which strike the fish and cause it to turn aside.

What renders this hypothesis a probable one is that wherever the Periophthalmus is found, there, too, is found this mollusk provided with eyes on its back; while in places where the Periophthalmus does not exist, there this mollusk may be found, but without dorsal eyes.

We have seldom read anything more interesting than Professor

Semper's account of his actual observations of all the stages of development of these eyes as they take place in nature. He has been able to detect the very process of their formation from the simplest conditions of a cell or group of cells containing within themselves the elements of modification, first into an organ capable only of distinguishing light and shadow, and then, under the influence of natural selection, into a perfected organ, a true eye, which might give warning of the approach of a Periophthalmus.*

We close by saying that the study of the physiology of the animal kingdom has strengthened our belief in the constancy of a species being dependent on the constancy of the external conditions. When the conditions of life change, the changes will effect a selection among the animals exposed to them and thus bring about, in the long course of ages, the transformation of one species into another. Professor Albert Gaudry, in the work already mentioned, *Les Ancêtres de nos Animaux dans les Temps Géologiques*, says: "Les hommes qui étudient le monde vivant ont pu croire à la fixité des espèces, mais ceux qui scrutent les temps géologiques sont plutôt portés à penser que le changement est l'essence des créatures : l'activité de Dieu semble s'être manifestée par des modifications incessantes qui, en donnant de la variété à la nature, ont contribué à sa beauté."†

William Seton.

* When we speak of teeth we always associate them with the mouth of an organism. Yet so far does nature go to adapt special organs for an animal's preservation that teeth may actually be developed in the stomach. It is known that snakes of the genus Dasypeltis, which are found in Africa, swallow birds' eggs whole and never crush the shell in doing so lest some of the contents might be spilt. Now, this snake is provided with teeth in the fore part of the stomach, and these tiny teeth pierce through the coat of the stomach just far enough to break the egg-shell as it passes through.

† "Those who study the living world may believe in the fixity of species, but those who search closely the geological ages are rather inclined to believe that change is the essence of created beings: the activity of God seems to have manifested itself by incessant modifications which, by giving variety to nature, have contributed to her beauty."

A GLIMPSE OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.*

I.

"ONLY give him a fair chance," the friends of the negro have been reiterating since the emancipation, "and you will see what he will do for himself." And then somebody has been sure to say, "Look at Hayti."

Looking at Hayti through the newspapers is one thing; spending several weeks in the capital of the Black Republic is another, particularly if exceptional opportunity is afforded for a study of her problems, the currents of her social and political life, and the significance of missionary effort in her behalf. Port-au-Prince is missionary headquarters, Catholic and Protestant. Look upon your map and see where it is situated: at the bottom of the *cul-de-sac* deeply penetrating the western shore of the island which is the very key to the West Indies. Now, if you "read up" Port-au-Prince before taking passage on an "Atlas Line" or "Royal Mail," the probabilities are you will decide to stay at home; at least, not to land upon a shore of which little that is good has been said since Columbus painted it in glowing colors to Queen Isabella. The modern West Indian tourist looks at it from the outer harbor (and that with his handkerchief at his nose, as some tell us), and the tourists' reports do not contradict each other. . . . "The dirtiest city on the face of the earth. . . ." "The most fever-stricken of all pestilential localities. . . ." "The nest of the viper revolution." Sir Spencer St. John, at present the authority upon Hayti, cautions foreigners against the salted meat in the markets, lest they consume human remains. And Froude, who spent perhaps two hours ashore, says the boulevards are as foul as pig-sties, and that forty thousand persons have died there of fever in a single year; that black dukes and marquises drive over the poor white trash, and that the Roman Catholic clergy barely subsist upon the support given them by those who are outwardly Catholics, but who are in reality African pagans, practising voudoo rites under the ritual of the church.

Never mind what took me to Hayti. Suffice my assuring you that I have seen Hayti within the last six months, and that

* The writer of this article is not a Catholic.—EDITOR.

I have spent a part of October and November in Port-au-Prince. I may not dwell upon the unhappy history of Hayti, one of the bloodiest pages of the French Revolution. Suffice it to say it is now eighty-six years since the blacks of Hayti emancipated themselves and France gave up the island, which had been called "the gem of the Bourbon crown," the Black Republic incorporating in its constitution that significant clause: "No white man, whatever his nationality, shall be permitted to land on the Haytian territory with the title of master or proprietor, nor shall he be able, in future, to acquire there either real estate or the rights of a Haytian." The flag of the Black Republic is the French flag reversed—the white left out.

The established church was and still is the Roman Catholic, but the deep-rooted jealousy of white domination makes its relation to the Pope somewhat unique. The head of the state, the President of Hayti, is head of the church. "The anomaly is presented," wrote Redpath in 1861, "of a democratic Catholic Church—a church without a bishop or any grade of superior clergy. . . . The Haytian ruler has always refused to abdicate his chieftainship; and the pope, on the other hand, has inflexibly insisted on absolute control in ecclesiastical affairs. The difficulty has at last been overcome by the concession on the part of the pope of the most liberal concordat. . . . It provides that the bishop shall be appointed by the president, subject to the confirmation of the pope; and to this bishop shall be given the power of nominating the priests, subject to the approval of the president. . . . The church in Hayti is supported by the contributions of its members and by an annual stipend made by the government for the repair of ecclesiastical edifices. The law fixes the rate of honorariums for various religious services, and these are paid to a church warden, who is also a civil officer, and who expends the fund under the direction of the communal council for the use of the church, one part being paid to the priest and his assistants, and the rest expended for vestments, etc. The offerings made at baptisms, marriages, and the like are the exclusive income of the priest."

From the date of the first settlement of the white man in the new world, December, 1492, San Domingo, as the whole island was originally called, has been under the control of the Catholic Church. Protestantism was not introduced until 1816. The Haytian Catholics have never persecuted Protestants, yet Protestantism has not yet succeeded in getting a really strong foothold on the island. The country is emphatically Catholic.

So much so that I felt justified in saying to some good Methodists there that even they had acquired "the Catholic cast" in a good many ways. Of course there is a marked contrast between the old houses of the Catholic religious orders, both in size, appointments, and numbers, and the missions of the Protestants. The schools for the better class—the girls' seminaries particularly—and the hospitals are almost entirely Catholic, if not wholly so. The daughters of the wealthy are sent to the convents of France, the sons to the best Catholic schools of Paris. Some two thousand Haytians, I was told, visit Paris almost annually.

Only for what has been done by the Roman Catholic Church, and the comparatively recent and still nebulous missions of Protestantism, Hayti might seem to have reason for saying, as she does say through her leading citizens: "We have been boycotted by civilization ever since we declared our independence."

There is a measure of truth in the statement. This fierce, half-barbaric child of the French Revolution, this unfortunate offspring of race-hatred, demanded the vigilant guardianship of civilized Christendom in a greater degree than new-born nationalities often do. Hayti is our next-door neighbor. She holds the keys of the West Indies, and the control of those keys is becoming more and more a subject of the utmost importance. Her harbors are bound to be on the grand highway of the world's commerce at no distant day. And who knows but Hayti is the Canaan for the black race?

From the generalities of this subject, let me pass to particulars, to some of my personal experiences in the field at Port-au-Prince.

II.

I had been several days in "the dirtiest city on the face of the earth" when I passed on the street one morning a Sister of Charity. She was alone and on foot. Only the women of the peasantry walk in the streets of Port-au-Prince. This woman was making her way unattended through the creole, chattering rabble of soldiers, market-women, and donkeys, and watching her and the marked respect she received, I felt that I had discovered at last the clue I had strangely overlooked in my endeavor to get at the head springs of mission-work in Hayti. *There* was the power which, if exercised aright, could shape Hayti's future for righteousness.

A few Sunday mornings after (being the day following Hypolite's triumphant return to Port-au-Prince) found me ringing at the wicket-gate of the Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny. A good Catholic, the leading physician of Port-au-Prince, Dr. Terres, the United States vice-consul, had arranged for my reception, and the sisters had invited me to attend High Mass in their chapel at 7.30 that morning, when I might see the one hundred and fifty or more Haytian girls of their school at service. A high wall concealed the chapel and court and the several houses of the palm-shaded enclosure from the world outside—shutting out a far different picture from the one inside the gate. Outside, although the school is in the pleasantest suburbs of the city, one could not forget he was in Port-au-Prince. Inside, one could easily fancy he was in a picturesque old convent of France. The well-kept grounds, the immaculate cleanliness and perfect order, the grateful shade, was something one must be a home-sick guest in a wretched West Indian hotel to fully appreciate.

An English-speaking sister received me—long a willing exile from her native land—and chatting with her in the home-like reception room was like waking from a dream. There was an elegant yet severe simplicity in the furnishing of the room. A portrait of Anne Marie Javouhey, *fondatrice de la Congrégation de Saint-Joseph de Cluny*, hung upon the wall with other engravings. Two pianos were in the room, and many books. Several sisters came in to welcome me. Only one or two of them could speak English, a fact, however, which did not interfere greatly with our intercourse. But the girls were standing outside in line, and must not be kept waiting, and we stepped out upon the veranda to see them, as they stood singing a hymn of praise—a prelude to the processional hymn with which they would enter the chapel. Black girls all of them, very black the majority, with pronounced negro features, their ages ranging from six to twenty, if I guess aright. The daughter of President Hypolite was among them, and not a few Protestants, I was told, Bishop Holly's daughter having attended the school prior to his removal to the country.

The girls were dressed in a becoming and simple uniform—black gowns of some light wool texture; white, broad-brimmed Leghorn hats, tastefully trimmed with straw-colored ribbon, a little veil of black lace thrown back over the crown. The color of the sash worn by each girl—red, blue, or purple—indicated her scholarship and class standing. Singing, they preceded us

into the chapel, where they reverently took their places, following the service with a devout demeanor that was most impressive, while their rendering of the chants was something I shall never forget. The priest was one of the fathers from the Seminary St. Martial, a boys' classical school in Port-au-Prince. At the close of the Mass he read a pastoral letter from the archbishop, stating that the clergy of Hayti had been accused of meddling in the politics of the country, which the archbishop affirmed to be wholly false, praying that his people might be loyal to the new administration. After the service several of the music class were invited into the parlor, and their remarkable proficiency upon the piano added greatly to our enjoyment. Their teacher was a native Haytian sister of exceptional ability. While the order is under the superintendence of white women, and composed chiefly of them, there is, happily, nothing like a color line to mar its catholicity. Dr. Terres came in to see a sick sister, and the most excellent of wine was served; the music and the pleasant converse making even a foreigner unaccustomed to tropical heat forget how fast the hours were slipping on to the noontime, when all but natives reasonably dread the sun. "The innate lawlessness of the Haytian girl," said the sisters, "is the great difficulty we have to deal with—their inborn rebellion against authority, their false ideas of *liberté*."

The Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny have fourteen houses in Hayti, six of which are in Port-au-Prince. The principal house is the one I visited, a first-class seminary for girls, where the course of instruction is the same as that of the best European establishments. Four of the Cluny sisters are at the seminary St. Martial, having charge of the housekeeping and of the infirmary. They also care for the younger boys of the brothers' school in Port-au-Prince. The other schools of the order are as follows: Cape Haytien, 150 pupils; Gonaives, 250; St. Marc, 150; Cayes, 170; Baraderes, 160; Aquin, 90; Jacmel, 125; Petionville, 50.

The order began its mission in Hayti in 1864 under the special protection of Archbishop Cestard du Cosquen, who invited them to the island during the presidency of Geffrard. Since then, they say, they have been duly appreciated by every administration, and by the people at large. They suffered greatly in the revolution just over (let us hope it *is* over). Their hospital outside of the wall was burned by the retreating troops of Legitime in the summer of 1888.

Legitime was a devout Catholic. Hypolite is what Episco-

palians would call "more evangelical." Although a Catholic, Legitime burned a good part of the city before surrendering it to Hypolite; some seven hundred dwelling houses being destroyed, to say nothing of public buildings.

The sisters are by no means confident that a stable government has yet been established. Their experience makes them doubtful of the permanence of any administration in that land of revolution, but they are doing their best, with the help of Christ, for the salvation of a land which, without their ministry and that of their fellow-laborers, would be desolate indeed.

JANE MARSH PARKER.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' "OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE."*

WHATEVER comes from the pen of the illustrious author of the *Faith of Our Fathers* cannot fail to be of the highest importance and, without exaggeration we may add, of national interest. By his position the cardinal is justly looked upon as the spokesman of the Catholic Church in the United States; by his tact and prudence, and the patriotic interest he takes in all the burning questions of the day, he has acquired an influence over all classes of our people second to none, and there is no respectable body of citizens, whatever its religious convictions may be, that does not receive his counsels and warnings with respect and consideration. The Catholic Congress recently held in Baltimore has proved, beyond all question, to those who needed such proof, that the Catholic body is a powerful intellectual factor in our still young and vigorous nation, which must be taken into account in all national questions, and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore is, by excellence, the representative of Catholic thought and the exponent of Catholic views. For this reason it was that the new work, which was spoken of from time to time, was waited for with so much impatience.

It was published at a most appropriate time, just when the prelates and clergy from every part of the Union had assembled in Baltimore to celebrate the centenary of the Catholic hierarchy, and it will remain one of the most lasting mementos of that glorious occasion.

* We call our readers' special attention to this article, as well on account of its great intrinsic merit as of the importance of the work which it reviews.—EDITOR.

In the beautiful introduction the object of the work is laid down with the gentle unction which characterizes all the cardinal's written and spoken words. It is not polemical; it does not pretend to deal with the controversies which for centuries have been carried on between those professing different forms of Christianity. The intention is to erect and strengthen the platform upon which all who believe in Christ and accept his teachings may find a firm foothold to battle against the common foe. The very foundations not merely of Christian life but of society and of the natural law are being sapped; the seeds planted by the atheistic schools of France and Germany are bearing their disastrous fruits; the very atmosphere is rank with unbelief; they who think for themselves, and they who think by proxy—and these latter are, alas! in the vast majority—are infected with the new ideas which, logically carried out, must in time overthrow our civilization itself. The cardinal's work is addressed to all who are honestly seeking the confirmation and vindication of the Christian truth which is their heritage; to those especially who, for some reason or another, such as "association, the absence of Christian training, a distorted education, and pernicious reading, have not only become estranged from the specific teachings of the Gospel, but whose moral and religious nature has received such a shock that they have only a vague and undefined faith even in the truths of natural religion underlying Christianity."

The cardinal gives up as hopeless any effort to influence the *professional* infidel, even as Catholics have learned to avoid as productive of evil rather than good the controversies with *professional* Protestants which were so much in vogue half a century ago. The cardinal credits these *professional* unbelievers with "judging everything from their own narrow standpoint"; in our judgment it seems that nothing but malice, or self-interest, or (to give them the advantage of the most charitable interpretation) intellectual crookedness can explain their isolated and monstrous position. For a monstrosity is anything out of the common order of nature, and the cardinal shows by arguments brought forward from every class of men and from every period of history that they who deny the existence of God, for instance, are as much out of the common order of nature as the Siamese Twins or the Chinese Giant—they are either frauds or freaks. With minds so constituted or determined all argument would be vain, and they are wisely excluded from the list of those who may be bettered by a perusal of this interesting volume. But

for souls harassed with doubt, and anxious for some prop for their shattered faith, it must be a priceless boon to find solid ground beneath their feet. Much of the doubt of the present day is not so much the effect of positive unbelief as of ignorance and perplexity with regard to the true doctrines of Christianity, and consequently of inability to answer the captious questions in which modern sophists have dressed up very old difficulties. To these honest doubting souls *Our Christian Heritage* is especially addressed, though even firm believers will derive therefrom much profit and consolation, for it quiets doubts and answers difficulties by showing the faultless beauty and unassailable strength and reasonableness of Christian teaching, with earnest words of warning of the dangers that will follow to our moral and physical life if that teaching be neglected.

The first fourteen chapters treat of God and man, and their relations to one another, as natural reason dictates, independently of revelation.

The two arguments for the existence of God, drawn from the order which marks the external world, and from the united testimony of every people in every age of the world's history, are developed with much grace and vigor. The former of these arguments is irresistible, and there is no man who can evade the force of it; "for the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; his eternal power also and divinity; so that they are inexcusable" (Rom. i. 20).

When we consider the glorious beauty and order throughout all creation, the regularity with which the seasons succeed to one another, the intricate provision which has been made for every living thing upon the earth's surface; when we consider the great worlds and systems all about us, rolling and plunging through space yet never deflecting from the orbits marked out for them, where the least irregularity would be followed with universal chaos; when we examine the exquisite workmanship displayed in the tiniest blade of grass between our feet, and see everywhere the means so exquisitely adapted to the end, who can resist the conclusion of a mighty intelligence and will that has fashioned and brought all this varied beauty and stupendous power into being? It is an insult to our intelligence to ask us to ascribe to chance or fate any portion of this complex machinery. As the cardinal well remarks, "The most ignorant peasant will recognize order in the disciplined march of an army, and

disorder in the pell-mell rout of a mob"; and the most ignorant peasant will just as surely argue from the existence of order to the existence of an ordering intelligence. His ideas of God may be coarse and stupid, as anthropomorphic as you please; he may represent the Supreme Being under the form of a frisky old Jupiter, or a more dignified yet no less frail Deus; or it may take the higher form of a vague indefinite Great Spirit proclaiming himself in thunder and lightning, yet irresistibly man is driven to the knowledge of an intelligence superior to himself, and the first cause of all that is. This involves no complex process of reasoning; it is as simple as the law of cause and effect; indeed, so spontaneous and ready is it that several schools of thought have tried to explain it by innate ideas or by a blind instinct of the intellectual faculty. It is not to be wondered at, then, that no people of ancient or modern times—indeed we may add, no single individual enjoying the right use of his intellect—has ever seriously denied the existence of God. The cardinal brings forth a vast amount of proof from the writings of the great men of every age, and from the accounts of travellers and missionaries from every land. Prejudice and ignorance spring from local, mutable causes, and are necessarily limited within the narrow circumference of changeable circumstances; the universal voice of man is the infallible voice of nature herself, and she proclaims aloud the existence of God. "Men had, indeed," observes Cicero, quoted by the cardinal, "false notions regarding the Deity [for that involves profound and complex reasoning], but they all acknowledge a divine nature and energy."

It is to be regretted, we think, that the illustrious author did not deal professedly with the form of infidelity which is really the only one in our day that claims to be respectable, and, by a very old trick, cloaks its inherent wickedness—and we have no hesitation in adding, its stupidity—under an impressive Greek name, *Agnosticism*. How much less fashionable the system might have been, at least in America, if it had been called by its English equivalent, Know-nothingism! The agnostic does not directly question the truth of the existence of God; he claims to be neither a theist nor an atheist, but to have found the happy mean between the two extremes—the dividing line whereon two contradictories can be verified. His position is, that if there be a God, he is unknowable; we can predicate nothing whatsoever of him, because he must necessarily be a being of whom we can form no concept whatsoever; indeed,

his very existence cannot be conceived except by means of propositions which are self-contradictory, such as the infinite time in which he was, or the infinite space which he filled with his necessarily all-pervading presence. Thus the agnostic constructs a monstrosity; puts up as the God of the Christians—or of the intelligent heathen, for that matter—a bundle of contradictions and absurdities, has humor enough to see how ludicrous it is, knocks it down from the pin to which he had fastened it, and then gravely imagines he has dealt a deadly blow to the foundation of the whole system of Christianity. It is clear that a god who is the offspring of human ingenuity or imagination must of necessity be a contradiction, quite as much as a god would be whom human hands had fashioned, and into whose soul a human breath had breathed the breath of life; but what Christian, pray, bends the knee to such a monster as the agnostic conceives to be the supreme Lord of all?

It is true that Agnosticism is refuted with very old principles—indeed, the very same with which the sophisms of Lucretius and Epicurus and Epictetus were overthrown thousands of years ago; but these principles must be applied according to the necessities of the time. Agnosticism is nothing, after all, but the evolution of the sensism of Locke, or the scientific doubt of Des Cartes, or the mental forms of Kant; it is a conglomeration of all, and the real name for the new agnosticism is the very old word scepticism, which, however, had fallen into such bad odor that it had to be changed. The vast majority of men are unable to manage an abstract principle and follow it throughout all its dizzy windings to the very end of the thread; some one else must do the thinking for them, and then they can follow, or, at least, imagine they can, which comes to the same thing. We know of no one better fitted than Cardinal Gibbons to show in a popular way the shallowness of modern agnostic reasoning and the real truth which is impugned by the followers of Huxley and Spencer; and therefore it is a source of regret to us that the cardinal did not dwell at greater length upon this point, which is one of the most serious dangers to our Christian heritage in the present day.

The chapter on Conscience as bearing testimony to the existence of God—as *just*, and *good*, and *holy*, and *all-seeing*, and as a *providential* Governor—is written with great clearness and force. It is not necessary to go out of ourselves for a convincing proof that there is One above us upon whom we are de-

pendent, to whom we are responsible. It is the "still small voice" within us proclaiming a difference between right and wrong independently of the judgments or opinions of other men; it points to a law, and a law without a lawgiver is inconceivable. "A law constantly acting, universally asserted, inwardly enforced, supposes a living, omnipotent, omnipresent lawgiver."

After treating of the omnipresence of God, and the practical lessons to be drawn therefrom, the cardinal takes up the question of Divine Providence. This subject doubtless is beset with many difficulties, but the cardinal gives us the key to the solution of all of them. "To judge correctly of God's providence, we must bear in mind, first, that man's soul is immortal; secondly, that his duration will be eternal; and thirdly, that the day of reckoning will come at the term of this mortal life." There is the solution of all our difficulties on this vexing and important point. Why am *I* miserable while *he* is happy? Why do I suffer the pinches of poverty while such another, notorious for his wicked life, is rolling in wealth? Why is one confined for years bed-ridden while another employs the robust health that has been given to him only to indulge more heedlessly his disorderly inclinations? Because sickness and health, wealth and poverty, sorrow and rejoicing, are in the sight of God indifferent—indifferent means to an end, which end shall be everlasting. Man's good or evil fortune is to be measured by this end only; God's providence directs all things gently to this alone. The glorious Edmund Campion won the crown of life by long years of imprisonment, by frequent application of the rack and the torture, and finally by strangulation and butchery at Tyburn; would even his name have been preserved if he had carried out the promise of social and civil distinction of his younger years at Oxford? Stanislaus Kostka died at the early age of eighteen; if he had lived longer, would he have been honored by the Catholic Church as one of the greatest saints in her annals? St. Benedict Joseph Labre is great because he spent his years in poverty and beggary; would his life have had any influence upon posterity if he had been the czar of all the Russias? Not, then, by the brief span of mortal years is man's destiny to be measured, and consequently we are not to estimate God's providence by the ups and downs of this perishable life; man's destiny is an everlasting one, and it is in this light only that divine providence is to be viewed and scrutinized; it is from this standpoint, and this alone, that a complete

answer can be given to the difficulties usually brought forward under this head.*

After having established the truth of God's existence and of his goodness to us, the cardinal discusses the duties and obligations on our side which flow as necessary corollaries from the preceding. Worship, prayer, gratitude to God, and, above all, the shaping of our wills in accordance with the demands of the divine will—all this follows immediately from the relations that exist between God and man. Nor is God's will unknown to us; it is manifested within us by the voice of conscience, and outside of us in the voice of them of whom it was said, "He that heareth you heareth me." Those very visitations of Providence that fill our hearts with anguish and dismay, and cause dark doubts to obscure our minds if indeed there be really after all an infinitely good God directing man's destiny—these very disasters may be blessings in disguise to make the soul look into itself, and to become alive to the vanity and futility of all earthly joy and worldly prosperity, in order that it may more readily labor for the things that are eternal.

After bringing forward an array of arguments for the immortality of the soul, the cardinal discusses the question of Eternal Punishment, not from the standpoint of revealed truth, but of natural reason. It is not the object of the cardinal to demonstrate positively the reality of an eternal punishment for sin, but simply to show the reasonableness of it; that there is nothing in the doctrine repugnant to the dictates of right reason; nay, more, that the infinite sanctity of God and the heinous nature of sin seem rather to demand such a chastisement. "It is usually," writes the cardinal, "malefactors that have defied the law and that are punished for its violation who condemn our criminal code as too severe; and it is only such as choose to be rebels

* Since writing the above we have come across some of Mr. Ingersoll's puzzles in the December number of the *North American Review*. The cruelties of nature cannot harmonize, he says, with the goodness and wisdom of God. The theist will find it impossible to account for earthquakes, storms, fever, war, flood, slavery, and a host of other inconveniences. Now, if man were created to be free from all these miseries, it might indeed shake one's faith to see the world filled with them; but if they are one and all indifferent means to a higher and nobler end, we fail to see that Mr. Ingersoll has scored a point. He might as well ask, How account for the fact that one man is black and another white, and another copper-colored, and yet another red-skinned? Besides, the theist's faith is not based upon things he cannot account for, but on things that can be accounted for only on the supposition of an all-wise, all-good, all-powerful Creator. In the same number of the *Review* Lord Wolseley asks: "It [war] is a fearful evil, but an evil for which greater good often compensates. Would the United States now prefer to have had no Washington, no Lincoln, none of the many heroes of the War of Independence and of the Civil War, in order to blot out the record of all war from its history?" The Christian believes that no evil of this life is without its compensation in the life to come—nay, that the very miseries of this life may be the means to a greater reward.

against God that insist upon calling him tyrant." After disposing of the objection that such a punishment is unjust because out of proportion with the offence, the cardinal rejects in a few lines the objection, much more frequently urged, that it is opposed to the divine mercy and clemency. God's mercy is not to be considered in itself as something separate and torn away from his other attributes. God is a perfect being, and in him who is the exemplar of all beauty and order the most perfect order is to be found. "His mercy cannot absorb his other attributes; it cannot run counter to his justice, his sanctity, and that moral order he has established in the world. The higher appreciation one has for benevolence, truth, chastity, and moral rectitude, the greater is his antipathy to the opposite vices. Now, God, whose love for virtue knows no bounds, must by the very nature of his being have an immeasurable aversion for all iniquity, and therefore he can never be reconciled to the sinner so long as he voluntarily clings to sin. God exults not in the sufferings of his creatures, but in the manifestation of his eternal attributes." This reasoning would seem to lead to the conclusion that God could never again be reconciled to one who had grievously offended him; we are willing to take the conclusion. That God is ready to take back the repentant sinner appears, in some respects, more difficult to understand than that he will punish for all eternity those who have voluntarily turned away from him, and rebelled against his sweet law.

With the opening of the fifteenth chapter the cardinal brings forward a splendid series of arguments for the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the truth of the faith which he brought into the world, and of the church which he founded. The Divinity of Christ is proved first of all by the testimony of the Apostles and of our Blessed Lord himself, who on every occasion sought to impress upon his followers that he was indeed the One who was to come, the Only-begotten of the Father, the Christ who will come again in power and majesty. Nothing can be more convincing than that Christ claimed to be God, and demanded for himself the worship that is due to God alone. There is a class of writers at the present time who deny that Christ was God, yet admit that he was the greatest teacher the earth has ever seen, the noblest character that ever moved amongst men. "He was a moral teacher, pure and simple," writes one of these modern admirers of this great purely human doctor, "and as an inculcator of moral ideas he stands at the summit of mankind. His teachings were the simplest and loftiest, his life was the

noblest and most self-sacrificing, that literature and history present to our gaze." And yet this learned pundit rejects with scorn the idea of Jesus Christ being the Son of God, for the very simple reason that in his heart he had said, There is no God. Now, Christ's teaching and the history of Christ's life we have only from his disciples, who revered him as God, to whom over and over again he had declared himself to be the Son of God. If, then, he was in reality not God, does it not follow that he was the greatest impostor and the wiliest deceiver that ever sought to lead men astray? Was he not the most immoral teacher that "literature and history present to our gaze"? The second proof of our Lord's divinity is taken from his miracles and especially from his resurrection. "If Christ be not risen," says St. Paul, "your faith is vain"; and the Christian of to-day is ready to let Christianity stand or fall with the truth or falseness of Christ's resurrection. Let the enemies of Christianity disprove this one fact, and we will submit; let its advocates continually recur to it, and they have a complete vindication of their faith. We refer the reader to the brief but convincing demonstrations of Cardinal Gibbons, who has condensed here in a wonderfully lucid form most of the arguments with which theologians are wont to strengthen and make impregnable this bulwark of Christian faith. If he had stopped here, his work would have been done; no stronger argument for our Christian heritage can be brought forward than that it is the inheritance we have received from the Son of God; the teachings that have been delivered by infallible truth need no confirmation; the precepts given by him who is the Supreme Lord and Master of men's minds and bodies require neither palliation nor explanation.

But the cardinal goes further; he contrasts the effects of Christ's teaching with the results of pagan practices and the necessary consequences of modern atheistic and materialistic principles. Although the pagan of ancient and modern times had the advantage over the modern infidel in that he did not deny the existence of God, yet that belief had little or no influence in the practical affairs of his life, and thus the triumph of modern infidelity would surely and infallibly lead us back to the awful state of things which reigned in the world before Christianity came to elevate and purify. Like causes produce like effects, and no reflecting man can fail even nowadays to see the old pagan abominations advancing step by step as the influence of Christianity recedes. Fain would we follow the author page by page through his beautiful work, but we prefer

the reader should peruse it carefully by himself, and ponder deeply upon its wholesome doctrines. We call especial attention, however, to the chapters upon the relative influences of paganism and Christianity upon morals, and the condition of woman in pagan civilization contrasted with what Christianity has done for her. The return of paganism—that is, the triumph of modern unbelief—would mean nothing more nor less than the deification of the basest desires and most brutal passions of the human heart. Philological writers busy themselves about the origin of the ancient mythologies, and discover, by the convenient form of analogy, which ingenuity can make to prove all things, in the solar system a seeming (though in our judgment an absurd) explanation of the origin of the heathen gods and goddesses; the real origin is to be sought for in the lower and coarser views which men took of things; their gods were merely the poetized personifications of human passions. Jupiter sprung from the idea of brute force, Bacchus was invented to make gluttony and debauchery respectable, Venus was created to beautify and sanction sensual indulgence. Let the reader go to the pages of Cardinal Gibbons and meditate deeply over the chapter entitled "Influence of Paganism upon Morals." The awful picture is not overdrawn; the horror of those times is not exaggerated; the cardinal does not fall back upon his own imagination for proof; his testimonies are derived from the most authentic sources; it is the voice of paganism that is made to testify against itself, and it is the condition of things that would be again if unbelief were to prevail. The desecration of the marriage-tie, the grinding down of the poor laborer by the merciless capitalist and monopolist, the beastly intemperance which disgraces all our large towns—all this is nothing but the restoration of Jupiter, Venus, and Bacchus to their old place amongst the gods before whom men worship.

There is nothing, probably, in which the influence of Christianity has been so palpably felt as in the elevation of woman from her degradation to the position of honor she now occupies in the Christian family. "The family is the source of society; the wife is the source of the family. If the fountain is not pure, the stream is sure to be foul and muddy. Social life is the reflex of family life." How foul and muddy the stream—*i.e.*, social pagan life—was the cardinal has already shown; how filthy and disgusting the source was, may be read in the chapter on the "Condition of Woman under Pagan Civilization." It was, and is to the present day wherever paganism exists, "an unbroken record of bondage, oppression, and moral degradation"; and the testimonies brought forward by the cardinal prove this to be true.

The woman was merely the toy of man's caprice, the victim of his lust; it was her duty to toil and slave for him; her very life in many cases was at his mercy. It was then a new doctrine that St. Paul preached when he said: "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither servant nor freeman; there is neither male nor female." It is the universality of the redemption that has brought about this universal equality amongst men; the soul of the yet unborn babe is as precious in the sight of Christianity as the soul of the greatest hero on earth, because the price paid for both is the same, the blood of Jesus Christ.

The cardinal shows the noble Christian sense in which woman has now *equal* rights with man; not, indeed, *similar* rights, which have caused women to cast aside their innate modesty, and to mount the stump in company with professional politicians and pour forth their fancied grievances in defiance of every law of decorum and propriety. Equal rights Christianity has given to her, an equal chance for the same everlasting reward; but as nature in her very physical construction has destined her for special duties distinct from those of men, so her equal rights must be in keeping with her nature and her duties. The cardinal goes on to show that it is the sanctity with which the church has hedged in the marriage-tie that has really conferred the greatest boon on woman, that has elevated her and made her man's helpmate and equal; and he briefly points out the jealous care with which Christianity, against fearful odds and in the most trying circumstances, has proclaimed and defended the indissolubility of wedlock. It is in this apostolic firmness and fearlessness that the divine authority of the church is manifested; human passion will ever beat against this barrier, and nothing short of a divine power can keep it from bursting through. Hence it is that all the sects that have broken away from the truth have found themselves compelled to yield on this point; they were unable to resist the pressure. "One divorce to eight marriages in Ashtabula County, Ohio, which is the focus of the Western Reserve, a colony founded by New England settlers" (p. 367), is a very sad showing for the morality of our time; it is certainly not Christian morality.

The cardinal continues to contrast paganism with Christianity in the practice of social virtues, in the training-up of children, in the treatment of the poor and the afflicted, in the conduct towards the vanquished in war, and in their respective influences upon slavery. Let our would-be pagans of the present time ponder carefully these instructive pages; let our Christian brethren be consoled on reading them, and be encouraged to defend

with all the powers of soul and body that Christian heritage which has descended to them after purifying all the centuries and literally renewing the face of the earth. The author has proved his thesis that Christianity is the only bulwark of our civilization, that it alone is the only foundation upon which a true and just government can rest. This he has demonstrated for the most part historically, and there is no one that can fail to see the force of his arguments and to be deeply impressed by them. It is a question of vital importance, one that concerns each individual because it concerns society, of which each is an integral part.

The cardinal is not merely retrospective. In the last chapter he looks into the future, and raises a voice of warning against the dangers that threaten our well-being. "We are confronted with five great evils: Mormonism and divorce, which strike at the root of the family and society; an imperfect and vicious system of education, which undermines the religion of our youth; the desecration of our Christian Sabbath, which tends to obliterate in our adult population the salutary fear of God and the homage we owe him; the gross and systematic election frauds; and lastly, the unreasonable delay in carrying into effect the sentences of our criminal courts, and the numerous subterfuges by which criminals evade the execution of the law." Perhaps some other threatening evils might be added to the list, but if the five enumerated are remedied, the other reforms would be soon likely to follow.

We have read through this interesting volume with intense delight; it is a worthy companion of the *Faith of Our Fathers*, which made the illustrious author's name a household word in the United States, and revered by hundreds whom his gentle, persuasive eloquence had led to the truth. God grant that *Our Christian Heritage* may have a like success! It is the work of one who is thoroughly convinced of the truth of every word he utters; who is so proud of the Christian heritage of which he is so representative a defender that his one desire is to make all men sharers in his good fortune. The work is marked by that spirit of sweetness for which all the cardinal's words are distinguished; it is truth for its own sake he is striving to inculcate; for the persons of those who propagate error he has nothing but words of apostolic charity and mildness. Let us hope that every honest seeker and every wavering Christian soul may turn to the pages of *Our Christian Heritage* for light and strength.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The spring novels make their appearance with a variety and abundance which eminently suit them to the season. Benziger Brothers send us a pretty volume by Miss T. Sparrow, one or two of whose shorter tales have been published in this magazine within the last three years. It is a historical romance called *Olympias* (London : Remington & Co.)—its period being the first half of the twelfth century, by the way, and not the second, as seems to be implied by Miss Sparrow in her "Proem." John Comnenus succeeded his father in 1118 and died himself in 1143, while the action of this tale hardly extends beyond the date of his accession to the throne of the Eastern Empire. In the main, it is cleverly conceived and prettily written, although either the proof-reader or the author has not kept the pages as free as they should be from small but annoying blemishes of a sort easily overlooked until once they have been handed over to the public. Then they attain the immortality of a perpetual pillory. The character of Theodore is very well understood ; so, too, is that of Olympias ; while the others, including Anna Comnena, though hardly more than shadows, are sufficiently suggestive of real substance to make one sure that Miss Sparrow has considered her strokes before making them.

The twentieth number of Worthington's Banner Library is a reprint of Captain Mayne Reid's *Afloat in the Forest*, with a biographical sketch of its author by R. H. Stoddard. It is superfluous to recommend it, for, like the rest of Reid's stories of adventure, it is more than well known already to all boys who are given to reading. His tales have what we believe to be the well-earned reputation of being safe as well as entertaining.

David Todd : The Romance of his Life and Loving, by David Maclure (New York : Cassell's), is a very good story, although told in a leisurely, prosaic way not unlikely to repel many readers. It has staying qualities, however. The author has a story to tell and a character to elucidate, and though the former might have been condensed into less space than even these brief pages give it, yet the struggle of conscience against a pure and powerful but selfish love, is well worth the space devoted to its description. David Todd is a Scotch minister, a man in middle life, staid, grave, and "shady." Neither in his pulpit nor out

of it, says Mr. Maclure in explanation of the latter epithet, does he ever come out into any glow. There is that about his presence indoors which suggests sombre, heavily draped rooms, adorned with silhouettes of distinguished undertakers, and, out-of-doors, reminds the beholder of "groves and glades, dusky and umbrageous twilight and evening." He resembles a solar eclipse in never being seen save under a metaphorical smoked glass. Yet, though all is secret, nothing is underhand about him. He is a dreamer, not a villain, in spite of the persuasion of some among his parishioners that he is "no better than he should be." Mr. Maclure, whose veneration for Scotch orthodoxy does not strike one as profound, describes his hero as "a religious devotee, reared at home and at school to a narrow view of life, life bounded at the one end by death, with a dry desert of formal religious duties between." Taking this view in profound earnest, and with the intensity of a strong nature, he soon devoted himself to the enforcement rather than the propagation of it. He has been the minister of Crosscairn, a small seaport town, for fifteen years, preaching to a people equally convinced with himself, but not equally conformed to their belief.

David Todd is a bachelor, and, so far as the traditions of a Scotch pastorate will allow him to be so, a recluse. Both conditions had once been accepted by him as the inevitable sequences of his convictions:

> "Under similar conditions of training, varied only by diverse opinions, he might have thought that for a man to shave his head and live in a hole, poring over a record of what had once existed, and groaning over foretold destiny, was a profitable and proper way to ameliorate the lot of men, particularly after they were dead. In short, in his peculiarly sombre nature it was natural for him, under all the circumstances, to consecrate himself to that which he pondered deeply, and to commune with himself away from the world."

Yet, when this story opens, the dream and the passion which for several years have crowded out his earliest ideal, of joyless consecration to the eternal welfare of a handful of Scotch villagers, have just been brought, the one to a bitter awakening, the other to an intenser life. The reader's first glimpse of him is caught as he comes out of Squire Amphlett's door a rejected suitor. A surprised one, moreover, for such an issue to his secretly cherished love has never occurred to him as possible. And Grace Amphlett shares his surprise though not his love. Though she is twenty-one, and has been under David Todd's pastoral care almost since her babyhood, never has such a possibility as this dawned on her. As for him, she has long been

the cause of his taking a wider and more humane view of life and men. But his passion for her has been so ideal that he has seldom, until lately, felt any need of actual communication. He has walked and talked with his dream-image of her, making that the sympathetic confidant of his high-strung, reticent nature, and taking so strong possession of her in imagination that no shock could be greater than that of finding that in her actual self she can be lacking to him.

It is this poetic conception of David Todd, and of his love, which gives quality to Mr. Maclure's novel. We hesitate to say that the execution does not equal the conception, for although he has an amateurish touch, yet there is a certain fitness in Mr. Maclure's dallying, prosaic prose which belongs to Crosscairn and its "shady" minister. We could find it in our heart to wish that a writer so capable of understanding the David Todd sort of man had shed some light on a problem which we find difficult. How is it that the actual possession of a woman, unloving and reluctant, can ever offer itself to such a one as a temptation in any degree, least of all as one to be struggled with almost to death before it can be overcome? For there comes a time when circumstances put it in Todd's power to wring from Grace's sense of filial duty what she can not only not yield to his wooing, but what she has already promised to the man she loves. It is here that Todd's battle with himself is fought. The issue of it is, of course, not doubtful. But the battle? Some touch of nobility was surely lacking or there could have been none.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has a most English sense of humor. It would never do to apply Mr. Howells' new-coined "funning" as descriptive of it. Still, his *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), although something too heavy in its intent to be lively, has both amusing and suggestive pages in it. We think his essays do not gain from being collected in a volume. A book has something obligatory about it; to turn over its pages consecutively gives the reader, especially if he be professional, a sense of conscious virtue which is apt to make the task of pleasing hard for comic essayists. This book, however, is not meant to be made a business of. It will do to take up and lay down again in a railway train, or to disguise impatience and possibly change it to good temper before a delayed domestic dinner.

Miss Mordeck's Father, by Fani Pusey Gooch, (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.), is an extraordinarily clever novel for which we incline to predict a phenomenal success. It should rival that

of Hugh Conway's *Called Back*, and for not dissimilar reasons. The American story is the more skilful, however, and not that alone. It has a distinct interest in some of its character-drawing —especially in that of the two girls, and the love awakened by each of them in the same man—which does not strictly belong to the plot and its development, although it very cleverly illustrates the chief problem of the central situation. To outline such a story as this one would be altogether unfair, and we refer our readers to the book itself as a puzzle which will at once perplex and profoundly interest them. Mordeck and his double—who is also not his double—are most skilfully treated. Although the identity soon becomes evident to the reader, he will be shrewder than we if he anticipates by a sentence the writer's pronouncement as to whose identity it is. But there is nothing tricky or mechanical about either the involution or the evolution of the mystery. It is a pathological inquiry, made with a skill which our experience in novels inclines us to esteem singular; with an even hand, too, which cannot well be charged with having overloaded the scale of possibilities merely in view of the reader's coveted perplexity.

There is one point, however, which touches neither the pathology nor the riddle of the tale, but only its psychology, and here we find Fani Pusey Gooch as hopelessly entangled as she is elsewhere clear. It has become evident to Shreves Chilson that his love for Naida Dunbar has been transferred from her to her double, Browné Mordeck, the latter having a soul and heart beneath the beautiful exterior which is as common to each as if one were the other's reflection in a mirror. But he is engaged to Naida, having met her first, and she has no thought of releasing him, nor any wish to do so. Then comes up the question as to which of the two girls has a father whom the law will recognize as such. It is Chilson's intimate persuasion that the Dunbar household is the legitimate one, but still there is a heavy possibility to the contrary. He has been betrayed by a moment of weakness into avowing his real love, and has found it reciprocated by Browné, but each of them is too loyal to Naida to repeat the treachery. Yet each, knowing as they do of the dilemma which must impale one or the other family on its horns, secretly looks forward with unavowed hope toward the realization of Chilson's surmise. What he will do in case Naida is robbed of her name by the establishment of Mordeck's sanity he knows; he will marry her and never let her find out that he has depths of soul which she can never fathom.

But it the end is different, and it is Browné who must face the world, nameless and poor, oh! with what joy he will hasten to comfort her by giving her his name and home! All very pretty, reflects the sympathetic reader, but how would Mr. Chilson undertake, in this latter case, to reconcile Naida to his desertion? Would he tell her he does not love her, but since she is a millionaire's daughter, and a beauty, she will be able to console herself? Since, with what force she has she loves him, the one difficult thing, under any turn of luck, should be to tell her of his change toward her. Why should Browné, poor and disgraced, be ready to accept his love, when, rich and honored, she would turn from it as a terrible temptation? A pair engaged, but still unmarried, are either bound by a mutual love or unloosed by the failure of it, and by that alone. There is too much sentimentalizing done in novels about the dishonor implied in breaking an engagement which mutual love no longer cements. It is better, if hearts must be broken by truth-telling, that either man's or woman's should endure the fatal strain before actual marriage has put its constraining, binding hold upon both present and future generations. Such a quandary, at all events, as the author of this story has invented for her hero, and such a way out of it, must be held more romantic than convincing. There is no shorter road to the divorce court, and none so thronged, as marriage which is loveless, however full of love's base imitation.

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin prefaces his *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) with an interesting dissertation on myths and mythology in general. According to his view, which we believe he has qualified himself to form by much research into the mythology of many peoples, a myth is one of a cycle of tales in which the primitive races of men have embodied their conceptions of the forces ruling the world external to man. As the earliest of these tales point to a common source, no matter to what race they may belong, their genesis and development are alike noteworthy. Mr. Curtin has found them especially well preserved among our American Indians, and also among the Gaelic-speaking Irish. Those embodied in his present volume were personally collected by him in Kerry, Galway, and Donegal in 1887. They are interesting after a fashion, but monotonous, as was to be expected, since for the most part they are but Irish versions of the fairy tales which all of us read or listened to in childhood, no matter what land we hail from. Whether one's grandmother said Cinderella, or Aschenpüttel, or Fair,

Brown, and Trembling, we all alike have sympathized with the much-abused sister and longed for the arrival of her prince with the glass slipper. What the tales point to, or what Mr. Curtin thinks they point to, is needed, now that we have grown older, to make them entertaining as well as to explain their universality and their persistence. He says that the American myths, to which Irish and all other myths are closely akin, describe creation. They refer to an order of things which preceded the present order, and to a race of beings who inhabited earth and the country beyond the sky before man existed. The earth was then occupied by persons, but persons who were not human. They had great power; they could do what they would; they had but to name what they desired, and it appeared; the thoughts of others were open to them. At first they were all alike beneficent; but later on they divided into two camps, good and bad, and warred upon each other. In one were those who originated the different kinds of food, and established all games, amusements, dances, and religious ceremonies for the race which was to follow them. They overcame the evil beings of the opposite camp in many ways; by stratagem, skill, swiftness, or the all-powerful wish; but both races were immortal, and even when overcome the bad could not be totally destroyed. They were changed into beasts, birds, rocks, plants, and various elements. Sometimes, too, the evil ones got the last word in the encounter, and as they sank into these lower forms they retaliated by casting a like spell on their enchanter, who by it remains fast bound. To quote Mr. Curtin textually:

"This earliest American myth-cycle really describes a period in the beginning of which all things—and there was no thing then which was not a person—lived in company without danger to each other or trouble. This was the period of primeval innocence, of which we hear so many echoes in tradition and early literature, when that infinite variety of character and quality now manifest in the universe was still dormant and hidden, practically uncreated. This was the 'golden age' of so many mythologies—the 'golden age' dreamed of so often, but never seen by mortal man; a period when, in their original form and power, the panther and the deer, the wolf and the antelope, lay down together; when the rattlesnake was as harmless as the rabbit; when trees could talk and flowers sing; when both could move as nimbly as the swiftest on earth."

There is still another reading which these familiar tales will bear, and one which, to our sense, explains equally well their recurrence in one form or another in the folk-lore of all lands. Even though regarded as embodying a reminiscence, universal and historic, of the innocence of Eden and the consequences of

the fall, they may also be held as perennial witnesses to the spiritual element in man which makes him, as St. Paul declares, "inexcusable" if he does not penetrate that transparent veil of external nature behind which the invisible things of God have lain hidden since the creation of the world. That the childhood of races should have produced these imaginative renderings of what in their external aspect were historic facts, and in their internal one essential truths, is natural. All great poems belong to the infancy of literatures, when men's eyes and ears were less wholly attuned to a world in which evil had begun to triumph, and from which God seemed to have withdrawn. Though the original writing had been rubbed away, yet the palimpsest of nature bore traces of it to which poets and seers were not insensible. For that matter, the whole drama, repeating itself for ever in every human heart, condenses the past anew with each new consciousness, and makes history, and all else that is external, in one sense only a great mirror in which we see ourselves "writ large." For us, too, there is the temptation, the two camps, the quick readiness with which all heaven allies itself to the good will and makes it conqueror in every struggle, and the immortal malignity which forces even the conqueror to another battle-field with each new day. Here is the Voice which warns and the Light which illumines every man who comes into the world, and here the touch that defiles and the knowledge which darkens counsel. And here, too, is the all-victorious wish which is omnipotent, and to which is granted that "desire of the heart" not withheld from any soul which "delights in the Lord," and never loses courage to go up to battle for Him. To the simple and the pure of heart the gates of Eden are never closed. The fiery sword which, turning every way, guards access to the tree of life is only a beacon to show them the road thither, and a weapon which they may count on in the battle-field which lies outside. And the record of their victories? Is that written only in the myths and fairy tales of heathendom? We who are of the household of the faith know a part of it as the *Lives of the Saints*, a chronicle which from one day to another grows with every answered prayer, with every resisted and therefore conquered foe, giving joy in heaven and peace on earth, and trouble in all realms which lie below.

Speaking of the lives of the saints, what a pity it is that Mrs. Burnett had not read Montalembert's beautiful life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary before writing her unnatural *Little Saint Elizabeth and Other Stories* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

The "other stories" are delightfully told bits of fairy lore which we commend to children of all ages. But the first is stiff and unnatural and untrue. Untrue as to fact in its references to St. Elizabeth in the first place. The "savage landgrave" of Mrs. Burnett's version, who frightened his wife into a downright lie from whose guilt "the saints" preserved her by changing the facts to suit it, has no existence in history, whatever he may have in the legends which this lady may suppose to exist. Louis of Thuringia and his wife were a pair of married lovers, whose devotion to each other was only strengthened by Elizabeth's life of charity and prayer. One of the pictures of her devotion which comes up unbidden to refute such idle tales as those which evidently pass current with Mrs. Burnett, is that which describes her as holding fast to the hand of Louis while passing so many hours of the night on her knees in prayer beside their bed. Malicious tales were, indeed, invented by his mother and sisters to estrange him from her, but his love and confidence were proof against them all. And the story of the roses, which Mrs. Burnett uses to teach, at any rate by implication, that the Catholic conception of sanctity is entirely compatible with lying, is not told as she tells it by any biographer of the "dear Saint Elizabeth." This is how she does it:

"Because she had been called Elizabeth she had thought and read a great deal of the saint whose namesake she was—the saintly Elizabeth whose husband was so wicked and cruel, and who wished to prevent her from doing good deeds. And oftenest of all she had read the legend which told that one day as Elizabeth went out with a basket of food to give to the poor and hungry, she had met her savage husband, who had demanded that she should tell him what she was carrying, and when she replied 'roses,' and he tore the cover from the basket to see if she spoke the truth, a miracle had been performed, and the basket was filled with roses, so that she had been saved from her husband's cruelty, *and also from telling an untruth.*"

The italics are ours. It may seem a trifling fault to object to in a writer who has probably no sort of intent either to deceive or to calumniate. But truth to fact is rather a good thing to stick to, even for Protestant story-tellers. Louis did not ask his wife what she had in her basket. He was as willing as she to succor the needy, even though his ears had been filled by the tale that his wife's charity would reduce them to poverty. He and his train met her, with her basket of loaves, as she was going down from the castle in midwinter to distribute bread to the hungry, and he pulled aside the covering to see what she had within. And what he saw, and what they saw who were

with him, were fresh roses, and he accepted the miracle as proof that Heaven was with her, and that he need not regard the calumnies of those that resented her generosity. But that she lied, and that the saints rescued her from the taint of untruth by a sort of *ex post facto* act, passed expressly to meet her case, is no part of the story.

The author of *Cæsar's Column: A Story of the Twentieth Century* (Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.), takes a far more gloomy forecast of what awaits the world in the year 2000 than Mr. Bellamy does, but we are not prepared to say we think him a less plausible prophet. Both of them appear to have run without being sent. But we find it easier to believe that our present civilization contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, than to take any stock in that proposed apotheosis of humanity by which it is to lift itself to the serene heights of plenty, peace, and joy by means of its own waistband. Still, Cæsar Lomellini's column of a quarter of a million dead New-Yorkers of the military, police, and "landlord" classes, entombed in cement applied by the hands of their crushed but surviving compeers, is more grotesque than ghastly as an object of imaginative contemplation.

By the year 1988, thinks the "man of wealth and high social position" who writes this novel "under the *nom de plume*" of "Edmund Boisgilbert, M.D.," New York will have extended its borders all the way to Philadelphia, and will contain at least ten millions of inhabitants. The rich will have grown so rich and haughty and the poor so abject, that titles will be as thick in the air as mosquitoes in July. We shall "prince" and "my lord" each other, or, rather, we shall so address our betters, and our chief occupation will be to help them gratify their evil passions at our expense. No poor girl's honor will be safe, no poor man's virtue able to resist even a paltry bribe. Were there not a Brotherhood of Destruction, numbering over a hundred millions of discontented workingmen throughout the world, the vast majority of souls upon the planet would be the helpless bond slaves of the money kings. Science lends her aid to these by inventing navigable air-ships, and discovering strange poisons, which, being dropped upon unruly multitudes from above, sweep them into death by myriads. Neither rich nor poor any longer have consciences; the Brotherhood of Destruction, when in its turn it comes to power, has nothing better to propose than what went before it. All is greed and lust and selfishness, and the collision of the oppressors and the oppressed

can have no result but the crushing out of civilization and the return of all the world to chaos.

Yet not all, either, since in the African state of Uganda there still remain about five thousand people, mostly Swiss colonists, who, having learned about the dreadful condition of things elsewhere, resolve to build a high wall about themselves in order to "defend themselves against the invasion of the hungry and starving hordes who would range and ravage the earth." Behind this wall they agree to live in peace and practise justice. They "worship God," and in their schools "mingle with abstract knowledge a cult of morality and religion *to be agreed upon by the different churches*"; they hand over to the state the ownership of "all roads, streets, telegraph or telephone lines, railroads and mines," and having arranged all these and a few other important matters, they hope to insure every man "not only liberty, but an educated mind, a comfortable home, an abundant supply of food and clothing, and a pleasant, happy life." Evidently, some burden lies heavy on "Edmund Boisgilbert's" soul, but that it is not the burden of the prophetic spirit seems tolerably clear.

The success of *Looking Backward* has had the natural effect of bringing Mr. Bellamy's old stories anew before the public. G. P. Putnam's Sons re-issue, in blue paper covers, a rather pretty little summer romance of his entitled *Six to One*, which will probably entertain and certainly cannot harm anybody.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

NO Catholic author of our day has been more highly praised by the critics of current literature than Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston. His *Dukesborough Tales* and other stories have been deservedly ranked among the best productions of contemporary fiction. For powerful delineation of rural life in Georgia as it was fifty years ago, his stories have a distinctly historic value. A writer in the Boston *Literary World* declares that Colonel Johnston's "humor is genuine and all-pervading. To praise it is like praising the perfume of a rose or the flavor of a peach. It is part of the subject and never a superadded charm. It is never satirical or cynical. The foibles and failings of poor humanity are set forth with a gentle touch."

Many of Colonel Johnston's notable productions have appeared in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. At our request he has kindly written the following letter, which will be gratefully esteemed by all our Reading Circles:

"I was gratified to hear of the institution of the Columbian Reading Union, convinced that by its endeavors Catholics will take much more interest in the publication of their history and ideas. It is well to trust in the inherent strength of those ideas; yet no cause, however strong, can afford to dispense with the help that is imparted by public discussion. Among Catholics are many writers who, besides enriching the literature of the church, have wrought in history, fiction, poetry, art, in every department of physical inquiry, in every field of secular intellectual endeavor. The Columbian Reading Union will tend to lead these writers and those who are not of them to a more intimate and cordial acquaintance with one another. I need not argue how salutary, in many respects, such a condition would be to all, as well those without as those within our church.

"I heartily wish the movement abundant success.

"*Baltimore, Md.* R. M. JOHNSTON."

* * *

The Cleveland Public Library has sent forth a model catalogue of the English books in its circulating department. To the librarian, Mr. W. H. Brett, we are indebted for a splendid copy, firmly bound, and embellished on every page with the latest improvements in type and presswork. About thirty-two thousand volumes are arranged in this catalogue on the dictionary plan—that is, "all the entries, whether authors, titles, or subjects, are given in one alphabetical series. The object is to enable a person to find a book of which either the author, title, or subject is known, and to show what the library has by a given title, author, or on a given subject." Each book is entered under the author, if known; under the title, with some exceptions which are noted; and under the subject or subjects of which it may treat. Thus, for example, under the title "Roman Catholic Church," we find these subdivisions: 1, history; 2, church in Italy; 3, church elsewhere; 4, biography; 5, doctrinal works and arguments in favor; 6, debates; 7, arguments against; 8, miscel-

laneous. We are pleased to notice the names of many of our well-known Catholic authors, but the list is not by any means complete. One omission is very noticeable, viz.: *The Faith of Our Fathers*, by Cardinal Gibbons. Yet we find a book written as a rejoinder, entitled *The Faith of Our Forefathers*, by E. J. Stearns. Fair play demands that the readers of the Cleveland Library should not be deprived of the chance to see what an American cardinal has written in defence of the church. His two books, *The Faith of Our Fathers* and *Our Christian Heritage*, are deserving of a conspicuous place in every public library of the United States.

Other omissions we could not avoid noticing, viz.: that only one of Father Hecker's books, *Questions of the Soul*, has been admitted, and only one of Father Hewit's, *Problems of the Age*. Dr. Brownson, however, "the Agamemnon of Catholic American literature," is well represented by the complete edition of his works in twenty volumes, edited by his son, Henry F. Brownson.

The highest praise is due to the system of intelligible classification adopted for the catalogue under consideration. It can be easily understood by the average reader, but the knowledge, skill, and labor required for its preparation can be fully appreciated only by the thoughtful student who has had to do the same work unaided, and to deal with stolid librarians and catalogues especially designed to perplex a weary brain.

* * *

President Harrison attended the opening of the Carnegie Free Library and Music Hall at Alleghany City, Pa., and made an address which we quote as an official sanction of all efforts for the diffusion of good literature.

"Mayor Pearson introduced President Harrison, who spoke in part as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens: I have spent a very instructive day in Alleghany County. I have seen that which was only fit in the crude state to be trodden under the foot of man transmuted into that which serves the highest purpose of our material lives. But here we witness the transformation of what we are wont to call the precious metal into something that blooms for eternity. We will find here in the instructive volumes that are to crowd these alcoves the impulse, the spark, that is to touch the slumbering mind of many a stalwart boy and many a bright and ambitious girl into the life that shall make them the servants of their fellow-men and the companions of the Son of man who left his glory to serve the race.

"I hope that this institution may carry with it always and with every book that rests upon its shelves the suggestion to those who will participate in its blessings: 'Read and think.' Because, unless thinking accompanies reading, there is not much profit in the books. I congratulate you that you have a citizen who could conceive a work like this. I am sure it will be an impulse to others who dwell among you, which will influence those who have accumulated wealth to feel that they hold it as trustees for mankind. 'May I not do what I will with my own?' is the selfish spirit that dedicates to personal luxury the fruits of toil. How much higher and nobler use of accumulated wealth have we before us in this magnificent structure! It gives me great pleasure to be associated with the inauguration of this great enterprise. No one can tell how wide and deep and strong the stream will be that shall have its origin here. We cannot follow it through the generations that are to come.

"It is left in your charge, citizens of Alleghany, and speaking for its generous donor, I declare it now to be opened to public use and a place of assembly for all, and I charge you that you care for it in such manner that its highest

usefulness may be reached, and that it may not in your hands fall below the high thought which was in the mind of him who has out of his own personal means erected and dedicated this library to public use."

We hope that some enterprising members of our Reading Union will inquire at once whether any arrangements have been made to get for the Carnegie Free Library a proper supply of the literature produced by Catholic authors.

* * *

Ex-President Cleveland has also shown on a recent occasion a deep personal interest in the welfare of the New York Free Circulating Library. We give an extract from his address, well deserving of attentive perusal:

"If we are to create good citizenship, which is the object of popular education, and if we are to insure to the country the full benefit of public instruction, we can by no means consider the work as completely done in the school-room. While the young gathered there are fitting themselves to assume in the future their political obligations, there are others upon whom these obligations already rest, and who now have the welfare and safety of the country in their keeping. Our work is badly done if these are neglected. They have passed the school age, and have perhaps availed themselves of free instruction; but they, as well as those still in school, should, nevertheless, have within their reach the means of further mental improvement and the opportunity of gaining that additional knowledge and information which can only be secured by access to useful and instructive books.

"The husbandman who expects to gain a profitable return from his orchards not only carefully tends and cultivates the young trees in his nurseries as they grow to maturity, but he generously enriches and cares for those already in bearing and upon which he must rely for ripened fruit.

"Teaching the children of our land to read is but the first step in the scheme of creating good citizens by means of free instruction. We teach the young to read so that both as children and as men and women they may read. Our teaching must lead to the habit and the desire of reading to be useful; and only as this result is reached can the work in our free schools be logically supplemented and made valuable.

"Therefore, the same wise policy and intent which open the doors of our free schools to our young also suggest the completion of the plan thus entered upon by placing books in the hands of those who in our schools have been taught to read.

"A man or woman who never reads and is abandoned to unthinking torpor, or who allows the entire mental life to be bounded by the narrow lines of a daily recurring routine of effort for mere existence, cannot escape a condition of barrenness of mind which not only causes the decay of individual contentment and happiness, but which fails to yield to the state its justly expected return of usefulness in valuable service and wholesome political action.

"GOOD BOOKS SHOULD BE PROVIDED.

"Another branch of this question should not be overlooked. It is not only of great importance that our youth and our men and women should have the ability, the desire, and the opportunity to read, but the kind of books they read is no less important. Without guidance and without the invitation and encouragement to read publications which will improve as well as interest, there is danger that our people will have in their hands books whose influence and tendency are of a negative sort, if not positively bad and mischievous. Like

other good things, the ability and opportunity to read may be so used as to defeat their beneficent purposes.

"The boy who greedily devours the vicious tales of imaginary daring and blood-curdling adventure which in these days are far too accessible to the young, will have his brain filled with notions of life and standards of manliness which, if they do not make him a menace to peace and good order, will certainly not tend to make him a useful member of society.

"The man who devotes himself to the flash literature now much too common will, instead of increasing his value as a citizen, almost surely degenerate in his ideas of public duty and grow dull in his appreciation of the obligations he owes his country.

"In both these cases there will be a loss to the state. There is danger also that a positive and aggressive injury to the community will result, and such readers will certainly suffer deprivation of the happiness and contentment which are the fruits of improving study and well-regulated thought.

"So, too, the young woman who seeks recreation and entertainment in reading silly and frivolous books, often of doubtful moral tendency, is herself in the way of becoming frivolous and silly, if not of weak morality. If she escapes this latter condition, she is almost certain to become utterly unfitted to bear patiently the burden of self-support or to assume the sacred duties of wife and mother.

"Contemplating these truths, no one can doubt the importance of securing for those who read, as far as it is in our power, facilities for the study and reading of such books as will instruct and innocently entertain, and which will at the same time improve and correct the tastes and desires.

"KEEP ABREAST OF THE TIMES.

"There is another thought, somewhat in advance of those already suggested, which should not pass unnoticed.

"As an outgrowth of the inventive and progressive spirit of our people, we have among us legions of men, and women too, who restlessly desire to increase their knowledge of the new forces and agencies which at this time are being constantly dragged from their lurking places and subjected to the use of man. Those earnest inquirers should all be given a chance, and have put within their reach such books as will guide and inspire their efforts. If by this means the country shall gain to itself a new inventor, or be the patron of endeavor which shall add new elements to the sum of human happiness and comfort, its intervention will be well repaid.

"These considerations, and the fact that many among us having the ability and inclination to read are unable to furnish themselves with profitable and wholesome books, amply justify the beneficent mission of our Free Circulating Library. Its plan and operation, so exactly adjusted to meet a situation which cannot safely be ignored and to wants which ought not to be neglected, establish its claim upon the encouragement and reasonable aid of the public authorities, and commend it most fully to the support and generosity of private benefaction."

Judging from the information which we have obtained, we would suggest to the managers of the New York Free Circulating Library that if they really wish to provide good books for their readers they must give more attention to the standard works of our Catholic authors. Perhaps we should also warn them not to consult the Hon. John Jay, who was present at their recent public meet-

ing, because he is classified as a fossil bigot belonging to a species rarely found in the nineteenth century.

* * *

A correspondent sends us this notice of a writer who has done all in his power to make ludicrous many objects and places venerated for their historical associations :

" Mark Twain's *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* is full of that peculiar humor for which the author is notorious. He casts about liberally the creations of his deep ignorance in regard to the church, to which he seems to credit all the evils of the world in early times. In his mind the chief agencies of civilization are soap, steam, gunpowder, and electricity. He has all the irreverence of the worshipper of the almighty dollar, and all the bitterness and hatred of the church which led the Puritans into those savage attacks on art, music, and the requirements of civilization which the church founded and fostered. The book will not do much to elevate his reputation as a humorist, while it shows him to be much more ignorant of history than any one could have believed."

* * *

From Port Huron, Mich., we have received an account of the work done by a flourishing Reading Circle. A prominent feature is the preparation of essays based on the subjects selected for the reading of the members. Music, songs, recitation, talks, and criticisms are allowed at the meetings. The officers are : President, O'Brien J. Atkinson ; Vice-President, Mrs. Suzie O'Neill Lynn ; Secretary, Miss Stella Fitzgerald ; Corresponding Secretary, Miss S. F. Duryee ; Treasurer, Dr. C. C. Clancy.

Miss Mary G. Walsh writes an excellent synopsis of the objects of the Port Huron Reading Circle as follows :

" We do not lack encouragement ; our pastor feels a deep interest in our welfare, and under the leadership of Mr. O'Brien J. Atkinson, whose love for literature is well known and whose zeal for the mental culture of Catholic youth has won both our admiration and our gratitude, we will surely make progress. The idea of establishing these Circles originated with the Paulist Fathers, of New York, and the plan of conducting them is being developed by THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

" The question has often occurred to me, Why is it so difficult a matter to procure certain works which are written by Catholic authors ? Why are not the novels of Boyle O'Reilly, Christian Reid, Mrs. Sadlier, and Kathleen O'Meara given as prominent a place in the bookstore as those of Rider Haggard, Bertha M. Clay, Mrs. Braddon, and the ever-present Duchess ? The question is readily answered. The demand is for light literature, and those works are published in cheap editions. And with whom did the idea of the cheap edition originate ? With no less a personage than His Holiness the late lamented Pius IX. He said : ' I bless with very great heartiness all who aid in circulating books of small size, in which the people will have an antidote to preserve them against the impiety of the perverse and filthy press.' As a result the Vatican Library followed, and later Sadlier's Household Library, a precursor of the twenty-five cent novel of to-day, so eminently successful ; the former was but a partial success. And yet who would think of comparing *Robert Elsmere* with that beautiful Christian tale *Callista*, written by the acknowledged master of the classic style, Cardinal Newman ?

" It is from a want of thought on our part that we have this state of affairs.

Longfellow, Whittier, Scott, and Dickens are our familiar friends; Ryan, Faber, Wiseman, and Newman are known only by name. The object of the Columbian Reading Union is the diffusion of the best books among the people in the hope that when we become acquainted with our Catholic writers there will be a greater demand for their works, and then they will be encouraged to devote their time and talents to enriching Catholic literature, and not be obliged, as they are now, to enhance by their genius secular journals and magazines. The plan arranged by the Columbian Union is very simple. Beginning at the dawn of Christianity, history is divided into epochs. The historical novel is taken as a basis. In the first epoch, for instance, is that pathetic tale so familiar to us all, *Fabiola*, which may be studied in this way: One member would write the biography of the author; another a paper on the location of ancient Rome, its habits and pursuits; another on the condition of the church in that period, etc. Thus in one evening the Circle could glean a large fund of information from a small amount of time and labor. One suggestion might be profitably accepted —that parents should join in order to assist their children, thereby making it a family affair.

"Our Circle, then, has a two-fold object: first, self-culture; secondly, the acquiring of knowledge of our own literature and our own history. These double links, united by our singleness of purpose, will bind us in happy union for time to come, and secure to us all many evenings spent pleasantly as well as profitably."

* * *

"A Reading Circle has been formed at St. Paul's Church, which has adopted the name of the Fullerton Reading Circle. Meetings are held weekly, at the Convent of Mercy, for the study of church history. An outline of a century or period is read to all, and various topics and characters are taken by different members. The topic of the catacombs was taken and excellently treated of by one of the members; then each member read in turn from *Pilgrims and Shrines* concerning the catacomb of St. Callistus. The reading of the outline of a century is from the *History of the Church* by Darras. A number of topics and characters have been discussed by many of the members, as The Discipline of the Secret, St. Justin, St. Ignatius, The Four Great Heresies, St. Polycarp, and others. Many of the books read by the members are selected from the list of historical novels. Each member does as much reading outside as her time will allow. Very Rev. J. J. Power, D.D., is president of the Circle.

"*Worcester, Mass.* MARGARET A. FLAHERTY, *Secretary.*"

* * *

The following communication touches on an important matter, concerning which we would like to have further information from some Catholic professors of literature:

"Jenkins' *Handbook* is good—indeed, very good—as far as it goes, a simple text-book of literature for beginners. We need a more advanced work treating the subject betimes from an ethical and more elevated rhetorical standpoint; dealing generally with such authors as are now most read, rather than devoting so much attention to those who are scarcely ever studied, except by literary antiquarians. Such a treatise would tend to develop a sound critical judgment in senior students, and counteract the false views prevailing to a considerable extent in American society with regard to literary style and its later developments."

* * *

"The Literary Society, which holds its session every Saturday afternoon in

one of our academic halls, was organized for the purpose of cultivating a taste for useful reading in the pupils of the more advanced classes, and rendering them conversant with the standard authors of England and America. To insure due preparation of the subject-matter, the presiding sister outlines the work to be accomplished in advance of each meeting; such as a written or an oral account of the author's life under consideration, an abstract of a selected volume, the reading of an extract, critical notes on certain passages, etc. The programme is occasionally varied by discussing admissible topics of the hour, relating to current scientific news, poetical recitation, and instrumental music. The teaching of English literature, included in the curriculum of the academy, is materially supplemented by this weekly annex for self-improvement.

"The catalogue of the Young Ladies' Circulating Library records over five thousand volumes. Through our agent and others we order current books, being often guided in the selection by the critical reviews in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. With few exceptions, we have the books indicated in the guide-lists up to date. In cities and towns where religious teachers control circulating libraries connected with schools and sodalities such carefully prepared lists will prove of great service. We heartily endorse the good work undertaken by the Columbian Reading Union. When its prime object, the diffusion of Catholic literature, is well advanced, we hope it will turn its attention to outlining special courses of study."

The above description of a plan now in operation at one of our most progressive academies leads us to hope that something of the same kind may speedily become general among Catholic institutions devoted to higher education. Colleges and academies can easily establish Reading Circles, and at the same time maintain the regular course of studies. Objections based on old customs should have no weight in view of the positive advantages to be gained. The arrangements should be made dependent on the voluntary exertions of the students themselves. When allowed to do the work in their own way, they will find it more enjoyable as a change from the ordinary routine of class. A great amount of valuable time is consumed by teachers in giving lectures which are too long. It is a positive relief to many students to be freed at times from the obligation of absorbing the thoughts of others, and encouraged to do a little spontaneous thinking. The power of expressing thought is cultivated much less than the receptive faculty of acquiring knowledge. By judicious management the Reading Circle can be made to foster mental growth and activity in a way congenial to American ideas. M. C. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

LIFE OF FATHER CHARLES SIRE. New York: Benziger Bros.

This simple sketch is the work of a loving hand, an elder brother, and cannot but be productive of great good, especially among our American youth. Father Sire was a Jesuit who died during the first year of his priesthood. Like St. Aloysius and St. Berchmans, he is a model for youth, and, more than that, he is a pattern of the true missionary. St. Aloysius and St. Berchmans died in a religious house, surrounded by their brethren and fortified by the Sacraments. Father Sire died on the ocean without the Sacraments, and was buried in the waters of the Atlantic.

His mission on the isle of Reunion, off Madagascar, was only of a few months' duration. He was simply to point out the way to other youths whom God may fire with his spirit. This biography should have an extensive circulation in our Catholic colleges, that through Venerable Charles' example and intercession our youths may drink in the missionary spirit.

In reading of this young Jesuit's life in the College of Reunion, where he was prefect of the boys, who were nearly all blacks or creoles, one cannot refrain from begging Venerable Charles to beseech God, who made men of one race, that in the American colleges of his own order, as well as of other communities, room may soon be found for the American sons of that Africa which so quickly exhausted his vitality, and thus gave him his crown when only thirty-three years of age. J. R. S.

AMERICAN RELIGIOUS LEADERS: DR. MUHLENBERG. By William Wilberforce Newton, D.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This life is supposed to belong to a series of lives of "American Religious Leaders." Coming in a series of lives of philanthropists or teachers it would have fitted very well; but as a religious leader, beyond the little field of the sect to which he belonged his influence was unfelt. He may have been an Episcopal religious leader, but certainly he was not an American religious leader.

The "story of his life" is poorly told in elegant English in the short space of forty pages. We say poorly told, for we are sure that a most interesting account of his works might be written, comprising a volume as large as the one before us. But the author has an axe to grind, as we shall see. He wishes to set before the world Dr. Muhlenberg as a follower of the teachings of F. D. Maurice, whose best representative in America is Dr. Allen, of the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in Cambridge, Mass. When the axe is ground we find it to be dull, as well as double-edged. The book leaves one's mind in the same state as the reading of the famous poem of the "Jabberwock," in *The Adventures of Alice in the Looking-Glass House*, or a couple of pages of the *Hunting of the Snark*. We have been able to pick out with a deal of pains and labor enough to show what manner of man the subject of the book was. If we put ourselves in thought outside the great America to which we belong, into the loud-talking sect to which Dr. Muhlenberg belonged, we may, by the aid of a strong glass, perceive that he was a great man in his own little world. He did

* Several notices of new books have been unavoidably postponed to the next issue.

institute a hospital famous for bigotry toward Catholics. He founded a school which was the parent of a grander and greater which came afterwards; of which latter the writer of this notice has the honor to be an alumnus. He first initiated, in spite of all his protestations to the contrary, in spite of calumny heaped on Catholic institutions of the same sort, a Protestant sisterhood. These were his three works, and they redound to his personal credit. His heart was big with love for the suffering, the needy, and the ignorant, and big with schemes to remedy these evils. But his mind was dwarfed by prejudice, and he labored under the disadvantage of being very ill informed of the true reality of the Catholic institutions which he imitated. Like the author of his biography, he knew as little of true Catholicity as the Hottentot in Africa knows of Victor Hugo.

His churchmanship was of the "Evangelical Catholic type." What is that? We know the Evangelicals and the party in the Protestant Episcopal Church who call themselves Catholics, but to mix the two together is something new. The "Anglo-Catholic" is more or less an imitator of the real Catholic. The Evangelical is a school of thought now nearly died out, more or less infected with moderate Calvinism. Dr. Muhlenberg was certainly to a greater or less degree an imitator of Catholics, in spite of his protests to the contrary. We think his type of churchmanship was somewhat Catholic as *seen*, but when he opened his mouth to speak the long ears and the harsh voice proclaimed that the animal was different from the one the skin he had assumed would indicate.

The author has made also a grotesque mistake in comparing poor Dr. Muhlenberg with the great Cardinal Newman; this will only make serious-minded people smile with pity or contempt at his audacity. The ill-natured insinuations against the author of the *Apologia* simply belittle, if that were possible, the man who penned them. The last chapter, "The After-glow of His Influence," is a delightfully hazy, dreamy, cloud-land piece of rhetorical bosh. The book is written, it seems to us, to advance the opinions of the school of Stanley and Maurice. We remember once hearing this sort of religion described by the late Dr. Gray, of Cambridge, as the "Gospel of Mush." We voted then in favor of that name and we never have seen any argument presented to make us change that vote.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

It is with no small degree of satisfaction that we note the many expressions of good-will and congratulation called forth by our Silver Jubilee. From all sources, from private letters as well as from the public press, THE CATHOLIC WORLD has received the most generous praise and the heartiest good wishes for a long life of continued influence and increasing prosperity. It is with much reluctance that we refrain from quotation; but to cite a few would be unjust to the others, while to quote them all would be to use more space than the Editors can spare to this department of the magazine. The first issue of our fifty-first volume was worthy of an occasion so important, and in many instances served as the text for the congratulation we received; the interest aroused by the opening chapters of the "Life of Father Hecker" was of itself sufficient to make the number memorable.

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We tell this brief story of the esteem in which THE CATHOLIC WORLD is held for the benefit of our readers. Our subscribers have their share, and a very considerable share, in these congratulations. It is significant, to say the least, that so large a percentage of our subscribers have been with us from the very beginning. Without their aid the magazine could never have been sustained, nor could its influence have been so far-reaching. Their interest was something more to us than dollars and cents; it was a stimulus, an unfailing source of encouragement during the often up-hill work of the past twenty-five years. To such, then, is certainly due a large measure of the praise so liberally bestowed upon us.

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But praise should be a stimulant, not a hypnotic; it should give new life to vigor, should give an added zest to endeavor. Those who are charged with the publication of this magazine so interpret all the praise it has received; to maintain its position as the representative of the best Catholic thought, to keep pace with these times and with the progress of our people—this

makes demands upon the exercise of the highest ability and energy, and to this we pledge ourselves.

***

And you who read these lines, what place have *you* in this work? You share with us in the praise; will you share with us in the renewed effort of which this praise would be the parent? Fair words are good, fair deeds are better. We said in our March issue that we wished to make our Silver Jubilee memorable by the addition of ten thousand new subscribers to our list. The *Michigan Catholic*, to whom we here make acknowledgment for many warm words of praise, thinks we should add another cipher to that figure; our sentiments in this respect are those of the lamented Barkis. But in the meantime what are you doing for the ten thousand?

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What can you do? A great deal. And without going out of your way very far, either. There is not a single subscriber to THE CATHOLIC WORLD who cannot do some service to the magazine which no one else can do. You like the magazine; it is something for a Catholic to be proud of; you always find something of interest in its table of contents; you often find an article which is alone worth the price of a year's subscription. Why not speak of it, then, to those of your friends who are not subscribers? Talk is said to be cheap, but you know that it is one of the mightiest of levers for good or for ill. A word or two from every subscriber to this magazine would soon be heard at the publisher's desk.

***

There is another thing you can do. It will serve a good cause and won't cost you much. Among your acquaintances you may know some who haven't the good luck to be subscribers to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Take a postal card and send us the name and address of even one such person. We will send him a sample copy and you will thus have filled another place in the ranks of the ten thousand. If every one who subscribes to a Catholic periodical would do either or both of these things, the Catholic press of this country would soon realize the ideal of prosperity and influence. Don't fail to send the publisher of this magazine at least one name before the date of the next issue.

***

It will be of interest to our readers to learn that the Most

Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, has assumed the chief editorial direction of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. Associated with the archbishop in the editorial management are the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D.D., the Rev. Luke V. McCabe, and Mr. George D. Wolf. Under such management a renewed career of usefulness and prosperity is assured to the *Quarterly*, to which we extend a fraternal greeting.

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Among the publishers the Messrs. Benziger have shown the greatest activity during the past month. They have just published :

Vol. XVI. of the *Centenary edition of St. Alphonsus' Works.* This volume contains sermons for all the Sundays of the year.

The Life of Father Charles Sire, S.J. Translated from the fifth French edition, and approved by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and many other eminent ecclesiastics.

Marriage. A series of Conferences delivered by Père Monsabré at Notre Dame, Paris.

Gethsemani, Jerusalem, and Golgotha. A new prayer-book for Lent.

The Twelve Virtues of a Good Teacher. From the French of Rev. H. Pottier.

The same firm announce :

A fourth revised edition of Vol. II. of Dr. Smith's *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law.*

Golden Sands. Fifth Series.

Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon.

Catholic Youth of the Present Day. From the German of Rt. Rev. Augustus Egger, D.D., Bishop of St. Gall.

Vol. XVII. of the *Centenary edition of St. Alphonsus' Works.*

Month of the Sacred Heart for the Young Christian. From the French of Brother Philippe.

Macmillan & Co. announce for early publication :

The Growth of the Intellectual Faculty. By Dr. Francis Warner.

Notes on American Schools and Training Colleges. By Dr. J. G. Fitch, the author of the well-known *Lectures on Teaching.*

Longmans, Green & Co. announce a new Irish novel by Mr. William O'Brien, entitled *When We were Boys.*

The Corporation of Harvard University has authorized the publication of two monographs which may form the beginning of a series. The first number will be :

No. 1. *A History of the Veto Power in the United States.* By Edward Campbell Mason, A.B., Instructor in Political Economy.

Mr. Mason's work will include a chapter on English and Colonial vetoes, and a chapter on State vetoes. The body of the work is a systematic discussion of all the Presidential vetoes, arranged by subject and based on a study of the records of Congress. Price $1, *net.*

The second number of the series will be :

No. 2. *An Introduction to the Study of Federal Governments.* By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of History.

This monograph will contain an Historical Introduction, with brief sketches of the rise and institutions of the principal federal governments which have existed from the establishment of the Greek federations to the present day. To each sketch will be appended a brief critical bibliography. Then will follow a parallel arrangement of the texts, in English, of the four most important federal constitutions—those of Canada, Germany, Switzerland, and the United States. Price, 50 cents, *net.*

These works will be published by Ginn & Co.

The same publishers also announce :

The Nine Worlds. Stories from Norse Mythology. By Mary E. Litchfield.

Reference Handbook of English History, for Readers, Students, and Teachers. By W. H. Gurney. To be published in May.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

The Pope and the New Era; being letters from the Vatican in 1889. By William T. Stead. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.

Afloat in the Forest. By Captain Mayne Reid. New York: Worthington Co.

David Todd, His Life and Loving. By David McClure. New York: Cassell & Co.

Thirteenth Report of the American Humane Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals. Cincinnati, Ohio: Secretary's Office, 310 Elm Street.

Sanctissimi Domini nostri Leonis Papæ XIII. Litteræ Encyclicæ de Præcipuis Civium Christianorum Officiis. (Latine et Germanice.) St. Louis: Herder & Co.

Brown's Language Lessons, with graded exercises in analysis, parsing, construction, and composition. An Introduction to Goold Brown's series of English Grammars. By Henry Kiddle, A.M., late Superintendent of Schools, New York City. New York: William Wood & Co.

The Trisection of the Angle. Being a problem in Geometry that has baffled the efforts of mathematicians up to the present day; now solved for the first time. By John A. Lanigan, B.A., M.D. Hyde Park, Mass.: Randall & Langley.

God in His World. An interpretation. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Abridged Sermons for all Sundays of the Year. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

A Code of Morals. By John S. Hittell. Second edition, revised. Price 50 cents. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

Proceedings of the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held at Providence, R. I., September 3 and 4, 1889. Boston: James L. Coer & Co.

God and Little Children: The Blessed State of all who die in Childhood proved and taught as a part of the Gospel of Christ. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

The Greatest Thing in the World. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. New York: James Potts & Co.

The Working Principles of Political Economy in a New and Practical Form. A book for beginners. By S. M. Macvane, McLean Professor of History in Harvard College. New York: Effingham Maynard & Co.

Gospel and Epistle Hymns for the Christian Year. By the Rev. John Anketell, A.M. New York: The *Church Record* Co.

Life of Father Charles Sire, of the Society of Jesus. A simple biography compiled from his writings and the testimony of those who have known him best. By his brother, Rev. Vital Sire, Professor of Moral Theology at the Theological Seminary of Toulouse. Translated from the French. With the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Conferences of Agostino da Montefeltro, delivered in Rome during Lent, 1889. Translated from the Italian by Charles Aubrey Ansell. With approbatory letter to the Translator by his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. First Series. London: Thomas Baker; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

United Australia. Public opinion in England as expressed in the leading journals of the United Kingdom. By authority. Sydney: Charles Potter.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with special reference to the effects of Stimulants and Narcotics. For use in primary and intermediate schools. By Charles H. Day, M.D., visiting oculist and aurist to the Randall's Island Hospitals, New York; instructor in ophthalmology, Vanderbilt Clinic, College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York; Assistant Surgeon New York Ophthalmic and Aural Institute; Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, etc. New York: William Wood & Co.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LI. JUNE, 1890. NO. 303.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.

LIFE is action, and so long as there is action there is life. That life is worth living whose action puts forth noble aspirations and good deeds. The man's influence for truth and virtue persevering in activity, his life has not ceased, though earth has clasped his body in its embrace. It is well that it is so. The years of usefulness between the cradle and the grave are few. The shortness of a life restricted to them is sufficient to discourage many from making strong efforts toward impressing the workings of their souls upon their fellows. The number to whose minds we have immediate access is small, and they do not remain. Is the good we might do worth the labor? We cannot at times refuse a hearing to the question. Fortunately, it is easily made clear to us that the area over which influence travels is vastly more extensive than at first sight appears. The eye will not always discern the undulations of its spreading waves; but onward it goes, from one soul to another, far beyond our immediate ranks, and as each soul touched by it becomes a new motive power, it rolls forward, often with energy a hundred times intensified, long after the shadows of death have settled around its point of departure.

Isaac Thomas Hecker lives to-day, and with added years he will live more fully than he does to-day. His influence for good remains, and with a better understanding of his plans and ideals, which is sure to come, his influence will widen and deepen among laymen and priests of the Church in America. The writing of his biography is a tribute to his memory which the love and esteem of his spiritual children could not refuse; it is, also, a most important service to generations present and un-

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born, in whose deeds will be seen the fruits of inspirations gathered from it. We are thankful that this biography is being written by one who from closest converse and most intimate friendship knew Father Hecker so thoroughly. He will give us in his book what we need to know of Father Hecker. We care very little, except so far as details may accentuate the great lines of a life and make them sensible to our obtuse touch, where or when a man was born, what places he happened to visit, what houses he built, or in what circumstances of malady or in what surroundings he died. These things can be said of the ten thousand. We want to know the thoughts and the resolves of the soul which made him a marked man above his fellows and which begot strong influences for good and great works, and if none such can be unfolded then drop the man out of sight, with a "*Requiescat in pace*" engraven upon his tombstone. Few deserve a biography, and to the undeserving none should be given.

If it be permitted to speak of self, I might say that to Father Hecker I am indebted for most salutary impressions which, I sorrowfully confess, have not had in me their due effect; the remembrance of them, however, is a proof to me of the usefulness of his life, and its power for good in others. I am glad to have the opportunity to profess publicly my gratitude to him. He was in the prime of life and work when I was for the first time brought to observe him. I was quite young in the ministry, and very naturally I was casting my eye around in search of ideal men, whose footsteps were treading the path I could feel I, too, ought to travel. I never afterwards wholly lost sight of Father Hecker, watching him as well as I could from a distance of two thousand miles. I am not to-day without some experience of men and things, won from years and toils, and I do not alter one tittle my estimate of him, except to make it higher. To the priests of the future I recommend a serious study of Father Hecker's life. To them I would have his biography dedicated. Older men, like myself, are fixed in their ways, and they will not receive from it so much benefit.

Father Hecker was the typical American priest; his were the gifts of mind and heart that go to do great work for God and for souls in America at the present time. Those qualities, assuredly, were not lacking in him which are the necessary elements of character of the good priest and the great man in any time and place. Those are the subsoil of priestly culture, and with the absence of them no one will succeed in America any more

than elsewhere. But suffice they do not. There must be added, over and above, the practical intelligence and the pliability of will to understand one's surroundings, the ground upon which he is to deploy his forces, and to adapt himself to circumstances and opportunities as Providence appoints. I do not expect that my words, as I am here writing, will receive universal approval, and I am not at all sure that their expression would have been countenanced by the priest whose memory brings them to my lips. I write as I think, and the responsibility must be all my own. It is as clear to me as noon-day light that countries and peoples have each their peculiar needs and aspirations as they have their peculiar environments, and that, if we would enter into souls and control them, we must deal with them according to their conditions. The ideal line of conduct for the priest in Assyria will be out of all measure in Mexico or Minnesota, and I doubt not that one doing fairly well in Minnesota would by similar methods set things sadly astray in Leinster or Bavaria. The Saviour prescribed timeliness in pastoral caring. The master of a house, He said, "bringeth forth out of his treasury new things and old," as there is demand for one kind or the other. The apostles of nations, from Paul before the Areopagus to Patrick upon the summit of Tara, followed no different principle.

The circumstances of Catholics have been peculiar in the United States, and we have unavoidably suffered on this account. Catholics in largest numbers were Europeans, and so were their priests, many of whom—by no means all—remained in heart and mind and mode of action as alien to America as if they had never been removed from the Shannon, the Loire, or the Rhine. No one need remind me that immigration has brought us inestimable blessings, or that without it the Church in America would be of small stature. The remembrance of a precious fact is not put aside, if I recall an accidental evil attaching to it. Priests foreign in disposition and work were not fitted to make favorable impressions upon the non-Catholic American population, and the American-born children of Catholic immigrants were likely to escape their action. And, lest I be misunderstood, I assert all this is as true of priests coming from Ireland as from any other foreign country. Even priests of American ancestry, ministering to immigrants, not unfrequently fell into the lines of those around them, and did but little to make the Church in America throb with American life. Not so Isaac Thomas Hecker. Whether consciously or unconsciously I do not know, and it matters not, he looked on America as the fairest con-

quest for divine truth, and he girded himself with arms shaped and tempered to the American pattern. I think that it may be said that the American current, so plain for the last quarter of a century in the flow of Catholic affairs, is, largely at least, to be traced back to Father Hecker and his early co-workers. It used to be said of them in reproach that they were the "Yankee" Catholic Church; the reproach was their praise.

Father Hecker understood and loved the country and its institutions. He saw nothing in them to be deprecated or changed; he had no longing for the flesh-pots and bread-stuffs of empires and monarchies. His favorite topic in book and lecture was, that the Constitution of the United States requires, as its necessary basis, the truths of Catholic teaching regarding man's natural state, as opposed to the errors of Luther and Calvin. The republic, he taught, presupposes the Church's doctrine, and the Church ought to love a polity which is the offspring of her own spirit. He understood and loved the people of America. He recognized in them splendid natural qualities. Was he not right? Not minimizing in the least the dreadful evil of the absence of the supernatural, I am not afraid to give as my belief that there is among Americans as high an appreciation and as lively a realization of natural truth and goodness as has been seen in any people, and it seems as if Almighty God, intending a great age and a great people, has put here in America a singular development of nature's powers and gifts, both in man and out of man—with the further will, I have the faith, of crowning all with the glory of the supernatural. Father Hecker perceived this, and his mission was to hold in his hands the natural, which Americans extolled and cherished and trusted in, and by properly directing its legitimate tendencies and growth to lead it to the term of its own instincts and aspirations—Catholic truth and Catholic grace. Protestantism is no longer more than a name, a memory. The American has fallen back upon himself, scorning the negations and the doctrinal cruelties of Protestantism as utterly contrary to himself, as utterly unnatural; and now comes the opportunity of the Catholic Church to show that she is from the God who created nature, by opening before this people her treasures, amid which the soul revels in rational liberty and intelligence, and enjoys the gratification of its best and purest moral instincts. These convictions are the keynote of Father Hecker's controversial discourses and writings, notably of two books, *Aspirations of Nature* and *Questions of the Soul*. He assumed that the American people are naturally

Catholic, and he labored with this proposition constantly before his mind. It is the assumption upon which all must labor who sincerely desire to make America Catholic.

He laid stress on the natural and social virtues. The American people hold these in highest esteem. They are the virtues that are most apparent, and are seemingly the most needed for the building up and the preservation of an earthly commonwealth. Truthfulness, honesty in business dealings, loyalty to law and social order, temperance, respect for the rights of others, and the like virtues are prescribed by reason before the voice of revelation is heard, and the absence of specifically supernatural virtues has led the non-Catholic to place paramount importance upon them. It will be a difficult task to persuade the American that a church which will not enforce those primary virtues can enforce others which she herself declares to be higher and more arduous, and as he has implicit confidence in the destiny of his country to produce a high order of social existence, his first test of a religion will be its powers in this direction. This is according to Catholic teaching. Christ came not to destroy, but to perfect what was in man, and the graces and truths of revelation lead most securely to the elevation of the life that is, no less than to the gaining of the life to come. It is a fact, however, that in other times and other countries the Church has been impeded in her social work, and certain things or customs of those times and countries, transplanted upon American soil and allowed to grow here under a Catholic name, will do her no honor among Americans. The human mind, among the best of us, inclines to narrow limitations, and certain Catholics, aware of the comparatively greater importance of the supernatural, partially overlook the natural.

Then, too, casuists have incidentally done us harm. They will quote as our rule of social conduct in America what may have been tolerated in France or Germany during the seventeenth century, and their hair-splitting distinctions in the realm of abstract right and wrong are taken by some of us as practical decisions, without due reference to local circumstances. The American people pay slight attention to the abstract; they look only to the concrete in morals, and we must keep account of their manner of judging things. The Church is nowadays called upon to emphasize her power in the natural order. God forbid that I entertain, as some may be tempted to suspect me of doing, the slightest notion that vigilance may be turned off one single moment from the guard of the supernatural. For the

sake of the supernatural I speak. And natural virtues, practised in the proper frame of mind and heart, become supernatural. Each century calls for its type of Christian perfection. At one time it was martyrdom; at another it was the humility of the cloister. To-day we need the Christian gentleman and the Christian citizen. An honest ballot and social decorum among Catholics will do more for God's glory and the salvation of souls than midnight flagellations or Compostellan pilgrimages.

On a line with his principles, as I have so far delineated them, Father Hecker believed that if he would succeed in his work for souls, he should use in it all the natural energy that God had given him, and he acted up to his belief. I once heard a good old priest, who said his beads well and made a desert around his pulpit by miserable preaching, criticise Father Hecker, who, he imagined, put too much reliance in man, and not enough in God. Father Hecker's piety, his assiduity in prayer, his personal habits of self-denial, repel the aspersion that he failed in reliance upon God. But my old priest—and he has in the church to-day, both in America and Europe, tens of thousands of counterparts—was more than half willing to see in all outputtings of human energy a lack of confidence in God. We sometimes rely far more upon God than God desires us to do, and there are occasions when a novena is the refuge of laziness or cowardice. God has endowed us with natural talents, and not one of them shall be, with His permission, enshrouded in a napkin. He will not work a miracle, or supply grace, to make up for our deficiencies. We must work as if all depended on us, and pray as if all depended on God.

God never proposed to do by His direct action all that might be done in and through the Church. He invites human co-operation, and abandons to it a wide field. The ages of most active human industry in religious enterprises were the ages of most remarkable spiritual conquests. The tendency to overlook this fact shows itself among us. Newman writes that where the sun shines bright in the warm climate of the South, the natives of the place know little of safeguards against cold and wet. They have their cold days, but only now and then, and they do not deem it worth their while to provide against them: the science of calefaction is reserved for the north. And so, Protestants, depending on human means solely, are led to make the most of them; their sole resource is to use what they have; they are the anxious cultivators of a rugged soil. Catholics, on the contrary, feel that God will protect the Church, and, as Newman adds, "we sometimes forget that we shall please Him best, and

get most from Him, when, according to the fable, we put our shoulder to the wheel, when we use what we have by nature to the utmost, at the same time that we look out for what is beyond nature in the confidence of faith and hope." Lately a witty French writer pictures to us the pious friends of the leading Catholic layman of France, De Mun, kneeling in spiritual retreat when their presence is required in front of the enemy. The Catholic of the nineteenth century all over the world is too quiet, too easily resigned to "the will of God," attributing to God the effects of his own timidity and indolence. Father Hecker rolled up his sleeves and "pitched in" with desperate resolve. He fought as for very life. Meet him anywhere or at any time, he was at work or he was planning to work. He was ever looking around to see what might be done. He did with a rush the hard labor of a missionary and of a pastor, and he went beyond it into untrodden pathways. He hated routine. He minded not what others had been doing, seeking only what he himself might do. His efforts for the diffusion of Catholic literature, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, his several books, the Catholic tracts, tell his zeal and energy. A Catholic daily paper was a favorite design to which he gave no small measure of time and labor. He anticipated by many years the battlings of our temperance apostles. The Paulist pulpit opened death-dealing batteries upon the saloon when the saloon-keeper was the hero in state and church. The Catholic University of America found in him one of its warmest advocates. His zeal was as broad as St. Paul's, and whoever did good was his friend and received his support. The walls of his parish, or his order, did not circumscribe for him God's Church. His choice of a patron saint—St. Paul—reveals the fire burning within his soul. He would not, he could not be idle. On his sick-bed, where he lay the greater part of his latter years, he was not inactive. He wrote valuable articles and books, and when unable to write, he dictated.

He was enthusiastic in his work, as all are who put their whole soul into what they are doing. Such people have no time to count the dark linings of the silvery clouds; they realize that God and man together do not fail. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. It fits a man to be a leader; it secures a following. A bishop who was present at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore has told me that when Father Hecker appeared before the assembled prelates and theologians in advocacy of Catholic literature as a missionary force, the picture was inspiring, and that the hearers, receiving a Pentecostal fire within their bosoms, felt

as if America were to be at once converted. So would it have been if there had been in America a sufficient number of Heckers. He had his critics. Who ever tries to do something outside routine lines against whom hands are not raised and whose motives and acts are not misconstrued? A venerable clergyman one day thought he had scored a great point against Father Hecker by jocosely suggesting to him as the motto of his new order the word "Paulatim." The same one, no doubt, would have made a like suggestion to the Apostle of the Gentiles. Advocates of "Paulatim" methods have too often left the wheels of Christ's chariot fast in the mire. We rejoice, for its sake, that enthusiasts sometimes appear on the scene. The missions of the early Paulists, into which went Father Hecker's entire heart, aroused the country. To-day, after a lapse of thirty or thirty-five years, they are remembered as events wherever they were preached.

His was the profound conviction that, in the present age at any rate, the order of the day should be individual action—every man doing his full duty, and waiting for no one else to prompt him. This, I take it, was largely the meaning of Father Hecker's oft-repeated teaching on the work of the Holy Ghost in souls. There have been epochs in history where the Church, sacrificing her outposts and the ranks of her skirmishers to the preservation of her central and vital fortresses, put the brakes, through necessity, from the nature of the warfare waged against her, upon individual activity, and moved her soldiers in serried masses; and then it was the part and the glory of each one to move with the column. The need of repression has passed away. The authority of the Church and of her Supreme Head is beyond danger of being denied or obscured, and each Christian soldier may take to the field, obeying the breathings of the Spirit of truth and piety within him, feeling that what he may do he should do. There is work for individual priests, and for individual laymen, and so soon as it is discovered let it be done. The responsibility is upon each one; the indifference of others is no excuse. Said Father Hecker one day to a friend: "There is too much waiting upon the action of others. The layman waits for the priest, the priest for the bishop, and the bishop for the pope, while the Holy Ghost sends down to all the reproof that He is prompting each one, and no one moves for Him." Father Hecker was original in his ideas, as well as in his methods; there was no routine in him, mental or practical.

I cannot but allude, whether I understand or not the true

intent of it, to what appears to have been a leading fact in his life: his leaving an old-established religious community for the purpose of instituting that of the Paulists. I will speak so far of this as I have formed an estimate of it. To me, this fact seems to have been a Providential circumstance in keeping with all else in his life. I myself have at this moment such thoughts as I imagine must have been running through his mind during that memorable sojourn in Rome, which resulted in freeing him from his old allegiance. The work of evangelizing America demands new methods. It is time to draw forth from our treasury the "new things" of the Gospel; we have been long enough offering "old things." Those new methods call for newly-equipped men. The parochial clergy will readily confess that they cannot of themselves do all that God now demands from His Church in this country. They are too heavily burdened with the ordinary duties of the ministry: instructing those already within the fold, administering the sacraments, building temples, schools, and asylums—duties which must be attended to and which leave slight leisure for special studies or special labors. Father Hecker organized the Paulist community, and did in his way a great work for the conversion of the country. He made no mistake when he planned for a body of priests, more disciplined than usually are the parochial clergy, and more supple in the character of their institute than the existing religious orders.

We shall always distinguish Isaac Thomas Hecker as the ornament, the flower of our American priesthood—the type that we wish to see reproduced among us in widest proportions. Ameliorations may be sought for in details, and the more of them the better for religion; but the great lines of Father Hecker's personality we should guard with jealous love in the formation of the future priestly characters of America.

John Ireland.

St. Paul, Minn.

SAN LUIS POTOSI.

As is well known, this is one of the leading cities of Mexico, and has been so for centuries. It takes its name from Don Luis de Leixa, who founded it in 1576. In this he was materially assisted by a Franciscan friar, for then church and state were not at daggers drawn, as now, but worked hand-in-hand to further the spiritual and material interests of New Spain (though three centuries ago such a distinction would have been unintelligible), and the gray-robed disciples of the Mystic of Assisi kept well to the fore in the work of building up the new dependency of old Iberia. The name Potosi was added (borrowed from the celebrated mining-place in South America) when the extraordinary wealth of the mines of San Pedro was fully revealed. It is of little use naming the yield of the mines or the vast sums derived therefrom in royalties by the Spanish crown. One lump of gold in particular, that went to Spain, was unique in size and value, and in exchange for it the monarch very graciously presented the city with a bell! However, in course of time some wooden pillars in the mines were removed, when the roof very naturally "caved in"; then water got into the mines, and, in fact, the business was ruined. Not that mining is entirely abandoned; much work is yet done, and attempts have been made from time to time to reach the old workings, resulting, however, in failure from want of funds; but there is little doubt that the old glories of this mining district, so rich in the precious metals, will be revived and even surpassed.

When mining failed them the inhabitants devoted themselves to agriculture, and in spite of the dearth of water managed to achieve some success. It is a poor spot indeed where nothing will grow; and if there be not water for irrigation the next best thing is to sow wheat and corn should rain happen to fall. However, a number of valuable Mexican plants are seemingly independent of water, and these, singularly enough, are most succulent and juicy growths. Around the fields near San Luis one finds stout fences of lofty organ cactus and various trees of the acacia family; within flourishes *nopal* or prickly pear, valuable as harboring the cochineal insect, and when singed of its thorns serving as feed for stock; moreover, the shoots when boiled afford an edible vegetable for the table, and the fruit, the tuna,

is cooling and delicious. The *maguey*, or aloe, is another plant much grown hereabouts; at five or six years old it matures and sends up a prodigious column or flower from the centre—that is, if it is allowed to. In maguey plantations this is prevented, the centre of the plant being scooped out and occasionally rasped with an iron spoon. The sap destined for the nutriment of the flower—*agua miel*, or honey water, as it is called—is for several months drawn off three times a day by means of a pipette, conveyed into a goat-skin bag which the workman bears on his back, and then carried to the storeroom, where it is placed in vessels and allowed to ferment. It then appears a muddy-white fluid having a disagreeable odor, and the taste of sour cider and soda-water mixed. It is a cheap, intoxicating beverage, the beer of the lower orders, and is largely consumed. *Mescal*, an inferior hollands, is also distilled from the *maguey;* and the leaves of the plant, which now dies, produce *ixtle*, a long, tough fibre, stronger than hemp, and a staple article of export.

Philip III. raised San Luis to the rank of a city in 1658, and its population at present cannot be less than 70,000. Though in the tropics (latitude 22° 9′ 8″ north), its elevation of 1,932 metres secures it from extreme heat, and a finer climate—dry, bright, and uniform—could not readily be named. Since October, 1888, San Luis has been in direct communication by means of the Mexican National Railway with New York and the City of Mexico, from which latter it is distant three hundred and sixty-two miles. When the Central Railway's branch from Aguas Calientes to Tampico is completed, passing through San Luis, the latter city hopes to rival the capital. Saltillo, about two hundred and forty-seven miles off, is the nearest town of any importance to the north on the line of rail, and most of the intervening country is dry and desolate. One gets a tolerable meal for a dollar at Catorce (called after fourteen robbers who used to haunt the locality, and celebrated for its mines). The repast is served in some railway trucks on a side track, which have been thrown into one and now form a long room. Very creditable stations and houses for employees of the line are being built along the road; they are of granite, the leading product of the district, seemingly. For twelve dollars, and three more for the sleeper, one now travels from Saltillo to San Luis in ease and comfort in twelve hours or so. But one shudders to think of the hardships of the travellers in ante-railway days, bumping painfully during long days and nights through these dusty solitudes, the rare and brief stoppages for refreshments

being (to judge from the names of some of the ranches) more trying even than the jolting *diligencia* itself. For instance, what more suggestive of misery than the name of one such ranch, "*Mata pulgas*"—kill the fleas—that is, of course, unless the fleas kill you, or destroy your chance of repose? The first question you hear people ask on stopping at a Mexican ranch is, "Are there many fleas here?" And they are not likely to be disappointed if they desire company.

But to return to San Luis. The present station is a fine granite edifice recently constructed. The Pullman porter deposits the traveller's effects on the platform, but it is some little way to the cabs, and now the luckless wight must needs struggle manfully, Pickwick-like, for the possession of his "goods and chattels," disputing with a swarm of *gamins* and street-arabs. Finally he and his mails are safely ensconced in the fly, the obtrusive porters following, and he duly reaches the hotel, and then, mine host being appealed to, distributes a few coppers to the human gadflies and chases them from the premises. There is a good choice of hotels in San Luis, and they are fairly well served. The "Hotel de las Diligencias" is on the main plaza, or Square of Hidalgo; the "Continental" is a palatial old residence recently opened; "San Carlos" is a cheerful-looking house, with cool, green garden in the central court, but it provides rooms alone, and has no restaurant; the "Hotel de San Fernando" is a comfortable two-story building centrally situated, where you get good butter, eggs and milk, gravy-soup, fresh fish from distant Corpus Christi, kidneys, good steaks, and all one should require, for two dollars a day. In addition there are some second-class houses, as the "Hotel de Hidalgo" (adjoining that of "Las Diligencias"), where the sacred monogram appears over one door, and a fine display of whiskey bottles within the other.

San Luis is a town of narrow, straight, cobble-stoned streets with granite sidewalks, and pleasing houses of stone and plastered *adobe* or sun-dried clay, more often of one than two stories. Within the entrance doorway one often catches a refreshing glimpse of the cool, shady *patio* or court, round which the house is ranged, with its trees, roses, and flowering shrubs. There is a good service of street-cars, first and second class, charging six and three cents respectively, and one often sees half a dozen running along together, each drawn by two mules, arranged tandemwise. There are plenty of plazas, comfortable lounges, with their seats, walks, and fountains, and well-kept gardens with trees, oleanders, roses, giant geraniums, orange-trees, and a great variety of plants.

The one thing that is not understood or appreciated is grass; it is a mere weed, apparently. The only place we saw an attempt at any was in the *calzada*, or promenade; tufts of grass had evidently been planted in rows at regular intervals of a few inches, but from lack of water they had not spread, but withered to a sickly brown, by no means beautifying the garden.

On the west side of the main plaza is the Municipal Palace, a fine stone edifice of two stories, nearly a century old. In the porch is a guard of gendarmes in their cool white uniforms, and a sentry paces before the entrance with sword-bayonet fixed to his carbine. On the wall is a black-board with the latest telegrams, domestic and foreign, clearly inscribed for public information; within are various courts for legal tribunals, the offices of the different state departments, and the assembly hall for the twenty-one state deputies. In the alameda is a bronze statue of Hidalgo, the Mexican Washington, standing on a fine pedestal of red and white marble, and erected in 1875. The old man is represented with his right hand stretched out, whilst with the left he holds a roll and gathers up the folds of a vast cloak which envelopes his form and trails on the ground. He appears to a carping critic to have just stepped from a Turkish bath, and, swathed in a blanket and holding a towel, to be beckoning the attendant to come and shampoo him; but really and altogether it is a creditable work. Mexico cannot be accused of ingratitude to the memory of her patriots. Hard by the plaza is the English banking house of Pitman & Co., agents of the Mexican National Bank, the leading financial establishment in the Republic. The London Bank of Mexico and South America has also a branch here.

There is a considerable foreign colony in San Luis Potosi; Americans, of course, preponderating in the railway departments, and Germans in commerce. There are a number of foreign consulates, the American one being presided over by a well-looking individual with a wealth of chestnut beard and flowing, curly locks, a sort of Olympian Jove. He makes the most of both worlds, serving the Stars and Stripes politically and the Presbyterian missions spiritually, and the consular office is bedizened with maps of the world in various colors, representing the "fields" of the different Protestant missionary bodies—the Catholic Church, with its history of nigh on two thousand years and its two hundred million adherents, being ignored. It is regrettable that these Mexican Protestant missionaries should not enjoy the respect and confidence of their compatriots and co-religionists resident in

the country. They irreverently opine that were the missionary's substantial salary withdrawn his labors would forthwith cease, supporting their assertion by the fact that though there are plenty of foreign Protestants in the country, not as a class much addicted to church-going, the missionary never troubles his head about them, but lets them "gang their ain gaits," because he is not paid to minister to them. As to the natives, they are of two classes, the "faithful" and the "free-thinkers." A lawyer of the first class once said to the writer: "These interlopers are a set of rascals (*coquins*); they come here for high salaries, but we don't want them; why can't they cultivate the soil or do something useful in their own country? The first teachers of Christianity in this land, Las Casas and his like, were devoted, self-sacrificing men, who cared as little for money as for the gravel under their feet; but these people—I wish the government would bundle them all out; I have no patience with a pack of humbugs!" Thus reasons the one class; there is another, composed of infidels who seem to favor Protestantism because it vexes the Catholics. What do these men want of Protestantism? They call it a half-way house, and find it as impossible to accept the Translation of Elijah as the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and find at least equal intellectual difficulty in the doctrine of the Trinity as in that of Transubstantiation. This may possibly be all very wrong and very deplorable, but these are facts which a residence in the country demonstrates, and the real effect of the missions has been to stimulate the church to greater activity.

In fact, no picture of Mexican life is complete which does not devote space, and much space, to the subject of religion. In spite of the indifference of the government, of the non-religious public schools, and of the confiscation of church property and abolition of the religious orders by the Juarez government, the people as a whole are deeply religious, and nothing can change this state of things. On your very match-box, instead of a Parisian opera-bouffe dancer, you often have the patroness of the country, "Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe"; on the window-shutters is the cross or sacred monogram, and "there is written on the bells of the horses, 'Holiness to the Lord,'"—or would be if they had any bells. Now, San Luis is celebrated for the number and beauty of its churches, with their charming proportions, their porticoes richly carved in ornate stone-work, their lace-like towers and noble domes, and their cheerful, home-like, cool interiors. Some of the pictures and images are doubtless grotesque and barbaric enough if examined in detail, but the

effect of the whole is imposing and cannot be equalled by the moderns. As a proof of this, take two pretentious stone churches erected, doubtless at considerable cost, within the last few years. One is that of St. Joseph, in the alameda, or park (which stretches from the railway to near the main plaza). It is a pile of stone with a dome and square shot-tower, and a huge blank wall, impressive from its vasty superficies—and from nothing else. Inside are two choice little pictures of Christ and the Virgin, entirely obscured by acres of gaudy canvas covered with maudlin-looking figures of saints of hysterical imbecility. From several horizontal bars studded with pegs depend waxen arms, legs, and heads, the offerings of votaries healed of their infirmities. On all sides are pictures and statues of the husband of Mary, and the legend: "*Ite ad Joseph et quidquid ipse vobis dixerit facite.*" The other modern church we alluded to is "*El Santuario de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe.*" It is at the end of the *calzada* or promenade, a paved causeway a mile long and of ample breadth, bordered by trees. The position is fine, the temple being elevated, and the two towers most graceful. Within the pretentious paintings are far superior to those at St. Joseph's, and some indeed possess a certain merit. But, however humiliating it may be to modern vanity, these fanes cannot compare with the cathedral and the old churches of the Carmelites, the Franciscans, and of St. Augustine, not to mention many others. However, it is only fair to say that we saw some very good work by a young native artist; several were paintings in oil after old masters (probably copied and enlarged from engravings), which we found in the apartments of a young English priest who resides in the bishop's palace, and others were in the examination hall of the ecclesiastical college, a fine establishment of recent date and now in process of extension. As to the bishop, Monsignor Montes de Oca, he is a man of great intelligence, educated at Oscott, and speaking seven languages.

The *Potosienses* are very proud of their theatre, named after Alarcon, a local poet. It is a shabby affair, with nearly two hundred chairs on the ground floor, and four galleries; prices range from a dollar to a real (twelve cents), and the house would possibly accommodate five hundred. The roof has a central ventilator and is flat, so much so that the authorities at first hesitated to allow it to stand, fearing that it would cave in. The architect hereupon asked the authorities to let six pieces of artillery be placed on the roof and simultaneously discharged, which was done, he the while smoking a cigar seated in the

building below. This experiment reassured the timorous, and the roof has not as yet shown any intention of falling. The Mint is another remarkable establishment, and the possession of wealth in this country is not unattended with trouble—silver dollars, now worth, unhappily, but seventy-two cents American each, being cumbersome when they become numerous, and gold being but rarely seen. Then there is the Public Library and Scientific Institute; at the latter free education in the liberal arts is given by the state. The library has a good collection of books, Spanish, French, and English. There are a number of legal and medical works, and the mass of theological matters universally found in Mexican public libraries is not attributable to any ecclesiastical leanings on the part of the authorities, but to the spoliation of the old religious houses.

Some singular types are to be met in the streets, though one remarks a deplorable Japanese-like tendency to abolish the graceful native *mantilla* and *sombrero* for the flaunting bonnet and stove-pipe hat of Paris and London. However, look at these little tots, in white frocks, veils, and wreaths; they are not infant brides-maids, nor have they made their First Communion; they have been to the church, officiating in the offering of the flowers, for this is May, the month of Mary. These soldiers now marching down the streets are a slouching, badly drilled set, and you notice that the officers are white and the privates brown; they are of different races. The men are said to enlist voluntarily for four years, and to be fed and clothed and paid two and a half reals, or thirty cents, a day. We should much doubt this—they don't look well enough nourished. The Indian race must be degenerating, for the government has recently been compelled to lower the standard for recruits. The cavalry horses are tough little animals of fourteen hands, costing forty dollars, though it is doubtful whether the breeder gets much more than half the money. If the superior class of Mexicans ever wished it they could form as effective a corps of mounted infantry as there is in the world. The men can shoot straight, and horse and man can live on little or nothing and accomplish their thirty leagues in a day. Now look at this solemn individual, with tall silk hat and vast Spanish cloak. Doesn't he find it hot and cumbersome in this summer weather? Well, yes; but he is an ecclesiastic; the government has inhibited him from wearing his soutane in the street, at any rate visibly, so he gathers it up when he goes abroad and covers himself with a cloth cloak, regardless of the sun, and as hardly any one else will do the like, his appear-

ance is distinctive enough. But to see the original denizen of the land somewhat as he was before the Castilian reduced him to a condition of peonage you must go to the market and see the display of fruits, vegetables, and sweetmeats, placed in little half-penny piles on the ground beneath an awning like the sail of an Arab dhow. Or go to a *fiesta*, and in tents and booths you see the laborer in his white clothes and huge, mushroom-like straw hat seated silently on a bench, quaffing *pulque*, which is served him in a rough earthen basin, replenished from time to time from one of the huge tubs in which the "*licor divino*" is stored; now you see a man dancing, a tumbler half-filled with pulque balanced on his head; now a man and woman waltz round the limited space, which can only accommodate one couple at a time; or, better still, they perform the *jarabe*, an Irish jig, in which they keep perfect time to the weird strains of the harp, never tiring apparently, and continuing the fun "till morning doth appear." Well, we can excuse them for taking their fill of pulque, or of San Luis beer at six cents a bottle, for most of the water is impure, drain-tainted surface water, capable of begetting any malady you please. We will drop in for a moment at this tent where Juan is parting with his hardly-earned reals at the gaming-table. And does not his master do the same to the tune of thousands, and mortgage his estates up to the hilt? For the love of play is a passion and affects every class. And in the darkness without a beggar accosts us: "Give me an alms, kind sir, for the love of the most holy Mother of God; bestow a trifle on me in honor of the Most Holy Trinity." It is curious how saints and sinners, bankers and mumpers, the dude and the destitute, jostle each other here, presenting a perfect microcosm, a human kaleidoscope, a kingdom in a nutshell. And interesting and amusing it is, for it takes many sorts to make a world, and to an observant man nothing human is lacking in attraction.

Charles E. Hodson.

A LEGEND OF CUBA.*

NEAR to the northern shore of the beautiful Pearl of the Antilles,
Where the broad Mexican Gulf breathes forth its health-giving breezes,
The Hospice *das Lazaros* stands. The lofty walls which surround it
Shut out from curious eyes its beauties of courts and of gardens,
Waving ceiba-trees, and fountains and flowers without number.
Shut out as well the living death of the lepers,
Exiles from home and friends till Azrael release them from suffring.
As if in the glare of noon each festering corpse in the grave-yard,
Quickened to sudden life, should awake, and come forth in the sunlight,
Hating its horrid self, and the loathsome shapes cowering around it,
So these, forsaken of men, crushed to earth by the burden of being,
Stung by the thought of the past, and shut out from all hope in the future,
Curse God in pitiless life, when death is the boon which they pray for!

Here had Martina come, in the first great anguish of sorrow;
Many the scourges of sinners, but matchless her woful affliction.
Passing one sunny day through the high-walled streets of the city,
Hope and love in her heart, and a radiant joy in her being,
Her happy eyes in their roving fell on the unveiled face
Of one of a group of lepers, sunning their loathsome forms on the marble steps of the chapel.
A shudder, a thrill of disgust, as if Death had breathed on her coldly;
Then something went out of her life which lapse of time could restore not;
In its stead entered dread fear, and a grave and a gloomy foreboding.

* Many years ago, a wealthy merchant of Havana, becoming a victim of leprosy, retired to the suburban plains, bidding his family an eternal farewell. While awaiting the only possible release from his sufferings—death—he determined to build and endow a home for future sufferers in his native land, to which they could retire upon the appearance of those signs which for ever doom a person to a living death.

Stricken in springtide of youth! Was there then no other atonement?
No reparation but this, for loving, and loving too fondly?
For casting aside the ties of religion, of home, and of kinship?
Many and grievous her sins. But the penalty! What of God's justice?
A marriage of state, not of church; a father's mad curses and anger,
Coldness and hatred of kin—all these for the words of a stranger,
Whose passionate love won her heart to his own,
Making sin and all sacrifice easy. Yet the penalty! Had God no mercy?

Was it for this, then, that Fate had accursed her with fulness of being,
Moving her tender heart with a womanly woman's ambitions
For common household joys, for love, and the faces of children?
For one brief madding foretaste of Heaven must Hell through eternity follow?

Day followed day, and week followed week, confirming her dread apprehension.
Then came a fateful hour, when th' twilight shadows were stealing
Softly through aisle and nave of the lofty, gloomy cathedral.
And her sentence was passed and accepted.

Through the high windows floated the glad, mellow laughter of children,
Happy sounds of life, and the hum of the great city's tumult
Subdued and softened by distance.
At times from the shadowy choir
Faint, faltering melody floated. "For all his commandments are faithful,
Confirmed for aye and for ever," the burden borne down on the music.
Pale nuns told their beads in the aisle, and a penitent prayed at the altar.
Peace, holy peace, filled the place, with an almost perceptible presence,
Aura of Love Divine from the Heart in dread splendor reposing
Under the sacred veils.

At the feet of the pitying priest the penitent leper was kneeling,
Plucking out one by one wild hopes which like delicate blossoms
Were springing still in the heart so blackened and seared by affliction.
Sad and low spoke the priest as, with pitying, implacable justice,
He uttered the words of doom, in a voice of divine inspiration:
"Daughter, God's ways are not man's ways. The hand which lies heavy upon thee
Smites not in meaningless wrath, but in mercy and loving compassion.
Better thy years of affliction, in desolate exile and sorrow,
Than exile from love of God through the years of an endless hereafter.
Better renouncement of him who with specious, resistless persuasion
Won thee from home and friends and the holy faith of thy fathers,
Than wilful desertion of Christ, who has suffered and died for thy ransom.
Grievous thy manifold sins; and when Infinite Justice resents them
Bow to the heavenly will in meek patience, and trustful submission.
Fearful it is to fall into the hands of the living God, and in darkness
To dwell as the dead were of old; yet when sorrow
Bruises the wounded heart, when the soul is as earth without water,
When the spirit hath fainted away, even then Heaven's angels are nearest,
Leading the soul out of trouble. So shall it be with thee
If the cross which God places upon thee
Be borne with a cheerful submission, not dragged in obdurate moroseness.
Sacrifice grave Heaven demands! Let this hour see its quick consummation!
Waver nor falter not! Rend in twain the strong fetters which bind thee,
And He who of one such as thou hast said with benignant compassion,
'Lo, many the sins now forgiv'n her, because she hath loved, and loved deeply!'
Will blot out thy sins in His blood, and encompass thy soul with His mercy."

Forth from the silent church she crept through the gloom of its portal
Into the noisy street, which the bright mellow moonlight was flooding,
Bowed, and stricken, and faint, as one from whom hope had departed ;
Yet in her secret heart a lofty and resolute purpose
Fierce in its new-born strength, as is ever contrition in woman.
Back, back for one hour to the home which to-night she must leave, and for ever !
For one sad, hopeless touch of the lips which had won her from faith and from kindred !
For one silent, eternal farewell to the scenes of her life's brief, mad Eden !
Then flight 'neath the pitying stars to the living tomb of the lepers,
Till a merciful death bring oblivion !

A space,
And with trembling limbs she silently stood on the threshold,
Stilling the cry on her lips, and the sound of her heart in its beating.
Strainèd and hot were the eyes which mirrored the objects before her ;
Nerveless the icy hands tensely clasped in an anguish despairing
At sight of the silent room which the soft, mellow moonlight was gilding.
One swift glance, and with stifled cry she sank in the shade of the door-way
Writhing in torturing anguish. For there, in the Lethe of slumber
He lay, who had been her soul's heaven, dearer than love of God !
Softly on eyes and lips the rays of the moonlight were falling ;
On the clustering waves of his hair ; on the tender hands whose caresses
Had made up the sum of her gladness !

One word, and the strong, loving arms
Would receive her with welcoming fondness ;
The throbbing heart pillow her head ; and the eyes in their glad recognition

Answer hers with a long, ling'ring look of keen joy, and impassioned affection ;
Fervid lips haste to prison her own in the fierce clinging rapture of kisses!
One such hour snatched from pitiless Fate, then would exile eternal prove easy !

But the hazard! O God ! and to him ! Oh ! stab of that thought. To endanger
His future, his life ! Him whose safety was dearer than hope of God's pardon !
When her touch in its nature was taint, and the breath of her life was defilement !

As prone on the threshold she lay, in the throes of her direst temptation,
The voice of God spake in her heart, in the tones of the ghostly commandment :
" Daughter, sacrifice grave Heav'n demands ! Let this hour see its quick consummation !
Waver nor falter not ! Rend in twain the strong fetters which bind thee,
And He who of one such as thou hast said with benignant compassion,
' Lo, many the sins now forgiv'n her, because she hath loved, and loved deeply,'
Will blot out thy sins in His blood, and encompass thy soul with His mercy ! "

With a fortitude born of contrition she rose from the shade of the doorway,
Spurred to a sudden strength by the fervor and faith of renouncement.
Then kneeling, her arms wide outstretched, she gazed towards the couch of the dreamer
With sad, wishful eyes in whose depths a fiercest heart-hunger was striving.
Such looks of despair and of longing she turned on the face in the moonlight
As the damned cast on high when Heav'n's gates for one mad dening instant are opened,
And the radiance streams forth in the darkness.

Then softly, with infinite yearning,
She murmured her farewell of sorrow, "Nevermore, dear my love! Nevermore! nevermore!"
As, stooping, she pressed on the threshold one passionate kiss; then uprising,
With long lingering look of farewell in the eyes which hot tears were half blinding,
She went forth for ever and aye, from her home, and her love, and her husband,
Exiled, despairing, alone; accursèd, unclean, and unholy,
Into the glare of the street; her face toward the home of the lepers.
O way of the cross! Journey drear for feet tender-shod!

With passionate sweetness and joy on the soft, balmy breezes of evening
Came surge upon surge of glad music; loud strains of the merry war
From drum, and from trumpet and cymbal. In the smile of the marble queen*
The thoughtless throng circled in gladness.
Laughter and light and joy filled all the earth; and the leper,
The one thing accursèd and taint, crept past in the populous desert,
Sole blot on the perfect night.

At times through the barriers slender
She gazed on the faces of children, and cried out to Heav'n in her anguish,
Smitten and bowed to the earth in a faintness of prescient horror.
Now hastening forth from the shadows, she startled two lovers so blissful;
Now gazed through hot, envious tears where the flickering light of the tapers
Touched the calm face of the dead.† Thus laboring wearily on,
Forsaking the walls of the city, she compassed the silent plains,
And gained the home of the lepers.

. . . . . .

*The Plaza de Isabella II., a favorite promenade in Havana.

†The long windows in Habanese houses are protected only by light Moorish tracery of iron, leaving the interior visible to passers-by.

Here, when the August moon had rounded to radiant completeness,
Entered another life; and Martina, pulseless and white and still,
Held to her stricken heart a weak, tiny form with closed eyelids
Whence ceaseless tears silently fell. 'Twas her sin and her sorrow incarnate,
Assuming the burden of life; on the threshold of woman's existence
To love, and to sin, and to suffer. And crying aloud in her anguish
She marvelled if God were still God; if a Virgin with heart of a mother
Once bent o'er a Babe in a manger;
If a Christ of benignant compassion had said, "Lo, thy sins are forgiven thee!"
That anguish like hers still could be!
Then the weary eyes closed on earth's sorrow
And, dreaming, deceit mocked her slumber.

. . . . . .

'Twas night. And in fancy she lay on her couch in the home of her husband,
Her newly-born babe on her breast.
Soft shadows were leisurely swaying on wall, and on floor, and on ceiling;
While borne on the air of the evening came perfume of faint, clinging sweetness,
Like that which encircles a shrine.

At her side, kneeling low, in the hush of reverent wonder and gladness,
Was he who had been her heart's rapture.
O hour gained from Heaven! Blest fruition of woman's most pure aspirations!
Happy mother and wife, cherished, honored! Proud queen of a heart and a hearth-stone!
Then darkness enshrouded her soul,
And a merciful Heaven sent oblivion.

. . . . .

Dreary the spirit's wanderings down through the valley of shadows.
Sad the unwilling awak'ning to life and its harassing sorrows,
To vacant, eager arms freed by pitying Death from their burden.
When, after weeks of pain, she toilsomely crept through the garden,
Led by a calm-faced nun, the rank tropic grasses were waving
Over the grave of her child.

Sweet was the evening air with fragrance of rose and of jasmine;
Odorous of mignonette, and the spicy breath of pimento;
Gay-plumaged, twittering birds through the tufted palm-trees were flashing;
Insects of rainbow-hued wings hummed merrily past to the fountain.
Outside the sheltering gates was heard the gay prattle of children;
Tinkling of passing bells, and glad, noisy voices of travellers,
Careless in happy life.

Within, where the piñon's blooms and the pendant leaves of the coral
Shaded the flowery turf, two black-garbed figures were kneeling
Close to a tiny grave.
Tranquil and fair of mien was she who with tapering fingers
Numbered the well-worn beads, companions of many a sorrow
Buried long since 'neath the waves of a peace passing all understanding.
Troubled her gentle heart for the sins and the sorrows of others,
Wayward and wandering souls, rejecting the feast of the Bridegroom;
Blinded by passions of earth to the woes of an exile eternal.
Calmly she prayed for the one who, stricken and crushed in her anguish,
Swayed to and fro in the throes of a maddening, delirious sorrow;
Now kissing the flower-sprinkled turf; entreating the God of Compassion
For death; for a grave by her child; for speedy release of the spirit
From torturing bonds of the flesh.

Now, torn by conflicting emotions, beseeching the Mother of Sorrows
To comfort with heavenly patience the desolate heart of her lover,
Bereft of the joy of his life; deserted; alone in his sorrow.
Now prone on the hillock of earth, in baffled and impotent raging,
With hot, tearless eyes, clenchèd hands, in passionate, quivering anguish,
Accursing the pitiless God who had doomed her to hell of existence!
Thus anger, thus grief, thus contrition, till, drooping, the *garlan de noche**
Reopened its white-tipped blooms, in odorous joy of the starlight.

Where the frail love-vine twined, in amorous embrace of the almond,
Rested a homely shrine to Her of Perpetual Succor,
Mary, Health of the Weak and pitying Refugè of Sinners.
Coarse and rude-fashioned the form of the Virgin Queen of the Heavens
Clasping the Babe divine.
Darkened by ruthless time, discolored by dews and by sunshine,
Nesting-place for birds, and haunt of the gauzy-winged insect;
Token withal of the faith of some pious and penitent leper,
Seeking the Way of Life through Mary, the Gateway of Heaven.

Here through long, dreary days Martina numbered her sorrows,
Silent, dejected, alone. Time with its sluggish tide seemed to stand still
To her, in her wearisome waiting for Death, the Benign, the Deliverer.
Daily her beauty waned in loathsome and lazarly yielding
To foulest disease.
Thickened the once arched brows; the puffed and misshapen eyelids
Hung on the scaly cheeks;
Nodous the shell-like ears; the proud lips,
Once a king might have sued for ungranted,
Grew withered and blanched. Through the tresses of jetty hair
Gleamed tendrils of sorrow-spun silver. Dread numbness o'erpowered the limbs,

* A tropical plant which blooms at night, and is fragrant only by moon and starlight.

And the joints, grown fest'ring and foul, fell taint from their putrescent sockets.
Only the heart was unchanged in the loathsome and festering body,
And mem'ry, bewailing the past, and dismayed by the fear of the future.

So bore she her living death, until in its lingering circuit
Passed the third weary year.
Again summer's zephyrs were sporting
'Mid crimsoning cupid's tears, and hedges of blossoming aloe,
O'er campanile's white-belled blooms, and the flaming tufts of hibiscus,
When, musing in tearless grief 'neath the shade of the vine-circled almond,
There woke in her darkened soul an echo of long-silenced rapture,
A tone like the voice of God in the morning hour of creation,
Flooding her gloom with gladness.
While yet her quivering heart fluttered wildly, and thrilled with emotion,
There entered with lightest tones, with jesting, and mellow laughter,
A gracile and gentle group.
Screened by vincas' scarlet blooms, in silence she marked their coming:
The kindly physician benign; his friend, worldly, arrogant, pompous;
A maiden of youthful grace, with such mien as men dream of in angels;
Then sudden tears blinded the eyes that fell on the face of her lover,
The noble and kingly 'mong men, forsaken, bereft, and deserted,
Yet loving her still in her shame, and seeking her, outcast and exile,
Disfigured, defiled, and revolting, yet shrined in his soul's inmost recess.
O tender and faithful of heart! O love for all sadness atoning!
And prone on the tiny grave she wept out her joyous thanksgiving
To Him who, in plenteous compassion, had heeded the voice of her weeping,
Had hearkened her sad supplication, regarding the cry of the lowly.

In prayer by the grave of their child she would wait for his rapturous coming,
Stilling the cry on her lips and the sound of her heart in its beating,
As patience struggled with pride in its vain and regretful repining,
Its taunting of beauty marred, of a form whence all grace had departed.
With infinite effort and anguish she crept through the long lissome grasses
Seeking the fountain's edge.
Long, long in the calm of its silver she studied the picture revolting
With low, bitter moans of despair, with eyes which hot tears were half blinding.
O sting keener far than swift death! Once loved for her loveliness solely,
Crushed now was her woman's heart for that loveliness lost, and for ever!

Slowly the long day waned. The fiery car of the Sun-god
Sunk in the tremulous waves.
Still kept she her vigil lone, in heart-sick and impotent longing,
Till fair in the azure heav'ns was blushing the first star of even.
Then dallying footsteps were heard; and low-murmured tones of endearment
Fell faint on her strainèd ear in the voice of all voices familiar.
As crouched in the dewy grass she cowered in new-flaming anger
Nearer and more near they came; the fair, gentle northern maiden
Encompassed in love's fond embraces. Whose kisses burned full on her lips,
Whose words echoed sweet in her soul, Martina's heart told all too plainly.
As madly her hot pulses leaped in their flaming to passion unholy
Low, tender, and clear came the word which hurled her to hell of despairing:

"Ah, fair among women, and blessed art thou, dear my love! my heart's heaven!
When first the pure light of thine eyes, as tender and searching as star-beams,

Fell full on my sin-darkened soul, lone, rudderless, tempest-tossed, veering,
Debased by unworthy of women, despoiled by false-hearted of men,
Stilled were the fierce swayings of passion; then out of the wreck of my manhood
The Spirit of Worship arising, breathed ever thy tenderest name. O holiest and best!
As to-day, 'mid the ranks of the leprous, in silence I followed thy footsteps,
I bowed me in spirit before thee, as one who does homage to angels!
Would to God that all women were like thee,
Violante, my angel, *my wife!*"

. . . . . .

What boots it to break the uprooted reed;
To crush the marred bloom of the lily;
To rend from the bleeding heart the quivering threads of the heart-strings?

. . . . . .

Day followed weary day; and week unto week succeeding
Brought to the lepers' home Violante in sweet ministrations.
Cooling her gentle touch on the feverish lids of the dying;
Fervent her heav'n-inspired prayers in ears growing deaf to earth's clamor;
Tender her counsels of patience, of meekness, and cheerful submission,
To those who looked forward to death as the tempest-tossed sailor to rescue.
"Angel of Mercy," they called her; and wept in the joy of her presence.
Only Martina, aloof, sat sullen and stern in her anger,
Wrapped in the mantle of silence, her heart turned to stone in her bosom.

Circled three weary years. And while yet the curtain of rain-clouds
Draped darkly the door of the sunlight, shutting out heaven and hope,
Violante faded and died.

Even to the quiet shore,
Where far from the turbulent current of life with its strifes and ambitions
The lepers awaited Death's summons,
Came whispers of import dread, and far-reaching ripples of rumor;
Whispers of cruel neglect; of a love growing cold in possession;
"Died of a broken heart!" sad eyes spake to eyes dim and tearful.
Silent Martina heard; and the edgèd sword of grief pierced the deeper,
The half-healèd, throbbing wound which quivered and burned in her bosom.

. . . . . .

Earth was ever the same. The flowers blossomed and faded,
Winged seeds, floating aloft, went fluttering aimlessly southward.
Still to the palm-fringed shores the sea in its murmurs incessant
Told the same tale of unrest, of freedom, and changeful dominion.
Still in the high-walled courts were color and fragrance and sunshine,
Mocking the halting steps, and the veilèd faces of lepers.

Nature smiled on and on, unheeding the woes of her children,
Counting two decades of years on the slow-rolling beads of the seasons.
Still 'neath Our Lady's shrine Martina kept her sad vigil;
Still by the tiny grave she waited for Death, the Deliverer.
Time, which had marred the last trace of her youth and her radiant beauty,
Left in their stead meek patience, and silence, and trustful submission.
Humble and contrite the heart once rebellious in petulant anger;
Mute the complaining lips; and cleansed from all traces of passion,
The soul in its loathsome abode was whiter than snow, through repentance.

Dimmer and still more dim grew the flickering light of the spirit;
Daily the lessening strength gave token of near dissolution;
At length in the darkened hall, shut out from the sunshine for ever,
Kept she her bed of pain, disfigured, and limbless,* and loathsome,
Counting the lingering days, and the dreary lapse of the star-time,
Still with unquestioning faith, with hope, and with patience exhaustless.

Thus passed a lingering year. At length, in that time of rejoicing
When angels on earth reappear to renew the glad pledge of redemption,
The troubled heart fluttered its last.
Tender and rev'rent the care of the holy women about her;
Emulous each but to touch her robe in its snowy enshrouding;
"Angel!" and "Martyr!" they whispered, and mused on her long expiation
Through lonely and piteous years, in silence and meek resignation.
"Ah, she hath looked upon God!" they murmured in envious fervor;
"Radiant, glorified soul! Pure saint through sincerest repentance!"

Under the time-darkened shrine they laid her to rest; where, declining,
The Southern Cross marks her grave.

E. A. Fanning.

Norwich, Conn.

* One poor woman had lost both arms and legs, and lay upon the ground a helpless head and trunk.—*Sandwich Island Sketches.*

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER IV. (*Continued.*)

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

Concerning Isaac Hecker's residence at Brook Farm, which was begun about the middle of the following January, we shall have more to say hereafter. At present our concern is chiefly with those explanations of his conduct and motives which the anxieties of his family continually forced him to attempt. There is, however, among the papers belonging to this period one which, although found with the letters, was evidently so included by mistake, and at some later date. It is an outpouring still more intimate than he was able to make for the enlightenment of others, and is the first vestige of a diary which has been found. But it seems plain that his longing for what he continually calls "communion," and the effort to divine the will of Providence in his regard, must frequently have urged him to that introspective self-contemplation so common to natures like his before their time for action has arrived. We make some brief extracts from this document which illustrates, still more plainly than any of the letters, the fact that the interior pressure to which he was subjected had for its uniform tendency and result his vivid realization of the Incarnation of God in Jesus Christ. It is written in a fine, close hand on a sheet of letter-paper, which it entirely covers, and bears date, January 10, 1843:

"Could I but reveal myself unto myself! What shall I say? Is life dear to me? No. Are my friends dear to me? I could suffer and die for them, if need were, but yet I have none of the old attachment for them. I would clasp all to my heart, love all for their humanity, but not as relatives or individuals. . . . Lord, if I am to be anything, I am, of all, most unfit for the task. What shall I do? Whom shall I cry to but Him who has given me life and planted this spirit in me? Unto Thee, then, do I cry from the depths of my soul for light to suffer. If there is anything for me to do, why this darkness all around me? I ask not to be happy. I will forego, as I always had a presentiment I must do, all hopes which young men of my age are prone to picture in their minds. If only I could have

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a ray of light on my present condition! O Lord! open my eyes to see the path Thou wouldst have me walk in. . . .

"Jan. 11.—True life is one continuous prayer, one unceasing aspiration after the holy. I have no conception of a life insensible to that which is not above itself, lofty. I would not take it on myself to say I have been 'born again,' but I know that I have passed from death to life. Things below have no hold upon me further than as they lead to things above. It is not a moral restraint that I have over myself, but it is such a change, a conversion of my whole being, that I have no need of restraint. Temptations still beset me—not sensual, but of a kind which seek to make me untrue to my life. If I am not on my guard I become cold. May I always be humble, meek, prayerful, open to all men. Light, love, and life God is always giving, but we turn our backs and will not receive. . . .

"Who can measure the depths of Christ's suffering—alone in the world, having that which would give life everlasting, a heaven, to those who would receive it, and yet despised, spit upon, rejected of men! Oh! how sweet must it have been to His soul when He found even one who would accept a portion of that precious gift which He came to the world to bestow! Well could He say, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' He would give them life, but they would not receive. He would save them, but they rejected Him. He loved them, and they despised Him. Alas! who has measured even in a small degree the love of Christ and yet denied His superiority over man! His love, goodness, mercy, are unbounded. O Lord! may I daily come into closer communion with Thy Son, Jesus Christ."

On the 22d of February he addresses both of his parents in reply to a letter sent by his brother John, detailing some of their troubles on this head. He writes:

"It is as great a difficulty for me to reconcile my being here with my sense of duty towards you. . . . Since I must speak, let me tell you that I have at present no disposition to return. Neither are the circumstances that surround me now those which will give me contentment; but I feel that I am here as a temporary place, and that by spring something will turn up which I hope will be for the happiness of us all. What it will be I have not the least idea of now. It is as impossible for me to give you an explanation of that which has led me of late as it would be for a stranger. All before me is dark, even as that is which leads me now and has led me before. One sentiment I have which I feel I cannot impart to you. It is that

I am controlled. Formerly I could act from intention, but now I have no future to design, nothing in prospect, and *my present action is from a present cause*, not from any past. Hence it is that while my action may appear to others as designed, to me it is unlooked-for and unaccountable. I do not expect that others can feel this as I do. I am tossed about in a sea without a rudder. What drives me onward, and where I shall be driven, is to me unknown. My past life seems to me like that of another person, and my present is like a dream. Where am I? I know not. I have no power over my present, I do not even know what it is. Whom can I find like myself, whom can I speak to that will understand me?

"This makes me still, lonely; and I cannot wish myself out of this state. I have no will to do that—not that I have any desire to. All I can say is that I am in it. What would be the effect of necessity on me, I know not, whether it would lead me back or lead me on. My feeling of duty towards you is a continual weight upon me which I cannot throw off—it is best, perhaps, that I cannot. All appears to me as a seeming, not a reality. Nothing touches that life in me which is seeking that which I know not."

TO GEORGE HECKER.—"*Brook Farm, March* 6, 1843.—What was the reason of my going, or what made me go? The reason I am not able to tell. But what I felt was a dark, irresistible influence upon me that led me away from home. What it was I know not. What keeps me here I cannot tell. It is only when I struggle against it that a spell comes over me. If I give up to it, nothing is the matter with me. But when I look to my past, my duty toward you all, and consider what this may lead me to, and then attempt to return, I get into a state which I cannot speak of. . . .

"By attempt to return I mean an attempt to return to my old life, for so I have to call it—that is, to get clear of this influence. And yet I have no will to will against it. I do not desire it, or its mode of living, and I am opposed to its tendency.

"What bearing this has upon the question of my coming home you will perceive. As soon as I can come, I will. If I should do so now, it would throw me back to the place from which I started. Is this fancy on my part? All I can say is that if so the last nine or ten months of my life have been a fancy which is too deep for me to control."

After paying his family a visit in April, he writes to them on his return:

"*Brook Farm, April* 14, 1843.—Here I am alone in my room once more. I feel settled, and begin to live again, separated from everything but my studies and thoughts, and the feeling of gratitude toward you all for treating me so much better than I am aware of ever having treated you. May I ever keep this sense of obligation and indebtedness. My prayer is, that the life I have been led to live these few months back may prove to the advantage of us all in the end. I sometimes feel guilty because I did not attempt again to try and labor with you. But the power that kept me back, its hold upon me, its strength over me, all that I am unable to communicate, makes my situation appear strange to others, and to myself irreconcilable with my former state. Still, I trust that, in a short period, all things will take their peaceful and orderly course."

To George Hecker.—"*Brook Farm, May* 12, 1843.—How much nearer to you I feel on account of your good letter you cannot estimate—nearer than when we slept in the same bed. Nearness of body is no evidence of the distance between souls, for I imagine Christ loved His mother very tenderly when He said, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?'"

"I have felt, time and again, that either I would have to give up the life that was struggling in me, or withdraw from business in the way that we pursue it. This I had long felt, before the period came which suddenly threw me involuntarily out of it. Here I am, living in the present, without a why or a wherefore, trusting that something will shape my course intelligibly. I am completely without object. And when occasionally I emerge, if I may so speak, into actual life, I feel that I have dissipated time. A sense of guilt accompanies that of pleasure, and I return inwardly into a deeper, intenser life, breaking those tender roots which held me fast for a short period to the outward. In study only do I enter with wholeness; nothing else appears to take hold of my life." . . . "I am staying here, intentionally, for a short period. When the time arrives" (for leaving) "heaven knows what I may do. I am now perfectly dumb before it. Perhaps I may return and enter into business with more perseverance and industry than before; perhaps I may stay here; it may be that I shall be led elsewhere. But there is no utility in speculating on the future. If we lived as we should, we would feel that we lived in the presence of God, without past or future, having a full consciousness of existence, living the 'eternal life.' . . .

"George, do not get too engrossed with outward business.

Rather neglect a part of it for that which is immortal in its life, incomparable in its fulness. It is a deep, important truth: 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and then all things will be added.' In having nothing we have all."

To Mrs. Hecker.—"*Brook Farm, May* 16, 1843.—Dear Mother: You will not take it unkind, my not writing to you before? I am sure you will not, for you know what I am. Daily I feel more and more indebted to you for my life, especially when I feel happy and good. How can I repay you? As you, no doubt, would wish me to—by becoming better and living as you have desired and prayed that I should, which I trust, by Divine assistance, I may.

"Mother, I cannot express the depth of gratitude I feel toward you for the tender care and loving discipline with which you brought me up to manhood. Without it, oh! what might I not have been? The good that I have, under God, I am conscious that I am greatly indebted to thee for; at times I feel that it is thou acting in me, and that there is nothing that can ever separate us. A bond which is as eternal as our immortality, our life, binds us together and cannot be broken.

"Mother, that I should be away from home at present no doubt makes you sorrowful often, and you wish me back. Let me tell you how it is with me. The life which surrounds me in New York oppresses me, contracts my feelings, and abridges my liberty. Business, as it is now pursued, is a burden upon my spiritual life, and all its influence hurtful to the growth of a better life. This I have felt for a long time, and feel it now more intensely than before. And the society I had there was not such as benefited me. My life was not increased by theirs, and I was gradually ceasing to be. I was lonely, friendless, and without object in this world, while at the same time I was conscious of a greater degree of activity of mind in another direction. These causes still remain. . . .

" . . . I feel fully conscious of the importance of making any change in my life at my present age—giving up those advantages which so many desire; as well as the necessity of being considerate, prudent, and slow to decide. I am aware that my future state here, and hence hereafter, will greatly depend upon the steps I now take, and therefore I would do nothing unadvised or hastily. I would not sacrifice eternal for worldly life. At present I wish to live a true life, desiring nothing external, seeing that things external cannot procure those things for and in which I live. I do not renounce things, but feel no inclination for

them. All is indifferent to me—poverty or riches, life or death. I am loosed. But do not on this account think I am sorrowful; nay, for I have nothing to sorrow for. Is there no bright hope at a distance which cheers me onward and beckons me to speed? I dare not say. Sometimes I feel so—it is the unutterable. Yet I remain contented to be without spring or autumn, youth or age. One tie has been loosened after another; the dreams of my youth have passed away silently, and the visions of the future I then beheld have vanished. I feel awakened as from a dream, and like a shadow has my past gone by. With the verse at the bottom of the picture you gave me, I can say:

"'Oh! days that once I used to prize,
Are ye for ever gone?
The veil is taken from my eyes,
And now I stand alone.'

"But I would not recall those by-gone days, nor do I stand alone. No! Out from this life will spring a higher world, of which the past was but a weak, faint shadow."

CHAPTER V.

AT BROOK FARM.

Ontario.

THE famous though short-lived community at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, where Isaac Hecker made his first trial of the common life, was started in the spring of 1841 by George Ripley and his wife, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. Dwight, George P. Bradford, Sarah Sterns, a niece of George Ripley's, Marianne Ripley, his sister, and four or five others whose names we do not know. In September of the same year they were joined by Charles A. Dana, now of the New York *Sun*. Hawthorne's residence at the Farm, commemorated in the *Blithedale Romance*, had terminated before Mr. Dana's began. The Curtis brothers, Burrill and George William, were there when Isaac Hecker came. Emerson was an occasional visitor; so was Margaret Fuller. Bronson Olcott, then cogitating his own ephemeral experiment at Fruitlands, sometimes descended on the gay community and was doubtless "Orphic" at his leisure.

The association was the outcome of many discussions which had taken place at Mr. Ripley's house in Boston during the winter of 1840-41. Among the prominent Bostonians who took

part in these informal talks were Theodore Parker, Adin Ballou, Samuel Robbins, John S. Dwight, Warren Burton, and Orestes Brownson. Each of these men, and, if we do not mistake, George Ripley also, presided at the time over some religious body. Mr. Ballou, who was a Universalist minister of much local renown, was, perhaps, the only exception to the prevailing Unitarian complexion of the assembly.

The object of their discussions seems to have been, in a general way, the necessity for some social reform which should go to the root of the commercial spirit and the contempt for certain kinds of labor so widely prevalent; and, in a special way, the feasibility of establishing at once, on however small a scale, a co-operative experiment in family life, having for its ulterior aim the reorganization of society on a less selfish basis. They probably considered that, a beginning once made by people of their stamp, the influence of their example would work as a quickening leaven. They hoped to be the mustard-seed which, planted in a congenial soil, would grow into a tree in whose branches all the birds of the air might dwell. It was the initial misfortune of the Brook-Farmers to establish themselves on a picturesque but gravelly and uncongenial soil, whose poverty went very far toward compassing the collapse of their undertaking.

Not all of the ministers whose names have just been mentioned were of one mind, either as to the special evils to be counteracted or the remedies which might be tentatively applied. Three different associations took their rise from among this handful of earnest seekers after better social methods. Mr. Ballou, who headed one of these, believed that unity and cohesion could be most surely obtained by a frank avowal of beliefs, aims, and practices, to which all present and future associates would be expected to conform. Mrs. Kirby, whose interesting volume * we have already quoted, says that the platform of this party bound them to abolitionism, anti-orthodoxy, women's rights, total abstinence, and opposition to war. They established themselves at Hopedale, Massachusetts, where, so far as our knowledge goes, some vestige of them may still remain, though the analogies and probabilities are all against such a survival. A second band of "come-outers," as people used to be called in that day and region, when they abandoned the common road for reasons not obviously compulsory, went to Northampton in the same State, and from there into corporate obscurity.

* *Years of Experience.* New York: C. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887

Mr. Ripley's scheme was more elastic, and if the money basis of the association had been more solid, there seems no reason on the face of things why this community at Brook Farm might not have enjoyed a much longer lease of life. It seems to have left a most pleasant memory in the minds of all who were ever members of it. In matters of belief and of opinion no hard-and-fast lines were drawn at any point. In matters of conduct, the morality of self-respecting New-Englanders who were at a farther remove from Puritanic creeds than from Puritanic discipline, was regarded as a sufficient guarantee of social decorum. Of the earliest additions to the co-operative household, a sprinkling were already Catholic; others, including the wife and the niece of the founder, afterwards became so. Some attended orthodox Protestant churches; the majority were probably Unitarians. Discussion on all subjects appears to have been free, frank, and good-tempered.

There was no attempt made at any communism except that of intellectual and social gifts and privileges. There was a common table, and Mrs. Kirby has given us some attractive glimpses of the good feeling, and kindly gayety and practical observance of the precept to "bear one another's burdens" which came into play around it. For many months, as no one could endure to have his equal serve him, and all were equals, there was a constant getting up and down at table so that each might help himself. Afterwards, when decline had already set in, so far as the material basis of the undertaking was concerned, and those who had its success most at heart had begun to study Fourier for fruitful suggestions, the first practical hint from that quarter resulted in Mr. Dana's organizing "a group of servitors." These, writes Mrs. Kirby, * comprised "four of the most elegant youths at the community — the son of a Louisiana planter, a young Spanish hidalgo, a rudimentary Free-Soiler from Hingham, and, if I remember rightly, Edward Barlow (the brother of Francis). These, with one accord, elected as chief their handsome and beloved teacher. It is hardly necessary to observe that the business was henceforth attended to with such courtly grace and such promptness that the new *régime* was applauded by every one, although it did appear at first as if we were all engaged in acting a play. The group, with their admired chief, took dinner, which had been kept warm for them, afterwards, and were themselves waited upon with the utmost consideration, but I confess I never could get accustomed to the new regulation."

* *Years of Experience*, pp. 178, 179.

The watchword of the place was fraternity, not communism. People took up residence at Brook Farm on different terms. Some paid a stipulated board, and thus freed themselves from any obligatory share in either domestic or out-door labor. Others contributed smaller sums and worked out the balance. Some gave labor only, as was the case with Mrs. Kirby, then Georgiana Bruce, an English girl of strong character. She says she agreed to work eight hours a day for her board and instruction in any branches of study which she elected to pursue. As an illustration of the actual poverty to which the community were soon reduced, and, moreover, of the low money value they set on domestic labor, we give another characteristic passage from her book. The price of full board, as we learn from a bill sent by Mr. Ripley to Isaac Hecker after the latter's final departure from the Farm, was five dollars and fifty cents a week:

"When a year had elapsed I found my purse empty and my wardrobe much the worse for wear. As I was known to be heartily interested in the new movement, my case was taken under consideration, and, with the understanding that I was to add two more hours to my working day, I was admitted as *bona-fide* member of the association (which included only a dozen), and was allowed to draw on the treasury for my very moderate necessities. Forty dollars a year would cover these, writing-paper and postage included. The last item was no unimportant one, as each letter cost from ten to fifty cents, and money counted for more then than now.

"I should explain that for the whole of one winter there remained but two bonnets fit for city eyes among six of us. But the best of these was forced on whomever was going to town. As for best dresses, a twenty-five cent delaine was held to be gorgeous apparel. The gentlemen had found it desirable to adopt a tunic in place of the more expensive, old-world coat" *

The income of the association was derived from various sources other than the prices paid for board. There was a school for young children, presided over by Mrs. Ripley, assisted by various pupil-teachers, who thus partially recompensed the community for their own support. Fruit, milk, and vegetables, when there were any to spare, were sent to the Boston markets. Now and then some benevolent philanthropist with means would make a donation. No one who entered was expected to contribute his whole income to the general purse, unless such income would not more than cover the actual expense incurred for him. When

* *Years of Experience*, p. 132.

Isaac Hecker went to West Roxbury the establishment included seventy inmates, who were distributed in several buildings bearing such poetical names as the Hive, the Eyrie, the Nest, and so on. The number rose to ninety or a hundred before he left them, but the additions seem occasionally to have been in the nature of subtractions also, taking away more of the cultivation, refinement, and general good feeling which had been the distinguishing character of the place, than they added by their money or their labor.

Isaac Hecker was never an actual member ot that inner community of whose aspirations and convictions the Farm was intended as an embodiment. He entered at first as a partial boarder, paying four dollars a week, and undertaking also the bread-making, which until then had been very badly done, as he writes to his mother. It should be understood that whatever was received from any inmate, either in money or labor, was accepted not as a mere return for food and shelter, but as an equivalent for such instruction as could be imparted by any other member of the collective family. And there were many competent and brilliant men and women there, whose attainments not only qualified them amply for the tasks they then assumed, but have since made them prominent in American letters and journalism. Mr. Ripley lectured on modern philosophy to all who desired an acquaintance with Spinoza, Kant, Cousin, and their compeers. George P. Bradford was a thorough classical scholar. Charles A. Dana, then fresh from Harvard, was an enthusiast for German literature, and successful in imparting both knowledge and enthusiasm to his pupils. There were classes in almost everything that any one cared to study. French and music, as we learn from one of Isaac's letters home, were what he set himself to at the first. The latter was taught by so accomplished a master as John S. Dwight, who conducted weekly singing schools for both children and adults.

To what other studies Isaac may have applied himself we hardly know. It will be noticed that Mr. George William Curtis, in the kindly reminiscences which he permits us to embody in this chapter, says that he does not remember him as "especially studious." The remark tallies with the impression we have gathered from the journal kept while he was there. His mind was introverted. Philosophical questions, then as always, interested him profoundly, but only in so far as they led to practical results. It might be truer to say that philosophy was at no time more than the handmaid of theology to him. At this period he was

in the thick of his struggle to attain certainty with regard to the nature and extent of the Christian revelation, and what he sought at Brook Farm was the leisure and quiet and opportunity for solitude which could not be his at home. "Lead me into Thy holy Church, which I now am seeking," he writes as the final petition of the prayer with which the first bulky volume of his diary opens. With the burden of that search upon him, it was not possible for such a nature as his to plunge with the unreserve which is the condition of success into any study which had no direct reference to it. We find him complaining at frequent intervals that he cannot give his studies the attention they demand. Nor were his labors as the community baker of long continuance. They left him too little time at his own disposal, and in a short time he became a full boarder, and occupied himself only as his inclinations directed.

It may occur to some of our readers to wonder why a man like Brownson, who was then fast nearing the certainty he afterwards attained, should have sent a youth like Isaac Hecker to Brook Farm. It must be remembered that Brownson's road to the Church was not so direct as that of his young disciple, nor so entirely free in all its stages from self-crippling considerations. As we shall presently see, by an abstract of one of his sermons, preached in the spring of 1843, which was made by Isaac Hecker at the time, Brownson thought it possible to hold all Catholic truth and yet defer entering the Church until she should so far abate her claims as to form a friendly alliance with orthodox Protestantism on terms not too distasteful to the latter. He was not yet willing to depart alone, and hoped by waiting to take others with him, and he was neither ready to renounce wholly his private views, nor to counsel such a step to young Hecker. He was in harmony, moreover, with the tolerant and liberal tendency which influenced the leading spirits at Brook Farm. Although he never became one of the community, he had sent his son Orestes there as a pupil, and was a frequent visitor himself. Their aims, as expressed in a passage which we subjoin from *The Dial* of January, 1842, were assuredly such as would approve themselves to persons who fully accepted what they believed to be the social teaching of our Lord, but who had not attained to any true conception of the Divine authority which clothes that teaching:

"Whoever is satisfied with society as it is; whose sense of justice is not wounded by its common action, institutions, spirit of commerce, has no business with this community; neither has

any one who is willing to have other men (needing more time for intellectual cultivation than himself) give their best hours and strength to bodily labor to secure himself immunity therefrom. . . . Everything can be said of it, in a degree, which Christ said of His kingdom, and therefore it is believed that in some measure it does embody His idea. For its Gate of Entrance is strait and narrow. It is, literally, a pearl *hidden in a field.* Those only who are willing to lose their life for its sake shall find it. . . . Those who have not the faith that the principles of Christ's kingdom are applicable to this world, will smile at it as a visionary attempt."

Brook Farm has an interest for Catholics because, in the order of guileless nature, it was the preamble of that common life which Isaac Hecker afterwards enjoyed in its supernatural realization in the Church. It was a protest against that selfishness of the individual which is highly accentuated in a large class of New-Englanders, and prodigiously developed in the economical conditions of modern society. Against these Isaac had revolted in New York; at Brook Farm he hoped to find their remedy. And in fact the gentle reformers, as we may call these West Roxbury adventurers into the unexplored regions of the common life, were worthy of their task though not equal to it. There is no doubt that in small numbers and with a partial surrender of individual prerogatives, well-meaning men and women may taste many of the good things and be able to bear some of the hardships of the common life. But to compass in permanent form its aspirations in this direction, as in many others, nature is incompetent. The terrible if wonderful success of Sparta is what can be attained, and tells at what cost. The economy of the bee-hive, which kills or drives away its superfluous members, and the polity of Sparta, which put the cripples and the aged to death, are essential to permanent success in the venture of communism in the natural order. "Sweetness and light" are enjoyed by the few only at the sacrifice of the unwholesome and burdensome members of the hive.

Brook Farm, however, was not conceived in any spirit of cruelty or of contempt of the weaker members of humanity; the very contrary was the case. Sin and feebleness were capable, thought its founders, of elimination by the force of natural virtue. The men and women who gathered there in its first years were noble of their kind; and their kind, now much less frequently met with, was the finest product of natural manhood. Of the channels of information which reach us from Brook Farm, and

we believe we have had access to them all, none contains the slightest evidence of sensuality, the least trace of the selfishness of the world, or even any sign of the extravagances of spiritual pride. There is, on the other hand, a full acknowledgment of the ordinary failings of unpretentious good people. Nor do we mean to say that they were purely in the natural order—who can be said to be that? They were the descendants of the baptized Puritans whose religious fervor had been for generations at white heat. They had, indeed, cut the root, but the sap of Christian principle still lingered in the trunk and branches and brought forth fruit which was supernatural, though destined never to ripen.

Christ was the model of the Brook-Farmers, as He had become that of Isaac Hecker. They did not know *Him* as well as they knew His doctrine. They knew better what He said than why He said it, and that defect obscured His meaning and mystified their understandings. That all men were brethren was the result of their study of humanity under what they conceived to be His leadership; that all labor is honorable, and entitled to equal remuneration, was their solution of the social problem. While any man was superfluously rich, they maintained, no man should be miserably poor. They were reaching after what the best spirits of the human race were then and now longing for, and they succeeded as well as any can who employ only the selvage of the Christian garment to protect themselves against the rigors of nature. Saint-Simon was a far less worthy man than George Ripley, but he failed no more signally. Frederic Ozanam, whose ambition was limited in its scope by his appreciation of both nature and the supernatural, succeeded in establishing a measure of true fraternity between rich and poor throughout the Catholic world.

There can be no manner of doubt that although Father Hecker in after life could good-naturedly smile at the singularities of Brook Farm, what he saw and was taught there had a strong and permanent effect on his character. It is little to say that the influence was refining to him, for he was refined by nature. But he gained what was to him a constant corrective of any tendency to man-hatred in all its degrees, not needed by himself, to be sure, but always needed in his dealing with others. It gave to a naturally trustful disposition the vim and vigor of an apostolate for a cheerful view of human nature. It was a characteristic trait of his to expect good results from reliance on human virtue, and his whole success as a persuader of men

was largely to be explained by the subtle flattery of this trustful attitude towards them. At Brook Farm the mind of Isaac Hecker was eagerly looking for instruction. It failed to get even a little clear light on the more perplexing problems of life, but it got something better—the object-lesson of good men and women struggling nobly and unselfishly for laudable ends. Brook Farm was an attempt to remove obstructions from the pathway of human progress, taking that word in the natural sense.

Even afterwards, when he had known human destiny in its perfect supernatural and natural forms, and when the means to compass it were in his possession and plainly competent for success, his memory reproduced the scenes and persons of Brook Farm in an atmosphere of affection and admiration, though not unmingled with amusement. He used not infrequently to quote words heard there, and cite examples of things done there, as lessons of wisdom not only for the philosopher but also for the ascetic. He was there equipped with the necessary external guarantee of his inner consciousness that man is good, because made so by his Creator—inclined indeed to evil, but yet a good being, even so inclined. Nothing is more necessary for one who is to be a teacher among a population whose Catholicity is of blood and family tradition as well as of grace, than to know that there is virtue, true and high in its own order, outside the visible pale of the Church. Especially is this necessary if Catholics in any age or country are to be fitted for a missionary vocation. That this is the vocation of the Church of his day was Isaac Hecker's passionate conviction. He was able to communicate this to Catholics of the old stock as well as to influence non-Catholics in favor of the Church; perhaps even more so. More than anything else, indeed, Brook Farm taught him the defect of human nature on its highest plane; but it taught him also the worthiness of the men and women of America of the apostle's toil and blood. The gentle natures whom he there knew and learned to love, their spirit of self-sacrifice for the common good, their minds at once innocent and cultivated, their devotion to their high ideal, the absence of meanness, coarseness, vulgarity, the sinking of private ambitions, the patience with the defects of others, their desire to establish the communism of at least intellectual gifts—all this and much more of the kind fixed his views and affections in a mould which eminently fitted him as a vessel of election for apostolic uses.

Before passing to the study of Isaac Hecker's own interior during the period of his residence at Brook Farm, it is our pleasant

privilege to communicate to our readers the subjoined charming reminiscence of his personality at the time, from one who was his associate there:

"*West New Brighton, S. I.*, February 28, 1890.—DEAR SIR: I fear that my recollections of Father Hecker will be of little service to you, for they are very scant. But the impression of the young man whom I knew at Brook Farm is still vivid. It must have been in the year 1843 that he came to the Farm in West Roxbury, near Boston. He was a youth of twenty-three, of German aspect, and I think his face was somewhat seamed with small-pox. But his sweet and candid expression, his gentle and affectionate manner, were very winning. He had an air of singular refinement and self-reliance combined with a half-eager inquisitiveness, and upon becoming acquainted with him, I told him that he was Ernest the Seeker, which was the title of a story of mental unrest which William Henry Channing was then publishing in the *Dial*.

"Hecker, or, as I always called him and think of him, Isaac, had apparently come to Brook Farm because it was a result of the intellectual agitation of the time which had reached and touched him in New York. He had been bred a baker, he told me, and I remember with what satisfaction he said to me, 'I am sure of my livelihood because I can make good bread.' His powers in this way were most satisfactorily tested at the Farm, or, as it was generally called, 'the Community,' although it was in no other sense a community than an association of friendly workers in common. He was drawn to Brook Farm by the belief that its life would be at least agreeable to his convictions and tastes, and offer him the society of those who might answer some of his questions, even if they could not satisfy his longings.

"By what influences his mind was first affected by the moral movement known in New England as transcendentalism, I do not know. Probably he may have heard Mr. Emerson lecture in New York, or he may have read Brownson's *Charles Elwood*, which dealt with the questions that engaged his mind and conscience. But among the many interesting figures at Brook Farm I recall none more sincerely absorbed than Isaac Hecker in serious questions. The merely æsthetic aspects of its life, its gayety and social pleasures, he regarded good-naturedly, with the air of a spectator who tolerated rather than needed or enjoyed them. There was nothing ascetic or severe in him, but I have often thought since that his feeling was probably what he might have afterward described as a consciousness that he must be about his Father's business.

"I do not remember him as especially studious. Mr. Ripley had classes in German philosophy and metaphysics, in Kant and Spinoza, and Isaac used to look in, as he turned wherever he thought he might find answers to his questions. He went to hear Theodore Parker preach in the Unitarian Church in the neighboring village of West Roxbury. He went into Boston, about

ten miles distant, to talk with Brownson, and to Concord to see Emerson. He entered into the working life at the Farm, but always, as it seemed to me, with the same reserve and attitude of observation. He was the dove floating in the air, not yet finding the spot on which his foot might rest.

"The impression that I gathered from my intercourse with him, which was boyishly intimate and affectionate, was that of all 'the apostles of the newness,' as they were gayly called, whose counsel he sought, Brownson was the most satisfactory to him. I thought then that this was due to the authority of Brownson's masterful tone, the definiteness of his views, the force of his 'understanding,' as the word was then philosophically used in distinction from the reason. Brownson's mental vigor and positiveness were very agreeable to a candid mind which was speculatively adrift and experimenting, and, as it seemed to me, which was more emotional than logical. Brownson, after his life of varied theological and controversial activity, was drawing toward the Catholic Church, and his virile force fascinated the more delicate and sensitive temper of the young man, and, I have always supposed, was the chief influence which at that time affected Hecker's views, although he did not then enter the Catholic Church.

"He was a general favorite at Brook Farm, always equable and playful, wholly simple and frank in manner. He talked readily and easily, but not controversially. His smile was singularly attractive and sympathetic, and the earnestness of which I have spoken gave him an unconscious personal dignity. His temperament was sanguine. The whole air of the youth was that of goodness. I do not think that the impression made by him forecast his career, or, in any degree, the leadership which he afterwards held in his Church. But everybody who knew him at that time must recall his charming amiability.

"I think that he did not remain at Brook Farm for a whole year, and when later he went to Belgium to study theology at the seminary of Mons he wrote me many letters, which I am sorry to say have disappeared. I remember that he labored with friendly zeal to draw me to his Church, and at his request I read the life and some writing of St. Alphonse of Liguori. Gradually our correspondence declined when I was in Europe, and was never resumed; nor do I remember seeing him again more than once, many years ago. There was still in the clerical figure, which was very strange to me, the old sweetness of smile and address; there was some talk of the idyllic days, some warm words of hearty good will, but our interests were very different, and, parting, we went our separate ways. For a generation we lived in the same city, yet we never met. But I do not lose the bright recollection of Ernest the Seeker, nor forget the frank, ardent, generous, manly youth, Isaac Hecker.

"Very truly yours,

"George William Curtis."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEANOGUEN.

If you are ever in the Adirondacks do not "come out"—in that region you "come out" like a *débutante* and "go in" like a woodchuck, instead of going and coming as in other places—until you have rowed on Lake Placid. There is one point on the lake where, if your guide has an eye for effect, or thinks that you have, he will rest on his oars while he points out the distant mountains, Marcy and McIntyre, and in the opposite direction Whiteface rising sheer from the fair water. You will not soon forget those views of mountain lines and wooded shores and lonely water—the cone of Marcy—rightly called Tahawus, the cloud-splitter—the huge, amorphous bulk of McIntyre and the double peaks of its neighbor. Evelyn Carter was glad that she saw them first alone on the water with her silent guide. The gay chattering crowd on the hotel piazza had been unusually tiresome that morning—the old ladies crocheting or reading novels; the girls, with flannel skirts and big hats or trim Tams; the very young men in knickerbockers, tramping up and down telling them stories of the trail and explaining amateur photography, and saying patronizingly how well Old Whiteface came out to-day, with a familiarity which she felt like resenting—they were all out of harmony with the solemn, broad-breasted mountain, whose feet seemed planted in the lake and whose scarred and stony head gave him his rarely heard Indian name, Theanoguen.

When Mrs. Armistead had discovered that a dear friend of hers was at the West Shore, six miles down the lake, and that the best way to go there was by boat, Evelyn proposed to go with her that far, and when she landed, to continue around the lake, intending to return home by the "carry" and Mirror Lake. It suited her better to be "here where never a boat had been," as she felt like misquoting; for once out of sight of the hotel the tourists have left no more trace of their presence in the great woods than the boat's sharp keel upon the water, and you feel as if you were the first and only person in those great silences and shadows. On this morning, however, the lake was neither silent nor shadowy. A brilliant sun shone from a cloudless sky and was reflected in a myriad points of light like polished steel on the bosom of the water, and since

Mrs. Armistead landed a sudden wind had come down from some cleft of the hills and was tossing up the white caps on every side, and as the boat came nearer the shore to get under the lee the wind was loud and shrill in the trees.

"Don't you think it is getting rather rough?" she asked the guide.

"Oh! I've seen it rougher than this," was his rather unsatisfactory answer.

She did not wish to feel afraid; and, in fact, she did not know whether they were in danger then, though she felt sure they soon would be if the waves ran much higher, and they seemed to grow larger every minute, so she tried to reassure herself by saying:

"Of course, you would turn back if there was any danger?"

"No, marm, I an't one of the kind to turn back. If I say I am going to row around the lake, I keep on an' do it. I don't mind no wind."

While this statement was highly creditable to his honest resolve that his passengers should have their money's worth, it was not very encouraging to a girl who could not swim, and who had never before been in so narrow a boat on so broad a sheet of water. He may have thought so himself, for he added:

"You don't want to feel afraid, miss."

Evelyn laughed, and was just about to say, "I don't *want* to, but I do," when a specially big wave—Mr. Lowell's "foaming decumane," perhaps—broke full against the guide's shoulder and sent a shower of spray into her face. They had passed from the lee of the island and to reach the "carry" had to change their course, and could no longer keep the boat's head to the waves. The sun was still shining, mockingly now, it seemed to Evelyn, and the dark yet dazzling waves were leaping around them, a little hell of waters, and grim Theanoguen seemed to say, "You came into my awful solitudes with your light laughter and petty cares—a race of summer flies that perish in an hour; leave me alone again with the wind and the sky." She was not too much frightened to watch with admiration the guide's skill and strength and patience as inch by inch he made his way across the lake, though each time he tried to make good his course the water dashed in until she was wet through. From her position she saw every wave—which ones they would ride as the guide let his boat face them, and which would break against her as he tried to make headway. Inch by inch they had nearly won their way to the carry, when a

huge wave seemed to rise suddenly and struck them broadside on. The guide pulled one mighty stroke to bring the boat round. Evelyn heard a sound of splintering wood above the roar of the water and the shrieking wind, and found herself half blinded in the lake, but so near the shore that an overhanging bough was within her reach by which she pulled herself to the land, and looking back saw the boat floating quietly in upside down beside the guide, who had an ugly cut on the forehead and the handle of his broken oar still in his hand. She waded out and dragged him to the shore before he recovered consciousness, for he had been stunned and cut by his own oar, which broke against that weight of water. He soon revived and sat up like a wounded hero, with his forehead bound up with Evelyn's wet handkerchief.

"Well," said she, "you see I was right to feel afraid."

"No, miss. There warn't no danger. You didn't want to feel afraid."

"Why, we were upset and came near drowning!"

"There warn't no real danger, if only that durned oar hadn't broke."

She did not argue the point, for she was glad enough to get off with nothing worse than a wetting, and now was anxious to get back to the hotel and to dry clothes.

"Is there any way of getting through the woods to the carry?" she asked.

"No, miss. There an't no road except by water."

"Why, how do the people who camp out get away?"

"By boats. We'll have to get to one of the camps and borrow a boat. There's one not far from here that belongs to a man that paints. You just stay here and I'll borrow his boat."

But when he started to walk, the guide staggered and turned so white that Evelyn saw he was unfit to make his way through the thick woods and over the slippery stones and fallen trees which surrounded them on every side except the lake. He gave her some general directions, and she set off in good spirits, rather exhilarated by her adventure, and walking as fast as the ground permitted. Consequently not many minutes later Winthrop Crowninshield, painting quietly in front of his camp, heard a noise of breaking twigs and boughs behind him, and then a voice that sounded very sweet and a little familiar saying:

"We have had an accident and the guide is rather hurt. Would you—"

The sentence was not finished, for as he rose and turned towards her he exclaimed:

"Evelyn! you here? Are you hurt?" And his hand grasped hers warmly and did not at once release it.

He seemed perfectly unconscious of a subtle change in her manner as he asked a dozen questions, and gave her orders with an air of taking command of her and of the situation that, in spite of her mental protest, was still a relief. "Sit here with your feet to the fire; your dress is wringing wet. Do you feel at all chilly?" He took her hand again, this time in such a matter-of-course manner that she did not attempt to draw it away.

"Not in the least. I ran part of the way and I am only out of breath."

"That is well, but you had better drink this." And he handed her a little silver cup half-full of brandy and water.

"Indeed I am perfectly well. The guide—"

"I'll see about him later. You are in danger now—not of drowning, but of rheumatism. So you had a guide? I was afraid you had been rash enough to go on the lake with an amateur. Accidents don't happen with the guides generally. Who was yours? Campbell? Why he is the safest man on the lake. How did it happen?"

She told him briefly, while he was filling a flask with brandy and getting a tight little roll of bandages and a piece of oil silk from a rough wooden "locker" which stood inside his camp. A camp, I may say to those who have not seen one, is an untrimmed log house on three sides, the fourth or front being open to the big fire which is kept up at night always and very often during the day. The comfort-lovers who occupy them several weeks have a cot and a table, but the correct thing is to sleep on a blanket spread over a bed of hemlock and balsam firs.

"My guide is off for the day, I am sorry to say, and I shall have to leave you until I look after Campbell; but then I'll row you across as soon as possible. You had better keep moving while your clothes are wet. If you could only row as well as you can ride I would give you an oar, and then there would be no danger of taking cold. If you feel the least chill take the rest of the brandy. I won't be an instant longer than I can help."

By this time he had run out a little canoe from a shed built under the trees, and with a few rapid strokes was soon out of

sight beyond the rocky point which jutted out between his camp and the scene of their "shipwreck." And when Evelyn was alone her first thought was not of her own escape, nor the strange chance of their meeting after so many years—they met last as betrothed lovers, and she had said at parting, "I will never willingly see you again." She only thought again and again, so persistently that she could almost hear the words repeat themselves, "He has forgotten that he ever cared for me." In vain she tried to believe that she was pleased at his indifference, and then to turn her ideas into some other channel; she could not escape that haunting reflection which even the physical surroundings seemed to shut in with her, for there was only a short path from the camp to the landing on which she could walk. She stopped finally in front of the camp and tried to divert her attention by looking at its arrangement. By the side of the cot there was a rough table of wood with the bark left on it, used apparently as a writing-desk, for she saw pens and inkstand, and with a shelf for a few books ingeniously fitted up beneath it and a small crayon on an easel of balsam fir—a woman's head whose features she could not distinguish at that distance. Of course it was his wife's, the lovely Northern cousin whom he had married two years after their engagement was broken. At once she was possessed with a violent desire to see it, and restrained by a feeling of delicacy from looking at it in his absence. The little room was sacred by its frank defencelessness; to cross the threshold seemed like reading an open letter. She remembered his last injunction, to drink the brandy if she felt cold, and the little silver cup stood beside the portrait. She was beginning to feel cold, at least she thought she was; nonsense! she was perfectly well; that was a dishonest excuse to gratify her curiosity. But she ought to do everything that would prevent her taking cold, and moreover he would like her to see his beautiful wife. Why must she be such a fool? Why couldn't she go and look at it simply and naturally. He was no more to her now than any other stranger who had done her a kindness. Any one could look at a picture. She walked up to it, and as she looked her eyes filled slowly. It was a lovely face that she saw, a girl of eighteen with soft, waving hair brushed back from a low, poetical brow, the lips and cheeks wearing the sweet curves of early youth, and the beautiful clear eyes looking from under long lashes with a fresh interest and a touching confidence in life that was very pathetic to the woman of twenty-eight, for it was her own likeness that

Evelyn saw, and she felt so sorry, so sorry for the foolish, happy child who had no existence now except upon that fragile paper!

Crowninshield's returning step brought a blush to her cheek so deep that it pained her. Apparently he did not observe it, for he only said, "I am glad you took the rest of the brandy."

"I didn't," she answered, for, though she might attempt to deceive herself, she would not be base enough to deceive him. "I wanted to see this picture"; and then hated herself for having to make the admission.

"It was done just after I left Virginia," he said quietly.

"I supposed that it was your wife," she said, determined that he should not think that she was vain enough to fancy he still remembered that old love affair.

He looked at her a little curiously.

"I am not married. If you will finish that brandy we will start at once. The wind has gone down and you need not be afraid to trust yourself to me; I am so much on the lake that I consider myself nearly as safe as a guide. Put this shawl around you and give me your hand, please."

She obeyed without a word, and he placed her in the bow of the boat facing him, a position which embarrassed her greatly and him not at all. She was more than ever provoked that she could not appear as much at ease as he did, if not exactly with his intimate air of taking everything for granted. She would like to behave with the most courteous indifference and forgetfulness of the past, so she talked about her travels and Mrs. Armistead and the amusing people they had met, and was very glad when they reached the "carry." He listened politely, but with an apparent lack of interest which soon checked the conversation, and then he said most irrelevantly:

"I hope you do not object to my having your picture. No one sees it."

"Not at all," she answered instantly. "No one would ever recognize it."

"Thank you."

"I mean that I have changed so much since then," she said quickly. "I could not help feeling sorry for that poor child"; and then blushed at the thought of the misinterpretation he might put on her words, and went on awkwardly: "she was so young—so much trouble was before her—"

He did not pay much attention to her words and made no immediate reply, but just before they reached the shore he said

as indifferently as if he were making a statement about the weather, "You are far more beautiful than you were then."

Evelyn could not feel affronted by a compliment which seemed so little meant for one, and by which she certainly was not complimented, for she only thought, "He does not care. That girl"—she was jealous of her now—"she is only the memory of a romance in which I, as I am now, have no part."

II.

The next morning Evelyn found, much to her annoyance, that her exposure had given her a bad sore throat, which obliged her to keep her room and receive a great deal of petting and sympathy.

As the lake was so rough Mrs. Armistead had driven home from the West Shore, alarmed by Evelyn's prolonged absence, and ready to welcome her as one just rescued from a watery grave. Moreover, she insisted on treating Crowninshield as the rescuer and hero of the occasion; and in spite of Evelyn's efforts to represent the upset as the most trivial accident, she found Crowninshield and herself regarded as the hero and heroine of a thrilling and hairbreadth escape, to be congratulated and talked over by every one at the hotel. In the afternoon Crowninshield rowed over to inquire after Evelyn, and Mrs. Armistead said she must see him herself and thank him for saving "our darling Evelyn." The thanking took a long time, but when she returned to Evelyn her radiant face showed the satisfaction of what her husband called her "family connection soul."

"My dear, he is charming, and I know all about him. His sister-in-law was at Nice the winter our squadron was, and I used to chaperone her. I knew she had married a Crowninshield the winter after, and it seems it is his brother. Same initials, too. So stupid of them! but with their Boston pride they think the whole world ought to understand about them. One of them is William Saltonstall and the other Winthrop Sargent, but they call his brother Jack. So nice to know who people are! Why didn't you tell me you had met him before? He says your father was the most perfect gentleman he ever knew, and—I beg your pardon, dear, I didn't know you would mind. What was I saying about Nina? Oh, yes! they are in England this summer. You know she has money as well as he, and our Mr. Crowninshield has been coming here for years, but

they want him to join them this fall and go around the world with them."

So this was the secret of her mistake. He had often talked of his brother Jack, and when she saw the account of the marriage of the great Boston heiress to her cousin, W. S. Crowninshield, she was certain that her old lover had married the little cousin of whom he had seemed fond. And then a thick letter came from him, which she returned with the seal unbroken. She would not let him suppose that she cared enough for him to read his explanation or justification, or whatever it was, his Puritan conscience demanded to complete his happiness. He was married, and she did not care—perhaps, in truth, could not bear to know how or why. That Evelyn Carter whose picture she saw yesterday was a quick-tempered, impulsive girl, spoiled, perhaps, as her father's only child and motherless girl could hardly help being. Theirs was a passionate love affair and a tempestuous engagement. In her Virginia home she was a little queen, and his cool, matter-of-course air of superiority irritated while it attracted her. Not his superiority to herself personally, her generous nature exaggerated that; but to her country, her State, all her traditions and prejudices, the stories and heroes of the war, all the romance of which was symbolized to her in her father's empty sleeve and failing fortunes. With all his culture and foreign education he was as narrow and prejudiced in his way as the fiery little rebel in hers. They were both too young and happy to have learned wisdom and concession, and in addition to every other promising source of trouble had come the question of religion. It was bad enough for a Crowninshield to marry a Southerner; for the descendant of the old Puritan governor to marry a Catholic was worse. He prided himself upon his liberality and assured General Carter that no gentleman would wish to interfere with his wife's religion, which sounded well enough until it appeared that her practice of it was to go only as far as he thought fit. Something was said on the subject of confession in conversation, and he said quietly that was the one thing he could never permit to his wife. There was a hot discussion. Crowninshield appealed to General Carter, who, to his intense amazement, agreed with his daughter—a man of the world abetting an enthusiastic girl in throwing off a lover for a fantastic scruple—and the engagement was broken. Crowninshield returned North full of rage and scorn for all Catholics and Southerners, and grew more furious when he found that all his female relatives looked upon him as one saved by a spe-

cial providence from designing rebels who had let fall the mask just in time. In two years General Carter died, and the creditors, who were willing enough to let him keep his mortgaged lands in the hope that he might work himself out of debt, foreclosed at once, and Evelyn found herself homeless. Many a home still open on the same precarious tenure was cheerfully offered her, but she had determined to be independent, and, with the double sorrow of her father's death and her lost lover, she longed for work which would leave no idle moments for regret. She came to Washington and got an appointment in one of the departments, and a new chapter in her life began. A very monotonous one, but peaceful and free from care, for the little daily annoyances were to her only surface worries, from which she shielded herself in an armor of cold reserve. She did her duty faithfully and ably, and when she saw schemers and shirkers promoted as they sometimes were, it seemed a little thing to one who felt she could never have paid the price of fawning and flattering and lying which it had cost. The haughty air for which she was no more responsible than for the color of her eyes, for both were an inheritance, made her unpopular with some, who revenged themselves by sneering allusions to rebels and starving aristocrats. Once only did she notice them, when a woman in the room with her said: "These Southerners are so used to being proud that when they have nothing else left they are proud of their poverty."

"They are," said Evelyn. "When they think of the men who gave their lives for the South, they would despise themselves if they had held back anything." Her angry eyes quelled the speaker, who from that time left her in peace. For the most part, however, she met with only kindness and consideration from those around her, who respected and even pitied her for the past to which she never alluded. The hours and days that passed so slowly were very short to look back on, so that Evelyn could hardly believe that eight years had gone. She told herself that her youth and beauty had gone with them, that her feelings and emotions were exhausted, while in reality they were gathering strength in unused repose instead of being frittered away piecemeal. The face she saw in her mirror was always grave and unsmiling and had lost the bloom and roundness of early youth, and she had no idea of its beauty of inward illumination and quick sympathy. If Greuze could have done justice to her peach-bloom youth, the artist who painted her aright now must show the soul and the mind in her face. If

her pleasures were fewer, her enjoyment of them was keener than ever, so that few in all the Adirondacks felt the passionate delight in them of this worker unchained from her desk for thirty days.

As they drove slowly through the country from one point of interest to another each day brought a fresh delight.

The cold that followed her accident lasted a few days, during which she was glad of the excuse to keep her room and avoid any chance of meeting Crowninshield, who rowed across from his camp every day. In avoiding that danger she had not thought of another—the growing intimacy with Mrs. Armistead—and was disagreeably surprised when the evening before they started for Adirondack Lodge her friend announced that she had invited him to join their party.

"You know, dear, he has been so attentive while you were sick, and it must be frightfully lonely for him in that camp with no one but a guide."

"Wasn't that what he came here for? To get away from people and enjoy himself?"

"You don't know him, Evelyn; he is not at all that kind of person. Why, he was perfectly delighted when I asked him. It will be much pleasanter for us, too. I must confess I like to have a man about. I was always used to it as a girl, and since my marriage there have always been some of the officers one could call on."

Evelyn said nothing. She could make no objection without the explanation which she did not choose to give her talkative friend, and though she felt as if she had been trapped, she knew the trapper was innocent of any such design, and as for Crowninshield, if he had so entirely forgotten the past, her pride might at least teach her to act as if she too had forgotten. The next morning they started—a cold and brilliant day that brought out ulsters and wraps, and touched the scarlet and gold of maple and birch into splendid vivid bloom, not in the least like the sign of decay and death. Evelyn sat in front with the driver, and only occasionally joined the gay conversation of the two behind her, for Mrs. Armistead's spirits had risen markedly since the masculine accession to their numbers. But in the face of so much beauty, and with the mere physical excitement of their rapid drive through the keen and exhilarating air, it was impossible that she should not feel happier than she had expected. Crowninshield knew the country perfectly, and told them stories about the different places which gave them special interest. He

showed them the bare grassy field where a scarred and solitary boulder marked John Brown's grave. Next came the place where he had killed his first deer—a spot too lovely for such a deed, with the clear brown waters of the Au Sable here dancing and shimmering over its pebbled floor, there hushed and still to reflect the doubled hillside and dark trees. They saw a wide field where the harvesters were getting in grain from the highest cultivated land in the State, and then turned away from the main road and faced the great unfolding mountains and Indian Pass. The air was penetrated with the sweet and subtle perfume of the balsam firs instinct with that fine purity of fragrance peculiar to cold, and for miles they drove by a winding road through an uncut wilderness. The occasional openings made by fire or windfalls were blazing with golden-rod, swaying in the steady breeze; lightly settling or wavering above the gold were myriads of brilliant butterflies, and on each side of the road the late wild raspberries gave out their own delicious perfume. Evelyn's spirits grew higher in a reaction from their long repression and she joined more frequently in the conversation. Mrs. Armistead persisted in regarding Crowninshield's camp-life as something for which he was to be commiserated. She admitted that in fine weather it might be endurable, but asked triumphantly:

"What do you do when it rains?"

"He does what the little imitation fitches do," Evelyn said with a laugh, and then remembered the beginning of that old joke.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Armistead.

Crowninshield answered for Evelyn:

"Don't you remember a charming picture in an old *Punch*? A shopman saying he could not warrant his cheap furs against rain—they were imitation fitches—and one of those lovely languid Dumaurier women asking: 'Why, what do the little imitation fitches do when it rains?' I remember a comical little colored girl heard us laughing over it and said, 'We don't have any of them kind in Virginia, does we, Miss Evelyn?' and Miss Carter's loyal answer, 'We don't have any imitation things in Virginia.'"

"Was that the funny child you told us about, Evelyn? Tell Mr. Crowninshield about her visit to Baltimore?"

"My cousin took her there once for a few days to amuse the baby when the nurse was sick, and as they drove through the city Sarah, whose eyes kept turning from one side of the

street to the other, exclaimed: 'Lordy! an't the town big!' and the baby, who admired and imitated everything Sarah did, repeated 'Lordy! an't the town big!' That night Page said she found Sarah with her face flattened against the window, and when she asked her what she was looking at, she said:

"Dey an't got as many stars here as dey has in Virginia, Miss Page.'

"When I was in Virginia," said Crowninshield, "I was very much impressed by the negroes' State pride. They were as proud as the white people of being Virginians, and I was reminded of it the other day reading poor Irwin Russell's poems:

> "So you thought 'twas Souf Ca'lina, sah, whar I was born an' raised?
> No, I'm from ole Virginny, an' fur dat de Lord be praised.
> Virginny niggers always wuz de best dat you could buy:
> Poor white trash couldn't git 'em, ca'se de prices wuz so high."

They were still talking of Irwin Russell, of whom Mrs. Armistead had never heard, when the road turned suddenly to the right and before them was a long building of beautifully squared logs; with galleries whose pillars and balustrades were untrimmed young trees. In the broad fireplaces bright wood fires were burning and antlered heads projected from the wall, and a frieze of sweet-smelling cedar around the dining-room carried still further the suggestion of the woods. The master of the house advanced to meet them—a picturesque figure with high boots and deer-skin coat and breeches, which were in thorough harmony with the scene. Looking away from the house they saw directly in front beyond the high-growing pines Clear Lake set like a gem in its ring of wooded hills. They were fortunate enough to get rooms in a little cottage annex with bark-covered walls, and, though supper was nearly ready and their appetites entirely so, they stopped a few minutes in the charming library, with its broad gallery looking over the lake and its tempting array of new books and magazines. After supper they wrapped themselves up warmly and watched the great camp-fire with its veering columns and waves of flame, and showers of sparks, and long hemlock slivers which the wind carried high overhead, above the solemn, darkening trees. A little distance from their party some boys and girls sang college songs, not very wise but gay and light-hearted as suited their years. There was no light but that of the fire, which, as it flickered and veered, revealed the smooth trunks of the tall pines like sudden ghosts. After the long day's drive the rest was

delicious, the fragrance of the trees, the flickering flames, and the gay young voices were all parts of one charm of peace and forgetfulness, at least for a night.

As the camp-fire burned lower the songs grew gradually softer. After the glees and choruses they begged one of the girls to sing alone. They could not see her face, but a few chords brought out the latent pathos of the banjo and then a soft voice sang :

"Could you come back to me, Douglas ! Douglas ! "

How often Evelyn had sung it to Crowninshield in the old days in Virginia. Now, in this strange place, the unseen singer's pathetic voice sounded like her own appeal to a lost love, and her face burned hot in the darkness.

"Oh, to call back the days that are not !
Mine eyes were blinded, your words were few.
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

"I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Never half worthy the like of you.
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows,
I love you, Douglas, tender and true."

The charm was over; no more peace and forgetfulness, but instead memory and regret. Some one said, "Why, it is nearly twelve o'clock," and there was a general movement and departure.

The fire was out and it was very chilly, and in place of its warm, inconstant, human companionship a few high stars, cold and unpitying, looked down :

"Where the black fir-wood shut its teeth."

As they went to their rooms Mrs. Armistead said :

"It is strange you had forgotten Mr. Crowninshield, when he seems to remember every thing about his visit to Virginia. I suppose the novelty of it all made an impression on him. You were so young it must all seem like a dream."

Mrs. Armistead's habit of answering her own questions and explaining her own difficulties made a reply unnecessary. Later Evelyn smiled a little sadly to herself as she repeated "'A dream ?' Who was it who wrote

"'Life and the world, and mine own heart, are changed
For a dream's sake' ? "

III.

During the next few delightful days our travellers saw much more of the beautiful country in their drives from place to place. One day the broadening Lower Saranac with its wooded islands and the last of the mountains—Amperzand—in the far distance, and another the narrowing walls of Wilmington Notch and the rushing river shivered into smokelike spray as it leaps down the rocky ledges—a glimpse of Norway and the Linns of Scotland. The end of the week found them again at Lake Placid, where they intended to spend Sunday, driving over on Monday to Keene Valley to see the mountain views which Matthew Arnold pronounced the most beautiful he has ever seen except Pontresina. They found a different lake from the smiling, sunny one they left. It had rained all day, but now at evening the dying sun had conquered the legions of the clouds, and all the west was a broad band of flame reflected in fainter pink on the opposite shore. Before the strong wind dark gray clouds rolled away heavily to the south, shutting out Marcy and McIntyre, but the near hills gained majesty and a touch of mystery from the mist-wreaths that veiled their summits and the strange light, like dulled steel, close above them. Only the field of waving rye which clothed the downs to the threshold of the hotel and masked the road was bright in its beautiful golden undulations. There was a feeling of triumph and successful achievement about them in which they shared.

"We have seen so much that it seems as if we had been gone a month," said Mrs. Armistead, "and I am sure we feel as if we were all old friends."

To Evelyn it was the end of her holiday. Not only that, but alas! she knew now that the feeling which she had hoped was fading into a memory of her youth had been only sleeping and had waked into stronger and more imperious life. She had tried to deny it to her own self; she had called pride and self-respect and pique to her aid in vain.

As for Crowninshield, after his first startled "Evelyn!" he had never addressed her by name; he never made the slightest allusion to their engagement, but in a hundred different ways he showed that his recollection of the most trivial incidents of that time was as vivid as her own. Even if he still cared for her, and of that she had no assurance, she repeated to herself,

he was wiser not to betray it, for the same obstacle, her religion, remained.

Sunday morning at breakfast Mrs. Armistead announced that as there was no Episcopal Church in the village her conscience was satisfied, and she intended to stay in her room and rest. Now that the journey was over she confessed to a little fatigue.

"There is a little Catholic chapel not very far off," said Crowninshield, "and I took the liberty of ordering a buckboard, if Miss Carter wishes to hear Mass."

Evelyn could do nothing but murmur some words of assent and thanks, though she would have preferred not to take a long drive with him, and the knowledge that he was waiting would not add to the comfort of her prayers. After the unavoidable intimacy of the last week she could not decline to drive with him, and, half grateful for his trouble, half provoked with him for taking it, she went. It was practically the first time they had been alone since he rowed her across Lake Placid, and now the same feeling of shy constraint took possession of her. It seemed a very long time before they saw the little white church whose cross proclaimed it Catholic.

"I hardly thought there would be a Catholic Church up here."

"You will find quite a large congregation. Many Canadians have come down across the border, and among the charcoal-burners there are always some Irishmen. Besides, where won't you find a Catholic church? There certainly should be one in this State, for many martyrs have died in it. Have you never read Parkman's *Jesuits in North America?* It is a chapter of martyrology as well as full of romance. Not very far from here, between the Mohawk and Lake George, is the place where Father Jogues was killed—the first white man who ever saw the lake—and his Indian converts were burned to death. Think of the extremes in his life! After his first torture and escape he returned to France, where Anne of Austria kissed the scarred hands which the Iroquois hatchets had mutilated, and then he came back to be killed by an Indian hatchet in these wildernesses.

"Even in Massachusetts you will come across traces of the Jesuits. I hardly recognized Cape Ann as Képane in an account of his travels written by Father Druillettes in 1650. It was interesting to see how much better men were than their laws or their creed, for if a Jesuit entered the colony a second time the law condemned him to be hanged; yet he writes that

Gibbons, of Merry Mount, gave him the key of a room in his house in Boston, where he might 'pray after his own fashion'—where in all probability he said Mass. Dudley and Governor Bradford both asked him to dinner, and the latter gave him a fish dinner on Friday. Eliot begged him to spend the winter with him at Rogsbray (Roxbury); Endicott spoke French with him, and, finding he had no money, paid all his charges—generously enough for the man who cut St. George's cross from the English flag because it was a Popish emblem!"

Evelyn listened to him a little bewildered by his changed tone in speaking of her church, but her amazement was as nothing to the surprise with which she saw him enter the chapel with her and, kneeling beside her, make the sign of the cross.

. . . . . .

That evening they rowed once more to the foot of Theanoguen. This time, fortunately for them, the lake well deserved its name, for they were so absorbed in conversation and explanation that the boat got only a mechanical attention.

"And that was the reason you would not read my letter? I told you every step of the way which led me to Rome. You might at least have had curiosity enough to break the seal."

"Yes, I was so certain that your imperative need of always being right would not be satisfied without being justified in my eyes. I could not bear it, and I think I vowed that I would never speak to you again. And the very first time we met I had to ask your help!"

"It shall be the last time you have to *ask* it," said Crowninshield, and as he helped her to the shore he kissed the hand which for the second time wore his seal ring, the blood-red shield and carven crown which to her symbolized the defence and happiness of her future life.

M. B. M.

CATHOLIC AND AMERICAN ETHICS.

SECOND ARTICLE

THE contention against Catholic education discussed in a former article is summed up in the plea that it is dangerous because of its ethical character. The Catholic Church is an ethical society, and the American state is an ethical society. If they are ethical contraries, they cannot co-exist in the same territory without opposition and a conflict, in which each one strives to vanquish and subdue its antagonist. Our opponents impute to us, and particularly to our hierarchy and its supreme chief, this irreconcilable hostility and purpose of subjugation in respect to the American state.

They appear to dread its success in some at least of our States, by means of our numerical increase to a majority, unless they can by prompt and efficacious measures counteract the ethical influence of ecclesiastical authority over the conscience of the Catholic laity, thereby rendering their increase harmless. Our friends would be much relieved if, since we cannot be converted all at once to Protestantism, we would be satisfied to be Gallicans, or "old-fashioned" Catholics, by which, perhaps, is meant a kind of "Old Catholics," after the fashion of the late Dr. Döllinger, and not remain "papists." A sort of diluted Catholicism would be tolerable, and one might enjoy the privilege of building fine churches, celebrating our rites with all the splendor at our command, and glorying in the past grandeur of the church, if we would only keep our religion for Sunday, for christenings and confirmations, for the hour of death and funerals. Though not so good as Protestants, we could be recognized as a kind of imperfect Christians, capable of being good citizens, respectable neighbors, and even sometimes admissible into the best society. Probably in time we might become blended with other Christians, and coalesce with them at last in the happy union hoped for, of the universal Christianity and Church of the Future.

Our friends know very well, however, that this diluted Catholicism is not genuine, consistent Roman Catholicism. In spite of the praises they bestow upon it, and upon those who call forth their sympathy as being "liberal," or "enlightened" in a comparative degree, they perceive very clearly the true bearings

and proportions of the principles involved in the great contention. Although they adopt the policy of drawing a line of demarkation separating "Vaticanism," "Jesuitism," etc., from essential Catholicism as special objects of polemical attack; yet, when they speak their meaning clearly, they show that the Roman Catholic religion, as such, is their ultimate object, in their plan of campaign. Mr. Jay says: "As an American author who has studied the question well remarks: 'Roman Catholicism and modern civilization stand apart as the representatives of two distinct epochs in the world's history; not only are they unlike, they are absolutely antagonistic and irreconcilable; . . . what is life to the one is death to the other.'"* Evidently, such clear-sighted opponents in their distinction of certain Catholics and their utterances from certain others, as worthy of their commendation, look upon them as inconsistent and at heart more or less belonging to what they call "modern civilization," as in opposition to that "Roman Catholicism" which is said to be its irreconcilable enemy.

There is small comfort to be gained from this source. The bishops, clergy, and the laity who are Catholics in reality as well as in name, throughout the whole world, are closely united with each other and with the Holy See in Roman Catholicism pure and simple. All hold the definitions in faith of the Vatican Council as equally sacred with those of the Council of Nicæa. All believe that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ, Supreme Bishop of the Catholic Church, and infallible in his solemn definitions, *ex cathedrâ Petri*, in matters of faith and morals. Whatever differences of opinion divide distinct schools of theology or philosophy, or are matters of discussion and controversy among Catholic authors, are, or at least are supposed to be, in regard to open questions. Many Catholics, imperfectly instructed, or not strictly conscientious, may, in good or bad faith, err in their opinions or their conduct. But they do not give tone to the sound Catholic body. The discords which they make are drowned in the clear and harmonious response which arises in a chorus from all parts of the world answering to the voice of the Pope calling the faithful to rally around the sacred banner of the cross. For the Catholics of the United States the late Congress of Baltimore bears witness.

The contention is, therefore, concerning the Roman Catholic religion, and nothing less or more. The question is, whether it

* *Denominational Schools*, etc., p. 59. The quotation is from *Roman Catholicism in the United States*, 1878, p. 83.

be really the irreconcilable enemy of our national civilization, and whether the ethics of Catholicism be incompatible with the principles and laws on which the American state as an ethical society is founded? In such a discussion vague generalities are useless. It is necessary to specify. What is it which is feared from Catholic influence in our sociology? What kind of ascendency is it supposed that Catholics are aiming at, and what are the changes which that ascendency would bring with it? Mr. Jay quotes from an article entitled "The Catholics of the Nineteenth Century," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD (Vol. XI. No. 64), what he calls "an interesting sketch of the means by which the ascendency is expected to be accomplished." I give his quotation in full:

"An offer and promise are as distinctly made to the Catholics of this age as they were to the chosen people when they were released from Egyptian bondage. A land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, is spread out before them, and offered for their acceptance. The means placed at their disposal for securing this rich possession are not the sword or wars of extermination waged against the enemies of their religion, but instead the mild and peaceful influence of *the ballot*, directed by instructed Catholic conscience and enlightened Catholic intelligence. . . . He has been furnished with an omnipotent weapon with which to accomplish this great work, and he is provided with an unerring guide to direct him in the administration of this important trust. We do not hesitate to affirm that in performing our duties as citizens, electors, and public officers, we should always and under all circumstances act simply as Catholics. That we should be governed by the immutable principles of our religion, and should take dogmatic faith and the conclusions drawn from it, as expressed and defined in Catholic philosophy, theology, and morality, as the only rule of our private, public, and official conduct. . . . The finger of the *Pope*, like the needle of the compass, always points to the pole of eternal truth. . . . The will of God is expressed as plainly through the church as it was through Moses and the tables of the law. . . . The supremacy asserted for the church *in matters of education* implies the additional and cognate function of the censorship of ideas, and the right to examine or disapprove all books, publications, writings, and utterances intended for public instruction, enlightenment, or entertainment, and the supervision of places of amusement."

These sentences are not a continuous quotation, but selections put together in a mosaic. I wish that every one who is interested in this discussion might read the whole brilliant and eloquent article from which they are extracted. Taken out of their connection, one who is looking through the medium of a preconceived idea that the authorities of the Catholic Church cherish a deep-laid plan for the subjugation of this country, may easily put into them a meaning which they had not in the mind of the writer, by reading between the lines. A candid reader of the whole article will perceive that it is pervaded by a glowing

religious and patriotic fervor. The author was a trusted staff-officer and intimate friend of General Grant during the civil war. The editorial responsibility is exclusively mine. This does not imply the adoption of all the writer's views and anticipations without qualification, but only that the article was considered to be worthy of publication.

It is obvious, at first sight, that the writer cast the roseate hue of imagination over his vision of the future of Catholicism in the United States. It is in view of an ideal condition in which the Catholic religion is so predominant throughout the republic, that the voting power is represented as an "omnipotent weapon" to be employed according to the dictates of Catholic conscience. This is a soldier's metaphor, which may alarm the timid as if it were a sword flashing before their eyes. But what was in the writer's mind as the real use to be made of this weapon? Let us hear him explain:

"The Catholic armed with his vote becomes the champion of faith, law, order, social and political morality, and Christian civilization. . . . He goes forth furnished with this weapon, which, faithfully and honorably employed, must become invincible, arrest the swollen current of corruption, crime, and lawlessness which threatens to sweep away religion, morality, and liberty, insure the pre-eminence of law, order, and republican institutions, preserve and perfect the results of material and natural science, put an end to poverty in its abject and hopeless forms, and banish suffering from unrelieved want, and develop and complete a system of jurisprudence which shall sustain what the world has not yet seen, a pure republic of equal rights, exact justice, and assured temporal prosperity, presided over, influenced, and informed by true religion."

Evidently, this vision is not going to be fulfilled in the nineteenth century, now near its close. Its fulfilment presupposes that the Catholic religion should become, if not the exclusive, at least the dominant religion of the citizens of the republic. Evidently, therefore, Mr. Jay is wide of the mark in representing as "the means by which the ascendency is expected to be *accomplished*" an exercise of the voting power directed by Catholic conscience, which is only possible on the hypothesis that the ascendency has already been gained.

Undoubtedly, all sincere and zealous Catholics desire to have all the people of the United States gathered into the fold of the church, chiefly for the sake of their spiritual good, and also for the sake of the temporal good which would follow if they were to become practical and virtuous Christians. We are bound to labor for this end. But by what means? The Catholic population, according to what I think to be the most correct estimate, is about one-eighth of the whole population. It grows by natural

increase and immigration. But so, also, does the non-Catholic population. If the whole population, as Mr. Gladstone has predicted, should increase to six hundred millions in a century, there is no probability that the number of Catholics will exceed eighty millions, unless a movement of conversion should set in, on a grand scale. Do our friends anticipate and fear this? What causes can possibly produce such an effect? What means can we employ for the conversion of non-Catholics, on any scale whatever, large or small? None whatever, except reasoning and persuasion, relying on the intelligence and uprightness of hearers and readers, and on the grace of God, to give efficacy to these means. No one can be compelled to be convinced or converted, against his own judgment and choice. Those who fear that we may gain an intellectual and moral ascendency by these means, must ascribe a wonderful power to the Catholic religion. They had best set themselves to counteract it by developing a greater power in their own, by uniting their divided communions, by setting forth a presentation of Christianity more rational and more persuasive than ours, and by proving themselves competent to the arduous work of converting that great half of our population which is without any religion. Have they any reason to fear from us any diminution of their liberty of religious expansion and growth? Why, then, should they not be satisfied to possess this liberty themselves, and to leave us the full possession of the same liberty, calmly leaving the issue to be decided in favor of the cause which proves to have the greatest intellectual and moral force? Why can they not see that the most efficacious instrument they can employ for the application and increase of what intellectual and moral force they have, is the religious education of youth, and take sides with us on this question, to our mutual advantage?

What reason have they to fear the influence which the moral force of the Catholic religion can at present exercise, or may probably become capable of exercising on the common welfare of the republic and its citizens? In a general way, the reason of their apprehensions is to be found in that practical rule of the consciences of Catholics which makes obedience to the instruction of the Teaching Church and its Supreme Head imperative. The real issue is, therefore, as a practical matter, dependent upon a comparison between the ethics of the Catholic religion as taught and enforced by the authority of the church, and the principles and laws of the republic as an ethical society. Are they mutually hostile, and tending, each one to overthrow

the other? Our opponents say yes, they are. The Catholic ascendency which they dread as a Brocken-spectre, alarming to their imagination, means for them a revolution backwards, a return to the civilization of long past ages, subjection of the civil and political state to ecclesiastical domination, a reversion of progressive movement on the line of intellectual, moral, and social development upon a course in a totally retrograde direction.

There is no branch of science so open to sophistry and misrepresentation as the philosophy of history, which in respect to Christendom is equivalent to the history of civilization. The Catholic Church was the creator of Christian civilization, and her work was interrupted by the disorders working partly within her own bosom, and partly causing schisms which separated some nations from her communion. The work has gone on, nevertheless, in all these portions of the once undivided Christendom, though marred and impeded by the disruption. Reunion, correction, genuine and universal reformation, improvement, and further development, are what every enlightened man must desire; not a return to the *status quo ante bellum*. The Roman Catholic Religion is not to be identified with its environment at any period. It consists in principles, doctrines, precepts, and essential organic laws, capable of existing in unity, universality and continuity, amid many diversities of environment. It is also not only capable of, but by its nature determined to a certain kind of development without alteration. To wish for a restoration of the mediæval environment—in other words, a return to a past phase of civilization—is as absurd as to wish for a return of the sun to the region of space and the place among the constellations which it occupied a thousand years ago. It is to wish for an impossibility. To go back to manuscripts in lieu of printed books, to the armor of the age of chivalry and the cross-bows of the men-at-arms (the art of drawing the long bow unfortunately still survives), to the old-fashioned musket, the stone fort and the wooden war-ship, the Ptolemaic astronomy, the Aristotelian physics, stage-coaches and packet sloops, the use of torture, slavery, blood-letting and starvation as a cure for consumption, and a hundred other obsolete theories and customs, would be a ludicrous procedure in the eyes of the most extravagant *laudator temporis acti*. Equally so, we may hope and believe that the old maxim, *Cujus regio illius est religio*, has been once for all abandoned. That the employment of force by the civil power to impose any kind of religion upon those whose convictions and consciences are opposed to it, will never again

be advocated by ecclesiastics or statesmen. I am sure that all Catholics in the United States will agree with Cardinal de Richelieu that persuasion and prayer are the only means for bringing back dissidents to Catholic unity. There would be no reason to fear that Catholics would use political power, even if they were a large majority of the citizens of the republic, to deprive their fellow-citizens of civil and religious liberty. The supposition that they would make such an attempt in particular States, is still more chimerical. Such imaginary issues must be put aside altogether, if the question of the moral influence of the Catholic religion in this country or in any of its portions, as things now are or are likely to be in the future, is to be fairly and reasonably discussed.

Moreover, the accidental aspects which the discussion presents, when party politics and sectarian polemics are brought into it, should not be allowed to distract our attention and confuse our view. The influence of the Catholic religion upon the welfare of the country through its authoritative moral teaching, in so far as this affects the social and political relations of Catholic citizens, is the one, sole topic to be considered. That these relations are within the moral order, and must therefore be regulated by the dictates of conscience, will scarcely be questioned by any one who believes that the commonwealth is founded upon morality and religion, that it is not a merely mechanical contrivance like a steam-engine, but an Ethical Society. That its ethics are sound and good, that they are derived from the natural and eternal law through the Christian tradition, our religious and honorable opponents will assuredly affirm. This is also our thesis. The same ethics have been received and preserved, and are sacredly transmitted, with greater clearness and perfection, under a higher sanction of divine authority, by the Catholic Church. Catholic and American Ethics are not essentially opposed to each other, but within their common limits are parallel. All natural theology and natural ethics are presupposed by the system of truth and law derived from divine revelation which the Catholic Church promulgates as the rule of faith and conduct obligatory on the conscience of all her children. This rule does not supersede natural reason and conscience, it confirms and enlightens both. All the rights and all the duties of persons, of citizens, of states, recognized by the light of natural reason and sanctioned by just human laws, are proclaimed and sanctioned by this supreme rule, as being the rights of God, or duties toward God, and therefore inviolable.

Let us see, then, what will be the attitude and conduct, as citizens of the republic, of those who obey the dictates of an enlightened and instructed Catholic conscience.

In the first place, Catholic ethics will teach them to regard the commonwealth as having a right given by God to their loyal allegiance in the civil and political orders, as a perfect, independent and sovereign state. In the case of a dispute, like that which resulted in civil war between the United States and particular States, concerning paramount allegiance, the decision is outside of the competence of the spiritual authority. Conscience dictates that allegiance must be given where it is due. But if there are two claimants, the choice between the two must be determined by reason, and, as experience proves, intelligent and upright men often arrive at very different conclusions by the use of their reason. Hence arises a conflict, which often becomes a war, as in the case above referred to. In our civil war, as Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Methodists took opposite sides, so also did Catholics. Religion did not furnish a criterion for determining which side was in the right and which was in the wrong.

So, also, in the divisions and contentions of parties, in the struggles of opposite candidates for election, in disputes concerning various laws and measures, in contentions before judicial tribunals, in all matters pertaining to the purely civil and temporal order, the Catholic conscience does not take its practical rule of conduct from the spiritual authority. In these purely civil matters no allegiance is due to bishops or to the pope. Those who have political power as voters are independent in its exercise. Those who have legislative, executive, or judicial power lawfully entrusted to them, and all their laws, decisions, acts of legitimate authority, have a right to allegiance and obedience which is perfect in its own nature and not dependent on any higher authority for sanction. There is no place, therefore, for any clashing of allegiance, or any paramount claim on the conscience founded on the duty of religious obedience to the spiritual authority. The spheres of civil and spiritual authority are distinct. It is only in the domain of morals that the conscience can assert its right to follow a higher and paramount law, and to obey or disobey civil rulers and enactments, according to the supreme rule of right and wrong.

The American Constitution is based on the axiom of the incompetency of the state in spirituals. Therefore it leaves religion free, and hence the conscience has no question to decide as to obedience in religious matters, in respect to which it makes no mandates or prohibitions. Its ethical principles are derived

from Christianity and are not contrary to Catholic ethics, but in agreement with them; not indeed perfectly in all respects, but to such a degree that we can fairly and strongly affirm the harmony of Catholic and American ethics.

On this ethical ground, where, if at all, allegiance to the spiritual power of the hierarchy, concentrated in the Papacy, can appear to interfere with the allegiance due to the commonwealth, the entire influence of this spiritual power over the Catholic conscience goes to strengthen all the moral bonds which hold together in compact unity the social and political body of the commonwealth. It tightens the hold of the commonwealth on the allegiance of its citizens, and intensifies the vital force which is the soul of the body politic, the principle of the civic virtues which give it health and vigor.

First in order, there is the proclamation of the rights of the state and its sovereign authority, as given by God and inviolable, which is the strongest safeguard against anarchism, rebellion, and ochlocracy.

Next, there is the proclamation of the rights of property as derived from the natural law, a protection of the rich against unjust invasion and spoliation by an abuse of the power of majority fallen into the hands of a discontented multitude. On the other hand, there is an equally emphatic proclamation of the rights of men as persons, of the worth of labor, and the claims of the poor and suffering members of the human brotherhood on Christian philanthropy.

Then again, there is the proclamation of the law of justice, honesty, fidelity, truthfulness, obligation to all duties in all kinds of human relations, under responsibility to God and to all divinely-delegated human authority.

Not the least among several specifications which might be made under this generic head, is the doctrine and law of the Catholic Church respecting the unity, sanctity, and indissolubility of marriage, together with her strict moral code respecting all cognate matters.

It is true of all nations, but especially of republics, that they live by the moral virtue of the people. To change the metaphor, this is the water on which the ship of state floats. It must be broad and deep for safe navigation, and therefore continually replenished by inflowing streams. All good moral forces and influences which preserve and increase the mass and volume of virtue in the commonwealth are of inestimable value, considered merely in respect to the political and social welfare of the people.

Among the most powerful of these forces must be reckoned all those great religious societies organized under the name of Christian churches. Widely as they differ in their specific doctrines, all agree in professing and teaching certain fundamental principles as pertaining to the essence of natural and revealed religion, which principles are the basis of rational and Christian ethics. I do not see how any one, though a disbeliever in Christianity under any positive form, or even an agnostic, if he recognizes the excellence and necessity of that higher ethical law implied and practically enforced in our American sociology, can fail to acknowledge the strong support given to it by these great societies. It is a fact which does not admit of question, that their general effect is to produce moral virtue, and besides other virtues, that of patriotism. It is not by assembling together in temples for worship only, or by the influence of a society upon individuals, or by the public preaching of the clergy, that the entire effect of such a great and widely-spread religious body upon public morals is produced. Colleges of different grades, schools of all kinds, by the moral education and discipline, animated and controlled by a religious spirit, which they impart, are, equally with churches and pulpits, centres from which active moral force radiates in all directions within the sphere of public and social life.

For all who regard the Christian religion as the object of paramount interest and importance, and the only sufficient basis of public and private morality, it ought to be a primary maxim that education should be religious. Not that religious education should be compulsory, or regulated by law, but that liberty of conscience should be untrammelled, and every possible effort made to resist all measures for applying compulsion in support of secular education on a system which is really a sectarian tyranny disguised as unsectarian. All the great Protestant denominations, if they would act wisely, ought, for the sake of our common interests, to make a common cause with the Catholic Church, that each may have the best opportunity for educating the children of its own members, according to their own convictions, and the dictates of conscience.

Moreover, there are many moral evils, especially in the great cities, and many corrupt influences in the sphere of politics, which are injurious in their present effect, and dangerous to our future welfare, which all men who have high and firm principles of morality must desire to contend against and to abate as far as possible. Here is a common ground, on which we can co-

operate and put forth a combined moral force, which will be greatly increased if all parties will consent to act together in those matters in which they are substantially agreed. One of the chief and most efficacious means of applying this moral force is the education of children and youth. It is to be hoped that the general good sense of the American people will bring about a settlement of present disputes and difficulties about this question, which will satisfy all just claims and rights, so that the benefits of a good common-school education may be secured to all children without any infringement upon liberty of conscience.

A. F. Hewit.

STUDENT LIFE AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The questions most frequently asked by the legion of friends and of strangers who come to visit the Catholic University are these: What is the nature of your daily life? of your religious exercises? of your studies and your recreations? Perhaps many of the clerical students throughout the United States, as well as others, may feel like making the same inquiries, and in this article an attempt will be made to answer them.

At the present time there are enrolled among the students of the University twenty-eight priests, seven clerics, and also nine Paulist students. As something equivalent to a seminary course is necessary for admission to the Divinity department, the only one as yet in operation, the students are all young men of matured character and familiar with the rudiments of the sacred sciences.

For the sake of simplicity, let me begin by describing the routine duties of an ordinary day at the Catholic University. At 5:30 A.M. the electric lights are suddenly turned on throughout the house and the rising-bell is rung vigorously. Half an hour is allowed for the matutinal toilet. At six o'clock, after a brief visit to the Blessed Sacrament, the students assemble in the Prayer Hall for meditation, and at 6:30 the Masses begin in the chapel. To the eyes of faith Mass is always a thrilling scene, but in the chaste and beautiful chapel of the University the Great Sacrifice is the spectacle of a life-time. For there are thirteen altars, and at each altar is a priest, assisted by a fellow-priest officiating as acolyte, and who in turn says Mass at the same altar, assisted by the previous celebrant; thus in

a single hour twenty-six Masses are said in the University chapel daily throughout the scholastic year. The effect upon the worshipper is extraordinary. Six altars upon each side, and the high altar, all occupied, and the thirteen Masses begun almost at the same moment—where in this young republic will you find anything to be compared with it? During the responses and until the "Sanctus" the voices mingle in subdued harmony; anon a breathless silence precedes the climax of the mighty mystery, "the evocation of the Eternal." Thrice blessed chapel! within whose walls is realized the description of St. John in the Apocalypse: "I heard a great voice from the throne saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men." The students' Masses are all over in about two hours; meanwhile the right reverend rector and the reverend professors have said Mass in the other chapels of the University. Breakfast follows; after this meal there is a short recreation, and then begin the lectures of the day, each being allotted an hour. It may be well to say here that the several courses of the University lectures are elective.

They are not a mere review of theology. The principal and living issues of this sacred science are alone discussed, the intention being to stimulate intellectual life, shed new light on old doctrines, and make the hearers not only collectors of theoretical data, but above all accurate, and, as far as may be, original thinkers. They tend to realize the ideal expressed by Bishop Spalding in his address delivered at the laying of the University corner-stone: "To create an intellectual atmosphere in which the love of excellence shall become contagious, which whosoever breathes shall, like the sibyl, feel the inspiration of divine thoughts."

The first lecture, that on dogmatic theology, is delivered at 8:30 A.M., by Very Rev. Monsignor Schroeder, D.D. During the year the principal subjects which have occupied his attention are as follows: The Syllabus, its nature and authority; The Immaculate Conception in Tradition; The Organ of preserving and propagating revealed truth; The true meaning and extent of Inspiration. Although Dr. Schroeder sounds the very depths of higher dogma, there is nothing dry or uninteresting in his discourses. His eminent teaching ability received an immediate recognition by the students, and his lectures are always attended by large numbers.

At 9:45 Dr. Pohle takes the chair of Christian Apologetics. During the year the Existence of God and the Spirituality of the Soul have been exhaustively treated. Professor Pohle is

a distinguished scientist, and consequently competent to state clearly and answer conclusively the leading objections of modern free-thinkers.

At 11 Dr. Boquillon lectures on Moral Theology. He has led his students through some of the vast and varied fields of the literature of that boundless study. By considering morals in relation with the other practical sciences he enables his hearers to sustain an unabating interest in truths often in themselves abstract and uninviting. During the next scholastic year he is expected to dwell on some of the great social issues of this century.

Dr. Hyvernat is the lecturer on Scriptural Archæology and the Oriental Languages. At the beginning of the year it was the prevailing impression that such subjects would be intangible and impracticable for Americans, but from the first day his lectures became popular. The students have learned to appreciate the influence of Assyriology on Scriptural studies, and the essential connection between Dr. Hyvernat's course and a thorough mastery of the Bible.

At the end of each class there is an intermission of fifteen minutes, during which time the professor replies to any questions which, in the progress of the lecture, may have remained unanswered or may have occurred to the student's mind.

We will now describe a most unique feature of the University—the course of Sacred Eloquence. We have always been told that a preacher, as well as other public speakers, must first have something to say, and then know how to say it. In the homiletic course arranged by our right reverend rector there is an admirable blending of matter and manner, and if it does not produce useful and persuasive exponents of God's word, the fault will not be due to any lack of interest on the part of the University faculty. There are, in reality, four professors in this special department. Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, in his charming lectures on English Literature, opens to the students the treasure-house of the noblest thoughts of English writers. Dr. Hogan, in his conferences on Ascetic Theology, which are given three times a week, explains in a popular way the theological and moral virtues. His profound knowledge of human nature and original methods of unfolding and proving his theses have made his course attractive as well as instructive. The systematic study of the art of elocution is now considered so necessary that no corps of professors in a university would be complete without a teacher of voice culture, emphasis,

grace, and gesture. The directors of this institution have recognized the importance of this branch, and have secured the services of Prof. Webster Edgerly. His methods, based on scientific principles, have given unbounded satisfaction. The lecturer on homiletics is the Rector of the University. All who have ever listened to his burning words in the pulpit will at once acknowledge his eminent fitness for the professorial chair of Sacred Oratory. His lectures are abundantly and happily illustrated from his own long experience. The following titles will indicate in a general way the line of instruction he has been pursuing: The great end of preaching God's Word and man's conduct; Earnestness in the pulpit; The Preacher's Library and use of books; The Preacher's ideal; The collection of sermon material; Formation of sermon plans; The analytic and synthetic methods of presenting a subject. The students are obliged to embody the teaching of these lectures in practical sermon sketches.

In addition to the regular University course, another one, open to the general public, has been given during the session. The success of this public lecture course has been most gratifying. These lectures are given on Wednesday and Friday afternoons of each week; the subjects are published in the press of Washington, and large numbers of the citizens, many of them of high political and social standing, come out regularly and assist at the course. The students attend in a body, and the usual tranquillity of life at Divinity Hall is interrupted by the influx of guests, who are, on these occasions, made heartily welcome. Of these lectures it may be said that Bishop Keane's masterly refutation of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" made a profound impression, and attracted hither a large number of the disciples of this modern philosopher. Father Hewit's course on "The Church in Holy Scripture and the Tradition of the first four centuries," as well as Dr. Chapelle's lectures on "The Doctors and Fathers of the Church," furnished some of the most instructive and entertaining hours of the present year. Once a week during the entire year Father Searle, C.S.P., delivered a course of popular lectures on Astronomy, to which an additional charm was given by the use of stereopticon views. Drs. Schroeder, Boquillon, and Pohle also delivered notable public lectures during the winter. Besides the regular curriculum of studies, there are private classes in natural science and modern languages. Next year the courses of Exegesis of the Old and New Testaments, Canon Law, and Church History will be inaugurated.

The students, when not present at a lecture, spend their time in study either in their rooms or in the University library. The latter already contains over 7,000 judiciously selected volumes, and its use is not restricted with any unnecessary rules.

At 12:45 the students proceed to the chapel for spiritual examen. Dinner is served at 1 o'clock. At this meal, as well as at supper, the Scriptures are read for a short time in English, followed by some interesting matter, generally selected from some recent magazine article, or work of current interest, after which the students are allowed conversation. At the end of dinner the martyrology of the succeeding day is read, and all withdraw to make a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The next hour and a half are given to recreation. The entire afternoon is taken up by the different lectures, and by private study. Twice each week there is spiritual reading in community; at all other times this exercise is a part of the private devotions of each individual. Supper is at 6:30, followed by an hour of recreation. From 8 until 9:30 P.M. the students are engaged in study, and at the last mentioned hour night prayers are recited in common, a short visit is made to the chapel, and at 10 o'clock all retire.

On Sunday we have solemn Mass and Vespers, and on the greater feasts the Rector pontificates. The services are carried out with every possible liturgical accuracy, and with all the dignity of the sacred functions. The music, and the teaching of music and of the Gregorian chant, is under the direction of Rev. Dr. Graff.

It may give our readers some idea of the interest taken by the public in the University when they learn that each pleasant Sunday afternoon an average of five thousand persons visit the grounds, and the Vesper service is attended by as many as can find seats in the chapel or crowd about its doors.

Twice each month "The Catholic University Library Society" holds its regular meetings. All the students are members. One evening is devoted exclusively to readings and essays, the other to declamation and debate. The members of the Faculty are deeply interested in the society, and by their habitual presence encourage and promote the enthusiasm of the students.

Thursday is our day of rest. On this day, and on other days during hours of relaxation, the student priests, hailing as they do from all parts of the United States, and the professors, coming from Germany, France, Belgium, and America, are thrown much together. This has a familiarizing as well as harmonizing influence, and tends in no small measure to the special development which is

looked for in a course of studies in this University. It has often been remarked by guests passing a few days among us that a spirit of kindliness and fraternal charity pervades Divinity Hall. As for the students, their rooms, their books and notes, their very hearts, are always open to one another, and they share that which is especially precious, and which no gold can purchase: genuine sympathy with each other. They are indeed all brothers, bound together by the triple bonds of Faith, Hope, and Love.

For our ordinary hours of relaxation the University authorities have provided in the most liberal fashion. Beneath the chapel is a commodious reading-room, where fifty magazines are regularly received; they include not only the American but also the most famous foreign periodicals of the different European languages. On the fifth floor there is a large gymnasium, equipped with the most recent inventions for the perfect development of the physical man. But it is not within the walls that the students for the most part recreate except on unpleasant days. The University grounds are rich in possibilities, and already, under an experienced horticulturist, are beginning to be worthy of the magnificent building which adorns them. While our own surroundings have been in a state of rapid evolution, we have had within reach one of the handsomest parks in the United States Directly opposite the University lie the extensive grounds of the Soldiers' Home. Many hundreds of acres of hill and vale, of grassy lawn, of copse and grove and thicket invite the eye and allure the feet of the pedestrian; while miles of admirable walks and roads form an almost inextricable maze from which a stranger not unfrequently appeals for rescue. This magnificent park is open to the public, for the Home is government property, the retreat of superannuated and disabled veterans of the regular army. No one enjoys this sylvan retreat more heartily or oftener avails himself of its privileges than the student of the Catholic University. There he may find the sweet consolations of solitude; there he meets the disabled veteran ending his days in the most peaceful of camps, and who is ever ready to regale the willing ear with memories of the battle-field.

From the University, standing as it does on an eminence, the prospect is most inviting, especially that looking westward over the Soldiers' Home Park, whose grounds we are as free to enjoy as if they were our own. The student will always have the satisfaction of knowing that in years to come, no matter how the country may develop or the city outgrow itself, nothing can ever

come between his *alma mater* and the Soldiers' Home except the avenue running between the park and the University grounds.

The Capitol building is frequently the objective point for Thursday outings. The wisdom of choosing Washington as the site for the University is now plainly manifest. Besides being the seat of the national government, and justly renowned for the magnificent architecture of its public buildings, it abounds with institutions of interest and instruction which are in themselves an inexhaustible storehouse of information for those engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. There are now eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand volumes in the various government libraries, besides hundreds of thousands of pamphlets and engravings which represent the progress of American art, science, and literature. During the greater part of the year the Senate and Congress are in session, and the student can see and hear the leading statesmen and jurists of the country in Congress and in the Supreme Court, and thus at the same time acquire some practical knowledge of American law and politics. As a matter of fact, hours of leisure extended over many years may be spent in Washington without exhausting the interest and novelty of its vast and various institutions. The University students are constantly recommended to pass their holidays in the art galleries and museums, rich in intellectual and æsthetic treasures, and not a week passes that they do not bring back from their excursions a freight of what are destined to become life-long recollections.

Such is the life of the pioneer students of the Divinity School of the Catholic University. Truly God has blessed this crowning monument of Catholicity in the United States! Its work, however, is but begun; only the first seeds have been sown, but they are the pledge of a future harvest. Many years will not have passed away before the departments of science, art, law, and medicine shall open their doors to the Catholic youth of America. Within the walls of this noble University Catholic priest and Catholic layman, united together in the pursuit of everlasting truth, shall, by their faith, their manhood, their scholarship, and their loyalty to church and nation, proclaim to all the earth that in the new world as well as in the old the Catholic Church, "ever ancient, ever new," the mother of religion, art, science, and civilization, still holds aloft "the lamp of learning, that spark from the altars of heaven, and hands it on from age to age a beacon-light to the feet of the nations."

THOMAS C. MCGOLDRICK.

Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SILVER JUBILEE.*

THE practice of devout persons called "making Novenas," for obtaining special graces from Almighty God, has become quite common, and has proved a source of many graces to the faithful. Tracing, however, the history of this form of practical piety, we go back to those blessed Nine Days that elapsed between the ascent of our Lord into heaven and the descent of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost day. These days were spent by Christ's apostles in prayer and anxious, expectant meditation,

* We print the following correspondence between Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Manning as apropos of the present article.—EDITOR.

"BALTIMORE, March 18.

"MY LORD CARDINAL: During the recent Centennial celebration in Baltimore it was suggested in a conference of the archbishops of the United States, held at my residence, that in their name I would convey to your Eminence the cordial congratulations of the American episcopate on the occasion of your approaching silver jubilee. It is seldom that a more grateful duty was ever assigned to me than to be chosen medium for conveying to your Eminence this message of brotherly esteem and affection.

"I am certainly unconscious of any disposition to bestow undue praise on any one, still less on one to whom flattery would be odious; and I hope I am not offending your Eminence's innate modesty when I say the American episcopate holds you in the highest admiration. Your private virtues and apostolic life, your public discourses, delivered in season and out of season; your prolific writings in defence of religion and sound morals; your untiring zeal in behalf of the sons and daughters of toil, of the suffering poor, and in the cause of temperance; your readiness, at the sacrifice of personal comforts, and even of health, to co-operate in every measure affecting the interests of humanity—are a source of constant edification to us all and an incentive to emulate so bright an example.

"May your Eminence continue for some years yet to exercise your pastoral solicitude over the church in England, 'and when the Prince of Pastors shall appear, may you receive a never-fading crown of glory.'

"I am ever, my lord cardinal, your Eminence's faithful and devoted friend,

"JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
"*Archbishop of Baltimore.*

"P. S.—I beg to forward herewith a testimonial from a few of the prelates, whose names I enclose, as well as from myself."

"ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
"WESTMINSTER, S. W., March 31.

"MY LORD CARDINAL: Your Eminence's letter, with the address of the bishops of America, and also the fraternal offering to the jubilee memorial, reached me this morning. I have placed them in proper custody, and my formal thanks will hereafter be made public. Nevertheless, I cannot let a day pass before I tender to you and to all my brethren in America my heartfelt and grateful thanks for the great consolation of your affectionate words. They are only too kind, but they come at the end of a long and eventful life as a witness that I have not altogether failed in my desire to please our patient Master. Such a testimony from your great episcopate will cheer me now that the day is far spent and my slender work is nearly done.

"I will ask you, my lord cardinal, to assure my brethren in the United States that my prayers shall always be offered for them and for your ever-expanding unity. Believe me always, my lord cardinal, your Eminence's devoted servant,

"HENRY EDWARD CARD. MANNING,
"*Archbishop of Westminster.*"

in the "upper room" at Jerusalem with closed doors. This Novena was the first, the most solemn, the most eventful novena ever made in the Church of God; nay, it was the type of all subsequent ones, having had our Lord himself for its author, for he had commanded his apostles: "And I send the promise of my Father upon you; but stay you in the city till you be endued with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 49). Accordingly "they were persevering with one mind in prayer, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and his brethren" (Acts i. 14).

The Paraclete came with the plenitude of heavenly gifts. The Spirit of life was breathed into the organism of the church, making it in truth and reality the mystical body of Christ, the organ of God's manifestations on earth, and the abiding place of the Divine Spirit of truth. That Spirit has not departed, and never will. The Upper Room has widened into the circumference of the Universal Church, but it is equally illumined by the heavenly fire of Pentecost day. The organism of the Church of God has developed into the full perfection of manhood, quickened by the self-same Spirit as of yore. That Spirit does not confine his operations exclusively to the visible Church of God on earth, yet only there is he manifest and conspicuous in the plenitude of his power.

Amongst the Fathers of the divine family of the Church of God in our day there is none who so often and so emphatically points to this great "fact of Pentecost" as Henry Edward Cardinal Manning, whose Episcopal Silver Jubilee the English-speaking nations celebrate during this month of June. He is the greatest prelate of the English-speaking races, and one of the most precious gifts of Providence to the church of our day; and he is a foremost exponent of the mission of the Holy Spirit to men. The *Fact*, the *Revelation*, the *Day* of Pentecost, as abiding in the Church of God and made permanent through her, continually recurs in his powerful writings. He is worthy the name of *Basilius Redivivus*. The Spirit of God has plainly guided him as it did Basil the Great, on whose shoulder St. Ephrem of Syria saw resting a snow-white dove, its plumage fringed with gold. To how many souls—nay, whole commonwealths—has not Cardinal Manning been a "light that shineth in a dark place until the day-dawn and the day-star arise"! (ii. Peter i. 19). How extremely suggestive of the will of God, as to the characteristic trait of modern devotion, it is that this man in his various works and essays should dwell so often and

with such singular predilection on the manifold operations of the Holy Ghost in our day, both in the church as such and in the individual soul of the man and the Christian! A man who speaks with such an abundance of spiritual unction of the Holy Spirit's agency cannot but be filled with the Holy Ghost in more than an ordinary measure. In considering the gifts and achievements of a convert like Manning, the mind reverts instinctively to the type of all who are "born out of time," the Apostle of the Gentiles. We hope that as we proceed the reader will see as clearly as we do something in our great Englishman which reminds him of the great Hebrew apostle, of whom the church says that he was the preacher of Christ to the whole world. Then the word of God, proceeding from the mouth of St. Paul, proved in fact "the sword of the Spirit" (Ephes. vi. 17), and a two-edged sword reaching unto the division of "the soul and the spirit" (Heb. iv. 12) it was, because St. Paul was the most conspicuous organ of the Holy Ghost. He dwelt in him, and worked in him in ever-increasing power. At the moment of his sudden conversion Ananias had spoken the word: "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus hath sent me, he that appeared to thee in the way as thou camest: that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost" (Acts ix. 17). The illustrious prince of God's holy church of whom we are speaking has indeed throughout all his life, even before his conversion to the true fold, in his own place and degree, been like the Apostle of the Gentiles. In examining the life-marks of this Apostle of England we are not less struck by the signal and increasing manifestation of this same Spirit in him, from the day that the first glimpses of supernatural illumination dawned upon his soul until now, when the word of the Spirit proceeds from his mouth as a two-edged sword to conquer the heart of Albion.

"The path of the just man," says Holy Scripture (Prov. iv. 18), "is a shining light, and goeth forward and increaseth even unto perfect day." Turning over the leaves of Cardinal Manning's various works and distinguishing in his remarkable life the three periods alluded to in the above-quoted text—namely, the period of twilight, sunrise, and noonday—we believe that the wonderful combination of a good will with an extraordinary guidance of the Holy Spirit is the keynote to the explanation of his providential mission.

TWILIGHT.

In speaking of the period of twilight in Cardinal Manning's life we refer to the years previous to his conversion. He was living outside of the true visible church; but even then, as it is plain from all his sayings and doings, he was, like St. Paul before his conversion, "taught according to the truth of the law of the fathers, zealous for the law (the church established by law)." A staunch supporter of the Anglican Church as long "as he knew the revelation of the *day of Pentecost* only in a broken and fragmentary way," "he obtained mercy, that in him Christ might show forth all patience for the information of them that should believe in him unto life everlasting" (i. Tim. i. 16). The lines in which the cardinal, speaking of the guidance of grace in others, depicts so appropriately his own state of mind before his conversion, are too beautiful and too much to our purpose that we should not quote them:

"I have no deeper conviction," the cardinal wrote in his book, *England and Christendom*, p. 91, "than that the grace of the Holy Spirit was with me from my earliest consciousness. Though at the time, perhaps, I knew it not as I know it now, yet I can clearly perceive the order and chain of grace by which God mercifully led me onward from childhood to the age of twenty years. From that time the interior workings of his light and grace, which continued through all my life, till the hour when that light and grace had its perfect work, to which all its operations had been converging, in submission to the fulness of truth and of the Spirit in the church of God, is a reality as profoundly certain, intimate, and sensible to me now as that I live. Never have I by the lightest word breathed a doubt of this fact in the divine order of grace. Never have I allowed any one who has come to me for guidance or instruction to harbor a doubt of the past workings of grace in them. It would be not only a sin of ingratitude, but a sin against truth. The working of the Holy Spirit in individual souls, as I have said, is as old as the fall of man, and as wide as the human race. It is not we who ever breathe or harbor a doubt of this. It is rather the Protestants who accuse us of it."

Thus Newman's "Kindly Light" had led Manning also near to the truth.

Of the successive attractions of divine grace, and of the unbroken continuity of the sway of the Holy Ghost over his soul, he says:

"The sacredness and sovereignty of divine faith makes it a duty to use words as the sincere medium of thoughts, and to use the lowest and the simplest that will convey our meaning. In such words I endeavored for many years to say all that I knew of truth to those who then would listen to me. I have had no other motive than a perpetual and ardent desire to give to others the truth as

God has given it to me. . . . Of the books I then wrote I will say nothing but that even in their great imperfections they have a unity, that is of progress. and a directness of movement, always affirming positively and definitely such truths of the perfect revelation of God as successively arose upon me. I was as one *manu tentans, meridie cæcutiens*, but a divine guide, as yet unknown to me. always led me on."

SUNRISE.

When the light of heaven had first prostrated Saul on the road to Damascus and he fell to the ground, he heard a voice, his eyes were opened but he saw nothing, and though having perceived a divine illumination, he was without sight for three days. Until Ananias laid his hand upon him and said, "Receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost," he was in darkness, or rather in the dim twilight of earliest dawn. Sunrise followed the obscurity of this mysterious twilight. Saul "received his sight, and arose and was baptized," or, being now incorporated by the baptismal rite into the mystical body of Christ and the Lord's visible church, he was at once made a partaker of the fulness of truth and the effulgence of the risen sun. From this moment forward the great apostle's life and work was but a continual walk in the light of Pentecost. He speaks to the Galatians of his former behavior in the religion of his forefathers: "I made progress in the Jews' religion above many of my equals in my own nation, being more abundantly zealous for the traditions of my fathers. But when it pleased Him who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the Gentiles, immediately I condescended not to flesh and blood." May we not believe that the Son of God in the fulness of a very perfect revelation was also revealed to the future cardinal on that memorable Passion Sunday, 1851, when the ex-Archdeacon of Chichester made his last step, entered the true fold, joined the universal church, and became a Catholic? The cross of Christ, which on that Sunday is symbolically veiled before the eyes of the faithful, was in reality unveiled before the spiritual sight of a man who, to his own salvation and that of many others, understood the words: "I am set for the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted." The sun of Pentecost had risen and shed its full splendor upon a privileged soul which, reviewing its past and rejoicing in the light of the present, could testify:

"The works I formerly published, even without the private records I have

by me, are enough to mark the progressive but slow, and never receding advance of my convictions, from the first conception of a visible church, its succession and witness for Christ, to the full perception and manifestation of its divine organization of Head and members of its supernatural prerogatives of indefectible life, indissoluble unity, infallible discernment and enunciation of Faith. . . . But it was many years before I perceived that a Christian tradition which was no more than human, was therefore fallible. I had reached the last point to which human history could guide me towards the church of God. There remained one point more, to know that the church is not only a human witness in the order of history, but a divine witness in the order of supernatural facts" (Oldcastle, *Cardinal Manning*, p. 12).

The consciousness of this is what we call the Sunlight of Pentecost, and this light "God had commanded to shine out of darkness," to become ever afterwards the mystical sun of his life, directing to his own words, in another connection, "all thoughtful and purer minds to gaze one way."

The seven propositions to which, with his phenomenal lucidity, the cardinal is incessantly recurring, in pointing out the stations of the way to truth, might be well called the seven refractions of this light into its prismatic colors. The mind once penetrated by this dazzling light cannot but shed this reflex upon all that the great man says, and writes, and thinks. They are: 1. When our Lord ascended to the Father the Holy Ghost personally came as another Paraclete in his stead. 2. The mission of the Son visibly in the world ended at his ascension, but that personal presence of the Holy Ghost in his stead abides for ever. 3. The Paraclete came, according to the Son's promise, upon the apostles and upon the church they founded throughout the world. 4. The Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, still abides in this church of all nations, which alone is spread throughout all the world. 5. Hence the authority of the church is divine, and from it there is no appeal in matters of faith and morals. 6. This one church, an organic body, was from the beginning in communion with its centre in Rome. 7. The church is, therefore, both Catholic and Roman, or the "Catholic Church" and the "Roman Church" are coincident "titles and realities" (Letter of November 3, 1875).

NOONDAY.

When the sun of a perfect revelation had risen upon the soul of St. Paul, he forthwith stood up and "preached Jesus in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." And though from this day forward the full revelation of the Son of God as he is

"full of grace and truth" was communicated to St. Paul, the brightness of this shining light intensified as time went on, and went forward and increased even to perfect day, so that when the end of his earthly career had drawn near faith had almost melted into vision, and he could exclaim to Timothy: "I know whom I have believed, and I am certain that he is able to keep what I have committed unto him." And from the day of Cardinal Manning's conversion till the present moment his life can be most fittingly compared to a prolonged noonday when the sun has reached the zenith, and the warmth and brightness of summer makes the whole created world rejoice. He had no sooner been made a member of the church than he went "to see Peter," and he tarried in the city of Rome four years to be imbued with the solid doctrine of this mother of all churches; and here, we learn, it was that while staying in the Accademia Ecclesiastica the acquaintance with Pius IX., already begun, ripened into an intimacy which years made only more tender and more profound. He returned home the perfect type of a Roman, a ruler, a champion of this faith which had conquered him, and now through him should endeavor to conquer his native land and nation according to the word, "having the same spirit of faith, as it is written: I believed, for which cause I have spoken; we also believe, for which cause we speak also" (ii. Cor. iv. 13). In his own words he tells us how the serenity of his illumined mind had now become like a cloudless sky, and the dreams of various branches of the true church had vanished away like the mists before the noonday sun. In a letter of February 24, 1886 (Oldcastle, p. 85), we have testimony covering what we say: "It gives me opportunity to say that from the hour I saw the full light of the Catholic faith, no shade of doubt has ever passed over my reason or my conscience. I could as soon believe that a part is equal to the whole as that Protestantism in any shape, from Lutheranism to Anglicanism, is the *revelation of the day. of Pentecost.* As to my friends, the priests here and in many lands, they have been to me my help and consolation; and as to the conversion of others, my last five-and-thirty years have been spent in receiving them into the church." Here we have the faith that was given to him now active unto the salvation of others, as the sun marching across the heavens gives life and growth and strength to everything. Of this noonday period of life the biographer of our cardinal is speaking when giving his little book the motto: "But, to those men that loved him, sweet as summer." The wonderful activ-

ity, however, of this life has never been more graphically depicted than by the pen of Lord Beaconsfield in his *Lothair*, saying :

"Instead of that anxious and moody look which formerly marred the refined beauty of his countenance, his glance was calm and yet radiant. He was thinner, it might almost be said emaciated, which seemed to add height to his tall figure. All he spoke of was the magnitude of his task, the immense but inspiring labors which awaited him, and his deep sense of his responsibility. *Nothing but the divine principle of the church could sustain him.* There was nothing exclusive in his social habits; all classes and all creeds and all conditions of men were alike interesting to him; they were part of the community, with all whose pursuits, and passions, and interests, and occupations he seemed to sympathize; but respecting which he had only one object—to bring them back once more to that imperial fold from which, in an hour of darkness and distraction, they had miserably wandered. The conversion of England was deeply engraven on his heart; it was his constant purpose and his daily and nightly prayer."

Methinks that the operation of the Spirit in this one man might well be called typical of this Spirit's merciful work in the individual soul that sets no obstacle to the inspirations of grace. As God the Creator is not less wonderful in the creation and conservation of the smallest insect than in the direction of the heavenly spheres, so is God the Sanctifier both great in the preservation of the indefectible church and merciful in the direction and guidance of each individual soul. And as the word that was spoken by Jeremias the prophet is true : "The Lord is good to them that hope in him, to the soul that seeketh him" (Lam. iii. 25), so it will always hold good : "The path of the just is a shining light, and goeth forwards and increaseth even to perfect day."

OTTO ZARDETTI.

St. Cloud, Minn.

A CATHOLIC CENTENNIAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE VISCOUNT C. DE MEAUX.

TRANSLATED BY MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

WE trust that the observations of so just a thinker and accomplished writer as the Viscount de Meaux, which have just appeared in *Le Correspondant*, will be of interest in America. M. de Meaux came to us in order to study the effect of religious freedom on the Catholic Church in this country, and with this end in view he carefully noted everything. Apart from the personal merit of M. de Meaux, and his talent as a clear analyst, the illustrious name of Montalembert, with which he is so closely connected, being his son-in-law, must engage our attention. This translation has been made at his request.

M. V. D.

Washington, D. C.

The first bishop of Baltimore, John Carroll, was consecrated on the 15th of August, 1790, in the private chapel of an English manor, where Catholic worship, although proscribed by English laws, continued to be quietly held. A Bull issued by His Holiness Pope Pius VI., on the 6th of November, 1789, created this bishopric, whose diocese was to be the United States of America, which had been recently freed from the yoke of Great Britain. This country, whose child and principal missionary Carroll was, had heretofore been under the jurisdiction of the vicar-apostolic residing in London.

And thus arose the Church in America, contemporaneous with the birth of a new people.

The bishop of the United States returned to his post soon after his consecration. He had collected, as assistants in his ministry, thirty priests belonging to seven or eight different nations, unacquainted with each other, and nearly all of them strangers to the country they were to evangelize.

His flock was composed of about forty thousand Catholics, dispersed among three or four million of Protestants;* and finally, as place of worship, a poor and bare church, erected by his efforts, the possession of which he acquired with difficulty. It is related that the Protestant builder who had charge of its

* Pastoral letter of Cardinal Gibbons on the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States.

construction had held the church closed for some time, alleging that it was not entirely paid for. It happened that French soldiers who had fought in the War of Independence passed through Baltimore previous to embarking after their victory, and inquired for a church where they could hear Mass. Being shown a closed door, they at once cried out that keys were not needed in order to enter, and broke open the door with the butt-ends of their muskets. Since then this door has never been closed against Catholics.

This church is now a school of Christian Brothers, and the altar of painted wood is still shown where Carroll continued to say Mass until the day of his death.* It was thus that the Catholic hierarchy was established in the new republic. The hundredth anniversary of this institution was celebrated at Baltimore on the 10th of November, 1889. The cardinal-archbishop, the eighth successor of Carroll, had convened all the bishops of the United States. They were eighty-four in number. Hundreds of American priests, various orders of religious with white, black, or brown habits, sisters with their black veils on white cornets, were assembled, and assisting at this solemnity was another cardinal, other bishops from other countries of America, and an envoy of the Holy See. The cathedral commenced by Carroll, deeming his first church insufficient, but never finished by him for lack of means—this cathedral, which sixty years ago was considered the finest Catholic edifice in the United States, but which is now comparatively one of the least pretentious, could not contain the faithful.

On this day the Roman liturgy displayed its magnificence, and the church militant of the United States was triumphant.† The bishops have announced this triumph from the pulpit. At the Pontifical Mass of the Centennial the Archbishop of Philadelphia, the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, reviewing the past century, considering the means employed, proclaimed the progress that rejoiced all souls as due first to God and his ministers, and likewise to the free institutions of the United States. He showed that Catholicism had above all other religious bodies been benefited by religious liberty, and he claimed for Catholics the honor of having inaugurated this freedom in Maryland, while

* This anecdote was related to me by the superior of this school, who told me that Cardinal Gibbons narrated it to him.

† Although present at the *fêtes* given, and at the Centennial Congress, I have availed myself in retracing these events of the full accounts by the Baltimore *Sun* and Baltimore *Daily News* of these proceedings. The official reports have not yet reached me.

he thanked the Quakers for having established and defended it in Pennsylvania.

Nor did he fail to recognize that in other times and in other countries a union of church and state had been both salutary and legitimate; but he declared that there exists no provision more beneficent in the Constitution of the United States than that which separates the two. Under this provision the church is enabled to enlist all the virtues and natural faculties of man in the defence of supernatural truths; and if, said the archbishop, it happens that occasionally in the conflict, amidst the contradictions of doctrines, the faithful exceed proscribed limits, are not these mistakes incident to liberty better after all than repression? In his patriotism he went so far as to point out a mysterious affinity between the cosmopolitan democracy of the United States, destined to weld together the most diverse races in order to emancipate them, with the mission of the Catholic Church, calling all men without distinction of origin to liberty and equality as children of God. Nevertheless, he was not misled by patriotism, for he recognized that this great republic, which has been so liberal towards European races, has mortally oppressed the inferior races of America and Africa—the Indian and the negro; and he closed his discourse by indicating the present duty of expiation and reparation imposed by past generations.

At the evening service the Archbishop of Saint Paul, the Most Rev. John Ireland, considered the future. "Let us," he said "love our own age and prepare for the coming time. Let us love the present, because it is the period given us by God for our work. In the midst of its excitements let us discern its tendencies. It aspires to light, to liberty, to fraternity among men. But when in pursuance of its ends it has been led astray in its means, the church has condemned its errors. Yet it is likewise the province of the church to assist it to fulfil its destiny. It is for the church to conduct the people, and teach to capital its duty towards labor. It is she alone who can give true satisfaction to popular needs and sentiments. She has a wider field to cover in the future than she has hitherto had, more souls to gain than she has gained; the greater number are not as yet hers. The mission of the nineteenth century was to establish the Catholic Church in the United States; its mission in the twentieth century will be to evangelize the American people. Let the Catholics and the church go ahead!"

On the morrow a meeting of the laity succeeded to the assembly of the bishops. For the first time in the new world a Cath-

olic congress met, similar to those of Belgium or Germany. For the first time the laity deliberated among themselves concerning their religious interests, confided until then solely to the bishops. Fifteen hundred delegates from different States, particularly from the distant and vigorous West, marshalled in due order under the banner of their respective States, listened to and applauded the orators.

The president of this Congress was John Lee Carroll, former governor of Maryland, a distant relative of the first Bishop of Baltimore, and grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. In order to emphasize the nature of this Congress Governor Carroll said in his opening remarks:

"It may be that the question will be asked: By what authority is this Congress held, and under what law does it assemble?' In reply to this we would suggest, by the sanction of his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore and the distinguished prelates who now surround us, and by virtue of the authority of the Constitution of the United States."

The Congress thus formed had in view to inquire into and to claim all the advantages resulting to Catholics from the principle of religious freedom adopted as the fundamental law. Since its birth in this country the Roman Church had expanded under the ægis of the common law, but neither this church, so long looked upon as a stranger, nor her children, who for the most part came over to America poor, to this day occupy in the civil or political world a place commensurate with their growth. Thus was heard in their speeches, succeeding each other, the contrasting accents of bold confidence inspired by constant progress, with an echo of the lament of St. Paul, so often repeated from age to age, since the early Christians saw themselves treated in the Greek and Roman world "as unknown, and yet known; as dying, and behold we live; as needy, yet enriching many." *

If, indeed, Catholics are perfectly free in the United States, notwithstanding in this country, where the elections regulate everything, scarcely any of their number have seats in Congress nor fill the great offices of state. No Catholic, for instance, has been elected to the presidency of the republic, and, what is of more moment to them, religious instruction is forbidden in schools that are kept up at great expense by the state. They claim that these schools are illy adapted to their children, and that, nevertheless, they are forced to contribute to their support.

* Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, vi. 9.

They, then, have important grievances that resemble our own. With them, as with us, the souls of the future generations are at stake. The full possession of liberty does not exempt them from the combat only, it arms and emboldens them to sustain it. This struggle is destined to increase in proportion to their expansion. Left at peace so long as they appeared feeble, they will doubtless excite animosity as they show their strength and claim their just place.

But it is a characteristic of this vigorous and hardy people not to anticipate perils and misfortunes, but to confront and surmount them as they arise. If, then, a foreigner, taught by the vicissitudes and disappointments of Europe, should announce to American Catholics that their very progress may provoke against them offensive measures, they would not believe, nor much less fear it; for they are confident in themselves and of the ground they occupy. That freedom common to all religious bodies, having as its corollary the absolute incompetence of the state in religious matters, has permitted the church a more rapid extension in this country than elsewhere. They depend on this liberty, and on it solely, for a greater extension, and inasmuch as this law is the common good, the safeguard of each conscience, the property of each citizen, as they are themselves determined to respect it for others, to defend it for the advantage of all, they are thus sure that it cannot be taken from them. Their church has expanded with their country, and the growth of the one and the other appears to them marvellous.

It is thus, as Christians and citizens, alike in the name of their faith and patriotism, they proclaim the institutions of the United States the best that exist. In this regard there exists no shade of difference between the clergy and the laity, for neither have forgotten the old Protestant accusation that the "papists" are subjects of a foreign power; and they even particularly insist, with a sort of affectation, that their sentiments are most sincere and their allegiance due the republic. Outside of this, they have at heart the independence of the Holy See, and are distressed and indignant that it is not guaranteed in Europe. But they declare, with great satisfaction, the freedom of the church at home. If this church is still, in their eyes, far distant from the goal she should reach, there is no barrier to arrest her onward march; she must advance and her children with her.

Until now Catholics have remained, we were told, as a rule within the limits of private life; but perhaps the Baltimore

Congress will mark their entrance into public life. Not that they desire to form a distinct and compact body, like the Catholic party in Belgium or Central Germany. The promoters of the Congress are opposed to such an idea: they know that it would be contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and that by so doing they would unite against the church all that is outside of it. For although they are more numerous than any one Protestant communion, yet the Protestant body as a whole would greatly outnumber them, and thus they would lose everything and gain nothing in an unequal struggle. The two parties who contest the control of the government have not held religious questions in view in their organization. The Republican party was formed to uphold the prerogatives of the federal government, and the Democratic to restrain them. Catholics, far from attempting to break these party lines, enroll themselves in their ranks, and in proportion as they increase and multiply they become less unequally divided between the two. Formerly, when they were feeble and scattered in thinly populated States, they feared the central power and were almost all Democrats. But since they have grown stronger, and spread everywhere, they have lost this distrust, and one finds Republicans more frequently among them.

Such is the attitude of the laity. As to the clergy, the bishops, who are ever ready to intervene in the interests of justice and social peace, or for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes, hold themselves and their priests removed from purely political discussions or electioneering contests. Under these circumstances, if it is true that the time approaches when by the natural friction of parties, and either as Democrats or Republicans, Catholics will take a more leading part in the government; if in the future they will find a political career open to them, with its labors, its duties, and its perils, what will the church who has cared for and formed them have to expect in their new career? What demands will she have to make upon them? In the first place, that they will honor themselves by honoring her, and will signalize her training in public life by the exercise of virtues transcending those of public men in general. Then that they will defend her interests if need be, and that, although divided on governmental questions, they shall be ready to unite whenever their religion may be threatened. Thus, in creating a balance of power between rival parties, they shall preserve her freedom intact.

The Baltimore Congress has prepared this line of legitimate

defence. It has also, removed from the arena of party conflict, signalized the variety, fecundity, and efficiency of Catholic charity. It has shown that men of different views, races, and conditions were brought together by a common faith; they have traversed immense distances to meet fraternally; they have come from the North and the South, the East and the West, the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts; from the shores of the great lakes; from the base of the great mountains; from the frozen frontier of Canada, and the tropical embouchure of the Mississippi. During their two days' session their agreement was so entire, such was the force evidenced by their acts and revealed by their words, that one not of their faith, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, wrote the following day: "If this Congress were a fair average of the Catholic laity, I should expect to see the whole country Catholicized within the next half century." This journalist, perhaps without being aware of it, repeated the prophecy of the Archbishop of St. Paul. The Protestant press, in its note of warning, but echoed the triumphant voice of the Catholic pulpit. The laity had yet another act of respect to render to their church.

The deliberative assembly was succeeded by a popular procession. These processions of the people are very customary in the United States, when the partisans of a cause, or of some man, wish to show their strength, or to make it known to their friends and enemies. But up to this time it was said that Catholics, as such, had not made a manifestation of such extent. For the first time, on the evening of November 12, through the streets of Baltimore, illuminated and decorated with the flags of the United States and the Holy See, in the midst of a peaceful and joyful throng, thirty thousand of the faithful marched past the cardinal and the bishops. Bands of men, afoot and on horseback, in carriages, landaus, omnibuses, and wagons filled with people and decorated with flowers, uniforms and insignia of every form and color, myriads of torches, Venetian and Chinese lanterns, Bengal lights, and transparencies, banners, devices, and emblems. The bands played patriotic airs, principally the Maryland March, and shouts resounded on every side. The portraits of Archbishop Carroll and of Cardinal Gibbons were carried aloft, the parishes floated the banners of their patrons, the sons of Ireland surrounded St. Patrick, and the Germans St. Boniface. The Christian Brothers and members of other teaching orders led in serried ranks the children of the parish schools, those collected from the orphan asylums, or taken from the industrial schools. The colleges that prepare students for the liberal pro-

fessions sent their deputations. Mature age alternated with youth. Divers associations composed the procession: associations of charity, of mutual aid, and others purely devotional; societies of Saint Vincent de Paul, of temperance, and that life insurance society, "The Catholic Benevolent Legion," that is spread throughout the various States of the Union as a sort of Catholic freemasonry. Under the images displayed aloft of the Sacred Heart and of our Lady of Lourdes advanced the League of the Sacred Heart, of the Apostleship of Prayer, and the Confraternities of the Blessed Virgin.

Nor had the negroes been neglected. They marched with a proud *naïveté* under the direction of their apostle, St. Peter Claver, gayly attired, with beating of drums, while the clergy gave them their heartiest commendation, as if to express their sympathy with the words of the Archbishop of Philadelphia, and to show that they had at heart the recognition of the heavy debt of America towards this poor race.

Meantime the night advanced, and the procession still continued. The bishops gradually retired from the stand where they were assembled; the cardinal, who had for a length of time stood on the front steps of his residence, went within; but he remained at the window, reviewing their onward march, and back of the glass illumined by the reflection of the torch-lights his red mantle could be perceived from afar by the battalions of the faithful, who, as they came nearer, rejoiced to see his pale, thin face inclined towards them. Nor did his hands grow weary in saluting and applauding them. Not even the last banner lowered before him, nor the last child that cheered him with uplifted head, escaped his quick, ardent, and clear regard. The centenary *fêtes* had not closed. The church was not satisfied to display its resources, drawn from the institutions and the capacity of the American people within the past century. Henceforth, more powerful, she proposes to acquire herself and procure for this people that which they still need.

A new enterprise was to inaugurate a new age. On the 13th of November the Catholic University of America was solemnly opened at Washington. During the past the people of the United States, placed upon a vast, wild, and uncultivated continent, were busy in taking possession of the country. It was necessary to construct, furnish, and supply their abode, and to expend every energy in the battle for existence; and this hard work, which has so wonderfully developed its genius, has neither permitted the time nor cultivated a taste for a disinterested pur-

suit of knowledge, that supreme honor of the human mind and crown of civilization. Amidst this continuous activity the Catholic clergy, on its side, was called upon to found dioceses and parishes, to build churches and schools, to daily distribute the bread of life to a flock each day increasing, to preach the Gospel and give the Sacraments, to do the work of apostolic times, for as yet the period for its doctors had not come. The clergy have received the instruction needed for the mission of the greater number; but the learning requisite to raise some amongst them to the heights of the sacred science, to that summit from whence formerly in Europe descended light upon its darkness, from whence light may yet be thrown upon the contradictions, doubts, and perplexities of the modern world.

In the middle ages universities were founded and endowed by kings; in the American republic citizens have acquired regal wealth—"gold kings" they are called—and are disposed to acts of royal generosity. They have not inherited a slowly amassed patrimony; they know that in the conditions that surround them fortunes cannot permanently remain in families; they do not count upon their posterity preserving for a length of time that which they have so rapidly gained, and thus they look to public benefactions. They found hospitals, libraries, and colleges, for in a democracy one thus perpetuates a name. Nevertheless, until now the example of Peabody, Hopkins, and Astor had not been followed by Catholics, for among their number were no "gold kings," and, besides, incessantly occupied in supplying that which was absolutely necessary for their church, they did not think of furnishing it with that which appeared superfluous. They consequently made but few foundations. The foundress of the Catholic University of America is a young orphan girl, Miss Mary Gwendolen Byrd Caldwell, an heiress to an unexpectedly immense fortune. Her sister, other young girls, some women and men, have followed her example, and brought their offerings. Wealth has thus rendered a magnificent homage to religion and science.

Surrounded by the fields and forests that form a peaceful environment to Washington a noble edifice has arisen, professorships have been created, and the new University has commenced its career. Not that it is complete at its birth. It has as yet but one faculty, Theology, and is only open to ecclesiastical students. The teaching of letters and philosophy will next follow, and in the third place the sciences—God, man, nature—such is, according to the masters at the University, the normal order

of the pursuit of human knowledge. It will be the one they propose to follow, and if the applied sciences, law and medicine, shall at some future day be there taught, they will come in the prescribed order. Practice must succeed theory. It is towards the region of abstract ideas and pure wisdom that they propose to direct the American mind—a singularly meritorious undertaking! For it aims to raise still higher a young and virile race, to run counter to its habits and inclinations, and to swerve it in a direction where it is not inclined to go.

Thus, in order to establish such a mode of instruction, it has had recourse to foreign professors; it has brought them from France, Belgium, England, and Germany, while it has sent others from America to train them at Berlin, Leipzig, Paris, and Rome.

But the tie that knits them closely together, the soul of the institution, is the Rt. Rev. Rector, Bishop Keane, an American of Irish extraction. His classical studies were not commenced early, as he did not think of becoming a priest until he was twenty-five years of age. He was an assistant priest at Washington when he was made Bishop of Richmond, a diocese ruined by the civil war, where he found but few Catholics and many negroes. At the end of ten years he has been taken from these poor people in order to raise up and mould learned men. It was understood that he had the needed capacity to grasp the situation and to take the initiative. His expansive brow, the brilliant glance that his wearied eyes still preserve, his mobile and expressive features, his frank smile and limpid and fervid words, all manifest a mind and heart widely enlarged. He has bold conceptions that astonish one and an animating enthusiasm. He has no fears for the future of either the church or the country, and Pope Leo XIII. doubtless thought of him, and his projects and hopes had inspired his Holiness with confidence, when, wishing to encourage the promoters of this difficult enterprise, he said: "Americans find nothing impossible."

As a matter of fact two years after the foundation-stone of the edifice had been laid, on the 13th of November, 1889, the University was ready to receive professors and students, and to extend its hospitality to a concourse of guests and friends. All the bishops assembled for the centenary, the superiors of religious orders, of congregations, seminaries and colleges, six hundred ecclesiastics, and several thousands of the laity, were present at its dedication. In order to satisfy all two sermons at a time were given, for the number was too large to be collected in one hall,

and every one wished to hear a discourse, as Americans cannot hold a festival without an oration.

Succeeding the religious ceremony, two hundred and fifty guests were seated at the banquet in the refectory, and fourteen hundred were entertained in another room. The administration was present at the banquet; the Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, was seated at the table of the cardinals, and towards the close of the repast the band played the national air, "Hail to the chief," announcing the arrival of President Harrison and of other members of the cabinet. Mr. Cleveland, his predecessor and antagonist, who it was understood was favorable to Catholics, had assisted at the laying of the foundation-stone. Although a descendant of the old Puritans and sharing their prejudice, Mr. Harrison had not declined the invitation of the cardinal; of so much consequence is it that all parties should henceforth conciliate a communion which formerly every one despised. He came then among Catholics, without appearing to be at his ease in their midst, and addressed them some courteous and formal words, which were received with redoubled and unanimous applause, as his very presence testified to the importance of the occasion.

After the banquet, in a room where the portrait of Leo XIII. is placed between those of Archbishop Carroll and Washington, the new University received the congratulations of the old world. The English and Americans residing in Rome presented a bust of St. Thomas Aquinas. Cablegrams and letters were received from Canada, Ireland, England, Belgium, France, and Italy. Her elder sisters, born as she has been under the protection of a common law and liberty, the Universities of Laval and Ottawa, of Louvain, Paris, and Lyons, celebrated her birth. How fortunate could all have remained, as she will be, untrammelled!

In considering this institution, the monument of a faith that seeks light, and labors for the progress of human reason in the midst of this multitude of the faithful, who are constantly increasing in numbers; in the presence of these bishops, who have multiplied with greater rapidity than in any country or in any age, before this Roman hierarchy expanding under other skies, and rejuvenating, as it were, in contact with a young nation, the Christian soul is transported with the radiant vista of an ideal future! One beholds the dawn of a glorious and blessed era when clouds shall no longer obscure the horizon, and when the revivifying light of a newly arisen sun shall be spread over the world. A popular preacher thus intoned a

canticle of victory.* He said: "What think you of Christ's Church? Look upon her, and tell me, Whose spouse is she? Is her form bent and her forehead wrinkled? Are her sandals worn or her garments moth-eaten? Is her gait halting and feeble, and does she walk with trembling steps? Think you, forsooth, that she is afraid to trust herself to our new civilization? That she clings reluctant to the moldering fashions of an age that has passed? The work which the Catholic Church has accomplished in this country during the century which we are here bringing to a close is the same which she has done in other ages and in other lands, but she has done it in a new way, and in her own way. She has taken hold of new conditions of things and adapted herself to them; and the result of her work is a structure distinctive and typical of the age and country in which we live, and differing from anything that has preceded it, as truly as the church of the middle ages differed from the church of the fathers; and mind you—for this is the point of all my discourse—she has done this not by any prudence of human forethought, not by any cunning adaptation of policy, but simply because she is a living force, capable of acting in all times and in all places, so that she has become American without ceasing for an instant to be Catholic; and, on the other hand, in endowing us with all that is truly hers, she has not thwarted or crippled, but rather appropriated and vivified, all that is best and noblest in our national character." And with a continued use of Biblical imagery the reverend orator said: "We have been brought out of a land of bondage. Our fathers passed over the Red Sea of obstruction which girdled them round as with despair. They were led through the weary wilderness of trial and patient waiting. And now we, their children, have come into a goodly land, into this land of promise, into a plenteous inheritance. Here we may sit at ease, each under his vine and fig-tree, with none to make us afraid, whilst round about on every side the old walled cities of antique prejudice are silently crumbling, as at the touch of an unseen hand. The days of darkness are over; the long winter of poverty and struggle is ended. A brighter era has dawned at last. 'Arise, shine, O Jerusalem! for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee!'" "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem!" repeated Cardinal Gibbons, making use, in his turn, of the prophecy of Isaias, "for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; lift up thy eyes round about, and see; all these are gathered together, they

* Father Fidelis, Passionist—the grandson of the distinguished jurist, James Kent.

are come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and kings shall walk in the brightness of thy rising"; the sons of the sovereign people shall come to learn from thee science and wisdom.

The Centenary festivities were at an end, but there was an epilogue. Most of the bishops went back to their dioceses, returning after these days of rejoicing and thanksgiving to their laborious ministry. Some among them, however, and notably the Archbishop of St. Paul, the Most Rev. John Ireland, remained for a time in Baltimore; not to praise the virtues of the American people, but to declare war against their capital vice—drunkenness.

Inebriety is a sin common to the Anglo-Saxon and the Irish races. In London prisons, out of every ten convicts nine have been led to commit crime through intemperance. In the United States it is the Irish emigrant who most frequently yields to this ignoble propensity, and consequently it is the especial province of the Catholic clergy to oppose it. The combat, however, should not be confined to the churches, as the scourge is equally fatal to body and soul, to the family and the community. The civil law, therefore, should aid the religious conscience in this matter, and Christians of all denominations should unite. There are remedies, moreover, that have been tried. On the one side the apostle Father Mathew has established temperance societies; the faithful who join take, before God and at the hands of the priest, either a perpetual or a temporary pledge to abstain from all fermented liquors. On the other hand, the legislators have proposed to prohibit the public sale of these drinks, with the double view to regulate and to restrain the traffic, and to diminish the number of dealers by imposing a high license. They would exact conditions calculated to prevent all excesses, and if these were violated, deprive these shops of their license and interdict the sale. The first system, adopted by several Protestant congregations, and tried in several towns and counties, appears to be excessive and dangerous to the majority of Catholics; excessive, because in order to prevent an abuse it refuses the just demands of legitimate wants; dangerous, because it incites fraud and increases a secret indulgence. They deem that abstinence from intoxicating drinks should be voluntary and not enforced. But the restrictive system of high license finds among them many advocates. They deem the most effective means of overcoming this great enemy of the American people to be the extension of free temperance societies aided by a legal system of high license. Such is the double ob-

ject of the crusade of which the Archbishop of St. Paul is a Peter the Hermit.

This crusade was preached at Baltimore, the Catholic metropolis of the United States, on the Sunday following the Centennial celebration, at the opera house, which was filled from pit to dome with men and women, Catholics and Protestants. Cardinal Gibbons presided over this meeting, and said that he came amongst them not only as a prelate of the church, but also as a citizen interested in the welfare and prosperity of his native city and his home, and likewise as a friend of the poor and laboring classes. Father Nugent, an English priest, successor to Father Mathew, made the opening address, and the closing speech was made by a Presbyterian journalist; but the orator whom all were anxious to hear was Archbishop Ireland. With his noble features, broad shoulders, and large stature, his powerful and flexible voice, thrilling words, and at times impetuous gestures, and his ardent soul, he is an orator of the people. They understand him and love him; they cheer him before he has uttered a sound; they applaud during his entire discourse. Father Nugent especially recommended individual and voluntary temperance; the archbishop demanded the aid of the police. He took exception to the liquor-dealers, who in a land of universal suffrage are a power to be feared. He accused them of keeping their saloons open on Sunday, in spite of the law forbidding it, and of thus eluding and violating the Sunday law. He perfectly understood that Americans would consider this a very grave charge. He said he would continue to stigmatize and denounce this corrupt traffic, from town to town, so long as it existed. He would excite a public opinion against it, which would sooner or later be felt in the vote of legislatures—to-day in Maryland, to-morrow elsewhere. Thus are reforms brought about in this country, where, when a wrong is made known, it is always opposed!*

The Catholic Church of the United States, clergy and laity, had in the course of eight days shown herself under every aspect. She had displayed her consecrated hierarchy, organized a deliberative assembly of laics and a popular demonstration, dedicated an institution of learning, and, finally, pointed out a social evil and undertaken its cure; but, not restricted by her own efforts, she had appealed to the public sentiment and dissenting communions. She appeared conforming to the genius of American society, appropriating its progress, forcing herself to meet its wants and repair its defects. Within a century,

* The Baltimore *Sun* contained a full and accurate report of this meeting, which I attended.

transplanted upon a new and fertile soil, this immortal church had taken root and flourished.

A Catholic just from Europe, and unaccustomed to such pleasing impressions, naturally inquires, on beholding this spectacle, if it is not illusive? if his American co-religionists do not deceive themselves by these lively demonstrations, and if their faith really holds in the United States the place they imagine? He is at once answered by facts and figures. He opens an annual, he examines statistics, he casually visits some parishes. He finds the church and the school filled, the sacraments frequented, and most of the congregation assiduous in the practice of their religion. Having thus seen that those who profess it have a living faith, he learns the extent of their increase during a century. In 1789, as we have said, there were forty thousand; in 1889 there are ten millions. They have multiplied at the same time as the entire population of the United States, but proportionally with much greater rapidity. Relatively to this population one in a hundred were counted a century ago, but at present this proportion is one to six. As we have stated, in 1789 there were one bishop and thirty priests; in 1889 there are eighty-four bishops, eight thousand priests; and these eight thousand priests have to serve more than ten thousand churches or chapels. In a single year, the Centennial one, four bishopries were created, and two hundred and fifty-eight churches commenced or finished within the territory of the Union.* May a foreigner be allowed, in making so summary an investigation, to pass from religion to charity, from faith to good works? It suffices to disembark at New York. Hitherto the scum of European emigration has been deposited at the Atlantic ports, with all its attendant misery.

In proportion as one penetrates the interior of the continent, traversing towns that have sprung into sudden existence, or across stretches of country more slowly populated, one meets many workingmen and few paupers; but New York, the commercial capital, where the human cargoes drawn from Ireland, Germany, and Italy are unloaded, is at once the centre of indigence and the principal theatre of Catholic charity in the United States. There forty-nine † conferences of Saint Vincent de Paul, affiliated to ours and modelled in accordance with ours, visit each year more than five thousand poor families. There, amid several hospitals and asylums of various kinds, are four establishments

* Pastoral letter, already cited, and *Sadlier's Catholic Directory*, 1890.

† Report of the Superior Council of New York to the General of Paris for the year 1888.

which perhaps are not equalled, and certainly are not surpassed, by any in Christendom:

An *Industrial Savings-Bank*, founded thirty years ago by an archbishop and directed by Catholics, in order to save the small earnings of Irish emigrants, received in 1886 thirty-two million dollars from sixty thousand depositors and distributed about a million of francs in interest. *

A Foundling Asylum is at the same time an infant asylum, a lying-in hospital, and a refuge for unfortunate mothers who go there, either to nurse their own children or other abandoned infants. It is estimated that in the past twenty years, when this hospital was commenced without resources, although since then magnificently endowed, it has saved twenty thousand children and more than five thousand poor mothers.

Farther on the *New York Catholic Protectory* gathers in little waifs, the young criminals that police and magistrates confide to them, and in her vast and varied workshops transforms them into model workmen. Thus placed in two adjoining houses, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and breathing a salubrious air, are growing up fifteen hundred boys and seven hundred and thirty-five girls, under the care of Brothers and Sisters.† Finally, the *Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children* who are picked up in the streets or found abandoned, not victims of vice but of poverty. These it shelters, first sending them to an island home, where body and soul are fortified; then places them as apprentices, takes charge of them, and offers them a home in the centre of New York, where they occasionally live or can always return. An Irish priest, Father John Drumgoole, has opened this asylum, and another Irish priest, Father Dougherty, at present directs it, depending entirely on daily donations, and having under his protecting care thirteen hundred and sixty-three pupils. ‡

Among these different works of charity several receive appropriations from the city or the State of New York. Yet it is estimated that the faithful, who have also to provide for the

* The schedule of 1886 is the latest I have seen. The exact figures given by it are: Depositors, 59,525; sum total of deposits, $31,952,573; interest paid to depositors, $990,021. In 1851, the second year of its foundation, the number of depositors was 1,098, and the deposits amounted to $189,473, and interest paid out, $4,271.—*By-laws*, 1887.

† The president of the Protectory and of the Savings-Bank is Mr. Hoguet, a gentleman of Irish extraction but, through several family alliances, closely connected in France. Every one in New York knows of his financial capacity and active charity.

‡ One of the principal resources of the establishment is a magazine, an illustrated journal, published once a year and costing twenty-five cents. It is sent to every part of the world, and published in several languages, notably in French, under this title—*The Homeless Child, and The Messenger of the Union of Saint-Joseph.*

churches, the clergy, the support of religion and the schools, have voluntarily contributed to the value of five millions personal property, and annually eight hundred thousand dollars. Such is the catalogue of Catholic charities in New York.* And in order to spread throughout the Union this Christian and charitable life religious vocations increase. Every order or congregation established in Europe has been introduced into the United States.

The institutions of the middle ages, those of modern times, as well as those of the present day, are to be found. Here and there are Benedictines, Trappists, Dominicans, and Franciscans; everywhere are Jesuits; the Sulpitians have some seminaries, and in German parishes are Redemptorists of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. In the midst of this busy and stirring society are the mortified, contemplative, and cloistered Carmelites. The Ursulines, Visitandines, and Ladies of the Sacred Heart educate young girls. The Little Sisters of the Poor care for the aged, and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd devote themselves to penitents. The most numerous and active bodies have had their cradle and still have their mother-house in France, such as the Brothers of the Christian Schools and the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul. Canada has furnished her Gray Nuns, and Ireland her Sisters of Mercy, the emulators of our French Sisters of Charity.

But wherever these communities may have originated, the greater number are now recruited in the United States, and they are almost entirely composed of native-born members. Some congregations even have had their rise in this country, in order to meet with particular wants. Such are the missionaries of St. Paul the Apostle—the Paulists—established by Father Hecker for apostolic work.

Behold, then, the offspring of the Catholic Church in the United States, in the vigor and beauty of youth! Nevertheless, some are apprehensive of the difficulties she may have to encounter in the future, and claim that her growth verges towards its limit, and that, come what may, she can never attain ultimate success in the heart of the great republic. The striking facts that we have indicated are admitted, but their significance is denied. It is said that the considerable progress of Catholicism

* Most of this information has been taken from a long article in the New York *Evening Post*, November 27, 1889, headed "Roman Catholic Charity." The facts were furnished the editor by the secretary of the archbishop's chancellor, and the archbishop assured me they were correct.

is not to be attributed to conversions, but rather to the territorial aggrandizement of the Union, to the European emigration and the fecundity of emigrant families. It is asserted that in considering the numbers of children in these families, that the increase of Catholics should be much greater than it now is, and that many Catholic parents have Protestant descendants, so that, in spite of appearances, the Roman Church has lost more ground than she has gained in the past century. They foresee the day when American territory, already closed against the Chinese, will place restrictions upon the influx of Europeans; when the United States, sufficiently populated, will attempt to set aside foreign hand labor as well as foreign merchandise, and with the cessation of emigration Catholicism will be at a stand-still. It is also recollected that Protestantism underlies American society, which owes its native vigor and independence to the Puritans; and besides, they regard the destiny of the Roman Church as likely to become more and more closely connected with the Irish race, who are incapable of self-government, and consequently for the practice of free institutions. The church may render useful service in a subordinate position, but she is not destined to a preponderating power in a democracy which must for its honor and safety avoid anarchy and servitude.

These objections, wherein fact and conjecture, more or less gratuitous, find place, should be closely investigated, for they involve grave problems.

If it is true that European emigration is not destined to a prolonged continuance, have not the United States countries within reach which they will sooner or later annex? and these countries, Cuba, Mexico, Canada, are they not Catholic? Will they not augment the proportion of Catholics in the Union? But without taking into account the chances of an uncertain and exterior aggrandizement, the champions of the Roman Church seek to discover to what cause must be imputed the sudden losses which the church has sustained among the descendants of emigrants, and she attributes these losses to the want of priests in the beginning of the emigration. They find that the faith has been lost where religion was not practised, that the lambs have strayed from the fold where there were no shepherds. They conclude that, the United States meanwhile possessing a native clergy which increases from year to year, the flock will henceforth preserve all that by right of birth belongs to her, and that she will extend beyond these bounds—that the church, in place of being deprived of her children, will gain others who are not of her

communion; as a proof of which are conversions, as yet infrequent but significant.

As to those moral qualities that are the honor and the support of American society, as to the civic virtues transmitted by the founders to their posterity, although far from attempting to undervalue them, they would inquire as to their source. Were they based upon the Christian spirit of the first colonists? Or did they proceed from their sectarian spirit? Their sectarian spirit inclined them to mistrust liberty, but their Christian spirit rendered them capable of its practice. Now, this Christian spirit, so essential to American democracy, is found, according to Catholics, enlarged and completed in the church.

Finally, they deny the pretended inferiority of the Irish race. Oppressed, ruined, persecuted for centuries in their native land, what opportunity has this people had to acquire the manners or display the qualities of a free nation? At last, placed under more favorable conditions, they commenced by first finding means of subsistence, then they became industrious and laborious, and with acquired fortune their intelligence expanded, their will strengthened with the amelioration of their situation, and the benefits of freedom taught them to practise its duties. In view of these contradictory opinions, it is not irrelevant to institute an inquiry as to the progress of Catholicity in the United States. The question is important. Even to one not a Catholic it is a curious fact, an astonishing phenomenon, worthy of notice.

How is it that the oldest form of Christian worship has become acclimated to the youngest of civilized nations? How has the Roman Church escaped the real or pretended decadence of the Latin race, to renew its life beyond seas, in an Anglo-Saxon society? How has this church, contemporaneous with the Roman Empire, associated with feudal forms and absolute monarchy in Europe, succeeded in identifying itself with the democracy of free America? And what is the outlook for Christians, for Catholics? Is it true that a new era will open to their faith in a new world, which will expand with its growth, even as there is a decline with the decrepitude of the old world, so that her future for mankind will equal her past? Whilst in Europe many weep at the tomb of Christ, shall we behold him arisen in America? Are we destined to witness upon earth this new manifestation of Divine power?

From Tocqueville to the Duke de Noailles the French writers have often observed, and well defined, the political institutions

and social conditions of the great American republic,* and her industrial life has been examined into with sagacity and precision by M. Claude Jannet. It is my wish to examine its religious state. My former studies have in a measure prepared me for this investigation, and an ineffaceable remembrance has determined me to undertake it.

I have, for a long time, made it a subject of research how the Catholic Church in France and Europe has been able to resist the onset of Protestantism, survived the diversities of religious belief, sustained and overcome the ordeal of freedom of conscience and creeds. Now, then, she has had to encounter from the beginning in America this variety of belief, and this liberty of conscience and of religious bodies, which, thwarted and opposed, misconstrued and misrepresented in Europe, has at the same time developed with her development across the Atlantic; there, where she has never prospered under any other system. It is, then, there that the results can be best understood of a new state of things; the investigation commenced upon our continent can, and must be, continued in the United States.

It is now three centuries since the disorders and devastations of the Reformation were succeeded by a great Catholic renaissance, that had a special revival in France. I have attempted to describe it. Another religious reawakening was hoped for after the French revolution, which would have purified, ennobled, and strengthened modern society. More than once in France the breath of liberty has seemed, between the storms, to re-enkindle this renewal.

But it is in the United States that it has found its full expansion. Consequently, notwithstanding the distance that separates us, in spite of that difference of traditions and origin, from whence flows the true difference of institutions, those Catholics who are unwilling to despair in this world of their faith or of their age, must look to the United States.

So thought M. de Montalembert twenty-five years ago. Having devoted his life to the attempt of establishing in Europe a union of religion and freedom, he was desirous of seeing

* There still remained something to be said in France on this subject. These institutions were worthy of the examination of a man who, to the extensive views of a publicist adds a knowledge of the science of jurisprudence, and the experience of the legist; of a man whose theories have been enforced by practice, as he has lived among the people of whose institutions he writes. This work has been done by the Marquis de Chambrun, who has for a long time practised law in the United States. I think I am at liberty to announce a book of which he has already published the first portion, entitled *The Executive Power in the United States*, and I would be very remiss not to acknowledge from the outset of my own treatise my personal obligations to the learning and courtesy of M. de Chambrun.

the effect of this alliance in America. He was about to sail for the United States when he was suddenly arrested by the illness that proved fatal. Henceforth, condemned for four years to endure the pangs of this relentless malady, I saw him suffer still more cruelly for the cause that was, in his eyes, so dear and sacred. I saw him, so long as this supreme trial lasted, more than ever penetrated and impressed by the action of grace on the souls of the faithful, but at the same time more disquieted as regards the public action of the church and her authority over the world. He knew well, however, that she was not destined to perish with the crumbling forms of Europe. He expected, foresaw, and claimed for her a place in the heart of modern society, and this place, in the countries that he knew, in his own country, among old Catholic nations, she did not occupy or possess. With sorrowing and baffled search he did not find around him that which he sought, and this unavailing regret he carried with him to the grave: *in novissima luce, aliquid occuli sui desiderare.**

I have just made the voyage that M. de Montalembert wished to make. I have beheld that which he desired to behold. When he was about to make the journey he had chosen a young companion who shared his sentiments. Although deprived of such guidance, M. de Chabral nevertheless started, and he had the intelligence to discern that which was most important to make known. But soon after the disasters of France, the labors of a public life, short and hurried, and, later on, fresh cares and sorrows, diverted his attention from America. We have compared our impressions, and instructed by this friend, upon whose discernment I would rely rather than upon my own, I have had presented to my view the Catholic Church such as she was twenty-five years ago, and I have myself seen her as she is today. I am thus enabled to note each point of the way gone over as it was traversed.

I have met the men who direct or represent the church, assembled at the festivals of the Centenary, and I have conversed with a great number of them at Baltimore, and afterwards I visited several of them at their missions in their distant homes. In the name of M. de Montalembert they received me with warmth and hospitality, and anticipated my questions. Indeed, everywhere, among Protestants as well as Catholics, among politicians and jurists as well as clergymen, I have met with attention, courtesy, and liberality. Perhaps, in thus giving expression

* Tacitus, *Agricola*.

to my gratitude, my impartiality may be suspected, and I may be accused of being influenced by so generous a reception. This very trait, however, is one to be noted among this people.

Satisfied with themselves and their condition, Americans are accessible to the foreigner who observes them with disinterested attention. They are glad to be understood, and make themselves known with cordial and dignified simplicity. This disposition, common to the inhabitants of the United States, is particularly to be remarked among Catholics, when one inquires concerning their religion and its future. At first, I deemed their optimism exaggerated, but as I examined the state of things more closely I could better understand their sentiments. Inquiring as to the composition of Catholic congregations, the behavior of the clergy, the relations existing between the laity and the clergy, the good works they accomplish, the voluntary contributions of the people toward the support and development of religion; in studying the system of schools, and the position occupied by the Roman Church among other Christian bodies; finally, in seeking as to the aid received and difficulties to be met from the institutions and manners of this free democracy, I have the satisfaction experienced by our co-religionists of the new world to a still greater extent.

Nor do I misunderstand, either, the deficiencies of American civilization—they are apparent to every one—nor the trials in reserve for the church in this country. She is far from the limit she aims to reach, she has not yet run half her course, and upon the remaining route there are serious perils and difficulties to be met. And yet, in the midst of a people who daily increase in numbers, wealth, and strength, she will not cease to augment. She knows what is lacking, and endeavors to acquire it; she combats all the vices of the people, and avails herself of all their virtues.

The church of the United States knows neither fatigue, discouragement, or fear. This is why I have confidence in her future, and wish to communicate my faith to others. When a weariness towards men and measures seizes noble souls, when doubt as to the future of the human race disquiets, afflicts, and desolates them, it is useful to discover and seize upon motives of hope, even if in so doing one has to cross the Atlantic.

ENGLAND'S FOREMOST CHRISTIAN.

Were the average Briton of to-day, be he Protestant or Catholic, asked to designate the foremost ecclesiastical personage in the United Kingdom, the chances are that he would at once name Cardinal Manning of Westminster, the celebration of whose episcopal silver jubilee is attracting such wide-spread notice in the Catholic and English-speaking world. Occupying, as he does, the most exalted position in his own church in England, and admittedly entitled thereto by his many virtues and great abilities, Cardinal Manning's pre-eminence in Catholic circles needs no explanation, and the superiority of his influence over that of the highest dignitaries of the Established Church was sufficiently demonstrated last fall, when the government appealed, not in vain, to him, as the most potent churchman in London, to effect a settlement of those labor disputes which then menaced the peace of that metropolis. In that modest reply which he made to the letter that Cardinal Gibbons sent him last March, to congratulate him, in the name of the American hierarchy, on his approaching jubilee, Dr. Manning speaks of himself as one whose day is far spent and whose slender work is nearly done, but whoever reviews, even cursorily, his career from the time when, sixty years ago, he graduated from Oxford, will assuredly admit that far different terms than those the cardinal employs are necessary to fitly describe his achievements whose life, already lengthened beyond the average span, has been one of constant, earnest, and fruitful toil, and whose activity even now excites the wonder and admiration of all who witness its results.

Rising step by step so rapidly during the twenty years after his graduation that he remained in the Anglican Church that he had, in 1840, been appointed archdeacon of Chicester and become a trusted councillor on ecclesiastical affairs to his sovereign and her ministers, Dr. Manning, had not the event of 1851 followed, would in all probability in due course of time have reached the primacy. The publication of his first book, *The Unity of the Church*, in 1842, had, it is true, caused him to be classed among the Puseyites by some, but he was not regarded as a man of extreme opinions or controversial spirit, whose promotion would be fraught with danger. The idea that any church

should submit to a definition of its doctrines by the civil authorities, though, was abhorrent to a man of Manning's deep religious convictions, and when his protestations against the Gorham decision, and his appeals for the reversion of that verdict, were unheeded, he at once resigned all his ecclesiastical offices and preferments, his conscience forbidding his remaining longer in the Anglican fold. Once he found himself outside of the Established Church, there was only one way left for him to walk in, and that he entered without a moment's hesitation or delay. That path led him to Rome, where he remained until 1854. Three years later, his domestic affairs having been duly arranged, Cardinal Wiseman made him "a priest for ever," according to the order of Melchisedech, and assigned him to St. Mary's Church, Bayswater, one of the most populous and difficult of the metropolitan parishes. While discharging his duties there, Rome sent him a doctor's cap and degrees, and the pope named him a prothonotary-apostolic. Cardinal Wiseman's death, in 1865, led to his appointment to the vacant see, of which he was consecrated archbishop June 15 of the same year, and in the consistory of March 15, 1875, Pius IX., who held Dr. Manning in the highest estimation on account of his energy, erudition, and piety, created him a cardinal priest, bestowing upon him the title of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Cœlian Hill.

So well and so widely known are the accomplishments and achievements of Dr. Manning's quarter of a century in the purple, that it would be supererogatory to detail them here. Charged though he has been all those years with the administration and supervision of the largest Catholic diocese in England, and conscientious and indefatigable as he has ever been in the discharge of each and all of his official duties, there is probably no other man in the country—Mr. Gladstone himself not excepted—who has written and spoken as often on important questions of the day as Dr. Manning. His pen has, in fact, made his name a household word wherever the English language is read, and it has left the impress of his ideas indelibly stamped on the thought of the age. Looking over the many and varied contributions he has made to modern English literature, one is at a loss to know what to admire most, the wonderful versatility of the man, the masterly manner in which he handles his subjects, or the marvellous industry which has enabled him, despite all his other engrossing labors, to accomplish so much extraneous work. Controversial, civil, social, and industrial topics have in

turn been his themes, and on all he has written or spoken with a force and a charm peculiarly his own, the secret of which may, perhaps, be found in these words which he penned to a friend twenty-eight years ago: "God knows I have never written a syllable with the intent to leave a wound. I have erased, I have refrained from writing and speaking, many, lest I should give more pain than duty commanded me to give." But a perusal of his speeches will convince the reader that the cardinal has uniformly followed in speaking the same rule that he declares has always guided his written words.

When Dr. Manning deserted the Anglican Church, so delicate were his sensibilities, he imagined he had forfeited thereby all rights to claim a continuance of the friendships of his former associates; and it was not until quite a number of years after his conversion to Catholicity that, finding himself mistaken in one particular instance, he began to resume his Protestant acquaintanceships to the great delight of many of his old friends, who, on their side, seem to have labored under the erroneous idea that an insurmountable barrier had been erected between him and them. In a letter which he wrote to Dr. Pusey in 1862, taking advantage of frequent and kindly mention of his name in a pamphlet which the doctor published that year, Father Manning, then resident at St. Mary's, Bayswater, thus explains why he had hitherto refrained from addressing his former associate:

"When I left you, in the full, calm, deliberate, and undoubting belief that the light of the only Truth led me from a fragmentary Christianity into the perfect Revelation of the day of Pentecost, I believed it to be my duty to walk alone in the path in which it led me, leaving you all unmolested by any advance on my part. If an old friend has ever written to me, or signified to me his wish to renew our friendship, I believe he will bear witness to the happiness with which I have accepted the kindness offered to me.

"But I felt that it was my act which had changed our relations, and that I had no warrant to assume that a friendship, founded upon agreement in our old convictions, would be continued when that foundation had been destroyed by myself, or restored upon a foundation altogether new."

In the same letter from which this extract is taken Dr. Manning, protesting that his change of faith had effected no alteration or diminution of his civic allegiance, had this, which, in view of certain senseless charges that are nowadays being made against Catholics, it may not be irrelevant to quote here, to say of the love and loyalty he entertained toward his native land:

"I am no politician, and I do not set up for a patriot; but I believe, as St. Thomas teaches, that love of country is a part of charity, and assuredly I have ever loved England with a very filial love. My love for England begins with the England of St. Bede. Saxon England, with all its tumults, seems to me saintly and beautiful. Norman England I have always loved less, because, though more majestic, it became continually less Catholic, until the evil spirit of the world broke off the light yoke of faith at the so-called Reformation. Still I loved the Christian England which survived, and all the lingering outlines of dioceses and parishes, cathedrals and churches, with the names of saints upon them. It is this vision of the past which still hovers over England and makes it beautiful and full of memories of the kingdom of God. Nay, I loved the parish church of my childhood, and the college chapel of my youth, and the little church under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayers, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years, became a part of my soul. So long as I believed the Church of England to be part of the Church of God I loved it, how well you know, and honored it with a filial reverence, and labored to serve it, with what fidelity I can affirm; with what, or if with any, utility, it is not for me to say. And I love still those who are in it, and I would rather suffer anything than wrong them in word or deed, or pain them without a good cause."

At the time of his conversion to Catholicity English Protestant opinion was, unquestionably, more or less embittered in Dr. Manning's regard. The loss to the Established Church of one whose abilities were universally admitted to be so great, whose influence was so potent, and whose future career in that church seemed so full of promise, was a severe deprivation for the Anglicans, who can hardly be blamed, consequently, for the harsh criticisms and censures they then visited on him. But the feelings which were engendered at that time quickly yielded to juster and kindlier sentiments, and to-day, as for years past, no man stands in higher or friendlier repute with Englishmen than the former archdeacon of Chichester. Prime ministers and privy councillors, representatives of all classes, conditions, and denominations, have been counted his friends, and even the sovereign of the realm and the head of the church whose doctrines he repudiated forty years ago has at different times paid him especial honors. With all these changes occurring around and about him, Dr. Manning has remained the same self-recollected, high-purposed, and indefatigable worker he always showed himself, even in the days when his feet wandered "in the mazes of heresy and schism." No matter where you find him, in the pulpit of his cathedral, in the seclusion of his study, on the public platform, he always seems the embodiment of zeal for the greater glory of God and the spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-men. Attempting a

pen-portraiture of him four years ago, a writer in one of the English journals thus described his appearance:

"His face is more than gaunt; it is spectral in its thinness. The ridge of cheekbone from ear to ear stands out like a finger laid upon flesh. The hollows about the drawn, thin-lipped mouth are cavernous. The deep, weird eyes look out as from caverns. The upper forehead bulges as if it would force apart the tightly-stretched skin. It is a face which the painter would seek for utmost impressiveness of effect in a death-bed scene. Yet this wonderful old man is the hardest-working clergyman, publicist, and administrator in Great Britain. He reads, writes, thinks, collects statistics, audits accounts, studies current utterances, schemes outlines of action, organizes societies, prepares articles, preaches sermons, superintends publications, watches politics, addresses social and temperance meetings, receives hosts of visitors, personally distributes great charities—in a word, is the most terribly active man of his generation."

Is it any wonder that Catholic England is proud of this devoted and self-sacrificing prelate, who has worn so well the mantle that fell from a Wiseman's shoulders twenty-five years ago; that Protestant England praises him who never swerved in his allegiance to his country, and has ever cherished deep love for the poorest of her people; that Catholic Ireland loves him who has always shown himself her friend, and that Catholic America, in the words of Cardinal Gibbons, wishes him years yet in which to exercise his pastoral solicitude over the Church of England?

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE anonymous author of *God in His World: An Interpretation* (New York: Harper & Brothers) is an interesting, suggestive, and poetic writer. His book is full of sayings which arrest attention, provoke to thought, or incite to meditation on spiritual verities. Nevertheless, it is not a book easy to write about, nor one which we should judge likely to be of much service to the ordinary religiously-minded reader, whether Catholic or Protestant. Its general theme might be condensed into the truism that God is the author both of nature and of grace, though no statement so bald, so trite, so exact, could probably be found between its covers. Its deepest spiritual doctrine is one that lies also at the root of Père Caussade's beautiful little treatise, *Abandonment*, from the first chapter of whose second book we subjoin a more vital and penetrating expression of it than this new volume affords:

"All creatures are living in the hand of God; the senses perceive only the action of the creature, but faith sees the divine action in all things. Faith realizes that Jesus Christ lives in all things and works through all ages; that the least moment and the smallest atom contain a portion of this hidden life, this mysterious action. The instrumentality of creatures is a veil which covers the profound mysteries of the divine action. The apparition of Jesus to His apostles after His resurrection surprised them: He presented Himself to them under forms which disguised Him, and as soon as He manifested Himself He disappeared. This same Jesus, who is ever living and laboring for us, still surprises souls whose faith is not sufficiently lively to discern Him. . . . If we lived an uninterrupted life of faith, we should be in continual communion with God, we should speak with Him face to face. Just as the air transmits our words and thoughts, so would all that we are called to do and suffer transmit to us the words and thoughts of God; all that came to us would be but the embodiment of His word; it would be exteriorly manifested in all things; we should find everything holy and profitable. The glory of God makes this the state of the blessed in heaven, and faith would make it ours on earth; there would be only the difference of means."

It is the constant recurrence to this truth, familiar to all Christians but perhaps not sufficiently realized by most of us, which has given to *God in His World* the attraction we have found it to possess—an attraction which has not only carried us entirely through it, but has made us recur to some of its pages many times. Yet it produces an unsatisfactory and unvital impression as a whole. It contains too many verbal paradoxes, which, even when resolvable, as they usually are, into propositions

not to be gainsaid, yet lend to familiar and pleasant truths an air of more or less unfamiliar falsehood. Its style is elusive and vague, while at the same time its thought is over-elaborated. The writer's mind is plainly too subjective, having a native tendency to use terms in accordance with some purely personal measure of their values, without having received the philosophic training which alone can correct such a tendency. Hence, in dealing with subjects so deep as the immanence of the divine action in the world, and the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, he is sure to be inaccurate now and then, and pretty sure to utter an occasional absurdity. Among such we reckon his constant misuse or, at any rate, misapprehension of such words as "mystical," "mysticism," which he appears to confound with "unreal," "imaginative," or "visionary"; and, again, of "supernatural," which has apparently no meaning to him which is not repulsive and abhorrent. Yet God is the only supernatural, by strict theologic definition. Theology, however, is another of this author's aversions. It is "notional," "arbitrary," "mechanical"; it substitutes ethical for spiritual conceptions of the relations between God and His rational creatures; it is a hindrance to the divine life given through Christ. That there are false systems of theology is true, as it is also true that there are apocryphal gospels in existence. But it will hardly do for a writer professing to accept the Incarnation of the Son of God in the womb of the Virgin Mary, to profess at the same time too lofty a scorn of theology, lest a scoffer should relegate him also to the limbo of the theologians. He might as safely discard history, and content himself with the mere affirmation, made more than once in these pages, but protected from too gross misapprehension by the general trend of his discourse, that what sufficiently certifies the divinity of Christ is the "immediate impression, the vital communication" which He makes upon those who believe. "How shall they believe Him, of whom they have not heard?" asks St. Paul. "And how shall they hear without a preacher?" And how, one must go on to ask, shall a preacher preach without a fact to impart and a doctrine to inculcate? without, in short, being a theologian of some sort? The fact that Christianity is a life does not stand over in opposition to the fact that it is a strict doctrine, any more than the fact that bread is to be eaten interferes with the exact science of making it so that it shall be eatable. He who made the world and all things in it made them "by number, weight, and measure"; He to whom time and space are not, made us in time and space; He who is from

eternity, assumed our nature at a fixed day and hour or not at all. And if to us there could be no fixity if there were no flux, not less but more is that true of the Word made man, with all man's natural limitations. In Him, as St. Paul writes, "there is not It is, and It is not, but *It is*." It is the *It is* in Him which makes sound theology the only safe basis for devotional interpretations, and it is the chief weakness of the spiritually-minded and devout author of this interesting volume that he does not stand firm on that foundation.

It is long since we have read a novel so good in many ways as Mr. Harold Frederic's *The Lawton Girl* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). In the first place its local color is admirable, as one is sure to decide even before finishing the first chapter. This is New York State America "all over," with no possibility left for confounding it with anywhere else. The people, too, are unmistakable, though neither dialect nor other descriptive tricks are employed to make them so. One is at home with them because they think and feel, and express their thoughts and feelings, not only in ways that are more than familiar, but in an atmosphere which is so. That hesitancy which is often felt by the reader of Mr. Howells, even when most entertained, as to the completeness of his knowledge of the types he represents, is not awakened by acquaintance with any of the Lawton girls, nor with "Hod" Boyce, Reuben Tracy, "Cal" Gedney, Tenney, Wendover, and the Minster family. It is not altogether that Mr. Frederic has taken a vital grasp upon his characters and stamped them on his pages with completeness. The reader, if an American of the same general class, is in sympathy with them mainly because of that inner identity. Yet we have somewhere seen Mr. Frederic described as an Irishman, how truly we have no means of knowing. He is an admirable medium for direct impressions if the fact be so.

The moral of the tale is very well managed also. The general attitude of the villagers of "Thessaly," male and female, toward a girl whose history is what they partly know and partly conjecture to have been that of Jessica Lawton, gives one the effect of an instantaneous mental photograph. The Lawton household after her return is capitally well done; so, to particularize, is Jess's conversation with Lucinda on the subject of their setting up housekeeping together, in pursuit of Jess's plan to "live down" the shame of her past life. Lucinda's misapprehension, and the weak but sufficient expression of it conveyed in the suggestion that Samantha is "more in your line; I an't on that

lay myself," strikes one as an even brilliant specimen of Mr. Frederic's exact understanding and mastery of his material. And if recent American fiction has any study of the weak, boasting, bragging, lying type of native coxcomb to be compared with that of Horace Boyce, we can only say we have not seen it. Mr. Frederic seems to have great possibilities of most excellent work in him. His ideals are honest and admirable, and his execution thoroughly well considered and satisfactory.

Another extremely well-told story is Octave Thanet's *Expiation*, which comes from the same publishers as *The Lawton Girl*, and which, like Mr. Frederic's novel, made its first appearance in *Scribner's Magazine*. When "The Bishop's Vagabond" came out some three or four years ago, in the *Atlantic* if our memory is not at fault, it became plain to the observant that there were good things to be looked for from Octave Thanet. The present is, we suppose, this author's most important effort thus far. Nothing but the intrinsic slightness of its central motive hinders it from being truly described as a powerfully conceived as well as an admirably handled novel. But neither the purely physical and constitutional weakness which made Fairfax Rutherford shrink under torture, but which would not have cowed him utterly, even if common sense had not convinced him of the folly of weighing mere money against life; nor the mistake which afterwards caused him to writhe under the belief that he had been forced into the real infamy of shooting the parson, is by itself a sufficient motive for a really great novel. Neither his weakness nor the manner of its expiation lift the story to a spiritual level high enough for that. But what does entitle it to high praise is the close, continuous action of the story, from the night of Fair's ordeal to the hour when he sits on guard over Dick Barnabas, sinking in the swamp. There is something in the latter scene which strongly suggests, without too much resembling, the taking-off of Carver Doone in Blackmore's famous novel. The figures, too, from the Colonel and Parson Collins down to "Ma'y Jane" and "Betty Ward," are without exception vivid and constraining in their appeal to the reader's imagination. It is not ordinarily given to novelists to get so firm possession of all their personages as Octave Thanet has here taken. The style is limpid and flowing, and the glimpses of Arkansas landscape that now and then occur are sketched in with a light but admirably effective touch.

From the Baltimore house of John Murphy & Co. we have *Kathleen Mavourneen*, by Clara Mulholland, a sister, we believe,

of the better-known author of *The Wild Birds of Killeevy*, *Marcella Grace*, and *A Fair Emigrant*. Miss Clara Mulholland's story is pleasantly told, and agreeable in the impression that it gives of the author's qualities. Kathleen is one of the "evicted"; the sport of the irresponsible power of a landlord who is also her relative, but who wishes to get her out of the way lest his only son should be led into the temptation of marrying her. Incidentally there are descriptions of more lamentable results of the exercise of this arbitrary authority on the part of Mr. Norman Dean, and greater griefs are shown than those of Kathleen and her mother. But in the end all comes right again, and after Kathleen has endured some mild hardships in her cousin's London house, she meets her lover once more and goes back with him to rule over the domain from which she had been once evicted.

We have been asked to call the attention of the directors of some of our parochial libraries to the general unsuitability to young Catholic readers of Mr. William Black's *Sunrise*. The book is two or three years old now. It has, in a general way, all of Mr. Black's well-known excellences—power to interest, general decorum, and a brilliant, effective style. But to state the European social problems with secret, oath-bound, assassinating conspirators as prominent and, on the whole, almost necessary factors in it, is not exactly the way to become eligible to the shelves of Catholic libraries. The Zaccatelli episode alone should have excluded *Sunrise* from these, and doubtless the present hint would never have been called for had the book been examined by competent and responsible readers before being admitted to them.

Considered simply as literature, it seems to us that Jorge Isaacs' *Maria* (New York: Harper & Brothers) has been somewhat overrated by its recent critics. With Mr. Janvier's remark, that the often-repeated attempts to compare it with the *Atala* of Châteaubriand and the *Paul et Virginie* of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, do Isaacs "injustice," we dissent altogether, so far, at least, as *Atala* is concerned. For although it is true enough that "Châteaubriand attempted to describe a region of which he had no personal knowledge, and, naturally, failed to impart to his work an air of reality," the "reality" of which this is true is one of local color only. Though he did not know, save by hearsay and imagination, the American forests through which Atala wanders with his hapless love, yet he knew by intense experience and the insight of genius what is far more

essential to the verisimilitude of any attempt to paint the passions of the human soul. *Atala* etches itself into the reader's memory. It cuts deep and sure, and the impression remains permanent.

Maria, however, though somewhat feeble, is nevertheless poetic and full of a mild charm. As a description of the pure, wholesome, religious home-life of our Spanish-American neighbors it is most attractive, and, says Mr. Janvier, who knows by experience whereof he writes in this particular, it is "absolutely truthful." An exquisite innocence veils this pair of youthful lovers. Their sentiment is too ethereal to come to fruitage in such a world as ours; one sees at once that it is only intended to blossom here, and then to be transplanted. It is pleasant to know that books like this, so pure in sentiment, so naïve and delicate in the treatment of domestic life, so reverent in attitude toward religion, are so popular with South American readers. The fact speaks volumes for their taste as well as for their morals.

Effingham, Maynard & Co. (New York) send us No. 85 of their English Classic Series, containing "The Skylark," "Adonais," and several of the minor poems of the greatly overrated Percy Bysshe Shelley. To say that he is ordinarily overrated is not to say that he has not enriched English literature with much fine verse. But to write about him as "the most poetical of poets since the days of Elizabeth"; "the loftiest and most spontaneous poet in our language"; to praise him as pre-eminent for "his eye for abstract beauty, the subtlety of his thought, the rush of his eager pursuing desire, the splendor of his imagery, his delicate rhythm, his matchless music," as is done by the authors quoted in the introduction prepared by Professor Abernethy, of the Brooklyn Adelphi Academy, is to overstate the case for his poetry. There are neither single lines nor complete poems of his whose music was not merely outmatched but left far out of sight in his own day and generation by John Keats in the "Ode to a Nightingale," the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," the sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and the lines written after visiting the birthplace of Robert Burns. Byron was better sustained and far less artificial; Wordsworth incomparably more subtle and profound, as well as master at times of a fuller and more harmonious chord. And of the generation which followed him, Browning and Tennyson and Rossetti equal and not seldom outrank him when their shorter poems are compared with his, while Coventry Patmore, in his later odes, has touched heights and depths unknown to any of the poets we have just named, and produced a melody as unique and personal as Shakspere's own.

However, it was not to draw comparisons, nor even to utter heresies concerning Shelley, that we began to mention this little book. It is prepared for the use of schools, and for that purpose the poems are prefaced by a scrap of biography, and accompanied by what strike us as in the main a curiously inept and perfunctory set of critical notes. From the first we quote the statement that "soon after the death of his first wife, in 1816, Shelley married Mary Godwin," which is as true, but also as euphemistic, as it would be to say of Henry VIII. that "soon after the death of his second wife, Anne Boleyn, Henry married Jane Seymour." Consider this, too, as an aid to comprehending the half-dozen stanzas of "The Skylark" which follow the lines:

"What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?"

"The poet," explains Professor Abernethy, "unable to tell *what* this ethereal creature is, whether 'sprite or bird,' now tells what is most *like* this 'blithe spirit' in a series of similes of unapproachable beauty. A comparison of this lyric with James Hogg's 'Skylark' is interesting as showing the difference between an inspired and an uninspired poet." The italics are not ours. And here is another annotation on the first line of the fine "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty": "The awful shadow of some unseen Power." "Awful:" writes the professor. "This word, as used throughout the poem, in the sense of *awe-inspiring*, significantly expresses the intensity of Shelley's feeling." Just so. But is it not "perfectly awful," in the school-girl sense, that the Brooklyn professor, aiming primarily at her improvement, should have felt it necessary to make such an explanation?

James Pott & Co., New York, have brought out in a very taking form Professor Drummond's beautiful address on love, as the chief among the virtues. *The Greatest Thing in the World* it is entitled. It is a pithy and striking conference whose text is St. Paul's praise of charity in the great thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians. It could do no one harm, and would be apt to do most of us great good, to read and think about it. Professor Drummond is a very clear and cogent writer when he does not get out of his doctrinal or philosophical depth. He did get out of it in certain portions of his otherwise admirable book on *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, with the result of bringing the whole chain of his argument to a solution of continuity through its weakest link. In the present instance he had not to argue but to preach, and he is undoubtedly a persuasive preacher.

The Feet of Love, by Anne Reeve Aldrich (New York: Worthington Co.), is a singular book to have been written by an American woman. It is more in the vein of Mr. Edgar Saltus than our feminine novels are apt to be, even when they profess, like this one, to have no other intent than "a loving and reverent study of 'poor human nature.'" Certainly, there is a good deal of rather poor human nature in it. An added touch of verisimilitude might possibly have been given by the expedient of letting Miss Alice Moir tell her story in the first person.

For an American story the tone is curiously English. Perhaps it is not really English, but it is very like what some of England's minor novelists succeed in producing. What the author calls "the American equivalent of May Fair," the "swell" society of places like Tuxedo and Lenox, is described in a way that recalls Mr. Andrew Lang's recent confession that among the Americans whom he has known he has met no typical American. Is there one? he asks. There is the American whom Mr. James describes, and another who poses for Mr. Howells, and still another who does the like service for Mr. Saltus. They are not like each other, and they are not like those whom Mr. Lang has met at his London club and elsewhere. Are they all typical, or is none of them so? That is the question which also occurs to the reader of Miss Aldrich's story. Only the names of places would need be changed to make her novel almost as English as those of Rhoda Broughton.

What chiefly characterizes it is the cynical regard which the author casts upon the social panorama, and the total absence of anything like spirituality. To most women who have written about it, not excepting the greatest of those who have notoriously compromised with their ideal, love means not only something more, but something almost infinitely different from that passion which Miss Aldrich describes in a way that succeeds in being offensive by suggestion, while remaining entirely decorous as to phrasing. In her brief preface she explains that in making Paul Wolfe a clergyman "high enough to have candles on his altar, . . . but not high enough to light them," she has had no intention to "uphold or attack beliefs and tenets." We suppose that to be entirely true. "Beliefs and tenets" are apt to be matters of slight importance to a certain class of students of human nature. The picturesqueness which could be produced by throwing up Wolfe's professional obligation to inculcate a spiritual view of life and duty against his actual cowardice, weakness, and

sin was what she sought. There are two clerical figures prominent in the tale—the Rev. Paul Wolfe, who is about to wed one young woman for her money and her commonplace prettiness, aided and abetted in so doing by another, her "companion," the beautiful Alice Moir, with whom he sinned while pursuing his theological course, and who is still "deliriously" in love with him. The other is a priest, the Rev. Marc Du Verne, who leads a devoted and ascetic life in the same Long Island village in which Wolfe ministers to the summer visitors as rector of St. Jude's. In his youth the priest had been "the gayest of a gay set in Paris." But one day a sweet young girl, "fresh from a convent school," awoke in him a true and pure love. He sought and won her from her parents, but just before their marriage was to have taken place she ran away with an adventurer who ruined and betrayed her. Then Du Verne at once announced his intention to become a priest, and, in spite "of his father's commands and his mother's prayers," he entered a seminary. After his ordination he wished to be sent to America, and "as he spoke English almost as well as his native tongue, and possessed some influential clerical friends, he gained his wish, and took with him the child of Elise, who had meantime died, deserted by her betrayer, and had left a last faint line to the young priest, begging his forgiveness."

Poor Father Du Verne! He has some singular combats with himself under the piercing eye of the student of "poor human nature" who has embellished her pages with him. But, unlike Paul Wolfe, he comes off conqueror in them. His vocation, nevertheless, is, in Miss Aldrich's conception of it, plainly a *pis aller*. What he holds best and dearest is his crippled charge, the orphan of his lost love. There is a curious picture of him, holding up a crucifix beside Ernest's death-bed, while Alice Moir, for whom the boy has conceived a hopeless passion, lays her head against his cheek. "At the touch the tired eyes unclosed; the numbed flesh and the wandering spirit awoke at the thrill. . . . The poor priest cast a look of almost jealous agony at this woman, toward whom his darling had turned his dying eyes with that glance of adoring love."

But enough of this book. It is clever in many ways, and but for some curiously long, involved, and ungrammatical sentences would be well written. We wish Miss Aldrich a deeper knowledge of other varieties of human nature than she has yet studied, and a more ennobling inspiration than that of Swinburne, from whom she borrows the curious title of her novel.

Joseph Victor von Scheffel's historical novel, *Ekkehard*, which

has been greatly admired by his countrymen, has been put into very readable English by some unnamed translator, and is issued in two volumes by W. S. Gottsberger & Co. (New York). It is based on the tales of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Gall found in the *Monumenta Germaniæ*. They were begun by the monk Ratpert and continued till the end of the tenth century by the younger Ekkehard, so called to distinguish him from three others in the monastery who bore the same name. Von Scheffel, while claiming to have embodied in his novel not very much that is not based on conscientious historical studies, yet admits that, as a poet, he has occasionally taken "liberties which would be most blameworthy if indulged in by the historian." Certain of these liberties are calculated to make the book do harm. It is a pity, for as a vivid, glowing representation of the life of the tenth century, when the Huns were devastating Europe, and even the monks armed and went out of their monasteries to repel the invaders, it is a great piece of literary workmanship.

An extremely interesting biographical study is Imbert de Saint-Armand's *Wife of the First Consul* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), which has been translated by Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry. The title exactly describes its scope. It carries Josephine from her entrance of the Luxembourg, as the wife of the first of the three consuls, on the "twentieth Brumaire, year viii.," until she stood by the emperor's side at St. Cloud, on the 18th of May, 1804, to receive the homage of the senate. It is eminently readable throughout, as almost anything which concerns Napoleon must necessarily be, but there are special chapters which seem to us to have extraordinary merit. They are impartial, judicial; they give the whole case, for and against, and permit the reader to draw his own conclusions. Such are the chapters of the second part, called respectively "The Consulate for Life," "Josephine in 1803," and the two which narrate the arrest and death of the Duke of Enghien, that deepest blot upon Napoleon's fame. The book is embellished by a charming portrait of Josephine, and is translated into very sound and smooth English. We should have specialized, also, the chapter devoted to Madame de Rémusat, with its just and discriminating estimate of the value to be placed on her famous Memoirs. Altogether, the book is a notable contribution toward that final judgment which posterity will pass upon the most colossal figure of the century so near its close. For, although it is ostensibly devoted to Josephine, yet she was so eminently a good wife that she cannot be known apart from her husband—not to say that she is known at all only because of her relation to him.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

RELIGION AMONG THE NEGROES.

St. Joseph's School,

Norfolk, Va., Christmas Day, 1889.

Dear Rev. Father: It was only yesterday that I got hold of the right person to give me a subject for "the scraps" you want about the black people's societies. Since our arrival in Norfolk we have occasionally hired an old negress to work for us, and this is the story she told us—her name is Henrietta; that is all we know: "It's about eighteen months ago since my daughter died and left me all her little chilern to provide for as well as my own. My husband was drowned over two years ago, and that was bad, but when my daughter died and left me the babies, Lor', honey! it was *mighty* bad then. There was a right good number of us livin' down yonder; we'd just moved in from the counties, and didn't belong to nobody; when a good kind brother come along one day a-speakin' to us 'bout de Lord, and we asked him to start up a 'Lodge' that we all could join, 'cause nobody warn't lookin' after us. He got us a house a little way from here and called it Mount Zion Church, and we holds meetin' every Tuesday eve. We calls ourselves 'Pilgrims,' and ours is the cheapest Lodge any one can jine in Norfolk! It's fifty cents to enter and twenty-five cents every month, and if a member is right sick dey gets $1.25 every week, and when any one dies dey gets well buried! Yes, dat dey do, honey!—four or five *hacks* and a *good hearse*. 'Fore we got our Lodge we used to be afraid we'd a-been buried like *dogs!* but now, t'ank to good Master, we are pretty strong and gettin' stronger, and among the whole crowd there an't *one sinner!* Every one has 'got religion,' been baptized and are made free! Meetin' takes in at 8 o'clock in the evening, and lets out at 10 o'clock. All de names is called out, and we begins and ends with prayer. The good brother speaks to us 'bout de Lord, and tells us what we must do to live good and to keep our religion. We sings a lot of hymns during meetin', too, and after prayer it is all over."

The season for "getting religion" commences in August, and lasts two or three months. They call it the time of the "protracted meetings," or revivals, and strange preachers come to assist, and exhort the people. Those who are sinners sit on the "mourners' bench" and "mourn," sometimes for a whole week. When they get "the change of heart" they usually fall down in an insensible state and lie there for a long time, during which they descend to the lower regions, where they "peep in de gates," and sometimes see their friends who died either as "sinners," or who "lost their religion" by committing some sin. Oftentimes they tell how they scorched their hands and feet, or burned their clothes, while they were below. When consciousness returns they kneel before the pulpit and "relate their experience" of the past hour to the preacher and the people. If they have had "a good experience" and tell it well, the preacher shakes hands with them and accepts them as members of the church; and then, my dear father, if you could but hear their yells, as we did the first week we lived down here, you would not have wondered at us thinking that some

lunatic asylum was being burned down! It was dreadful to see them rushing through the streets with streaming eyes, and sometimes tearing their clothes, and yelling wildly, "Thank you, God! I'm free, I'm free! Thank you! thank you! thank God! The Lord, he take me by de han' and say, 'Rise up, little one, rise up, go your way, and sin no more.'" All this is sung to a sort of weird Gregorian chant, which they compose to suit the experience they have to tell. They shake hands with every colored person they meet, and they shake *each one* about five minutes, so you may imagine how haggard and exhausted they are after this long excitement. At some convenient time they are baptized, and then they are safe unless they sometimes fall into the sin of dancing, or singing a song, or some other wicked deed, and if that should ever happen they are obliged to begin all over again, from the "mourners' bench" to the end of baptism.

They have "class" every Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, and "meeting" on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, to which every one is welcome. During the meeting on Friday evening there is a "close meeting," to which only the members are admitted, and that is called "the examination." The preacher sits there, with his deacon at his side, facing the members, who are ranged before him on benches. He asks: "Brother Brown, what have you done since our last meeting? How have you been living, etc., etc." All the brothers and sisters thus accuse themselves and each other every week, in public, and it is done as a preparation to receive, on Sunday night, what they call "The Lord's Supper."

Please, father, do not think I have "been to meetin'." They are very willing to tell and anxious to gain new members, so my questions were fully answered. They are all inclined to be pious, and want to go to church and love God, and their simplicity and trust are astonishing. Those of our own faith who have been steadfast and have clung to the true church are very edifying Catholics, and as firm as a rock in their belief. During the week-days one of the first in the church for the 6:30 Mass is an old woman whose great-grandchildren are among our best scholars.

SISTER MARY PAUL, O.S.F.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

A brief synopsis of the work performed by the Columbian Reading Union will be acceptable to its members and well-wishers. The members have each sent one dollar to give substantial encouragement to the movement. Without the financial aid thus obtained the circulars and book-lists gratuitously prepared for the use of the members could not have been printed and circulated. Thus far every request for documents has been answered, even when the request was written on a postal card, although common politeness demands that those who write for information should enclose at least one postage stamp for a reply. About five-sixths of the total number of letters received by the Columbian Reading Union have contained ten cents in postage, which is less than the actual cost of the book-lists and circulars.

To show the wide-reaching influence of the movement, a summary is here given indicating the number of letters and applications for documents, arranged

according to the alphabetical order, which have been received from the different States and Territories:

Alabama,	10	Missouri,	19
Arkansas,	1	Minnesota,	16
California,	20	Mississippi,	7
Colorado,	2	Montana,	5
Connecticut,	9	New Hampshire,	2
Dakota,	1	Nebraska,	3
Delaware,	1	New Jersey,	6
District of Columbia,	6	North Carolina,	1
Florida,	1	New York,	117
Georgia,	4	Oregon,	6
Iowa,	12	Ohio,	46
Indiana,	19	Pennsylvania,	29
Indian Territory,	1	Rhode Island,	3
Illinois,	53	South Dakota,	8
Kansas,	2	Tennessee,	1
Kentucky,	4	Virginia,	6
Louisiana,	29	Vermont,	1
Maine,	9	Washington,	2
Maryland,	13	Wisconsin,	52
Massachusetts,	72	Wyoming Territory,	1
Michigan,	22		
Canada,	14		
England,	3		
Ireland,	2		

The statement given above is sufficient to prove that the Columbian Reading Union's documents are in general demand, and contain information not hitherto supplied from any other source. In estimating the extent of the work already accomplished, it is necessary to add that one member of the Union in New York agreed to pay the expense of sending the book-lists *gratis* to the archbishops and bishops; and a member residing in the city of Milwaukee willingly undertook the labor and expense of forwarding the list of historical novels to all the Catholic colleges, academies, and select schools of the United States. Specific mention cannot be made of all who have given valuable time and experience to the formation of Reading Circles, and the distribution of the book-lists among public libraries. Certainly, it is encouraging to authors and publishers to get positive assurance that, in answer to the appeal of the Columbian Reading Union, a large number of representative Catholics have volunteered to do service in various ways—without the inducements of financial rewards—for the diffusion of good literature.

Before the end of the year 1890 it is hoped that sufficient funds will have been secured to pay the expense of printing a complete list of books by Catholic writers published in the English language: much of the data for this important list has been already collected by skilful hands. It now remains to be seen whether the patrons and members, whose generosity has thus far supplied the "sinews of war," will exert their efforts to provide the fund necessary for this

new enterprise. Every library and every Reading Circle in the land will be glad to have a reliable list, such as the one now preparing, which will definitely show forth the influence Catholic thought has exerted on modern literature.

* * *

Attention is again directed to the fact that the Columbian Reading Union is intended to be a useful auxiliary to the Catholic reading public. It will endeavor to counteract, wherever prevalent, the indifference shown toward Catholic literature; to suggest ways and means of acquiring a better knowledge of standard authors, and especially of our Catholic writers; and to secure a larger representation of their works on the shelves of public libraries. It will aim to do this by practical methods of co-operation. Reading Circles may profit by the plans and suggestions printed for their use and benefit, but they are at liberty to make their own rules. The Union undertakes to *co-operate* with them in advancing the welfare of their members, and will not assume to dictate a compulsory course of reading on any particular subject. Each Reading Circle is requested to make whatever regulations may best serve the interests of its members.

* * *

Mr. Philip J. Farley, president of the Catholic Union at Lowell, Mass., is described as one "ever on the alert for methods to advance the intellectual growth of the Catholic people." After extended investigation he became convinced that there is a potent influence for good within easy reach of every one by the formation of Reading Circles. We congratulate him on the happy thought which prompted him to obtain letters from those who have had the opportunity to gain practical experience of the movement amid the most favorable surroundings at Boston. Knowing that these letters will be attentively read by all having an interest in the work, we reproduce them here:

From the Lowell Sun.

"Philip J. Farley, Esq.

"Dear Sir: You will find a good deal of information touching the Catholic Reading Circle in almost every number of The Catholic World for the last year. What you desire, however, is, I suppose, that I should give you my own personal views with regard to the matter. This I shall do to the best of my ability.

"*First.*—In the first place we must define the meaning of 'literature.' By 'literature' we mean the expression of thought in language. A painter has a thought in his mind, we may say, with regard to the crucifixion. This thought he tries to depict on the canvas. The sculptor conceives an idea in his mind. This idea he endeavors to place in marble. The statue is the impression of his thought. The architect plans in his mind a noble cathedral. The building we see with the eye is the expression of the thought in the mind of the architect. So with the literary man. He has a thought in his mind. This thought he expresses in language. I repeat, then, the meaning of literature, as I understand it, is the expression of thought in language. And as men think of many things, the expression of the thought must be manifold. One man will express his thought in the form of poetry and another in the form of prose. One man will convey his thoughts to us through the agency of a novel, while another will try to express his thoughts in the shape of a history.

"Whatever, then, may be written as the expression of thought may, in a broad sense, be regarded as literature.

"When we speak of 'Catholic literature' in particular we mean 'the ex-

pression of thought by Catholics *as* Catholics.' I mean that the man will write in accordance with the doctrines of faith and the rules of morality as expounded by the Catholic Church. He will not misrepresent a doctrine of the church. If, for instance, he has to speak of an 'indulgence,' he will not say that it means 'the permission to commit sin.' Nor will he say that 'the end justifies the means,' and that this is, in certain cases, a rule of morality maintained by the Catholic Church; in other words, that the man may do anything that is bad provided the end he has in view is good.

"I do not mean to say, as some may suspect, that Catholic literature is simply religious literature. Catholic literature is a much broader term. Religious literature is only a part of Catholic literature. Many Catholics have many thoughts. And as with literary men in general, so it is with the Catholic man of literature. He will express his thoughts in prose or in verse. It will be in the form of a novel, of a political essay, of a history, in many other ways that he will give forth in language the thoughts that are struggling for utterance.

"It is plain, then, I think, that by Catholic literature I do not mean simply books of spiritual reading. Whatever is an expression of thought in language by Catholics *as* Catholics, may be regarded as Catholic literature.

"*Second.*—I now come to the question, 'Do Catholics read works of Catholic literature'? I am not going to say that there are not many of our Catholic men and women who do read works of Catholic literature. But we may as well be perfectly frank in this matter. We may set it down as a fact that many of our Catholics—perhaps the greater number of our Catholics, taken in the mass—do not read works of Catholic literature.

"Years ago Sidney Smith said, with a sneer: 'Who reads an American book?' It is an exaggeration, of course, if we apply the remark in its literal meaning, but to our shame may we not almost ask, 'Who reads a Catholic book?' I do not ask whether or not we read works of general literature. I confine my question to Catholic literature. Yet why should we not read Catholic literature? Considered, if you will, simply as works of art, how many non-Catholics are there who have written novels superior to *Callista*, *Fabiola*, or *Dion and the Sibyls*? How many non-Catholics can we find whose style, even from the purely literary point of view, is equal—I will not say superior—to that of Newman or Brownson?

"I will not put the question further. Let us frankly acknowledge the fact that many Catholics know little of Catholic literature. And shame on us if the same reproach be made in the years to come!

"*Third.*—The object of the Catholic Reading Circle is to get Catholics to read works of Catholic literature. As to the way the Circle is to be formed—as to the election of officers, the way in which you are to get the works, the manner in which the books are to be passed from one to another, and a number of other matters that pertain to the Circle—I do not know that any general rule can be given. The common sense of the Circle must decide matters of this kind. You will find many suggestions if you will read the articles which have appeared in The Catholic World.

"Let us suppose that the Circle is formed and that you have the books. Here I can speak only in general. I cannot, of course, go into particular details. One general principle which should guide us in our reading is that we should read with intelligence. This remark may appear silly. I think, however, there are many persons who do not read with intelligence. They know very little more about the book after they have read it than they did before the book came into their hands. We must read not merely for recreation; we must also read

or instruction. I do not, of course, deny the utility of reading occasionally for recreation and for recreation only. Still, the great object of our reading is self-improvement. So that the greater part of our reading should be serious.

"We must also discuss the book intelligently when we have the general meeting of the Circle. It will not do to talk at random. Hence you can easily see the need of a competent guide.

"*Fourth.*—From what I have said no one must infer that I would not have Catholics read books written by Protestants. Take the English language. The classics of our language—with here and there an exception—have been written by Protestants. I do not enter into the cause of this. I simply state what I believe to be a fact. As intelligent men and women, therefore, we must read books written by Protestants if we are to have a good knowledge of English literature. And Catholics, in this country especially, cannot afford to stand on an intellectual plane lower than that of Protestants. I repeat, then, I do not say that Catholics are not to read books written by Protestants. They must read them if they are to read the classics of their language.

"This, however, is not the object of the Catholic Reading Circle. It must be the matter of private study. In truth, there is little danger that any Catholic who wishes to be regarded as an intelligent man will neglect the reading of the great authors of our language. There is danger, however, that some Catholics may think that there are no works of Catholic literature. The Catholic Reading Circle will teach them that there are works of Catholic literature, and that Catholics should read them.

"*Fifth.*—If I begin to speak of the possible advantages of the Catholic Reading Circle I may be carried too far. Is it no advantage, then, for the Catholic to realize that his church has had a Newman, a Brownson, or a Montalembert? Will not the mere mention of these names prove to the non-Catholic what we are intellectually, and is this no advantage? I know that many foreigners think that the American is only a slave of the dollar. But deep down in the heart of the American there is respect for intellectual ability. And if the Protestant American is compelled to regard the intellect of a Newman, is it impossible to conceive that he will in time esteem that church which alone could satisfy the intellectual cravings of the great Oratorian!

"Then as to the Catholic himself. To speak of no other advantage—for, after all, it is the one thing necessary—may he not become a better Catholic if he will read works of Catholic literature? Even through the agency of a novel may not many useful lessons be taught? When Mrs. Humphrey Ward wished to teach the world that Christ is not God, and Christianity therefore not divine, she wrote *Robert Elsmere*. When Mrs. Deland informs us that there is no eternity of punishment in hell, *John Ward, Preacher*, is the expression of her thought. Now, if the novel may be used for the spread of heresy or infidelity, why may it not also be used for the advancement of Catholicity? So that even in a novel many a useful lesson may come to us. No one will imagine that it is only novels we are to read. I simply wish to bring out the idea that moral and religious lessons may be conveyed to us through the agency of the novel.

"I repeat that the Catholic Reading Circle has not for its object the reading of religious literature in the ordinary sense of the term. I believe, nevertheless, that one of the indirect results of a well-managed Reading Circle will be that the members will be firmer in their faith and in the practical conduct of life; they will be better Catholics than they will be if they read no works of Catholic literature.

JAMES B. TROY.

"*St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.*"

"Dear Sir: It is kind of you to ask my advice on the subject of Reading Circles; but my experience has been extremely limited. You require practical suggestions, while as yet I have only theories to offer. The work of the Catholic Union Reading Circle here, of which I am a member, has so far been confined wholly to the arousing of interest rather than study. A book is chosen from the first group of the list published last June in The Catholic World, which is assigned for the semi-monthly meetings. A sketch of the author's life is given by one member, an analysis or *résumé* of each of the principal characters by two or three others. These papers or remarks are quite short, never to exceed ten minutes in length.

"In the discussion which follows each member is encouraged to express her impression, and to have made choice of some special thoughts or paragraph which may have appealed to her fancy or judgment. These selections are read, with whatever comment one chooses to make upon them. From those who have more time at their disposal more reading is expected among books pertaining to kindred subjects, and comparison is invited among the different material found. It remains yet to be seen whether this plan will be successful; but the field is so large that probably no honest attempt at sowing seeds of thoughtful love for books can be entirely fruitless. You have my earnest wishes for the growth of your especial enterprise; and I am sure the members of the Catholic Union Circle here will watch with peculiar interest for the good report which is sure to be made of their namesake.

"Mary Elizabeth Blake."

"Dear Sir: In response to your kind note anent Catholic Reading Circles, I ought to say that the first Catholic lady to move in the matter in Boston was Miss Ella A. McMahon, of South Boston. She, with her friend, Miss Kate Moore, also a zealous worker in the movement, enlisted the aid of Rev. James B. Troy, of St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, who helped them to organize Boston's first Catholic Reading Circle. It was started in St. Joseph's Chapel, Roxbury, last October, and I was chosen its first president. We have since held our meetings twice a month, on the evenings of the second and fourth Tuesdays, and always with a large attendance and evidence of real interest.

"Before Christmas our membership had grown so large that we had to divide into district circles. The flourishing circles at South Boston, Mrs. J. D. Fallon, president; at St. Mary's, North End, directed by the Rev. Wm. J. Scanlon, S.J.; at Brookline, Miss M. O'Hearn, president, have all grown out of the Roxbury Circle, which still has a membership of over fifty. The attendance at ordinary meetings is about forty. We are reading the novels based on the history of the early Church—Group A in the Columbian Reading Union lists. Our exercises at regular meetings consist of the reading of two essays in some way related to the course of reading we are engaged on; or a biographical sketch of the author of some book in our course. This is followed by a discussion. Then we have interchange of books. Our books have been purchased out of a fund raised by small membership fees. Then we have had some donations to our library from the Rev. J. B. Troy and the *Pilot* staff.

"My experience in the Reading Circle movement justifies me in saying that it promises to prove a most valuable aid to the intellectual and spiritual growth of our young Catholics. By making them acquainted with some of the best Catholic authors and by accustoming them to bring Catholic light to bear on general literature, their pride in what they are will be stimulated. Practical and enduring work is the natural outgrowth of a brave and enlightened faith.

It is a great pleasure to us in Boston to know that Lowell is taking up the Reading Circles. In such a Catholic stronghold they cannot but flourish.

"Katherine E. Conway."

* * *

We have been favored with marked copies of many Catholic papers containing notices of Reading Circles, and words of praise for the Columbian Reading Union. The *Golden State Catholic*, published at San Francisco; the *Catholic Union* and *Times* of Buffalo, and the *Republic* of Boston have given lately a very generous allowance of space to communications relating to Reading Circles. We have read with great interest the able editorials in the *Republic*, showing the advantages to be reasonably expected from the work of diffusing sound Catholic literature.

From the Republic.

READING CIRCLES.

"On several occasions the *Republic* has called attention, by editorial commendation, to the plan devised by the Columbian Reading Union for the promotion of Catholic Reading Circles in various parts of the country. There can be no question in the mind of any one who will give careful consideration to the subject but that the Reading Circle, properly organized and carried out, can be made an instrument of inestimable good to the young people of the Church. The lack of acquaintance with a subject breeds contempt for it quite as readily as does familiarity, and the want of acquaintance with the literary, historical, or controversial efforts of Catholic authors has bred such a profound contempt for them that their names are not even known in the land where they have labored. Newman is a Catholic, so also is the greatest of living historians—in respect to truthfulness—Sir Thomas Allies. The best one of our modern novelists, perhaps, F. Marion Crawford, is a Catholic, and their co-religionists need not be ashamed of such poets as Alfred Austin, Aubrey de Vere, or John Boyle O'Reilly. In the ranks of science, in art, in journalism, in every profession of life, we can find Catholics holding the highest positions. But they are not known to their brothers in the faith, nor are their contributions read by them.

"This is the evil at the root of which the Reading Circle is to strike. Good Catholic literature is to be studied, and studied intelligently, by the members of the various clubs. It will easily be seen that this will benefit both author and student; the former by assuring him of an audience intelligently critical, the latter by developing those faculties of observation and introspection which have heretofore lain dormant.

"It seems to us that the Reading Circle has come to stay if it is properly fostered and its growth conserved. To whom should this movement more strongly appeal than to the pastors of churches? Though it is not a society which is to be considered religious, in the sense of a sodality or a confraternity yet the guiding hand of some one who is loved and respected by its members cannot fail to give it great aid. We hope that every pastor of a parish, where it is in any way feasible, will seek to interest the young men and women of his flock in the formation of a branch of the Columbian Reading Union. The columns of the *Republic* will always be open to the circles for the publication of reports of their meetings and of other matter that may be useful and helpful. The work in Boston by the five circles already organized is something far beyond the expectation of the most sanguine.

"This plan of the Columbian Reading Union is one which cannot but merit the heartiest approval of all who have the interest of the Catholic young men and women of our land at heart. How many of these, when graduated from college or academy, feel the need of a course of more advanced Catholic literature as a supplement to their college studies! In this they need a guidance that it is found hard to obtain. To them the Columbian Reading Union will appeal in the strongest way, as it will assure them the guidance they need, and at the same time will guarantee to them the extra advantage of being able to hear within the circle an intelligent discussion of the works they have been studying, thus broadening their mental horizon, and disabusing any false ideas they may have obtained or standards they may have formed. It will unite more closely and harmoniously those of similar tastes, and will encourage them to display any literary talents they may possess.

"On the other side, the gain will be no less distinct. The Catholic press of this country has for years been bewailing the indifference of Catholics toward Catholic literature. The Catholic author—and there are many good ones—noting this indifference, has been compelled to turn his pen into other channels. The opening of these new fields, the providing a large and intelligent audience—one thoroughly Catholic—ready to applaud, if worthy, and to carefully criticise at all times, cannot but wield a salutary effect upon our literature."

* * *

We are indebted to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for a lengthy article on "Reading Circles and the Clergy," in which the writer, whose name is not given, displays a keen appreciation of the leading ideas embodied in the Columbian Reading Union, and an accurate knowledge of the arguments put forth by many writers in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We heartily agree with the opinions expressed in the passages here given from the *Review:*

"The dictum of Aristotle, 'Omnes homines natura sua scire desiderant,' which Thomas à Kempis consecrated in higher service, expresses the first, highest, strongest tendency of man's rational nature. The school and the pulpit do much to satisfy the universal thirst for knowledge, but the influence of the one is limited to a brief period of life, that of the other reaches comparatively few. The press, however, makes its power felt on persons of every age. The philosopher's truism might, with some qualification, be now made to run: Omnes homines legere desiderant—every one—the boy of budding reason, the man in waning life, maid and matron, the toiler and the idler, servant and master, unlearned and learned—all, everywhere, at home, on the streets, in the public vehicle, show symptoms of the reading fever. If the appetite were always a normal one, well regulated as to degree and object, there could be no better sign of the mental health of society. Unfortunately we know too well how this, as many another human tendency, good in itself, is made to serve the basest passions. The question in these times presses upon every priest, how he can influence the effects of the press in regard to souls committed to his care. The question is broad, and merits extended treatment. The priest's influence should be felt,

I. IN A NEGATIVE WAY,

by combating the spread of bad literature. Here a hint might be taken from one of the rules of a Belgian press league, whose members bind themselves '*never to purchase liberal, anti-Catholic, or licentious journals*, and in the railroad cars, at the news-stands and book-stores, to ask for Catholic books

and papers, even when they are not actually needed.' The latter half of the rule has a positive rather than a negative tendency. It suggests a similar clause in another foreign association, whose constituents agree 'to patronize when travelling only such hotels as have Catholic papers on file.' These rules might with advantage be made the theme of an occasional sermon or lecture.

II. POSITIVE WAYS.

"Libraries connected with the Sunday-school, sodalities, etc., occur at once as general means of putting good reading matter within reach of the people, and the establishment of a fund for the purchase of books to be circulated amongst Protestants. But these general methods largely depend for their success on the apt character, the timeliness especially, of the literature circulated. And here it is that difficulties arise. How is a priest, for instance, far away from central book-marts, to be guided in the selection of what is best? Experience has taught him how unsafe it is to trust to the captious catalogue of publishers' notices in choosing books for his own use, to say nothing of such as are to go with his endorsement into the hands of his people. To make personal examination requires a large outlay of time.

"To find excellent organized aid in this important function of his ministry, the American priest has the Columbian Reading Union. This society accomplishes its end chiefly by the co-operation of Reading Circles affiliated to it from every quarter, preparing lists of suitable reading matter for the guidance of its individual or organized members. In the make-up of these lists it has an eye especially, though not exclusively, to three classes of readers: 1. Children at home and in school; 2. Young men whose contact with the great tide of indifference and unbelief exposes them to so many dangers; 3. Young ladies who have been graduated from convent schools and academies, or other institutions, and require books especially adapted to their plans for self-improvement. That large and intelligent class, too, working in stores, factories, and in domestic service, have their claim duly recognized.

"It is evident that a large amount of good can be accomplished in a parish by establishing Reading Circles and placing them in communication with this central Union. The circle may comprise a dozen persons. They meet at the home of one or the other member. A representative sends annually a dollar to the Columbian Reading Union and receives in return the periodically prepared list, which will guide the circle in its reading courses. An additional advantage is gained in the purchase of books, time, trouble, and expense (a liberal discount in proportion to the number and value of the books ordered is allowed). Of course, in the forming and conducting of these Reading Circles the priest's influence must be felt in some measure, chiefly in the selection of prudent associates and in striving to keep up enthusiasm, the essential of prolonged, vigorous life. But the interest he may take in these circles will be amply repaid by the educating influence they will exert in the parish and amongst those outside the church. For, as a correspondent remarks in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, 'The Columbian Reading Union is a step in educating the people. Gentlemen will study your plan and read your books instead of asking their stableman or their cook what the Catholic Church teaches. The Catholic, too, will add information to faith, and be able to answer honest inquiry or refute ignorant assertion. He will do more thinking and less fighting for his church. The parish priest, too, will discover the necessity of assisting the congregation to become better informed, so that greater attention will be given to able discourses.' The Union is steadily receiving flattering encomiums from men of

sound judgment and of high literary authority. We trust the clergy will extend to it the practical encouragement it so thoroughly deserves."

* * *

The rector of a cathedral in one of the large Eastern cities has kindly sent a letter containing these words: "I am very grateful for the information sent me concerning Reading Circles. I am much interested in the work, for I feel that it holds the germ of great good yet undone to our people. I have spoken to the alumnæ of our cathedral high-school, and a Reading Circle will be formed at our next meeting.

"Allow me to enter my name as a member of the Union. How regrettable that our Catholic publications are placed at so high a price as to be beyond the reach of our poor people. Anything that is devised to lower the price of standard works or to place them in the hands of our large reading classes is the greatest aid to practical faith and to the strengthening of the character of our people."

* * *

More than a year ago the Reading Circle of St. Bridget's Church was formed at Rochester, N. Y. The first meeting was held March 17, 1889, when forty members were enrolled. In a letter received from the secretary, Mrs. Katharine J. Dowling, we are informed that the Reading Circle was named in honor of Cardinal Newman, and the first purchase of eighty volumes included his books; that meetings have been held every fortnight for the profitable discussion of matters relating to Catholic literature. The members read THE CATHOLIC WORLD and "keep apace with the doings of other circles. Our zealous pastor, Rev. J. O'Connor, has by his presence at our meetings and his kind words from the pulpit given us every encouragement." M. C. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IMAGO CHRISTI: THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS CHRIST. By Rev. James Stalker, M.A. Introduction by Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Nine thousand copies of this work have been sold in Great Britain since its publication in the autumn of last year. "Its author," Dr. Taylor informs us in his Preface to the American edition, "is one of the most eminent of the younger ministers of the Free Church of Scotland." The work, therefore, has an adventitious interest greater than that of the generality of the pietistic works of non-Catholics. It may be a means of learning the character of the teaching which meets with approbation in Scotland, that extremely Protestant portion of the Protestant world. The first chapter is on À Kempis's *Imitation of Christ.* We cannot say that Mr. Stalker manifests any very intimate acquaintance with the religious literature of the period in which À Kempis lived. He seems, in fact, to be surprised that in the Catholic Church during the fifteenth century there should have been found even one solitary writer whose characteristic was an overflowing love for our Lord. Perhaps he would be still more surprised if he should learn that the *Imitation* was the book which, of all others, St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, valued the most—a book which he took the greatest pains to circulate, and a portion of which no Jesuit fails to read each day up to the present time. And he might, perhaps, be quite overwhelmed with astonishment were he to be told that the very idea of his own work (which grew out of an attempt to supply a most urgent desideratum) is the central idea of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, and that volume after volume has been written since St. Ignatius' time to elaborate that idea. The main interest, consequently, to Catholics in Mr. Stalker's work, is to compare his method of elaboration with those already familiar to them.

"The plan of this book is to divide the circle of human life into segments, each of which represents an extensive sphere of experience and duty, and then to follow our Lord through them one after another in order to see how he conducted himself in each, and therefore learn how to conduct ourselves in the same. It is a kind of Christian Ethics with a practical and devotional aim." In pursuance of this plan we have sixteen chapters, headed, to cite a few, "Christ in the Home," "Christ in the State," "Christ as a Student of Scripture," "Christ as a Philanthropist," "Christ as a Man of Feeling." The titles of some of these chapters would seem to be an indication of the imperfect apprehension which so many of the best-intentioned Protestants have of our Lord's true nature as God and man. And we regret to say that what is contained in these chapters does not remove this first impression. That our Lord had to exert himself in order to work miracles; that it was only by degrees that he learned his mission and work; that he had to study out the meaning of the Old Testament, appear quite possible to Mr. Stalker. The element of necessity, in which men by their very birth are involved, enchained our Lord also; and the author does not shrink from affirming that our Lord had brothers and sisters. This is sufficient to show the inadequate realization (to use a mild expression) of the incarnation to which Mr. Stalker has attained; and Catholics may be tempted to ask what good there can be in a work marred by such blots. In answer to this, we may

say that it is, at all events, interesting to Catholics to see a Protestant working in a field so familiar to themselves. Again, any work which places our Lord and his life as a practical model for daily and hourly imitation, is a work for Catholic truth in opposition to the old Protestant error of justification by emotion and feeling; and is so far a work for the truth and for the church. And it may be a bold thing to say, but it would seem that even the exceedingly inadequate idea which Mr. Stalker has of our Lord's true nature may contribute to the bringing home to the minds of Protestants of one portion at least of Catholic doctrine which they generally reject—that is to say, the honor due to the Blessed Virgin, and her place in the work of man's restoration. Many saints have dwelt upon the thought of Mary being the teacher of the apostles after our Lord's ascension, and a recent Protestant writer has written a work to show that it is to her that the Evangelists were indebted for their knowledge of the life of our Lord. But Mr. Stalker has gone farther: "That his mother exercised an influence upon his growing mind cannot be doubted. . . . It may be noted as one significant fact, that Mary's hymn, the so-called 'Magnificat,' . . . embodies thoughts which are echoed again and again in the preaching of Jesus." According to Mr. Stalker, the Blessed Virgin is the teacher not, as Catholics have affirmed, merely of the apostles, but of our Lord himself. Does she receive among them the honor which is therefore her due?

The theological is, however, Mr. Stalker's weak point; his strength lies in moral insight and in his bringing out the principle that it is in our Lord's example and teaching that man's moral nature in our own day must find its support and inspiration. Here he deserves praise, and to this is due the success with which his work has met, and to this extent we do not hesitate, notwithstanding the grave defects which we have pointed out, and others as grave which might be pointed out, to give it our hearty commendation.

RATIONAL RELIGION. By Rev. John Conway, Editor of *Northwestern Chronicle*, St. Paul, Minn. Milwaukee: Hoffman Bros.

Father Conway has given us in this volume seventeen essays on the points of controversy chiefly debated between Catholics and non-Catholics. Seven of them are devoted to the difficulties of atheists, sceptics, and infidels; the others, excepting the last one in the book, which is on good and bad reading, are expositions in a controversial spirit of the validity of the Catholic view of revealed truth as against the Protestant. The author's style is clear and forcible, abounding in the adornments of good editorial writing; and of course the doctrine is sound. It seems to us that the book would be of use in preparing sermons on the live topics of our time and country; also as a brief and interesting explanation of Catholic truth to be passed from hand to hand among inquiring friends both Catholic and non-Catholic.

It is as singular as it is edifying that such men as Father Conway, whose whole time is called for in the daily routine of journalism, are often the very ones who make the most valuable contributions to Catholic literature.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE letters received during the past month give evidence of the interest awakened in this department of the magazine. The appeal made in behalf of an increased subscription list has been generously responded to, and from all parts of the country we have received additional assurances that THE CATHOLIC WORLD is doing the work contemplated in its foundation, and that its excellence grows with its years. We like such letters; and we would ask our readers to send us some words of comment now and then, for they have far greater value to us than reams of press notices—such words are the spurs to energy and zeal. Send us suggestions, too, if you have any to make. We shall be thankful for them, and if they are feasible we will readily adopt them.

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We wish to thank those of our readers who sent us, in response to our appeal last month, the names of some of their friends for sample copies of the magazine. They proved to be so numerous that the original intention of thanking by letter each one who sent us such names had to be abandoned for lack of time. They were not so many, however, as to cause us to withdraw our invitation. We are always grateful for such names, and thank, in anticipation, any and all of our readers who may send us a list of this kind. In some cases last month the good produced was immediate; the return mail brought us a year's subscription and a new friend.

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The Catholic Publication Society Co. announce the following change in the management, consequent on the death of Mr. Lawrence Kehoe. Mr. K. W. Barry has assumed charge of the business management, Mr. Thomas Duane is the treasurer, and Mr. John Kehoe is the secretary of the Society. The work originated and sustained for so many years by the late Mr. Kehoe will be carried on as heretofore. The Society has just published:

Letters of St. Augustine. Selected and translated by

Mary H. Allies. Quarterly series. Vol. LXXIII. *Net*, $2.

Life of St. Justin Martyr. By Mrs. Charles Martin, author of the *Life of St. Jerome*. *Net*, 60 cents.

The History of the Sufferings of Eighteen Carthusians in England. Translated from the Latin of Dom Maurice Chauncy. *Net*, 80 cents.

Loreto, the New Nazareth; or, The History of the Holy House. By William Garratt, M.A. *Net*, 50 cents.

Saints of the Order of St. Benedict. From the Latin of F. E. Ranbeck, O.S.B. Edited by John A. Morrall, O.S.B. *Net*, 90 cents.

Manual of Catholic Theology. Based on Scheeben's *Dogmatik*. By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., Ph.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D In two volumes. Vol. I. ready. *Net*, $4.

Search the Scriptures and find the Catholic Church. Net, 25 cents.

The One Mediator; or, Sacrifice and Sacrament. By William Humphrey, S.J. *Net*, $1 30.

The Church of My Baptism, and why I returned to it. By W. F. H. King. *Net*, 70 cents.

Natural Religion. Being Vol. I. of Dr. Hettinger's *Evidences of Christianity.* Edited, with an Introduction on "Certainty," by the Rev. H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory, with the author's approval. *Net*, $2.

And the following are announced by the same Society:

The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. By the Rev. W. B. Morris, of the Oratory. Fourth edition now ready.

Catholic Jewels from Shakespeare. Selected by Percy Fitzgerald, author of *Jewels of the Mass.*

Words for the Worldly; or, Scriptural Jewels. By the same author.

The Holy Rosary. By the venerable Januarius M. Sarnelli, C.SS.R. Translated by the Rev. A. Barry, C.SS.R.

The Life of Our Life. Introduction and Harmony of the Gospels, with the Introduction re-written by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge. Quarterly series. 2 vols.

Macmillan & Co. announce:

A new edition of Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son.*

A cheap edition of *Tom Brown's School Days.*

A folio volume on *Scottish National Memorials*, with three hundred illustrations, including thirty full-page plates.

A series of small books under the general title, *Science in Plain Language.* The first volume, to be published immediately, includes the following subjects: Evolution, Antiquity of Man, Bacteria, etc.; the object of the author being to give the general results of scientific investigation in plain, every-day language for the general reader.

THE INDEX.

It is with much regret that we announce the suspension o the publication of the Index to the first fifty volumes of The Catholic World. Though we made the announcement as far back as last October, and though we then solicited advance orders to enable us to form some estimate of the edition to be printed, we have not received orders sufficient to cover the cost of a single form of the book. As the largest item of expense is involved in composition, it was expected that by placing the price at a nominal figure orders sufficient at least to cover expenses would be received. This expectation has not been realized. To publish the book under present circumstances would entail a heavier loss than could reasonably be looked for, and would even then leave the labor of many months unrequited.

We do not abandon the publication altogether, but we are compelled to defer it until such a time when we can at least bear the loss involved with greater ease. To those of our readers who have sent us remittances in advance we beg to express our thanks for their interest and for the patience with which they have borne this delay. All such remittances will be returned immediately.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

Plant Organization. A Review of the Structure and Morphology of Plants by Written Method. Adapted to the use of beginners. With diagrammatic illustrations By R. Halsted Ward, A.M., M.D., F.R.M.S., Professor of Botany in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Second edition, revised. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The Pilgrim's Handbook to Jerusalem and its Neighborhood. By Wilfrid C. Robinson. From the French by Brother Lievin de Hamme, O.S.F., resident at Jerusalem. With map and plans. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The Twelve Virtues of a Good Teacher. For Mothers, Instructors, and all charged with the Education of Girls. By Rev. H. Pottier, S.J. From the twelfth French edition, by a Sister of Mercy. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Catechism of the Child of Mary. By the Director of the Association of St. Charles Borromeo, Grammont, Belgium. Under the patronage of the bishops and clergy of Ireland. Sold for the benefit of the Presentation Convent, Sneem, Co. Kerry, Ireland, where orders should be addressed. Price, 25 cents.

Meditations on the Veni Sancte Spiritus; with Devotions for the Novena in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost. Compiled from various sources by a Sister of Mercy. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

A Short and Practical May Devotion. Compiled by Clementinus Deymann, O.S.F., Prov. SS. Cordis Jesu. Approved and recommended by Rt. Rev. J. J. Hogan, D.D., Bishop of Kansas City, Mo. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Third Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. December 1, 1889. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Handcuffs for Alcoholism. By Rev. Geo. Zurcher. Published by the Author, Buffalo Plains, Erie County, N. Y.

Heroic Ballads, with Poems of War and Patriotism. Edited, with notes, by D. H. M. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The One Mediator; or, Sacrifice and Sacraments. By William Humphrey, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Church of My Baptism and Why I Returned to It. By W. H. F. King. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Boston University Year Book. Edited by the University Council. Vol. XVII. Boston: University offices.

An Interesting Memoir of the Jamestown Voyage to Ireland. By the late Capt. R. B. Forbes. Boston: James B. Cullen & Co.

What did the Apostle Paul mean? By John F. Weir. New Haven: Office of the *New Englander*.

Proceedings of the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture; held at Topeka, Kansas, January 8 to 11, 1890. Topeka: Clifford C. Baker, State Printer.

The History of the Sufferings of Eighteen Carthusians in England, who, refusing to take part in schism and to separate themselves from the unity of the Catholic Church, were cruelly martyred. Translated from the Latin of Dom Maurice Chauncy, a professed member of the London Charter-House. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Church and the Sects. Ten Letters in defence and continuation of the pamphlet entitled "Which is the True Church?" First series, five letters. London: Burns & Oates. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.) (Also second series of same, five letters.)

St. Justin Martyr. By Mrs. Charles Martin, author of the *Life of St. Jerome*, etc. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Marriage. Conferences delivered at Notre Dame, Paris. By Very Rev. Père Monsabré, O.P. Translated from the French, by M. Hopper, with the author's special permission. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Choral Leaflets, No. 1. A Psalm of Thanksgiving. Words by Margaret E. Jordan, music by J. V. R. No. 2, Hymns of Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart. Words by Margaret E. Jordan and Angelique de Laude. Music adapted by J. V. R. Boston: White-Smith Music Publishing Co.

1791: A Tale of San Domingo. By E. W. Gilliam, M.D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Second Annual Report of the Bureau of Justice of Chicago, for the year 1889-90 Chicago: Hoenstein Bros.

Veni Sancte Spiritus: Short Meditations from the Ascension to the Octave of Corpus Christi. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Saints of the Order of St. Benedict. From the Latin of F. Ægidius Ranbeck, O.S.B. Edited by John A. Morrall, O.S.B., Superior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside. For the month of January. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros.)

Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1889. Twelfth number. Finance, coinage, commerce, immigration, shipping, the postal service, population, railroads, agriculture, etc. Prepared by the Bureau of Statistics under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Washington: Government Printing Office.

THE

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IS THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM PERFECT?

IN the January number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD appeared an article touching upon the relations which exist between Church, State, and School. Its object was by an *ad hominem* argument to bring out the unreasonableness of the speculative views on these relations held by the Concord School of Philosophy defenders of the public schools. The paper, inasmuch as it bears on our immediate purpose, may be thus summed up: The object of education, in Professor Huxley's words, is the formation of character. Character is a matter of principle, of motive. Principle and motive are subjects of the spiritual order; consequently they belong to this order's authoritative representative, organized religion. Therefore, education must be religious. Here, in a nutshell, we have a statement of the Catholic position. It is a secure one; reason, common sense, and the American Constitution are its impregnable bulwarks.

The theory of the question being thus placed *in tuto*, let us turn our attention to its practical aspects. How materialize this theory? by what particular means can it be put into best working order? In the application of a law, a principle, a hypothesis, there is generally room for discussion, divergence of opinion. In this regard the School Question is no exception. At least in two statements, however, all may agree:

First. A perfected school system is a necessity. An inferior grade of Catholic schools would be suicidal. Over and above this necessity, if we wish to live up to our church traditions in educational matters, we must *excel*.

Secondly. Whether the present plan can be bettered or not, while it is constituted the working system, those interested in

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the schools must make every effort to keep them up to the tidal mark of efficiency, although they may consider that, owing to the lines they have to work on, they are handicapped from the start.

These remarks lead up to the question: Can the parochial school system be bettered? Like everything else, inasmuch as it is a product of man's devising, why can it not? But if there is to be an improvement, what detail of the scheme needs it? In the writer's humble opinion, the radical defect is this: In the plan as it stands, unity of action between the different schools is wanting. This defect is at the bottom of not a few drawbacks. For example, each school, in many localities, is free to choose its own text-books, marks out its own grades, fixes its own work on its own lines. And these drawbacks beget other difficulties. It is hard to find a fair criterion of the general results; pupils cannot pass from one school to another without confusion, maybe loss of time, etc., etc.

The bishops who sat in the last Plenary Council realized the fundamental fault, and did not hesitate to lay hold of it. By the appointment of Diocesan Boards of Examiners, as well for teachers as for scholars, they hoped to organize the schools of each diocese into one compact, graded body. And, that individual lukewarmness or unfitness on the part of a priest might not interfere with the result they aimed at obtaining, they made the priest's continued occupancy of his parish dependent upon the satisfactory standing of its schools. Nay, lest the priest should plead lack of proper training as a legitimate excuse for his want of success in school management, they ordained that the seminary curriculum was thenceforth to include a course in pedagogy. These regulations evidently meant one thing, namely, the effective unification of the schools. The action of the bishops, all admitted, was a step in the right direction; and, at the time, as long a one as could prudently be taken. But their action was not to be regarded as final; on the contrary, it was by way of an earnest of what would be enacted when opportunity called for advances. The principle, that education must be religious, could not be changed; outside of this, everything was of necessity experimental, temporary, controlled by probabilities — the very contingency of which would be, and has proved, a chief factor in limiting the effect of the statutes. Indeed, to this last-mentioned cause it is chiefly due that, although the letter of the legislation has been acted up to, though the examining boards and committees have

been appointed, withal the looked-for results have not followed. The proof patent of the last assertion is this fact: in very many places matters go on just as they did before the decrees of the Baltimore Council were promulgated.

It is an easy conclusion from what has been said that another remedy must be applied, and the experience of the last few years teaches that if the treatment is to be successful it must go to the very root of the trouble. Now, the trouble with the school-plan is, as already insisted on, the absence of unity, co-operation, between the different schools. Can this lack be supplied, a remedy containing cohesive forces strong enough to bind all into one be found? Yes; a tested modern means of reaching just such an outcome is the employment of the methods of complete corporate organization. Surely methods that have proved advantageous in a vast variety of complex undertakings demand consideration, when it is question of a work capable of such complex arrangement as a school system. However, in applying these methods to our purpose we would in no sense be innovators. The state has been before us, and to the adoption and development of them it owes what success as an instructor it has achieved.

The remedy, then, being at hand, it remains but to apply it. The issue of such application may be thus stated in borrowed words: "Parish lines will be abandoned; towns and cities divided into school districts, not dependent upon parish boundaries; primary, secondary, grammar, and high schools will constitute one system, under one control; parishes that have not schools must be assessed for the support of the system as well as those that have."

The effects of this close, thorough organization would be felt throughout the whole educational body; our colleges would tread again the higher plains of learning, and could no longer be sneered at as "Latin schools"; seminaries could turn their attention to the seminary's own work, and not be obliged to curtail their scriptural, historical, and other proper courses, in order to fill in what has been left out of the students' earlier instruction; and our new-born University would be assured of a right queenly future in her every department. Besides, the indirect influence upon Catholic intellectual and social life could not be estimated.

But such organization is not to be dreamed of without a school board of able and competent members, perfectly acquainted with the best methods of school government and super-

vision. To demand of each parish priest the experience and acumen a member of such a board should possess, and to put upon him the labor every member should be ready for, would be like adding the last straw to the burden of the too-heavily laden camel. Furthermore, to expect that *all* candidates for the priesthood should show themselves possessed of the parts which go to make up the efficient school-committeeman would be to do away with many vocations. These and other like reflections bear me out in holding that membership on this board should not be the result of previous position or seniority, but of tried ability and fitness.

Nor need eligibility to membership be restricted to the clergy. The last Plenary Council, it is true, took into account only priests as the active agents in school-management, and with good reason. American Catholics have been proverbially willing to let their priests bear all responsibility in church affairs. To have put a share of this responsibility on their shoulders, without a previous manifestation of acceptance on their part, would be a rather uncertain venture, likely to turn out in nothing better than a hollow form, an honorary corporation-membership. However, late years have witnessed a wonderful change. While the giant had been taking things easy—for he loved peace—his enemies stole his belongings, made little of his rights, and taking for granted that his quietness was due to want of strength and vitality, they grew bolder, goading him into wakefulness. At last, then, with eyes wide opened, the Catholic laity awoke to its wrongs. The outcome was the late Congress at Baltimore.

This Congress demonstrates the untold moral and working forces that are at command to be turned to account and utilized in school-directing. To deprive ourselves of these is to become our opponents' opportune allies. The American laity has shown itself possessed of a capacity, ability, and good-will which fit it for having a voice in the control of educational movements. Up to this, on public school boards—North, South, East, and West—Catholics have been banner committeemen, farseeing, progressive, practical. What they have compassed on such boards they will outdo on others more nearly their own. They want but the chance. Their live interest in the question cannot be doubted; the masses, as well as the better educated, are heart and soul in the movement. It is simply a question of how to make use of their earnestness.

There are many ways to accomplish this utilization. One among others would be: The parishes being divided into school

districts, two, three, or more parishes in a district, let the bishop appoint from each the priest he knows to be a qualified committeeman, and the laity elect its own lay representatives, subject, of course, to the bishop's approval.

As a consequence of such common responsibility and divided control what a magnificent front priests and people would present! How efficient such corporations would be! What little fear of their becoming effigies! In this way, too, would be destroyed the last relic of disagreement among Catholics themselves. There can be no doubt but that in the localities where up to this lukewarmness and unfavorable sentiment has been marked on the part of individual Catholics, it has sprung not from any debating of the *principle* at stake, but from a fear that the present means and methods of work could not bring success Improve these; show the possibility of the improvements, and the immense resources thereby placed at our command; the very hangers-back will push zealously to the front! Assuredly, such a consummation as that outlined would be a startlingly grand first effect of our Catholic Congress.

Over and above all this let it be added, that, with a system of this kind in running order, we will have neared the solution of another present obstacle. The commonwealth whose interests would be advanced and guarded by such an institution could not long refuse to recognize and stand by its benefactor. As has already happened in the case of hospitals, asylums, and the like, our fellow-citizens would come forward in the case of the schools also, and say: You bear the burden and the heat; we reap a goodly share of the harvest; the spirit of the Constitution, which one of us loves as much as the other, whispers that accounts should be more evenly balanced. Now that we understand one another, let us come together with the one object in view to set matters right. This should have been done long ago; but we did not know then as we do now the essential justice and necessity of the principle you suffered persecution for.

This, mayhap, has a utopian ring to it. Stranger changes have come about, and frequently by means which seemed very insufficient. Given a just cause, and the men and occasions will not long be wanting when a few powerful, right-minded utterances will bring about a revolution in the status of the school question.

A word for our own Catholic ears, with which to conclude, will not be out of place: Let us acknowledge wherein we have

been weak, and even at the cost of recrimination supply that in which we have failed, in order that our working system may become, as our theory is, flawless. Nay, let us go farther: proposals which are put upon us as affronts let us accept as next-door to favors. For instance, the examination of our schools by State officials; if submission in such a matter will win for us friendship, respect, and actual improvement in the schools, although it be half-meant as a slight, a suspicion, let us take it. We sacrifice nothing of Catholic principle by the concession. For that matter, also, if holding a teacher's certificate from a Normal School, or State Examining Board, will conciliate our fellow-citizens, and satisfy, say, unreasonable, unjust want of confidence, why should not every teaching nun and brother in the land have one?

We are in fair and square America, Justice's providential refuge, and persecution can no more endure long in its climate than the upas-tree can take lasting root on the prairies of Minnesota.

JOSEPH V. TRACY.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WORKING-WOMAN.

MY father, a well to-do barrister in Ireland and the proprietor of a modest estate, had given my two brothers and myself a good education. My older brother entered the Royal College of Maynooth, and in due time was crowned with the sublime dignity of the priesthood. My younger brother chose a commercial pursuit, while I, after graduation from a sisters' academy, finding that my father's circumstances had suddenly become reduced, left home and started out alone to earn my own living in the great metropolis of America.

When I reached New York, about three years ago, I was then full of life and spirits, and with few misgivings as to my future success. Like most young and inexperienced persons, I had the habit of always looking on the bright side of things. Had I been given to foreboding, or had I foreseen all the difficulties that I have since encountered, my courage would perhaps have deserted me.

I first thought of trying to secure employment as teacher in the public schools, but soon found that this was impossible, as

only Normal School graduates would be accepted by the city school board. I next advertised for a position as governess and received several answers, but in every case was found deficient because I did not understand anything about cutting and sewing cloth, a most desirable accomplishment for a poor woman to have.

My next thought was to secure employment as a bookkeeper or saleswoman. I said to myself, "I must surely succeed in either one of these occupations"; and so I may say I have. I fortunately answered an advertisemeat of a large wholesale dry-goods house on Broadway, and was immediately engaged at a salary of ten dollars per week. The only drawback about it was that the position was not to be a permanent one; my services, I was told, would be required only from May till September. It was very kind of my employer to inform me of this fact; he was one of the most considerate and kind-hearted men that I have ever known. I often look back now and think what a pleasant time I had there. If other houses were only like this, how much happiness there would be in the world! I never worked more faithfully nor did better service than when I was in his employ. He understood, probably, that he could advance his own interests by gaining the good will of his employees, but I am too charitable to think that this was his prime motive. The months quickly came and went until September was at hand, when I left his service with the deepest regret.

I was now compelled to search for another position. I visited and interviewed several superintendents of business houses, but without success. Sometimes I was told that I could not be accepted because I had not had sufficient experience, and among the more kindly disposed I often heard the well-known words, "Call again." I once more studied the advertising columns of the newspapers, and put in an advertisement of my own. To this an answer came from a large clothing house, owned by a Jew, and he offered me a position as bookkeeper at a salary of eight dollars per week, which I was glad to accept, hoping soon to obtain a higher remuneration. Let me describe my first experience in this establishment. On the first morning I was in the store promptly at eight o'clock. The foreman, a cross, little Hebrew Frenchman, showed me into a large room illuminated with electric lights and occupied by about fifty men-cutters. The French are proverbially a polite nation, but this man I

found to be an exception; he was rude, tyrannical, and cruel. I thought at first that perhaps he was averse to me because I was the only Christian in the house, but the manner in which he treated the men under his charge soon convinced me that I was mistaken. If I was spared any abuse, it was only because I was a woman who could shed tears. I will mention some instances of his harsh treatment. Once or twice I was unintentionally five minutes late at my desk, and he reported me to the timekeeper as twenty minutes late; and when I showed him my watch to prove that he was wrong he made a grimace and said, "Your watch is no good—it is Irish." He often swore at me, threw books on my desk, and gave his instructions so excitedly and with such confusion that I could not understand what he wanted. However, I managed to learn by myself the work in most of its details, and in spite of him I kept my position. I once remember asking him where I could get some paper, and his manner of answering me was to go and get a new supply and throw it at me, remarking as he did so, "There! don't snooze while you are making out my bills." I remained here nine months, but as I saw no prospect of increase of wages and was offered higher wages as a saleswoman in a cloak house, I left the establishment of my own accord.

This time my occupation was in a fashionable Sixth Avenue store, and, as I was a beginner, my work was doubly hard. If I was not engaged in selling I was required to hang up stock, and, though this was most exhausting labor, if I ventured to sit down for a moment, immediately a floor-walker's attention was called to the fact, and I would hear the order "Forward!" ring out, or be sharply told that there was stock to be arranged. One morning I was feeling rather unwell and happened to be ten minutes late, for which I was fined twenty-five cents, although I had remained much later than usual on the previous evening. If I ventured to make known any grievance to the superintendent I got no hearing. "If you are not satisfied," he would say, "I can easily find one who will fill your place; 'the woods are full of them.'" If a customer with whom I had been talking went out of the store without making a purchase, I was sure to be blamed for it. Now, any one who has had experience in a store knows very well that there is a class of persons who are notorious for going around to different stores without having any intention of buying. It was the invariable rule that a floor-walker's complaint against a saleswoman must never be inves-

tigated by the superintendent. Such a case as the following happened in my department: The floor-walker reported that a certain saleswoman was fond of sitting, although we knew that she was most faithful; and he complained also that she did not dress well enough, yet her clothes were always neat and respectable. I noticed that the little cash-girls were compelled to work almost beyond endurance, and if they happened to be a few minutes late they were fined out of their miserable pittance of two dollars per week. When this happened they would cry most bitterly. I know of an instance where a little cash-girl, whom the foreman was about to discharge, was compelled during the latter part of her time to climb up a ladder to dust shelves, and to take down heavy boxes, and to clean the mirrors, to save the expense of hiring a scrub-woman, and I heard the buyer say in reference to this girl, "I will get all I can out of her." In some instances I noticed that if a woman or girl was absent on account of sickness for three consecutive days she was discharged. I know of one saleswoman who has to take charge of stock and make alterations besides selling, or else lose her position, and she gets but ten dollars per week.

The profits made by the sale of dry-goods at retail are enormous. I often assisted in marking goods with both the cost and selling prices, consequently I know the truth of what I say. As evidence of the truth of my statement, I may also instance the extravagant way in which the proprietors live. Frequently their wives and daughters came into the store wearing the costliest diamonds, and they told us of their immense outlays for new dresses and of the grand receptions which they had given. This was poor consolation for us saleswomen; we thought of our great labor in selling goods at such large profits, and of our miserable pittances called salaries. Once I complained that my salary was insufficient for me to live and dress as I was required. "Well," said the superintendent, "you ought to increase your income by giving music lessons or doing some other extra work in the evening."

Now, it must be remembered that according to proprietary ethics labor is considered simply a commodity which may be remorselessly utilized. Let me illustrate how this principle works in practice. I remember one rainy week last summer, when business was extremely dull, the buyer was pacing up and down completely out of sorts. As we could see nothing to be done in this department, for once we ventured to sit down,

though the dreaded Ike was there. But our rest was of short duration. We were ordered to go down to the basement and brush and arrange stock; the cold air that struck us made us shiver. Some hastened back to get their cloaks, but I, not wishing to wear my new coat while doing such dirty work, felt justified in putting on a cheap, shop-worn jacket which belonged to the firm. I could do this without fear of discovery, for the basement was too cold for Ike's thick blood to stand. I always managed to give satisfaction on account of my fairly well-filled sales-book, although I cannot say that I was ever a favorite with the buyer of this establishment, because he was a vulgar, coarse Jew whose attempts at familiarity I had frequently to resent.

I used to pity those applicants for positions who came to this store unless they were introduced by some personal friend of the buyer. Lest he should be entertaining an angel unawares, the buyer would always be polite. He would frequently write down the name and address of the applicant, inquire very particularly about the references given, and would say, "I will let you know when we have a vacancy." But his poor deceived victim would hardly be out of the door before he would laughingly tear up the paper on which he had written her name and address, and say, Won't she be delighted when she gets an answer? Hadn't she a beautiful hat? She must have used it last night for a pillow. I believe that very many business men rarely use such tactics or mock at poverty in that way, but they often dismiss one whom they do not wish to employ with a blunt "No vacancy," which is certainly honest and square.

It is a mistake to suppose that saleswomen have easy employment. The hours are long and the physical exertion of rapid walking, taking down, showing, trying on and replacing garments is great; only a half-hour of remission is allowed for lunch. If we do not work evenings in the fashionable stores, it is only because our customers never shop at that time; but the day is more busy on that account. Sunday is always welcomed. If the Lord instituted that day for worship, he did not forbid harmless recreation after this duty has been fulfilled; otherwise, I think, our lives would not be endurable.

I have no disposition to complain; my employers always said this; but I am obliged to express the opinion that the health of many saleswomen becomes impaired on account of the hardships which they have to suffer. The ventilation of the store is usually bad; during the hot days of summer the air

is suffocating because the stock has to be protected from the dust. But if we are weary and faint we have to work just the same, because the weak and sick ones among us are generally the first to receive the fatal note, "Your services are no longer required." About a year ago my health began to fail, but I succeeded in concealing this fact from my employer until last December, when I gave notice that I must be absent for a week; but not being able to return at the end of that time, I voluntarily forfeited my position. Four months elapsed before I again ventured to take a position in another store. Here I found the work harder than in my last position, and my salary was to be low. But my health did not permit me to remain here over three days, and when, having expressed my regret at being obliged to give up, I timidly hinted that I would accept whatever was my due, Aaron, the proprietor, following that propensity which, no doubt, had caused him to lose thousands of dollars where he had saved one, but of which he never would be cured, unblushingly told me that he owed me nothing, as I engaged to work by the week and not by the day. Upon hearing this I turned on my heel and walked out with no wish to ever see him again. I have not as yet found another position, but shall, I trust, get one soon.

I have nothing more of interest to relate, but if any of my readers have derived useful information from what I have offered in these pages I am very thankful.

A. T. O'B.

"DIOS TE GUARDE."

(From the Spanish.)

GOD keep thee safe, my dear,
From every harm,
Close in the shelter of
His mighty arm!
So, when thou must look out
Over earth's noise and rout,
May thy calm soul be free
From all alarm.

Or if He shall ordain—
He, the Most Wise—
That woe shall come, that tears
Shall dim thine eyes,
May He still hold thee near,
Dispelling doubt and fear,
Giving thy prostrate heart
Strength to arise.

And when His night comes, love,
And thou must go,
May He still call to thee
Tenderly, low.
Cradled upon His breast,
Sinking to sweetest rest,
God have thee safe, my dear,
And keep thee so!

JEANIE DRAKE.

INEZ.*

DOWN on the Pecos, in New Mexico, the adobe portal under the belfry of the ancient adobe church of San Miguel resounded with the harsh tones of a cracked bell beating out in unrhythmic, listless accents the evening Angelus. For they were feeble hands, hands brown as their owner's robe, the sleeves of which falling back revealed skinny arms with knotted veins—hands that tugged at the tangled, frayed rope. The hands of an old man with shaven poll, about which hung tufts of white hair like to silvery threads in the setting sun lighting up the earthen portal with a fictitious glory, bathing the palsied form till it stood out as do those holy friars in the pictures of the angel brother; an old man whose upturned eyes shone and whose withered lips eagerly quivered in prayer.

Presently there was a listless clatter of discordant notes, the rope fell loose from the old man's hands, and he turned to a girl standing leaning against the portal's entrance, gazing down into the dun-colored valley crowned by hills covered with purple-green piñons, their tops swaying in the south wind of summer.

"Inez," he said softly and tremulously.

She did not turn, making an impatient motion that she heard.

"Inez," he repeated patiently, "will you turn your back on your old spiritual father?"

She jerked herself about, the black shawl that covered her head falling back as she turned, revealing a sullen, handsome face, with black eyes that glowed with languid passion. "As you will!" She might be said to exhale the soft Spanish words, her voice intoxicating as the odors of a subtle perfume.

"Have you prayed to God and our Holy Mother, as I did ask you?" questioned the priest imploringly—imploring that her answer be in the affirmative.

Her eyes shifted uneasily under their long lashes, one bare foot tapped twice or thrice on the dirt floor. "No," she faltered; suddenly crying out and pointing down the valley, "Why should I? I go to him."

"And leave *Him?*" rejoined the old priest, pointing into

* The author vouches as an eye-witness for the actuality of the facts of this narrative except the final catastrophe, which was afterwards proven in court.

the church, where could be seen the shabby tabernacle, warm in the sun that extinguished the dim taper alight before the tabernacle door.

For a moment the girl answered nothing; then she said, breathing forth her words rapidly and passionately: "I love Manuel, I am his, he loves me; it would take the life out of me to leave him. I had better die than that!"

"It were better that you die than that you lose your soul," said the priest with a certain stern solemnity; proceeding in gentler tones: "Inez, I baptized you. I baptized, married, buried your father and your mother. They died holily, asking the old priest to watch over the little Inez. Will she break my heart?"

"I love Manuel"; she reiterated stubbornly what she thought to be unanswerable. "And shall I break his heart?" she demanded, a blast of triumph in the tone of her voice.

The priest smiled in pity. "Break *his* heart!" he exclaimed in contempt; continuing softly, "And Rosá, did *she* break his heart—"

"He *never* loved her," broke in the girl in a fury.

"No, he never loved her," said the priest sadly.

"You wrong him; he has told me all. Manuel he has lands, and pesos too, and Rosá she wished to marry him for these, and Manuel would not, for he loves me."

There was a charm in the girl's confiding simplicity that the old man was not slow to feel, but for the girl's good would not show he felt, assuming a severity he was not prone to as he said: "Manuel has land, he has pesos, as you say. How long before the Señor Drall will have them? Manuel is a gambler; he drinks too much aguardiente; he is a Penitente, and who shall say his hands are free from blood? Is Rosá asleep in the Campo Santo because of Manuel's lands?" He paused, continuing dreamily, "She died well, did Rosá; she died well!"

The girl paled at the name of Señor Drall, but when the priest accused Manuel of being a Penitente her face crimsoned, her eyes flashed. "What if Manuel be a Penitente?" she questioned arbitrarily; "they are good men, they do penance for their sins—"

"Stop!" It was no longer an old palsied man who addressed her. There was vigor still in the foundered war-horse. His eyes flashed lightnings of scorn, and the pointed forefinger that back and forth cut the air, emphasizing his words, drove the girl crouching and shivering against the wall.

"Speak not to me of the Penitentes," he thundered; "for

years I have seen these men lead away my flock; for years I have seen sin and crime increase because of them; and because of them, my people who did prosper are become a race of peons, Simón Drall their master." He paused, exhausted.

It was some time before the girl ventured to speak, and when she did, it was to say hesitatingly: "I shall save Manuel from the Señor Drall."

"You shall save him from nothing; it is I, your old father, Inez, who tell you so. I speak no more; go to him, if you will; and when you will to come back to God, take care His justice bar not the way."

She stared stupidly at the old man, the fires of whose youth her ill-timed defence of the Penitentes had rekindled; then, from old custom, scarcely heeding what she did, she advanced and bent her head for his blessing. He gazed with sad eyes at the bent, lithe form, and in a voice that wailed forth a very agony of grief, he cried: "You ask me to bless you going to a life of sin and crime? Such blessing would be a mockery. I go to pray for a poor dead soul that it rise again to life, but bless you I cannot." His emotion choked him, he could speak no more.

The girl turned from him unmoved, like a shadow passed out the portal into the yellow haze of the sinking sun, the old priest following to lean against the portal's entrance and watch her speed away. Inez ran, her feet glancing. One would say they had eyes to see, the way in which they skipped the sharp flint stones glinting here and there on the path. Down the hill-side, in the full glare of the sunlight, under the umbrage of heavy piñon boughs, by herds of goats and kids cropping the sparse herbage, into the rambling street of a hamlet of widely-separated adobe cabins. Then she walked with measured tread, often hailed with a greeting from groups of cigarette-smoking men and women seated on the ground, their backs resting in every easy, graceful posture against the walls of the cabins. The rambling street meandered to a narrow path that led up the mountain side, the Espada, to a little group of huts now obscure in the heavy twilight that always precedes the brilliancy of a New Mexican night. Cautiously feeling her way, now swaying lightly to and fro before springing from rock to rock with the agility of one of those little animals the people of the Rio Pecos call *muecas*, a cross between a mountain rat and a chipmunk. As she went her way, suddenly the great white moon, brilliant as a comet, rose in the east, shot her rays up

into the heavens, beginning to sail majestically through the cloudless, dark-blue ether that shone with an infinity of stars scintillating like diamonds in a barbaric crown. Heedless of a beauty she had perhaps never perceived, she hurried on in the direction of the group of cabins.

Across from the cabins, four in number, were great boulders of earth and rock, and here the trail broadened into a road. Not following the road, Inez climbed the rocks, careful not to attract attention to herself by detaching any of the stones to go crashing down the slope of the mountain. Having reached her point of observation, a rock behind which she crouched, where she could view the one hut in which lights were burning, she drew a sigh of relief and murmured passionately, "Manuel!"

The hut had a low wooden gallery running before it, its supports unhewn logs, to one of them nailed a sign-board bearing the inscription, undecipherable at night, "Simón Drall, General Merchant." If Simón Drall was a general merchant he kept his goods well hidden, for the interior of the cabin, seen through the open double door, showed nothing except a rough unpainted counter, a row of shelves behind it holding an odd assortment of all sizes of bottles, jugs, and jars, and in a dark corner an array of barrels elevated on a primitive estrade of unhewn logs. Several tallow candles, stuck in the necks of bottles, together with a dirty oil lamp swung from a beam, cast a sickly glow on the figures of two men seated on the counter playing at a game of chance with a greasy pack of cards, and on a third man behind the counter watching the players, a sneering grin on his mottled, bloated countenance.

Inez, too, watched the game, never taking her eyes off the man whose back was turned towards her; and when he gave a shout and swept from off the counter a little pile of silver she uttered a crow of delight, clapped her hands gently and whispered, "Manuel, he always wins." Something stirring at that moment on the roadside, she started in alarm, reassured when, peering through the moonlight, she saw a horse was tethered at the furthest end of the gallery. "Ah!" she murmured, "it is Chipas. Chipas! Chipas!" she called under her breath, and the horse gave an answering whinny. In the meanwhile the mottled-faced man had placed tin cups and a bottle on the counter, the gamblers had drunk of the aguardiente, and were now preparing to leave. Seeing this, Inez slipped from her perch, ran to where the road gave a sudden bend, there seating herself to wait the coming of Manuel. She could hear

him untether and mount his horse, Simón Drall's response in broken Spanish, his voice thick and husky, then the horse's hoofs moving slowly over the stony road. The horse shied at the figure seated on the rock; the rider uttered an oath, and was about to strike the beast, when Inez sprang forward, seized his hand and cried: "It is I, Manuel!"

"You, my little Inez," he said dazedly, and stooped and pressed the upturned burning face to his, hot with the fever of drink.

"I go to the Madre Anchieta, to-night, Manuel," she whispered in his ear. The Madre Anchieta was Manuel's mother.

"And to-morrow?"

"I will be yours," she faltered.

He got him down from his horse, and, throwing the bridle across his arm, the two walked whispering in the direction of the dwelling of Manuel's mother.

On the following day a little concourse of people were gathered together on the plaza or courtyard of the Señora Anchieta; in their midst Manuel in his whitest shirt, coatless, a gay sash about his waist. At his side stood Inez in a white skirt, a shawl of faded yellow silk about her head, a red paper rose stuck behind her ear. The silence that pervaded the plaza was broken by the clashing of cymbals, followed by the appearance from a doorway of a party of mummers, masked, decked out in ribbons and feathered skirts, who advanced in stately dance towards the bride and groom. Still swaying to and fro in rhythmic motion, the cymbals clashing, they formed a half-circle before Inez and Manuel. Now the dance grew in motion, the feet keeping time with the swaying bodies, the arms waving light and graceful in slow cadence. Louder and louder clashed the cymbals, faster and faster the feet twinkled under the feathered skirts of the dancers, beating up clouds of dust that swirled in the light summer breeze, blinding the spectators, only serving to intoxicate the dancers to fresh efforts.

Clash! Every foot was still, and, retiring backwards from the bride and groom, the mummers mingled with the onlookers. At this juncture there arose from the west end of the plaza a frightful howl, in which all the people joined, and Inez, trembling with fear, laid her head on Manuel's shoulder, he whispering, "Courage, little Inez, courage!" The cause of all this howling was a mottled-faced man, garmentless save for a short skirt of black cloth about his loins, his body daubed with mud. He was followed by two men, not daubed with mud but clad

as he was, bearing two enormous branches of the thorn cactus. The mud-daubing is the insignia of the Head Brother of a lodge of Penitentes. The cactus, the thorns of which are none of them less than an inch long, in body of the thickness of the little finger, tapering to the sharpness of a needle-point, strong as iron, were cast before the bare feet of Inez and Manuel. In a loud voice the Head Brother invited the man and girl to walk hand-in-hand over the holy cactus, invoking everlasting torments if they refused, promising license in this life and perpetual felicity in the next if they obeyed. An awesome silence spread through the plaza, for young girls had been known to turn back at this part of the ceremony. To give courage to Inez, Manuel planted his foot firmly on the spidery-looking mass of thorns, and the dull, ugly green was reddened with his blood. Not a sign of feeling betrayed itself on his sensuously handsome face. Inez gave a little cry at sight of his blood. Whispering eagerly, "Now, Manuel, now!" she clutched his arm and sprang with him into the torment that cut like knives, burned as fire. He would have borne her through, but the Head Brother demurred; the girl must walk. At this Manuel's face took on a black look indeed, and he muttered revenge on Simón Drall, for Drall it was who was Head Brother.

A short, swift walk, and Inez, faint from pain and fright, sank into the arms of old crones who crowded about her, bathing her feet, plying her with liquor. The cymbals again began their abominable clashing, and a session of licentious revelry set in.

So thus it was that at one and the same time Inez was made a Penitente and married by Penitente rites to Manuel.

Simón Drall was a New-Englander of the Legree type—licentious, cruel, a money-grasper. When but a youth in his teens he went out to New Mexico, determined at all hazards to acquire a fortune. At eighteen he was a small sheep-farmer, at twenty a money-lender, at thirty the richest man in all the Rio Pecos, the owner of nearly two hundred peons, whom, in defiance of the law, he kept in a subjection to which the subjection of an Uncle Tom was happiness itself. Finding that the society of the Penitentes would aid him much in his endeavors to gain the little all of the poor Mexicans, he joined them; and, as a majority of the members of the lodge to which he belonged were his own peons, he, in a little while, had himself elected Head Brother, ousting a man who had been his peon

for nearly ten years. It has been said that Drall kept his peons in subjection in defiance of the law; rather because of the New Mexican's ignorance of all law. What could these poor people, ignorant, bewildered by sudden changes of masters—Spanish, Mexican, American—know of law? Their law and gospel, at least that of those who had left the Catholic Church for the abominations of the sect of Penitentes, were the Simón Dralls of the various communities. Very well did this particular Drall know how to keep himself master. The Penitentes hated and feared him, especially those who were his peons.

And how did he make peons of them? He induced them to incur debts to him which they could not pay. After that they were to work for him, such as had farms, farming not for their own profit but for his. Drall's most effectual means for causing men to fall into his debt was his *tendejone*, or drinking-booth, on the side of the Espada. Peons of King Aguardiente, it was a short cut to becoming peons of Simón Drall.

Drall had succeeded in life, he was a rich man; but he had not succeeded to the extent that was his dream. Ever before him had been a vision of a gold-mine that he was to discover, and of which he alone was to be the owner. He never tired of listening to the traditions of the gold-mines the Spaniards worked, and the surest way to gain Drall's ear was to have some such tale to tell. His vision was at last realized in part. He found gold, not on his land, on the land of a man whom he had not succeeded in making his peon. With many an inward groan at parting with his money, he resolved to buy this land. The owner, Manuel Anchieta, refused to sell. In vain Drall argued with him, forcing his sluggish brain to consider the fact of the sterility of the land. A sudden inspiration impelled Manuel to ask Drall what then did *he* want with the land. Taken aback, Drall stammered out something about wishing to benefit his good friend Manuel. Manuel laughed at him; not altogether a fool, his suspicions were aroused, and in his lazy fashion he argued to himself, over his perpetual cigaretto, that if Simón Drall wanted his land there must be something of value in it. He would hold on to it, and some day he would find out. Foolish Manuel! did it depend on himself, were he to live to the crack of doom that some day would never come. From the day of Manuel's refusal to sell the land, the two wickedest men on the Pecos, Simón Drall and Manuel Anchieta, became the bitterest of foes. In a thousand spiteful ways Drall made Manuel feel his enmity (we have witnessed an instance on the wedding-

day), but Manuel, whose wickedness, if one may so say, took a nobler range, could meditate but one sort of revenge, swift and speedy—the pistol or the knife.

The mating of Manuel and Inez, as any one knowing their dispositions could have predicted, did not prove a happy one. At first, between periods of semi-intoxication, Manuel was devoted as even Inez, hungry and thirsty as she was for admiration and worship, could desire. Inez was the light of his heart, his soul; without her his house was a desolation. The girl never wearied of hearing her praises. Manuel, however, after awhile grew exceedingly weary of singing them, and he was not a man to continue the doing of what cost him trouble. Frequent and more frequent were the days he ostensibly spent on the hillside with his goat-herders; in truth in drinking-booths—not Drall's; he never went there now—with companions Inez shuddered at, though herself not particularly fastidious. Manuel neglected her, but he was not faithless; not from any goodness that was in him, but because he was palled and indifferent. He even took a certain pride in boasting that his was the handsomest wife on the Pecos. Though Inez was aware of this, it did not prevent her being devoured by her jealous imagination. She paled, grew thin and thinner, and many and many a time in a day did she make moan to herself that the padre's predictions were being fulfilled; sometimes on the point of going to him to seek for comfort and a reconciliation, always putting it off to another day.

So the autumn passed away; the chill winds of winter came to shiver down the Espada side, to hold dark, whispered conversation amongst the piñon boughs, to drive the goats for shelter under the overhanging rocks, there to surprisedly bleat complainings of the chilly blast. Christmas has gone—no time of religious joy for the Penitentes; a time for them of unbridled license—and it is near the hour when the Christian world commemorates the Saviour's crowning work of love on Calvary.

"There will be a crucifixion this year, Juana," said Simón Drall, standing in the roadway before his drinking-booth, staring gloomily down the mountain side where, far distant, could be seen the smoke from the chimney of Manuel's house curling up blue through the early morning air. The old woman he addressed, and who was resting on a stone smoothed out into a rough seat, withdrew her face from the folds of her black shawl. Holding it back with one withered hand, she mumbled with her ragged, toothless jaws: "Yes, señor; there has not been one since the year of the frost and snow."

"Twelve years ago," responded Drall, thoughtfully. "It was José Chavez, and he died, Juana?"

"Yes, señor, he died," answered Juana, gloomily. "He was a brave youth, and a handsome youth. His death did much to frighten the people, and there has been no holy crucifixion since."

"The people are wrong!" exclaimed Drall, excitedly. "I, the Head Brother, say so. The crops fail, the small-pox kills us off. It is well that some one should, not die, but peril his life; and if he do die," his eyes glowed with spiteful anger, "why, what is one life to many?"

"Yes, señor," agreed Juana, passively submissive. "We do as we will the long year, for all that; what is it to suffer one day. You say the truth—the people die; they die like the white lambs and sheep in a drought."

"And whilst there are any padres they will die; they will have no crops. The padres keep all down; the Penitentes alone are free," whined Drall in the tone he used in addressing his lodge.

The old woman heaved a sigh. "I mind the time," she said, tremulously, "when there were many padres of St. Francis, and we did prosper, and we did not die as the little birds swept away in the storm. The old padre up at San Miguel says we die because we do not live well. I know not—"

"Juana!" shouted Drall, "hold your peace." The old woman, shivering, made an abject motion of submission. "You wish your boy, Arturo, to be his own man again," Drall continued; "talk in that way and it shall never be. Go to the house and make the coffee."

Without a word Juana slunk away, feebly wringing her hands under her shawl. She had scarcely entered the house when a white-haired man appeared toiling up the steep ascent Inez had climbed the summer before. "Good morning, Pedro; I have been looking for you," called Drall with feigned heartiness. The newcomer waved his hand in response, too much fatigued by his ascent to respond in words. Drall advanced to meet him, grasped his hand, and led him to the seat Juana had occupied. "Rest yourself, Pedro," he said, "rest yourself"; proceeding eagerly: "You have told the people; you have told them that to-morrow there shall be a crucifixion; that the Head Brother wills it?"

Pedro nodded his head and said: "I have told them, all."

"And what do they say?"

"No one cares—only Manuel," replied Pedro, his lips tightening as he pronounced Manuel's name.

"Manuel! What does *he* say?" sneered Drall.

"That there is a chance in this of his saving a bullet, as Señor Drall may draw the red corn," returned Pedro, watching the effect of his words from under his shaggy brows.

"Did he say so?" cried Drall. "Why, that is treason against the lodge—he threatens the Head Brother. Will you remember his words to-morrow, my Pedro? Forget them not, Pedro, and corn, and coffee, and aguardiente, as you wish, are yours. Ah! Manuel, Manuel, you threaten me! Take care! take care!" And he shook his fist angrily in the direction of Manuel's cabin, where Manuel now sat lazily smoking and sunning himself, unconscious of the wrath impending over him.

"I want neither your corn, nor your coffee, nor your aguardiente, Señor Drall. I remember Rosá; that is sufficient. I go to the Campo Santo to tell her that her old father has not forgotten her; that Manuel shall pay for breaking her heart." He gathered himself together, and, unheeding Drall's repeated invitation to remain and take coffee, moved slowly and painfully on his way to descend the mountain.

The intense interest Simón Drall took in the preservation of his mortal body led him to shun all deeds of violence that could be laid at his door directly. If a man stood in Drall's way, and that man could be removed without Drall's appearing to have a hand in it, then would Drall act. Until such time, however, as far as Drall was concerned, the obstruction would be safe—safe as if he bore a charmed life. Drall wished Manuel out of the way that he might acquire the gold-mine. Manuel dead, he argued, a few silver dollars would dazzle Inez into parting with what Manuel would by no means let go. That his hatred and desire for revenge would be gratified was a matter for consideration as well. Simón was not of a forgiving disposition, and it cut him to the quick to see Manuel light of heart, the possessor of all Drall coveted, useless as it was to its owner. As Good Friday—the day on which the Penitente believes that by frightful self-torture he gains for a year the right to commit any sin or crime,—as this day drew near, Drall's head became full of a diabolical plan for the destruction of Manuel. He looked about for a coadjutor, and found a willing one in old, half-witted Pedro Corlás, the father of the ill-fated Rosá.

Rubbing his hands together in subdued ferocious glee at the prospect before him, he moved towards his drinking-booth, where Juana in a cracked voice was calling him to take his coffee.

The morning was cool, the sky clear, a laughing sun, the mountains and valleys festive in a golden haze. The Pecos rippled and whirled in eddying pools between its red and yellow stained banks; ruddily glowed the cactus-flower in its nest of spikes; down the valley the corn-fields were freshly green, the broad leaves rustling, the wind-flowers nodding their little heads to the coming spring. In an open space, surrounded on all sides by high, rugged, barren hills with but one opening, that in the west end; in a place where nothing grew save great masses of the giant thorn-cactus, stood in a central position the Lodge of the Blood of the Brethren. It was a low, square building of sun-dried bricks, without windows or vent-holes, but one narrow door, a building dismal and disheartening as the place wherein it stood. No sign of human or animal life was there except a black buzzard that sailed slowly over the spot, as if it already scented the horrors about to be enacted. The sun went on its way, at mid-day giving a tinge of cheerfulness to even this most dolorous vale.

It was five o'clock, and the sun was fast disappearing behind the western hills, when there appeared suddenly, standing on a high ledge of rock, the figure of Simón Drall, as at the wedding, without attire save the short black skirt. "Brothers, are we all here?" he called. Instantly from every crevice wide enough to admit a human body, from every little hiding-place the rocks afforded, appeared men, all wearing the black skirt; women, their backs bared, their shawls tied about their waists. "We are!" was the shouted response.

"And what seek ye?" came from Drall, the evening wind playing with his voice, turning it into a piping yell.

"Freedom for soul and body," rose the watchword of the Penitentes in one universal shout from the encircling hills.

"And how shall that be found?" Drall yelled.

The response was given in a dull, labored monotone: "In the cleansing with our blood."

The wind caught up the words, drove them reverberating against the walls of rock, and every cavern echoed, "Blood!"

Slowly, to the depressing tum-tum of a drum, the men and women filed down the hill-sides to the enclosed space below, where they formed a double circle about the lodge, the men in

front, the women behind, Inez excepted. She, the latest admitted member, was given a position of honor between Manuel and Drall, and, as if to show how the pair were hemmed in and fated, Pedro Corlás stood next to Manuel. Inez was sick from hunger and exposure to the wind, sick at heart for all she had lost. Not a deep heart hers. To-day she regretted the old church of San Miguel, her old friend the padre, with a regret all the more saddening in that she felt it to be hopeless. How much of this sorrow came from the loneliness that had been born in her since yesterday, when, on upbraiding Manuel for his neglect, he had told her that on the day of blood-cleansing he intended to gain the right to leave her, it would be hard to say. It is true that afterwârd Manuel had been very kind, had even gone so far as to beg her pardon. Could the man have had a premonition of his coming fate? Still he had threatened to leave her, and Inez feared, and with all her shallow heart hated, the loathsome spectacle in which she had so prominent a part.

The circle of Penitentes having formed, they began in their labored monotone to chant the praises of their lodge, blasphemously likening the sufferings they were about to endure to those of Christ. The chant ended, there was a momentary silence, followed by a scene of blood and horror. Men and women drew from their girdles leathern thongs studded with tacks, with which they beat their exposed persons; others rolled themselves amongst the cactus thorns, inflicting frightful wounds; others—but enough. Only a few old men and women stood aloof, Juana amongst them, and Inez and Manuel and Simón Drall, the last dispensed by the position he held from all torture save that of crucifixion. Inez wondered that Manuel was not among the number of self-persecutors. Why did he stand apart? Was he meditating some more brutal torment in order to gain that with which he had threatened her yesterday? For herself she would have none of it. To-morrow she would go to the old padre, confess and make her Easter. Half-afraid, her eyes stole up to Manuel's face. He was looking down on her with a look in his eyes she had not seen for many, many days. His hand stole hers gently into his own. Uttering a cry of delight, the tears streaming from her eyes, she threw her arms about her husband's neck.

On the day of blood-cleansing it was forbidden for husband and wife to as much as touch one another's hands, and when Drall saw Inez sobbing on Manuel's neck he vented a genuine

cry of horror—horror that the traditions of the lodge should be thus violently and publicly broken, horror that his authority as Head Brother should be thus insulted.

"Are you mad?" he cried, striding forward; and rudely dragging Inez from her husband's embrace, he thrust her aside. She submitted sullenly to this indignity; Manuel superstitiously, in superstitious awe of the Head Brother that every Penitente feels at times. He obeyed Drall to-day, but to-morrow—

The monotonous tum-tum of the drum was renewed whilst Drall addressed Manuel and Inez, and the Penitentes, putting up their scourges and extricating themselves from their thorny beds, fell into two long files extending to the entrance of the enclosure, the men in one file, the women in the other, a hideous, blood-bathed crew; the men with sulky, glowing eyes, the women wearing a hopeless look of woe, and not a cry or word of distress from this throng of worshippers of self. Advancing with measured tread to the door of the lodge, Simón Drall struck three blows with a mallet on the ponderous pine panels, and a voice was heard from within demanding who it was that asked admittance. Drall responded that it was the Head Brother and the brethren of the Lodge of the Blood of the Brethren. The door swung back, and in single file the long procession passed in, the men taking precedence of the women, all marking on the door-posts a cross with their blood. This passage into the lodge took a considerable time, and by the time all were within and the door closed and barred it was night, the moon shining down on the dismal enclosure between the hills.

The heavy darkness of the lodge-room, only lit up at one end by two pine torches sending forth clouds of resinous smoke and casting flickering shadows of light on an enormous cross that stood between them, was so intense that it was impossible to distinguish the features of the place or the people collected there, unless in that end where flared the torches. Inez had been separated in the procession from her husband, and huddled in a corner amongst the women, now a mass of bleeding wounds, she tried in vain to seek him out, her heart sinking within her as she remembered that the terrors of the day would not be over till midnight.

Amidst an appalling silence, broken only by the sharp swish of the scourge wielded by savage hands, was renewed the blood-revel that had taken place in the enclosure, only here the terrors were all only felt; nothing was seen. Occasionally Inez

would receive from a whip an involuntary blow which passed almost unheeded. She was busy making promises to God that she would return to him if he would but let her and Manuel be happy together, in Penitente fashion trying to buy God. As before, the scourging was brought to a pause by the beating of the drum, and Simón Drall rose and took up a position before the great cross, between the flaring torches. In a low, whining voice, the tones of which towards the end of his address grew strident, he told the people that this night there was to be a crucifixion. He reminded them of their blasted crops, their homes made desolate by pestilence, of their broken vow that every third year, at least, a man from among them was to peril his life on a cross, and how many years it was since there had been a crucifixion. Not a sound from those who heard him greeted the period with which Drall ended his discourse. Amidst a silence, in which was audible the sputter of the burning pitch, a rude board table was placed before him; set on it a pottery jar and a little bag of corn. Removing the cover from the jar, he emptied the contents of the bag into it, and the jar being re-covered, was handed to an attendant, who gravely shook it, then handed it to a second, he to a third, each in turn shaking its contents. This ended, it was returned to its place on the table and covered with a black cloth. After a dismal chant recording the advantages that would accrue to the family from which the victim would be chosen, Drall announced that at a secret meeting of the Head Brother and his familiars the names of twenty young men best fitted to undergo the pains of crucifixion had been chosen, together with the names of the oldest and youngest female members of the lodge, Juana Perez and Inez Anchieta. The men would now advance as their names were called and draw a grain of corn. If a white one, he was to retire to his place; if a red one, he was to stand within the shadow of the cross. Should it so happen that no one of the men drew a red grain, then Juana Perez would draw one of the two remaining grains, leaving the last for Inez Anchieta, and whichever of the two women drew the red grain her best beloved among the twenty men would take the place within the shadow of the cross. There were twenty-two to draw, and in the jar were grains to the number of twenty-one.

An attendant began to call the names, Manuel's the first. For the first time since entering this ante-chamber of hell Inez saw her husband. She could scarcely restrain the cry that rose

to her lips as Manuel placed his hand within the jar. Leaning for support on the woman next her, she watched the result. From her place she could not see the color of the grain he chose, but when she saw him hand it to one of the attendants and move aside, that the next called might have his turn, she gave a gasp of relief—relief to be followed by a fright and foreboding that she felt were driving her mad. One after another of the chosen Penitentes drew a grain from the jar, and every man a white one. Whilst Juana, mumbling her ragged jaws, came forward, Inez fell back in an unconscious heap amongst the huddled group of women. Juana, too, drew a white grain. There should now be but one grain left in the jar, a red one.

"Inez Anchieta y Diego," called the attendant. No response. "Inez Anchieta y Diego," was repeated. Then some one whispered Drall that she had fainted. "Her husband must draw for her," said Drall, and the attendant called on Manuel to come forward.

Manuel, breathing hard, strode up to the table and had seized the jar, when Drall laid a hand on his arm and said, in a low tone of voice: "Patience, brother, patience; let the familiars hand the jar according to the ritual."

"Unnecessary," said Manuel, curtly, and was about to thrust his hand into the jar when Drall tried to wrest it from his grasp. In the scuffle the jar fell to the earthen floor, where it broke to pieces, revealing that it was empty—a fact quickly whispered throughout the assembly. Manuel stared suspiciously at Drall, and he saw that the Head Brother held one hand closed as if concealing something. The knowledge of the trap that had been laid for him stirred a tempest in Manuel's sluggish brain. He turned sharply, snatched a scourge from a neighbor, gave one swift blow with its handle on the back of the closed hand of the Head Brother. Drall uttered the howl of an angry beast, but his hand unclenched, and something that in the uncertain light looked like a drop of blood fell to the ground—it was the red corn.

"Traitor! traitor!" screamed one of the attendants, Pedro Corlás. The assembly caught up the cry; but it was Drall whom they called traitor, not Manuel. Men and women surged about the Head Brother, and one woman, bolder than the rest, plucked him by the hair. Years of accumulated hatred stimulated them, and in another moment they would have had him on the ground had he not drawn a pistol from a belt hidden

under his skirt and pointed it at them. They fell back, the torchlight casting fantastic shadows of bluish-green and yellow over their blood-stained bodies, their pallid, scowling faces. Manuel alone did not fall back. Showering a torrent of imprecations on the head of Drall, he rushed forward to snatch the pistol from him, when—click, a trigger drawn, a flash, a sharp report, and Manuel fell shot through the brain. In an instant they had hustled Simón Drall out of the lodge; beating him frantically, they threw him among the cactus plants, rolling him among the sharp thorns, leaving him there to die.

The setting moon sent silvery beams through the open door of the lodge to purify the red horror within. Lit by the flaring flame of one fast expiring torch, Inez knelt beside the body of her husband. By her side, his bent form stooping over her, stood the old priest of San Miguel. She had called for him so repeatedly that one woman, more thoughtful than the rest, had fetched him to her. Looking up at the old man with tearless eyes, in the voice of one who agonizes, Inez said: "It is not yet one year, padre, since you refused to bless me."

His feeble eyes looked pityingly on her, and he answered: "I bless you now, my little Inez, in your sorrow." The woman fell a-sobbing on her husband's bosom, and the old priest, uttering a prayer with tremulous lips, bent down and helped the women to remove her, speaking words of sympathy and of religious comfort to her broken heart.

HAROLD DIJON.

IN THE DESERT.

Sad heart, that scarce can struggle more
With sinful life's distress,
I should not dare to write to thee
If I had suffered less.

Oh! let me say thy fearful pain
I have felt, too. Yea, more—
That every heart of human clay
Claims kinship at thy door.

But, list! I ask thee leave thy woe
To gaze with me awhile
Upon a desert, rocky, lone,
Far-stretching mile on mile.
No frost, no dew. One weary line
Of rock and reddened sand
Till stoops the blue, all-loving sky
To kiss the hopeless land.

Sad heart, look there and see
The Man of Sorrows wrestling lone,
Though sinless Christ is He.

. . . . . .

Well may we lose our woe in His;
Hushed, awed, we'll keep "the Fast."
O Heart Divine! vouchsafe to us
With Thee to feast at last!

Lucy Agnes Hayes.

Maynard, Mass

THE FATE OF UNBAPTIZED INFANTS.*

THE infallible Church of Rome never adopted a more dictatorial tone in laying down her dogmas than is assumed by the author of these two sermons in pronouncing his irreversible judgment upon a question which has always tortured theologians more than the severest theologian ever tortured a babe. "Hundreds and even thousands of learned and subtle doctors may have taught the possible perdition of infants. Poets great and small may have embalmed the doctrine in their verse, like a fly in amber or a toad in mud. But for all that *it is false.*" *Van Dyke locutus est; causa finita est.* Fly away, Paul, with your antiquated *O Altitudo!* Fly away, Augustine, with your "gentle damnation" for unregenerate infants. Fly away, Schoolmen, with your Limbus Puerorum. Fly away thou too, Blessed Father Calvin, with thy election and reprobation. You may all be "very giants of logic"; but your "vain desire of logical consistency" can make no impression upon an orator who "falls back" upon his "moral instincts." Consistent in his contempt for "the logic of the schools," he tells us in one passage (p. 31) that "the doctrine of the perdition of infants is false, because it is condemned by natural justice"; and on another page (p. 54) that "justice alone does not demand the *salvation* of little children."

It is also amusing to notice, in a book which professes to teach the pure "Word of God," how few words of God there are to be found in it from beginning to end, and how many words there are of Mr. Van Dyke. The only text of Holy Writ which he produces to sustain his first thesis, *No children lost*, is Matthew xviii. 14: "Even so it is not the will of your Father, who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." But who ever maintained (except possibly our author's master, John Calvin) that it was the will of God that *any one* should perish? Is it not a profound mystery which has always perplexed Christians that the will of God is very often frustrated? It is, says St. Paul, the will of God that "*all men*" should "come to the knowledge of the truth" (i. Tim. ii. 4).

* *God and Little Children: The Blessed State of all who die in Childhood proved and taught as part of the Gospel of Christ.* By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

Yet "many children of the Turks and Indians," though ripe for the harvest, have not arrived at the knowledge of the truth through lack of human laborers in the vineyard. Moreover, if we must derive our faith from the study of Scripture alone, we ought to be careful not to intermingle our own speculations with the inspired text. Who are "these little ones" of whom our Lord is speaking? He tells us himself they are "little ones who believe in him." And what kind of little ones? Not infants, baptized or unbaptized: but little ones old enough to be "scandalized"; to be led astray into sin. And how do they perish? He tells us distinctly, it is by being seduced, like sheep away from the shepherd, into evil ways. What has all this to do with the state of unbaptized infants? Whatever inferences we choose to draw therefrom into this subject-matter will be our "human judgment," not the Word of Christ.

Equally unsatisfactory is the foundation which the orator lays for his second proposition: *All children saved.* We are not now considering whether the thesis be true or false; but simply whether it be the Word of God. The author, disregarding the texts: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven" (John iii. 5), and "He saved us by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the Holy Ghost" (Titus iii. 5)—not to mention the other passages which demonstrate the necessity of baptism—insists much upon the teaching of the apostle that "Christ died for all." This, to be sure, is a great and consoling truth; and one which Catholic theologians have, at the expense of much vituperation, valiantly asserted against Calvinists and Jansenists; but when our author jumps to the conclusion that "the little child that comes into this world" "is not guilty in God's sight," he directly contradicts the apostle, who argues "that if One died for all, then all were dead." And when he goes further to assert that "the guilt of [original sin] is taken away for ever from the race by the Lamb of God"; that "no soul shall ever perish for Adam's transgression" (p. 63), he is giving us, not the infallible Word of God, but, whether true or false, the "fallible human judgment" of Henry Van Dyke.

And here we arrive at the vital point of the whole question. Why did not our eloquent author, speaking to Christian fathers and mothers, insist upon their having their infants baptized, and thus insuring their salvation by incorporating them into the kingdom of God? Why should we vex our spirits with idle disquisitions upon subjects so obscure and irrelevant, to the neglect of a

plain duty imposed upon us by the Lord, and looked upon as most sacred and important by every expounder of sacred doctrine from the apostles down to John Calvin *inclusive?* I number amongst my acquaintance a gentleman who, having been brought up a strict Presbyterian, was taught, among other relics of the old Christian faith, that Christian parents ought to have their children baptized. A child of his happening to fall sick and there being no clergyman of his denomination at hand to baptize it, he sought the kind offices of a Baptist minister, who, instead of complying with the request, began an argument to demonstrate that infant baptism was unscriptural. "Excuse me," said the anxious father, "I came to you, not to hold an argument, but in the performance of a religious duty." Now, since the proof of every theory is the practical working thereof, we should like very much to ask our eloquent divine what he would have done in this circumstance. Was the old-fashioned Presbyterian right in assuming that it was a "religious duty" for him to have his child baptized? Or would our author assure him, "in accordance with the teachings of Christianity," that without the sacrament of baptism these children "fly from our arms, not into the arms of darkness, but into the arms of God, and with him they are safe"? Of course it was illogical, according to true Calvinistic principles, for a Presbyterian father to be solicitous about the baptism of his child; for in the Genevan theology the salvation or damnation of the said child was quite independent of its baptism, as being the foreordained result of "an absolute and eternal decree." But fortunately this layman knew little of Calvin's Institutes except that the reformer had condescended to retain the "Roman" doctrine of infant baptism, a doctrine which is called Roman for pretty much the same reason that the potato is called "Irish"; not as if it originated in Rome, but because it descends to us through Rome from the primitive ages of Christianity. For my part, I entertain towards Calvin a feeling akin to gratitude in spite of his "horrors"; for with one drop of ink the mighty heresiarch might have harmonized his tenets by consigning millions of babes to an unregenerate death. But the "shadow of Rome" was still upon him; in other words, he lacked the audacity to carry his erroneous opinions to their legitimate, practical conclusion. Hence, though he had no scruple in asserting that all Christendom were wrong in understanding the monumental words of Christ, "Unless a man be born again of water," etc., to refer to the sacrament of baptism, he

nevertheless, by a fortunate neglect of "logical consistency," held fast to the ancient practice of infant baptism, of which that text is the mainstay. But his followers, if not more logical, are at least not so anxious to maintain even the appearance of reverence for antiquity; one instance of which lies before us in these two sermons, written partly in prose and partly in poetry, on the future destiny of infants, but not thinking it worth his while to devote one line to the inculcating the "religious duty" of having them baptized.

Now, we beg our readers to ponder this irresistible logic of events. Calvin, on the one hand, rejected the interpretation placed by every Christian before his time upon the words of Christ, "Unless a man (τὶς) be *born again of water*," etc., because it did not fit into his theories regarding salvation and regeneration. A man, according to him, was saved and regenerated or else damned for ever by "an absolute and eternal decree" issued long before he was born; and no action, internal or external to him, could change his destiny. But with all his audacity of speculation Calvin, possibly (as one of his disciples has said) because he was "still under the baneful shadow of Rome," dared not contradict notorious facts. One fact which confronted him was that in the Old Dispensation the circumcision of infants had been enjoined upon the people of God under the sanction of dire penalties (Gen. xviii. 14). Another fact which he had to consider was that according to the teaching of the apostle (Col. ii. 11) baptism is among Christians the substitute for circumcision. Regardless of speculative consistency, therefore, he strenuously asserted infant baptism against the "carnal judgment" (or, as our author would have called it, "the natural instincts") of the "frenzied spirits" of the Anabaptists, even though he had shorn the external rite of its real significance. It is always left to the disciples of a bad leader to push out his errors to their logical conclusions; and they invariably do so in course of time. The divinest ordinances will fall into neglect if the purpose which inspired them be extracted from them. Catholics have always been extremely anxious about the baptism of their children, because they have been taught that this sacrament is not an idle ceremony, but the "laver of regeneration," or new birth, by which we are *saved;* by it we are *cleansed* from the taint of hereditary corruption, rise to a *new life*, and become members of the Body of Christ. This anxiety survived for long amongst Protestants "as a relic of the dark ages," without any solid foundation; but the force of "logical

consistency" is rapidly extinguishing it, and more is the pity. Better was the inconsistency of Calvin, which retained something out of the shipwreck of the ancient faith, than the logic of his present followers, which sweeps away the last vestige of Christian doctrine.

The proper logical course would have been to retain the certain, the visible, and the tangible, and to bring the speculative and theoretical into accord therewith. Now, if there is one thing certain and tangible in Christianity, whether in Scripture or in history, it is the importance attached to the rite of baptism. Instead, therefore, of consulting his "natural instincts," our author ought to have made a serious investigation of the meaning and importance of this characteristic feature of the religion of Christ. This is, indeed, the main difference between his method and that followed by the "hundreds and thousands" of earnest thinkers whose opinions he has treated with scant courtesy. These ended where he began, by inquiring how the ascertained facts of the Christian revelation (which our orator did not take the trouble to collect) can be reconciled with our "natural instincts," a question of secondary importance in every scientific investigation. Our "instincts" have their claims; but it needs no extended experience of nature or human life to assure one that they are of slight assistance in determining facts. The old Peripatetics "knew" instinctively that a two-pound ball must fall to the ground twice as quickly as a one-pound ball. The infidel "knows by instinct" that this world of suffering humanity is not under the governance of an All-Wise Providence. The true Christian has sufficient confidence in the truth of Christianity to be certain that its teachings are mild and rational if properly interpreted; but he seeks the divine revelation, not in his "natural instincts" or in the feelings of "fathers and mothers," but in the sacred deposit of the Word of God. We should be very loath to submit even a matter of natural justice to a jury of "fathers and mothers," much less the deep abyss of the judgments of God.

Another grave mistake of our author was to discourse to a mixed audience upon a profound theological subject without explaining his terms. What is the theological definition of *salvation* and *perdition?* He contends that divines are to be found in every denomination who hold that unbaptized children are *lost*. He, on the contrary, maintains that all children are *saved*. I have already intimated a suspicion that this critic of "hundreds and thousands" has no clear ideas himself on the subject of

salvation and perdition. Salvation, he tells us, is not demanded by natural justice; the perdition of unbaptized infants is opposed to natural justice. What theologian of any denomination would trust the author of these mutually destructive propositions as a fair expounder of his opinions? Is it not possible that there are mysteries of grace and nature which, though they have puzzled "hundreds and thousands," have given this writer no concern because he had no conception of them? The heaven which he has "thronged with happy children" for the "consolation and comfort" of their parents is certainly a very pleasant abode, far superior to any marble residence on Fifth Avenue, and the little inhabitants can disport themselves and sing and play to their hearts' content. It reminds one of the heaven which one of our grave Western senators is reported to have defined as a place where a man will eat fat turkey out of magnificent China dishes for all eternity. It is such a heaven as "Lo! the poor Indian" is said to have sighed for: replete with good things—tobacco, whiskey, and buffaloes—and inaccessible to sickness, hard work, and greedy Caucasians. Why not? If our "natural instincts" have to be consulted, give to each his heart's desire, whether more or less refined; make our possession thereof secure and everlasting, and we shall call it salvation and heaven.

But here enters the mystery. "Hundreds and even thousands" of profound theologians have conceded to unbaptized infants all the joys which this orator contends for them, and have still maintained that this state is *not* salvation, but a "gentle damnation." What, then, do all these theologians mean by *salvation* and *perdition?* This, we repeat, is that which a preacher of the gospel, speaking to Christian people, ought to have set out by defining. It is easy to fling obloquy upon "hundreds and even thousands" of learned theologians by confused and *ex-parte* statements; but an intelligent listener or reader is apt to ask himself: "Were all these theologians 'from St. Augustine down to the end of the seventeenth century' so blind and stupid as to defend for ages a doctrine 'condemned by natural justice'"? Individuals, indeed, may err—Calvin, for instance—but error is short-lived and local. It is not wont to be embraced by "men of all ages and of many churches."

The salvation announced to mankind by Christianity is a supernatural blessing, neither craved for by our "natural instincts" nor attainable by the laws which regulate "natural justice." Is it not really the "remorse of equity," or the worry

of fate, which brings it about that a Catholic is forced to remind a Calvinist that God's supernatural grace is a free gift given or refused without the imputation of partiality or injustice? "Not by the works of justice which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the Holy Ghost" (Tit. iii. 5). The heaven of the Christian consists essentially in the vision "face to face" of the Triune God, the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. Any eternal state short of this, no matter how free from torments or how replete with ecstatic joys, is to the Christian theologian a state of *perdition*, of *darkness*, of *damnation* and *death*. These are beyond doubt very harsh terms; but it needs harsh terms to designate the irreparable loss of an ineffably great though supernatural and unmeritable Good. If it is *salvation* and eternal life to see God, it surely must be called perdition and everlasting death and the exterior darkness to be for ever deprived of that beatific Vision; and since this state is the punishment of the original sin, it is rightly called a state of damnation

It will scarcely be denied that from the primitive ages of the church it has been the common belief of Christians that the title to salvation is acquired by the sacrament of regeneration. Long before St. Augustine this doctrine was plainly taught by St. Cyprian, who urges that in cases of necessity we ought to "baptize and sanctify" infants without waiting till the eighth day after their birth, giving, as his reason, that "as far as we can, we must strive that, if possible, *no soul shall be lost*."*

Before Cyprian the *perdition* of the unbaptized was taught by Tertullian, who, whilst maintaining that in ordinary cases laymen ought not to usurp the administration of baptism, adds, however, that this becomes a duty if the person to be baptized be in danger of death; "because he that shall neglect at such a time to do what he lawfully may, will be guilty of a human being's perdition."†

I quote these ancient fathers for two reasons. First, to show that St. Augustine introduced no new doctrine when he taught that the sacrament of baptism was the indispensable means to salvation, and, second, to show that in ancient times, as at present, the question of the fate of the unbaptized was touched upon

* Ep. 58. "Quantum in nobis est, si fieri potest, nulla anima *perdenda* est." This is not the decision of St. Cyprian alone, but likewise, as he informs us, of sixty-five other bishops in council assembled.

† "Quoniam reus erit *perditi* hominis, si supersederit præstare quod libere potuit."—De Baptismo, c. 17.

only as incidental to the clear "religious duty" of baptizing all whom we possibly can.

Neither father turns out of the certain path to investigate the details of this perdition—an investigation which, in the absence of a direct revelation, is a groping in the dark. "The newborn infant being descended from Adam according to the flesh," says Cyprian, "contracted by his birth the fatal contagion."* The only means known to him by which to escape this *death* is the sacrament of baptism: hence with him baptism and the grace of God are indissolubly allied. To be hindered from the one is to be deprived of the other.

Tertullian's mode of reasoning is the same as St. Cyprian's. "It is an acknowledged axiom," he says, "that no one is saved without baptism, grounded chiefly on that sentence of our Lord:† 'Unless one be born of water, he cannot be saved.'"

It is not true, then, that "St. Augustine comes first" in teaching "the old doctrine of the perdition of infants." This doctrine has been "the teaching of Christianity" from the very beginning; for Tertullian is the oldest of the Western Fathers; and he gives us, not his private views founded in "moral sense" or "natural instincts," but the "prescription" of Christianity, the authoritative word of revelation to which our "fallible human judgment" must defer. Again, I observe that these fathers have not given any intimation as to the *positive* sense of the word perdition; but only the *negative* signification as opposed to salvation. There is no suggestion of hell-fire or torments about their utterances. They have given us the Christian doctrine as they found it, without burdening it with speculations of their own.

It is, indeed, the office of the theologian, after ascertaining firmly and clearly the revealed truths, to busy his thoughts about them, and to bring them into correlation with each other and with the truths and principles of the natural order. This, however, is a subordinate function which different theologians will accomplish with varying degrees of success. Now, the first of the fathers whom I have discovered to have troubled himself about the equity of the question which engages us, is St. Gregory of Nazianzen, called by excellence the Theologian. In his celebrated Oration XL., "On Holy Baptism," the saint, after pronouncing a glowing eulogy upon the sacrament and warning

* Secundum Adam carnaliter natus contagium mortis antiquæ prima nativitate contraxit.

† "Præscribitur nemini sine baptismo competere salutem, ex illa maxime pronunciatione Domini qui ait: Nisi natus ex aqua quis erit, non habet salutem."—De Bap., c. 12.

his hearers against deferring the reception of it, divides into three classes those who depart from this life unbaptized: 1st, those who scorn the gift; 2d, those who have delayed too long through negligence; 3d, infants and others who were deprived of it "by reason of some utterly involuntary accident." The first two classes will be punished as their malice or folly deserves; "the last sort will neither be glorified nor chastised by the Just Judge; for though they lack the sacramental character, this has not happened through their own wickedness, and they are unfortunate rather than wrong-doers. But not every one who is not worthy of chastisement is therefore worthy of honor."*

This same process of reasoning led St. Ambrose about the same time (A. D. 380) to pretty much the same conclusion. After laying down the "acknowledged axiom," that "no one can ascend into the kingdom of heaven except through the sacrament of baptism,"† the saint cites the words of Christ: "Unless one be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of God"; and argues thus: "He excepts no one, neither the infant nor one hindered by unavoidable accident. These may, indeed, enjoy some unexplained immunity from suffering, but I fail to see how they can possess the honor of the kingdom."‡

Now, all these fathers wrote their converging testimony to the belief of Christendom respecting the fate of unbaptized infants before St. Augustine began his memorable conflict with Pelagianism, some of them long before he was born. If, therefore, "Christianity" ever had a substantive and historical existence, it must be said to have taught consistently in "all ages and many churches" that baptism is (to use St. Gregory Nazianzen's expressive phrase) "the key of heaven," without which "neither the infant" nor any other "unfortunate rather than wicked" being shall ever *see God*, which is the Christian's definition of *salvation* and *eternal life*.

As we do not wish (at least at present) to extend our remarks any further, we shall make a brief summary of the points at issue:

1st. When this reverend orator felt his "heart constrained and

* Or. XL. c. 23, Τοὺς δὲ, μήτε δοξασθήσεσθαι, μήτε κολασθήσεσθαι παρὰ τοῦ δικαίου κριτοῦ, ὡς ἀσφραγίστους μὲν ἀπονήρους δὲ, etc.

† St. Ambrose, De Abraham, lib. ii. c. 11, "nemo ascendit in regnum cœlorum nisi per sacramentum baptismatis."

‡ "Utique nullum excipit, non infantem non aliqua præventum necessitate. Habeant tamen illam opertam pœnarum immunitatem, nescio an habeant regni honorem."

mightily impelled to preach this gospel about children" he ought to have explained clearly what he meant by *salvation* and *perdition*, by *heaven* and *hell*. They are words which are often used with no precise meaning attached to them; and seldom have we noticed them employed so vaguely and confusedly as by the speaker whom we are criticising. In discoursing to children and to common people it is pardonable and advisable to conjure up before them golden palaces and natural joys which appeal to the imagination of the rude; for heaven is this and much more. But a theologian is supposed to know that the essential beatitude of the saints is the supernatural vision of God. So, too, *hell* in scriptural and ecclesiastical phraseology does not always designate the torments of the wicked. Our Lord "descended into hell" after his death. Abraham went down to hell to await the promised redemption. The Hades of the Revised Edition is only a new name for the scholastic Limbus. All that our faith can tell us for certain about this abode is that it is the state of a soul excluded from the vision of God. Our imagination may strive to picture it; but our intellect is present to remind us that we can form but a very imperfect idea of the condition of the soul beyond the grave.

2d. It may be, therefore, that our author's "heaven thronged with happy children" is nothing more nor less than a misapprehension. He may have mistaken St. Thomas' Limbus, or even St. Augustine's "gentle damnation," for the abode of the blessed. We do not presume to speak with assurance; but, certainly, he has given no indication that he or his flock are looking forward to a supernatural destiny, or that they would consider it a hardship or a damnation to lead an eternal existence lacking nothing but the Beatific Vision.

3d. His radical error was the attempt to construct a subjective or mythical "Christianity" in opposition to the "old doctrine" held by "all ages and many churches," and which can be decried only when grossly misinterpreted. It was no theologian, whether "Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian," it was Christ who declared: "*Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.*"

James F. Loughlin.

Philadelphia.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER VI.

INNER LIFE WHILE AT BROOK FARM.

THE private journals from which we are about to quote so largely were an unhoped-for addition to the stock of materials available for Father Hecker's biography. Until after his death not even their existence, still less the nature of their contents, was suspected. With the exception of two important documents, one written while he was in Belgium, in obedience to the requirements of his director; the other in Rome, for the consideration of the four venerable religious whose advice he sought before founding his community, no records of his interior life have been discovered which are at all comparable in fulness to those made during the eighteen months which preceded his admission to the Church. In his years of health and strength he lived and worked for others; and in those weary ones of illness which followed them, he thought and wrote and suffered, but apparently without making any deliberate notes of his deeper personal experience.

On those of our readers whose acquaintance with Father Hecker dates, as our own does, from his intensely active and laborious prime, these revelations of the period when he was being passively wrought upon and shaped for his work by the hand of God, may produce an effect not unlike that we have been conscious of in studying the greater mass from which our extracts are taken. They will, perhaps, be struck, in the first place, by the unexpectedly strong witness they bear to the wholly interior and mystical experience of the man. They testify, moreover, to the real and objective character of that leading which he was constrained to follow; and not only that. They do so in a way which furnishes a convincing reply to a very plausible doubt as to whether the narrow and uncongenial surroundings of his early life might not, by themselves, be sufficient to explain the discontent of a poetic and aspiring nature such as his.

He was at Brook Farm when that community was at its pleasantest. The shadow of care and the premonition of failure were, indeed, already looming up before those who bore

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the chief responsibilities of the undertaking, but the group by virtue of whose presence it became famous had hardly begun to dwindle. And besides those whose names have since become well known, there were others, young, gay, intelligent, and well bred, acquaintance and familiarity with whom were in many ways attractive to a susceptible youth like Isaac Hecker. What impression he made upon the circle he entered, how cordially he was received and held in high esteem, our readers already know. And if he gave pleasure, he received it also. At first the new circumstances were a little strange and embarrassing to him. After a fortnight, or thereabouts, we find him noting that he is "not one of their spirits. They say 'Mr. Hecker' in a tone they do not use in speaking to each other." But the strangeness soon wore off, and he yielded to the influence of the place with a wholeness which would have been entire but for the stronger drawing which never let him free.

On this point, too, the witness of the journal is peremptory. So it is as to the unity and consistence of his interior experiences from first to last. Child, and boy, and man, there was always the same ardent sincerity of purpose in him, the same docility to the Voice that spoke within, the same attitude toward "the life that now is" which Mr. Curtis, in the letter given in the preceding chapter, has described, with so fine an insight, as one of reserve and observation. "He was the dove floating in the air, not yet finding the spot on which his foot might rest," writes Mr. Curtis of Isaac Hecker at that period of his youth when his surroundings and companions were for the first time, and very possibly for the last, wholly congenial to his natural inclinations. And again: "There was nothing ascetic or severe in him; but I have often thought since that his feeling was probably what he might have afterward described as a consciousness that he must be about his Father's business."

These words are significant testimony to the nobility of the impression made on others by Father Hecker's personality in early manhood. Even if our only addition to such scanty knowledge of his life at Brook Farm as could be gathered from his own conversations in later years were this happily-touched sketch, it could hardly be more interesting than it is. But, fortunately, it does not stand alone. Its fine recognition of the lofty purity of his nature is everywhere borne out by the unpremeditated and candid self-revelations of the diary. Their characteristic trait is everywhere aspiration—a sense of joy in elevation

above the earthly, or a sense of depression because the earthly weighs him down. Then come eager glances of inquiry in every direction for the satisfaction of his aspirations, little by little narrowing down to the Catholic Church, wherein the dove of Mr. Curtis's image was finally to rest his foot for ever. And in all this he scarcely at all mentions a dread of the Divine wrath as a motive for his flight. It is not out of the city of destruction, but toward the celestial city that he goes. He is drawn by what he wants, not hounded by what he fears. Always there is the reaching out of a strong nature toward what it lacks—a material for its strength to work on, a craving for rational joy, coupled with an ever-increasing conviction that nature cannot give him such a boon. Men who knew Father Hecker only in his royal maturity, sometimes cavilled at his words of emphatic faith in guileless nature; but they had only to know him a little better to learn his appreciation of the supernatural order, and his recognition of its absolute and exclusive competency to satisfy nature's highest aspirations. Reading these early journals, we have constantly recalled the later days when he so often, and sometimes continually, repeated, "Religion is a boon!" No one could know that better than he who had so deeply felt the want it satisfies.

The diary was begun in the middle of April, 1843, when Isaac had just returned to Brook Farm after a fortnight spent at home. It opens with a prayer for light and direction, which is its dedication to the uses not only of an earnest but a religious seeker. He addresses himself directly to God as Father, not making either appeal or reference to our Lord. But there is in it an invocation to those "that are in heaven to intercede and plead" for him, which recalls the fact, so often mentioned by him, that it was the teaching of the Catechism of the Council of Trent on the Communion of Saints which cleared away his final clouds and brought him directly to the Church. There is a note, too, among his later papers, in which, speaking of the phenomena of modern spiritualism, he says that the same longing for an assurance of personal immortality which leads so many into that maze of mingled truth and error, had a great share in disposing his mind to accept the authoritative doctrine of the Church, which here as elsewhere answered fully the deepest longings of his soul.

We shall not attempt to follow the chronological order of the journal with exactness, but in making our extracts shall pursue the order of topics rather than of time. By the middle

of April the question of the Church had presented itself so unmistakably to Isaac Hecker, as the necessary preliminary to further progress—to be settled in one way or another, either set definitely aside as unessential or else accepted as the adequate solution of man's problems, that his struggles for and against it recur with especial frequency. Faber has said somewhere that the Church is the touchstone of rational humanity, and that probably no adult passes out of life without having once, at least, been brought squarely face to face with it and made to understand and shoulder the tremendous responsibility which its claims impose. There would be no need of a touchstone if there were no alloy in human nature, no feebleness in man's will, no darkness in his understanding. Were that the condition of humanity, the call to the supernatural order would be simply the summons to come up higher, its symbol a beacon torch upon the heights. As it is, the path may be mistaken. He whose feet have been set in it from birth by Christian training may wilfully forsake it. He whose heart is pure and whose aspirations noble, may be so surrounded by the mists of inherited error and misapprehension that the light of truth fails to penetrate them when it first dawns. The road is always strait which leads any son of Adam to supernal joy in conscious union with his Creator, even when his will is good and his desire unfeigned.

We shall find, therefore, that Isaac Hecker's struggles were many and painful before he fully recognized and attained the necessary means to the end he craved. They were characteristic also. He was looking for the satisfaction of his rational aspirations rather than for the solution of historical problems, although his mind was too clear not to see that the two are inextricably bound up together. But inasmuch as at the period of which we are writing, which was that of the Oxford Tracts, controversy turned mainly on questions of historical continuity and of Divine warrant in the external revelation of holy Scripture, it follows that he, and such as he, must have taken a lonely and unfrequented road towards the truth. Every time he looked at the Church he was greeted with the spectacle of unity and uniformity, of discipline and order. These are elements which always have been, and probably always will be, most attractive to the classes called educated, to men seeking for external notes of truth, flying from disorder, fearful of rebellion. But to Isaac Hecker, the only external note which deeply attracted him was that of universal brotherhood. If he were to bow his knee with

joy to Jesus Christ, it would be because all, in heaven and earth or hell, should one day bend in union with him.

It takes an intimate knowledge of Catholicity to perceive the interior transformation of humanity by its supernatural aids. On the one hand, the influence of Isaac Hecker's Brook Farm surroundings was to persuade him to confide wholly in nature, which there was very nearly at its unaided best. On the other hand, the treasures of Catholicity for the inner life were hidden from him. Religion, in his conception of it—in the true conception of it—must be the binding of all things together, natural and supernatural. Hence we find him at times complaining that the Church is not sufficient for *his wants*. If it were not personal in its adaptation to him, it was little that it should be historical this, hierarchical that, or biblical the other. It must be his primarily, because he cannot live a rational and pure life without it. An ordinarily decorous life, if you will; free from lust or passion, and without gross unreason, but nevertheless tame, unprogressive, dry and unproductive, without any absolute certainty except that of the helplessness of man. Such a life seemed to him hardly more than a synonym for death. "The fact is," as he writes on a page now lying before us, "I want to live every moment. I want something positive, living, nourishing. I negative only by affirming."

The earliest entry in this diary has been already quoted in the first chapter of the present biography. On its second page occurs the following account of his impressions while in church on Easter Sunday:

"*Monday, April* 17, 1843.—Yesterday I went to the Catholic church at West Roxbury. It was Easter Sunday. The services were, to me, very impressively affecting. The altar-piece represented Christ's rising from the tomb, and this was the subject-matter of the priest's sermon. In the midst of it he turned and pointed to the painting, with a few touching words. All eyes followed his, which made his remarks doubly affecting. How inspiring it must be to the priest, when he is preaching, to see around him the Saviour, and the goodly company of martyrs, saints, and fathers! There may be objections to having paintings and sculptures in churches, but I confess that I never enter a place where there is either but I feel an awe, an invisible influence, which strikes me mute. I would sit in silence, covering my head. A sanctified atmosphere seems to fill the place and to penetrate my soul when I enter, as if I were in a holy temple. 'Thou standest in a holy place,' I would say. A loud word,

a heavy footstep, makes me shudder, as if an infidel were desecrating the place. I stand speechless, in a magical atmosphere that wraps my whole being, scarcely daring to lift my eyes. A perfect stillness comes over my soul; it seems to be soaring on the bosom of clouds."

"*Tuesday, April* 18.—I confess that either the Church is not sufficient for my wants or I have not seen it in its glory. I hope it may be the latter. I do not want to say it, but I must own that it fills me no more. I contemplate it, I look at it, I *comprehend* it. It does not lead me to aspire. I feel that either it has nothing to give, or that what it has is not that for which my soul is aching I know it can be said in reply that I cannot know what the Church has until I am in communion with it; that it satisfies natures greater than mine; that it is the true life of the world; that there is no true spirituality outside of it, and that before I can judge it rightly my life must be equal to it in purity and elevation. Much more might be said. But, after all, what is it? The Catholic shows up the Anglican; the Anglican retorts with an accusation of corruption, and even a want of purity; the Protestant, the Presbyterian, claim their own mission at the expense of consistency and good logic. . . .

"The whole fact, I suppose, is that if there is anything in Succession, Tradition, Infallibility, Church organism and form, it is in the Catholic Church, and our business will be to stop this controversy and call an Ecumenical Council which shall settle these matters according to the Bible, Tradition, and the light of the Church."

There is a touch of unconscious humor in the final paragraph which clamored for quotation. But it was plainly written in profound earnest.

"*Thursday, April* 20—My soul is disquieted, my heart aches. . . . Tears flow from my eyes involuntarily. My soul is grieved—for what? Yesterday, as I was praying, the thought flashed across my mind, Where is God? Is He not here? Why prayest thou as if He were at a great distance from thee? Think of it. Where canst thou place Him—in what locality? Is He not here in thy midst? Is His presence not nearest of all to thee? Oh, think of it! God is here. . . .

"Am I impious to say that the language used in Scripture for Christ's expresses the thoughts of my soul? Oh, could we but understand that the kingdom of heaven is always *at hand* to the discerner, and that God calls upon all to 'Repent, for ye

shall not all disappear until it shall open. This generation shall not pass away.'"

Then follows a page of philosophizing on time and eternity, immensity and space, and "monads who may develop or fulfil their destiny in other worlds than this," a reminiscence, perhaps, of the lectures on such topics at which Mr. Curtis says Isaac used to "look in," hoping to "find an answer to his questions." Such speculations are a trait throughout the diary, though they are everywhere subordinate to the practical ends which dominantly interest him. A day or two later comes a passage, already given in a preceding chapter, in reference to certain prophetic dreams which it has been given him to see realized. And at once this follows:

"*April* 24, *Noon*.—The Catholic Church alone seems to satisfy my wants, my faith, life, soul. These may be baseless fabrics, chimeras dire, or what you please, I may be laboring under a delusion. Yet my soul is Catholic, and that faith responds to my soul in its religious aspirations and its longings. I have not wished to make myself Catholic, but that answers on all sides to the wants of my soul. It is so rich, so full. One is in harmony all over—in unison with heaven, with the present, living in the natural body, and the past, who have changed. There is a solidarity between them through the Church. I do not feel controversial. My soul is filled."

From this point he speedily recedes. By the next day he is "lost almost in the flesh"; "fallen into an identity with my body," and notes that for some time he has "done little in study, but feel that I have lived very much." What hinders him he supposes to be "contemplating any certain amount of study which I ought to accomplish—looking to it as an end. Why should I not be satisfied when I am living, growing? Did Christ and His apostles study languages? I have the life—is not that the end?"

"*April* 28.—What shall I say? Am I wrong? Should I submit and give myself up to that which does not engage my whole being? To me the Church is not the great object of life. I am now out of it in the common meaning. I am not subject to its ordinances. Is it not best for me to accept my own nature rather than attempt to mould it as though it were an object? Is not our own existence more than this existence in the world?

"I read this morning an extract from Heine upon Schelling which affected me more than anything I have read for six

months. The Church, says Schelling in substance, was first Petrine, then Pauline, and must be love-embracing, John-like. Peter, Catholicism; Paul, Protestantism; John, what is to be. The statement struck me and responded to my own dim intuitions. Catholicism is solidarity; Protestantism is individuality. What we want, and are tending to, is what shall unite them both, as John's spirit does—and that in each individual. We want neither the authority of History nor of the Individual; neither Infallibility nor Reason by itself, but both combined in Life. Neither Precedent nor Opinion, but Being—neither a written nor a preached Gospel, but a living one. . . .

"It is only through Christ we can see the love, goodness, and wisdom of God. He is to us what the telescope is to the astronomer, with this difference: He so exalts and purifies us that our subject becomes the power to see. The telescope is a medium through which the boundaries of our vision are enlarged, but it is passive. Christ is an active Mediator who begets us if we will, and gives us power to see by becoming one with Him."

"*May* 3.—We all look upon this world as suits our moods, assimilating only such food as suits our dispositions—and no doubt there is sufficient variety to suit all. . . . Every personality individualizes the world to himself, not subjectively but truly objectively. . . . Every individual ought, perhaps, to be satisfied with his own character. For it is an important truth of Fourier's that attractions are in proportion to destinies. Fear in proportion to hope, pain in proportion to pleasure, strength in proportion to destiny, etc. But it is mysterious that we know all this. 'Man has become as one of us.' We are all dead.

"Ah, mystic! dost thou show thyself in this shape? But now, being dead, shall we receive life and immortality (for I imagine immortality the solidarity of life—*i. e.*, the union of the two lives, here and heaven) through Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, and so lose 'the knowledge of good and evil.' 'For as in Adam all died, so shall ye all be made alive through Jesus Christ.' The effect of the fall was literally the knowledge of good and evil. God knows no evil, and when we become one with Him, through the Mediator, we shall regain our previous state. Knowledge is the effect of sin, and is perhaps destined to correct itself. Consciousness and knowledge go together. Spontaneity and life are one. Knowledge is no gain, for it gives nothing. I can only know what has been given through spontaneity. Spontaneity is unity, one; knowledge is a

division of being. If Adam had not been separated he would doubtless not have sinned. 'The woman that Thou gavest me said unto me, Eat, and I did eat.' Still, through the seed of the woman, which will be the union restored, is the serpent to be bruised."

"*May* 4.—The real effect of the theory of the Church is to isolate men from the outward world, withdraw them from its enjoyments, and make them live a life of sacrifice of the passions. This is one statement. Another would be this: All these things can and should be enjoyed, but in a higher, purer, more exalted state of being than is the present ordinary condition of our minds. The only opposition to them arises when the soul becomes sensual, falls into their arms, and becomes lost to higher and more spiritual objects. . . .

"All is dark before me, impenetrable darkness. I appear to live in the centre. Nothing seems to take hold of my soul, or else it seeks nothing. Where it is I know not. I meet with no one else around me. I would that I could feel that some one lived in the same world that I now do. Something cloudy separates us. I cannot speak from my real being to others. There is no mutual recognition. When I speak, it is as if a burden accumulated round me. I long to throw it off, but I cannot utter my thoughts and feelings in their presence; if I do, they return to me unrecognized. Shall I ever meet with one the windows of whose soul will open simultaneously with mine?"

On the first Sunday of May Isaac went into Boston to hear Brownson preach, and a day or two later made the subjoined shrewd comments on the sermon in a letter to his mother:

"*May* 9, '43.—His intention is to preach the Catholic doctrine and administer the Sacraments. How many of them, I suppose, depends on circumstances. He justifies himself on the ground that he that is not against us is for us, and that in times of exigency, and in extraordinary cases, we may do what we could not be excused for doing otherwise. And he thinks by proclaiming the Catholic faith and repudiating the attempt to build up a Church, that in time the Protestant world will become Catholic in its dispositions, so that a unity will be made without submission or sacrifice. Under present circumstances it would be impossible, even if the Protestant churches should be willing to unite with the Catholic, that the Catholic could even supply priests for forty millions of Protestants, the Protestant priests being most of them married, etc.

"I confess the sermon was wholly unsatisfactory to me, un-

catholic in its premises, and many of his arguments and facts chimerical and illusive. If you grant that the Roman Catholic Church is the true Church, there is, to my thought, no stopping-place short of its bosom. Or even if it is the nearest to the truth, you are under obligations to join it. How any one can believe in either one of those propositions, as O. A. B. does, without becoming a Catholic in fact, I cannot conceive. This special pleading of exceptions, the necessity of the case, and improbable suppositions, springs more, I think, from the position of the individual than from the importance or truth of the arguments made use of. Therefore I think he will give up in time the ground upon which he now supports his course—not the object but his position. . . . I have bought a few Catholic books in Boston which treat upon the Anglican claims to Catholicity, and I think I can say, so far, I never shall join a Protestant Church—while I am not positive on the positive side, nor even in any way as yet decided."

CHAPTER VII.

STRUGGLES.

The citations thus far made from Isaac Hecker's youthful diary, although penned at Brook Farm, bear few traces of that fact. They might have been written in a desert for all evidence they give of any special influence produced upon him by personal contact with others. It is not until the middle of May, 1843, that he begins to make any reference to his actual surroundings.

Before following him into these more intimate self-confidences, and especially before giving in his own words an account of that peculiar occurrence which so permanently affected his future, some preliminary remarks seem necessary.

It has been said already, in an earlier chapter of this biography, that but for some special intervention of Divine Providence, it is more than probable that Isaac Hecker would have led the ordinary life of men in the world, continuing, indeed, to cherish a high ideal of the duties of the citizen of a free country, but pursuing it along well-beaten ways. There is no doubt that, unless some such event as he has narrated, or some influence equivalent to it in effect, had supernaturally drawn him away, he would of his own volition have sought what he was repeatedly

advised to seek by his most attached friends, a congenial union in wedlock. He was naturally susceptible, and his attachments were not only firm, but often seemed obstinate. Of celibacy he had, up to this time, no other idea than such as the common run of non-Catholics possess. At home, indeed, when afterwards pressed to seek a wife, he had answered, truly enough, though holding fast to his secret, that he "had no thought of marrying and felt an aversion to company for such an end." And again he writes to his mother, anxious and troubled for his future, that the circle which surrounded him in New York oppressed and contracted him, and abridged his liberty. There was no one in it who "increased his life."

But at Brook Farm he met some one, as is revealed by his diary and correspondence, who deeply attracted him, and who might have attracted him as far as marriage had he not already received the Holy Spirit's prevenient grace of virginity. That is to say, he found "a being," to use his impersonal term, whose name and identity he is careful to veil, awkwardly enough at times with misleading pronouns, whose charm was so great as to win from him what would have been, in his normal state, a marital affection. But he was no longer normal. Although still beyond the visible pale of that garden of elect souls, God's holy Church, he was already transformed by the quickening grace which "reaches from end to end mightily and orders all things sweetly." Our next quotations afford explicit proof on this point:

"*Tuesday, May* 16.—Life appears to be a perpetual struggle between the heavenly and the worldly.

"Here at Brook Farm I become acquainted with persons who have moved in a higher rank in society than I—persons of good education and fine talents; all of which has an improving influence on me. And I meet with those to whom I can speak, and feel that, to a great degree, I am understood and responded to. In New York I am alone in the midst of people. I am not in any internal sense *en rapport* with them.

"I suppose the reason why I do not, in my present state, feel disposed to connect myself with any being, and would rather avoid a person whom I was conscious I might or could love, is that I feel my life to be in a rapid progress, and that no step now would be a permanent one. I am afraid the choice I would have made some time since (*if there had not been something deeply secret in my being which prevented me*) would now be very unsatisfactory. I feel conscious there could not have been

an equal and mutual advance, because the natures of some are not capable of much growth. And I mistrust whether there would not have been an inequality, hence disharmony and unhappiness.

"To be required to accept your past is most unpleasant. Perhaps the society with which I was surrounded did not afford a being that unified with mine own. And I have faith that there are spiritual laws beneath all this outward framework of sight and sense, which will, if rightly believed in and trusted, lead to the goal of eternal life, harmony of being, and union with God. So I accept my being led here. Am I superstitious or egoistic in believing this? This is, no doubt, disputed territory. Have we any objective rule to compare our faith with which would give us the measure of our superstition? How much of to-day would have seemed miraculous or superstitious to the past? I confess I have no rule or measure to judge the faith of any man.

"The past is always the state of infancy. The present is an eternal youth, aspiring after manhood; hoping, wistfully, intensely desiring, listfully listening, dimly seeing the bright star of hope in the future, beckoning him to move rapidly on, while his strong heart beats with enthusiasm and glowing joy. The past is dead. Wish me not the dead from the grave, for that would be death re-enacted. . . .

"Oh, were our wishes in harmony with heaven, how changed would be the scenes of our life! . . . This accordance would be music which only the angels now hear—too delicate for beings such as we are at present. List! hast thou not heard in some bright moment a strain from heaven's angelic choirs? Oh, yes! In our sleep the angels have whispered such rich music, and the soul being then passive, we can hear. And the pleasure does not leave us when passion and thought take their accustomed course.

"O man! were thy soul more pure, what a world would open to thy inner senses! There would be no moment of thy existence but would be filled with the music of love. The prophet said: 'In that day my eyes were opened.' And behold what he saw! He *saw* it. Could we but hear! The word of the Lord is ever speaking—alas! where is one that can hear? Where are our Isaiahs, our Ezekiels, our Jeremiahs? Oh! thou shrunken-visaged, black, hollow-eyed doubt! hast thou passed like a cloud over men's souls, making them blind, deaf, and dumb? Ah, ha! dost thou shudder? I chant thy requiem, and prophets

poets, and seers shall rise again! I see them coming. Great heaven! Earth shall be again a paradise, and God converse with men!"

The next entry is undated, but it was probably made on the last day of May. It has served to fix the proximate time of the illness and disquiet which led to his first withdrawal from business and home.

"*Wednesday.*—About ten months ago—perhaps only seven or eight—I saw (I cannot say I dreamed; it was quite different from dreaming; I was seated on the side of my bed) a beautiful, angelic being, and myself standing alongside of her, feeling a most heavenly pure joy. It was as if our bodies were luminous and gave forth a moon-like light which sprung from the joy we experienced. I felt as if we had always lived together, and that our motions, actions, feelings, and thoughts came from one centre. When I looked towards her I saw no bold outline of form, but an angelic something I cannot describe, though in angelic shape and image. *It was this picture that has left such an indelible impression on my mind.* For some time afterward I continued to feel the same influence, and do now so often that the actual around me has lost its hold. *In my state previous to this vision I should have been married ere this, for there are those I have since seen who would have met the demands of my mind.* But now this vision continually hovers over me and prevents me, by its beauty, from accepting any one else; for I am charmed by its influence, and conscious that, should I accept any other, I should lose the life which would be the only one wherein I could say I live.".

Those of our readers who are either versed in mystical theology or who have any wide knowledge of the lives of the Church's more interior saints, with neither of which Isaac Hecker had at this time any acquaintance, will be apt to recall here St. Francis of Assisi and his bride, the Lady Poverty, the similar occurrences related by Henry Suso of himself, and the mystic espousals of St. Catharine. We have in this relation not only the plainly avowed reason why he accepted the celibate life, even before entering the Church or arriving at any clear understanding of his duty to do so, but we have something more. Not yet certain of his own vocation, the dream of a virginal apostolate, including the two sexes, had already absorbed his yearnings, never again to be forgotten. Neither priest nor Catholic, save in the as yet unrevealed ordinance of God, he was no longer free to invite any woman to marriage,

no matter how deeply he might be sensible of her feminine attraction. . The union of souls? Yes; for uses worthy of souls. The union of bodies? No; that would only clip his wings and narrow his horizon. Thenceforward the test of true kinship with him could only be a kindred aspiration after union in liberty from merely natural trammels, in order to tend more surely to a supernatural end.

This may seem to some a strange beginning to a life so simply and entirely set apart from the active, or, at least, public union of the sexes in apostolic labors. Strange or not, the reader will see it to be more true as this biography proceeds, and its writer is not conscious of any reluctance to make it known. Such an integral supernatural mission to men was what he ever after desired and sought to establish, though he only attained success on the male side. We cannot deny that this diary, surprising to us in many ways, was most so in this particular, although in this particular we found the explanation of many words spoken by Father Hecker in his maturity and old age, words the most sober and the most decided we ever heard from him. He never for an hour left out of view the need of women for any great work of religion, though he doubtless made very sure of his auditor before unveiling his whole thought. He never made so much as a serious attempt to incorporate women with his work, but he never ceased to look around and to plan with a view to doing so. Among the personal memoranda already mentioned are found evidences of this so direct, and corroborated by such recent facts, that they cannot be used until the lapse of time shall have made an extension of this life as well possible as necessary.

"*June* 1.—One cannot live a spiritual life in the world because it requires so much labor to supply food and clothing that what is inward and eternal has to be given up for the material and life in time. If one has to sustain himself at Brook Farm without other means to aid him, he must employ his strength to that degree that he has no time for the culture of the spiritual. I cannot remain and support myself without becoming subject to the same conditions as existed at home. I cannot expect them to be willing to lessen their present expenses much for the sake of gaining time for spiritual culture; nor do I see how I can at home live with my relatives and have the time which I require. I see no way but to give up the taste for fine clothing and variety in food. I would prefer the life of the monastery to that of the external world. The advan-

tages for my being are greater. The harmony of the two is the full and perfect existence; but the spiritual should always be preserved at the expense of the other, which is contrary to the tendency of the world, and perhaps even to that of this place. I would prefer going hungry in body than in soul. I am speaking against neither, for I believe in the fulness of life, in amply supplying all its wants; but the kingdom of God is more to me than this world. I would be Plato in love, Zeno in self-strength, and Epicurus in æsthetics; but if I have to sacrifice either, let Epicurus go."

"*June* 12.—At times I have an impulse to cry out, 'What wouldst Thou have me to do?' I would shout up into the empty vault of heaven: 'Ah, why plaguest Thou me so? What shall I do? Give me an answer unless Thou wilt have me consumed by inward fire, drying up the living liquid of life. Wouldst Thou have me to give up all? I have. I have no dreams to realize. I want nothing, have nothing, and am willing to die in any way. What ties I have are few, and can be cut with a groan.'"

"*Monday, June* 26.—Solomon said, after he had tasted all the joys of the world, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' I, my friend, who have scarcely tasted any of the pleasures of the world, would say with Solomon, 'All is vanity.' I see nothing in which I can work. All are vanities, shadows; beneath all there is nothing. Great God! what is all this for? Why torment and pain me so? Why is all this action a profanity to me? And even holiness, what is it?

"Oh! I am dumb; my soul is inarticulate. There is that in me which I would pour out. Oh! why is it that the noblest actions of humanity speak not to my soul? All life is inadequate—but not in the sense of the world. I would joyfully be silent, obscure, dead to all the world, if this alone which is in me had life. I ask not for name, riches, external conditions of delight or splendor. No; the meanest of all would be heaven to me, if this inward impulse had action, lived itself out. But no; I am imprisoned in spirit. What imprisons? What *is* imprisoned? Who can tell?

"You say, good adviser, 'You must accept things as they are—be content to be; have faith in God; do that work which your hands find to do.' Good; but it is taken for granted we know what things are—which is the question. 'Be content to be.' Be what? 'Have faith in God.' Yes. 'Work?' Yes; but how? Like others. But this is not work to me; it is

death; nay, worse—it is sin; hence, damnation—and I am not ready to go to hell yet. *Your* work gives *me* no activity; and to starve, if I must, is better than to do the profane, the sacrilegious labor you place before me. I want God's living work to do. My labor must be a sermon, every motion of my body a word, every act a sentence. My work must be devotional. I must feel that I am worshipping. It must be music, love, prayer. My field must be the kingdom of God. Christ must reign in all. It must be Christ doing in me, and *not. me.* My life must be poetical, divine. Head, heart, and hands must be a trinity in unity; they must tone in one accord. My work must be work of inspiration and aspiration. My heart cannot be in heaven when my head and hands are in hell. I must feel that I am building up Christ's kingdom in all that I do. To give Christ room for action in my heart, soul, and body is my desire, my aim, purpose, being. . . .

"It is not he who goes to church, says his prayers, sings psalms, says 'Lord, Lord,' who is in God and establishing His kingdom. No; it is he who is doing it. The earth is to be His kingdom, and your prayers must be deeds, your actions music ascending to heaven. The Church must be the kingdom of God in its fulness. . . .

"Are we Christians if we act not in the spirit in which Christ acted? Shall we say: 'What shall we do?' Follow the spirit of Christ which is in you. 'Unless ye are reprobates, ye have it in you.' 'Be ye faithful, as I am,' said Jesus. 'Love one another as I have loved you.' Take up your cross and follow Him. Leave all, if the Spirit leads you to leave all. Do whatever it commands you. There will be no lack of action. Care not for the world; give up wealth, friends, those that you love, the opinions of all. Be willing to be despised, spit upon, crucified. Be silent, and let your silence speak for you."

It is plain that what Isaac Hecker is here condemning is the life of the world, wholly ordinary in its aims and motives. It is not to be understood as a condemnation of the common lot of men, or of that life in itself. It was only as he saw it over against his own vocation to something higher that it became repulsive, nay guilty *to him.* Nor was he even yet so settled in his view of the contrasted worth of the two careers between which he had to choose, as to be quite free from painful struggles. In the entry made on the day preceding this outburst, he once more recurs to the subject of marriage:

"*Monday Evening, June* 26.—This evening the same advice that has been given me before, first by the doctor who attended me, next by my dearest friend, was given me again by a man who now resides here."

"*Tuesday Morning, June* 27.—Rather than follow this advice, I would die. I should be miserable all my life. Nay, death before this. These men appear to me as natural men, but not in the same life as mine. They are older, have more experience and more judgment than I, perhaps; but considering the point of view from which their judgment is formed, their advice does not appear to be the counsel for me. I never can, nor will, save my health or life by such means. If that is the only remedy, then unremedied must I remain.

"But the cause of my present state of mind is not what they suppose. It is deeper, higher, and, O God! Thou knowest what it is! Wilt Thou give me hope, strength, guidance?" . . .

"*Friday, June* 29.—Am I led by something higher to the life to which I am tending? Sometimes I think it is most proper for me to return home, accept things as they are, and live a life like others—as good, and as much better as possible. If I can find one with whom I think I can live happily, to accept such a one, and give up that which now leads me.

"My friends would say this is the prudent and rational course—but it appears this is not mine. That I am here is one evidence that it is not mine. A second is that I struggled against what led me here as much as lay in my power, until I became weak, sick, and confined to my bed. Farther than that I could not go.

"They tell me that if I were married it would not be so with me. I will not dispute this, although I do not believe it. But, my good friends, that is the difficulty. To marry is to me impossible. You tell me this is unnatural. Yes, my brethren, it may be unnatural, but how shall I be natural? Must I commit that which in my sight is a crime, which I feel would make me miserable and be death to my soul? 'But this is foolish and one-sided in you. You are wrong-minded. You will lose your health, your youthful joy, and the pleasure which God has, by human laws, designed you to enjoy. You should give up these thoughts and feelings of yours and be like those around you.'

"Yes, my friends, this advice I accept with love, knowing

your kindness to me. But, alas! I feel that it comes from such a source that I cannot receive it."

"*July* 5.—My brother George has been here; he stayed three days. He told me he had often talked with my brother John about living a life higher, nobler, and more self-denying than he had done. It appears from his conversation that since I left home they have been impressed with a deeper and better spirit. To me it is of much interest to decide what I shall do. I have determined to make a visit to Fruitlands. To leave this place is to me a great sacrifice. I have been much refined in being here.

"To stay here—to purchase a place for myself—or to go home. These are questions about which I feel the want of some friend to consult with. I have no one to whom I can go for advice. If I wish to be self-denying, one would say at home is the best, the largest field for my activity. This may be true in one sense. But is it wise to go where there are the most difficulties to overcome? Would it not be better to plant the tree in the soil where it can grow most in every direction? At home, to be sure, if I have strength to succeed, I may, perhaps, do the most good, and it may be the widest sphere for me. But there are many difficulties which have such a direct influence on one to injure, to blight all high and noble sentiments, that I fear to encounter them, and I am not sure it is my place. Perhaps it would be best for me not to speculate on the future, but look to Him who is above for wise direction in all that concerns my life. Sacrifices must be made. I must expect and accept them in a meek, humble, and willing spirit."

AMERICAN CATHOLIC FRATERNITY.

THE Young Men's Institute is a Catholic, American fraternal organization, whose object is to promote the moral, intellectual, and social improvement of its members.

No race restrictions bar admission to its ranks. It is an American organization. Its members, like the grand old church whose loyal children they are, welcome to fellowship all Americans who can stand upon the common plane of fealty to the faith of our fathers, and loyalty to the land "of the free heart's hope and home."

It imposes upon its members no foreign garb. Its plan anticipated the admonition so eloquently and patriotically voiced by that distinguished prelate the Archbishop of St. Paul, during the Catholic Centennial celebration in Baltimore: "The Church of America must be, of course, as Catholic as ever in Jerusalem or Rome; but as far as her garments assume color from the local atmosphere, she must be American. Let no one dare paint her brow with foreign tint, or pin to her mantle foreign linings."

Catholic organizations founded in part upon foreign birth or ancestry have accomplished vast good; and their beneficent influence has been felt in the midst of hundreds of thousands of American homes. But it should be borne in mind that the grandest conquest of the Catholic Church cannot be achieved over the American heart if her agencies invite from her enemies the suggestion, or charge, that she is a foreign church. Unfortunately, in this regard, the largest aggregations of Catholic societies in America have been generally identified with race. Few have been simply Catholic. The motto which the Young Men's Institute inscribes upon its banner is *Pro Deo, Pro Patria.* The fraternity which it inculcates is based upon loyalty to God and country. The banner under which it wages battle is the star-spangled symbol of the great American Republic. The special symbol under whose inspiration it marches to conquest is that which Constantine beheld resplendent in the sky, the harbinger of victory. The necessity of organization is patent to the mind of every one who keeps abreast of the times. No great result can be achieved without it. *E pluribus unum* was the motto whose influence gave success to the strong arms of the Revolu-

tionary patriots. Its magic power has builded up the thirteen stripling colonies into giant States, whose strong embrace now encircles more than thrice thirteen glorious commonwealths in the clasp of a common, undying nationality.

As well in the domain of moral and religious principles as in that of trade and commerce is organization the means of storing the greatest amount of energy and accomplishing the greatest result.

In America more largely than anywhere else in the world do people of all classes gravitate toward organization. It is of the utmost importance that this essentially American force should be applied to the development and perpetuation of Catholic principles upon American soil. Especially should its influence surround our Catholic young men when setting out on their pathway of life's labor.

Accustom our young American Catholics to stand in solid phalanx in the vindication and the practice of their faith. Let each derive strength and courage from association with his fellow. Give to our Catholic young men the encouragement, the backing, the intellectual and moral sustenance which the Young Men's Christian Association affords so amply to the young people who are not Catholics.

Build up in each community a centre of Catholic sentiment; provide for the young people libraries, halls, and reading-rooms, where they may meet in social intercourse and create an interest in each other's welfare. Afford them opportunities for social intercourse where education and refinement comport with Catholic culture. Create an attractive sphere of acquaintance and association for those who, from lack of home and friends, find themselves removed from the influence of the family fireside.

Say to the young man entering upon his life's career that he shall have provided for him, among the fellowship of his faith, that backing of encouragement and support which will enable him to succeed. Give to him an organization so strong, so widespread, so congenial, that he may not drift away, as so many thousands have heretofore, into other organizations condemned by his church, and thus become estranged from kinship with those of his creed.

This work of encouraging, of organizing, of solidifying our young American Catholics has been undertaken by the Young Men's Institute. Strangely enough, until the birth of this young organization there was no American Catholic fraternal organization of consequence in the United States.

There were many isolated societies accomplishing a vast amount of good, but there was no bond of unity cementing them in the success of common endeavor.

Membership in one conferred no rights or privileges in another. Even members of kindred societies in the same city or town had no direct interest in the members of any organization but their own.

Living in communities where the great bulk of the population enjoyed the advantages of fraternal intercourse, Catholic young men were entirely denied the advantages of fraternity. This comparative isolation in places where their neighbors enjoyed all the advantages of fraternity placed them at a serious disadvantage in many of the practical affairs of life. In some places, subjected to a social or business ostracism on account of their faith, they either submitted to the penalty of mortification and business loss, or ingloriously severed by slow degrees their connection with their church. The Catholic communities of the United States are not lacking in intelligence, in public spirit or moral worth. No good reason can be shown why the individual members of such communities should act as if the practice of their faith was due to the sufferance of their fellow-citizens rather than to the beneficent law of the land.

The Young Men's Institute aims, in the persons and by the influence of its members, to solidify Catholic sentiment. It arrogates to itself none of the functions of a ministry abundantly able to direct the strictly spiritual concerns of Catholics. It is not in a strict sense a church society, like those devotional organizations known as confraternities, sodalities, and the like. But it does hope to take the high-strung young man, just freed from the restraints of school and home, and subject him to pleasant and profitable association with those of his own creed, and to withhold him from the grasp of the myriad other organizations that tend to estrange him from his faith.

All applicants for active membership must be Catholics, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, of good character, temperate and industrious habits, and sound mental and physical condition. One may become a charter-member of new institutes whose age does not exceed forty years.

Active members, by virtue of their membership, become entitled after six months to sick benefits to the amount of seven dollars per week.

Institutes organized in the Atlantic jurisdiction may determine whether to pay sick benefits to their members and may

regulate the amount. The sick benefits are paid out of the treasuries of the subordinate branches.

A small insurance of five hundred dollars is paid to the beneficiary of an active member who dies while in good standing. As a reasonable precaution, members desiring to participate in sick benefits and to avail themselves of the insurance feature, are required to submit to a medical examination by a local examiner selected by the institute, the report of the examiner being afterward inspected and passed upon by the Grand Medical Examiner. In addition to the beneficial or mutual benevolent features of membership, the organization embraces also associate or honorary members, who participate in all the fraternal advantages of the order. Really the building up of Catholic fellowship is the most important work of the Y. M. I. Those applicants who have exceeded the limit of age, or who cannot undergo a satisfactory medical examination, are received as honorary or associate members.

To those who have given the fraternal feature some thought, it seems a matter of paramount importance to the young man who leaves his mountain home to carve out for himself amid the bustle of a great and strange city the position of standing and distinction for which his industry and his talent qualify him, it is an undertaking of difficulty and delay to take the proper soundings and locate himself where his surroundings may conspire to accomplish his purpose.

To be alone and strange in a great city may be an advantage to the libertine, but to the timid young man bent on winning his way to social, business, or professional standing it is a disadvantage. The member of the Young Men's Institute who leaves his distant home to come to the city will find the warm hand of greeting and fellowship extended to him; he will hear words of advice, of assistance, of encouragement; he will find many of the difficulties in his way obviated by the brotherhood to whom his necessities and desires are a law. To the traveller whom ill-health or business exiles from home and family surroundings, the dread fatigue of loneliness among the crowds of strange faces that he does not know is almost as disagreeable as his ailment or a business reverse. To him this society will lend its words of fellowship, which will open to him the council chamber where he will find his friends gathered to render to him the courtesies of hospitality and the services of fraternity. To him who remains at home and meets with a misadventure, it is pleasant to find the sustaining hand and voice of fellowship in

his misfortune. Among his associates he may look with confidence to that assistance which will tide him over discomfiture and distress.

To the Catholic American it has the attraction of novelty. He is fully alive to its importance, and he will not rest until in every considerable town in the Union there has been established an institute which shall serve as a centre for the radiation of the moral, patriotic, and fraternal principles of the order. To this end, whenever possible, the institute will have their own halls or meeting-places, their own libraries, reading-rooms, and their appropriate conveniences for gentlemanly recreation.

The organization at present embraces a membership of nearly ten thousand members, distributed through one hundred and thirty distinct branches. Each branch is designated by a number, and is known as Young Men's Institute No. —. In each jurisdiction the supreme legislative and appellate power is exercised by a body known as the Grand Council of the Young Men's Institute. This latter body is composed of two delegates selected from each institute. Its sessions are held annually. During its adjournments the functions of the Grand Council are exercised by a board of grand directors. Owing to the rapid extension of the order in the States of the Mississippi valley and the New England, Southern, and Middle States, it has become necessary to establish the Atlantic jurisdiction. A Grand Council of the Atlantic jurisdiction will assemble in the city of Cincinnati on the 4th day of July, 1890. After the inauguration of the new Atlantic jurisdiction a Supreme Council will deal with the general organic law of the order and regulate generally the affairs of the several jurisdictions.

The order aims to make each institute a source of instruction and intellectual entertainment to members and friends. Kindly and pleasant social relations with non-Catholics are fostered; addresses, lectures, and essays upon subjects of general interest, involving art, science, literature, and morals, are given from time to time under the auspices of the institute.

It is of the utmost importance that the Catholic young men of the country, factors of her future greatness, should be abreast of the times, should be a part of the mighty intellectual activity that characterizes the age. To quote again from the patriotic prelate of St. Paul:

"This is an intellectual age. It worships intellect. All things are tried by the touchstone of intellect, and the ruling power, public opinion, is formed by it. The church will be judged by the standard of intellect. Catholics must excel in

religious knowledge—ready to give reasons for the faith that is in them, meeting objections from whatever source; keeping up with the times, they must be in the foreground of all intellectual movements. Religious knowledge needs for its completeness the secular.

"The age will not take kindly to the former if separated from the latter. The church must regain the sceptre of science, which to her honor and the favor of the world she wielded gloriously for ages in the past."

Let us hope that the new crusaders of the Young Men's Institute may be encouraged to do gallant battle in conjunction with the other intellectual forces of the land in placing the sceptre of science in the hands of the real mistress of our modern civilization, Mother Church. The marvellous growth of this young organization on the Pacific coast has been largely due to the fostering care and kindly encouragement of the clergy, many of whom are prominent, active members.

His grace the Most Reverend P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, is a warm friend and advocate of the order, as likewise the good fathers of the Society of Jesus, whose graduates are among the most prominent members of the organization.

The banner of the institute was first raised in the Queen City of the Pacific, the extreme outpost in the Western march of civilization. The star of Bethlehem emblazoned upon that banner casts its light athwart the advancing tide of human progress. May the wise men of the East discern its light! Let the missionaries of the Young Men's Institute pursue their accustomed pathway of labor and success; nor should they rest until the territory from British Columbia to the Mexican line, from Maine to Florida, from Liberty's torch on Bedloe's Island to the golden gateway of the departing sun shall constitute one vast field overspread with the institute principles of Faith, Fatherland, and Fraternity.

J. F. SULLIVAN,
Grand President Y. M. I.

San Francisco, Cal.

INTEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

"DRINK is a monster gorged with human gore," said Father Mathew. The man must know little of the world who does not know the truth of this. It would be idle, and beside the present subject, to speak of its victims and their universality. There is not a class in the community, and, if we except mere children, not an age that has not given it hostages; and one sex is as little beyond its evil grasp as the other. We all know this and deplore it. But this is not the question: the question is, How does it stand in Ireland to-day? Of the population, considering them broadly, there are three classes whose habits and associations are different with regard to drink—the country population, the small-town population, and the city population. We will consider each of these in its turn.

The public-houses in the country places and little villages do not depend on the surrounding population for their profits. But first, are these public-houses numerous? A total abstainer would say if there were only one, that it was one too many. So the word numerous depends on taste. But to describe how they do stand, I will take three roads leading from one of our large cities. As you travel out of the city up to its very suburbs you have the public-house. When you come out in the clear country—on road No. 1—the first public-house stands at 3½ miles from the city, the next on that road at 7 miles. About three miles further on is a small village with two, or perhaps three, public-houses. On road No. 2 there is not a public-house till you come to a small village about 6 miles from the city. In that village of thirty houses or so there are three taverns. You pass on, and meet none till you reach another little village about 4 miles away. On road No. 3 there stands a public-house at the distance of 2½ miles; the sign still swings over the door, and you are told, in half-defaced letters, that "Anne McMahon is licensed to sell beer and spirits by retail"; but neither Anne nor the beer will answer the thirsty soul. The house has been vacated, and Anne is gone somewhere else to earn a livelihood by, it is hoped, a less questionable profession. The house, in fact, stands untenanted. It is more than four miles still further on, on that road, that "the *bona fide* traveller" can get a drop. These are all

thoroughfares leading to a large city, and give a fair specimen of our publican trade. The taverns or public-houses are more numerous on the main roads, such as those leading from one large town to another or to the city, than they are on the small by-roads of the country. The system of railway travelling has banished these way-side inns out of existence. There was once a time when they did a roaring trade. All the travelling then was by road, and either on horseback or by the common country cars. The country was largely devoted to tillage twenty or thirty years ago, when we had a teeming population, and when the country could be worked and must be worked. Now there is little or no tillage, except as a "welcome haws"—*i.e.*, where the land will give nothing else; and the produce of the country, butter, or fatted beast, or bag of corn, goes off by rail; and the bank or the post-office order returns the equivalent to the farmer, who sits at home by his fire.

Still, there will and must be travellers; and days will be sometimes hot, when something must be taken "to cool," and days will be cold, when something must be taken "to warm." On such chance travellers and on the fools of the surrounding population the public-house depends. So far as the neighboring population is concerned, Sundays and holidays are, as a rule, the only days that they go to drink. You know, perhaps, that we have in Ireland a legislative act called the Sunday Closing Act, and you will perhaps wonder at the statement that there is still drinking on Sundays. I will explain all about that when I come to speak of the efforts being made to stem the advance of drink.

It will be asked what proportion of this rural community spend their money on drink and to what extent. Let us put the question this way: What percentage spends more than one or two shillings—that is, a quarter or a half a dollar—on drink every week? Not two in every hundred spends *constantly week by week* over two shillings, or half a dollar, on drink; not ten one shilling, or a quarter of a dollar.

What they do is this: Four or five meet; one proposes, "Come up to Ryan's or over to Kavanagh's, and we'll have a drink; the day is cowld, or the day is hot." They go. The inviting party calls for four pints of beer, or whatever they will have. If it comes up to a shilling, it rarely passes it. Another of the party says, "Now, boys, ye'll have a thrate from *me*." It is a matter of honor that no one leaves without asking the others to have "a thrate." They have thus, each, got four or five

"drinks." If it is taken "on the sly"—as, for instance, on a Sunday—they take it quietly and "slip out be the back-way"; if on another day, they might spent two or three hours at it, sing, talk, laugh, and when they come out shout and pretend to be a great deal worse than they are.

Do the country taverns, then, make much money? Not at all. The public-house in the country is simply an adjunct to a little farm or something else; the house would have to be had in any case; and a little mixture of the spring-well with the whiskey will pay for the license. I was amused on an occasion —it was the eve of a "pattern" (feast of the patron saint)—to see a publican almost tearing his hair, and shouting till he was well-nigh blue in the face, that "there wouldn't be a dhrop of water left in Sunday's well." (Whisper—the other publicans had taken away barrelfuls! You perceive?)

Taking the rural population, then, they could not by any means be said to be addicted to drink. They may drink one Sunday or one holiday, one fair-day or market, at a hurling or football, one wedding or wake or christening; and with the exception of a few lads about the place—"loafers," as they are popularly called—they may not taste drink for months to come. A country priest, like the writer, has the best means of knowing this. If there is anything like constant drinking on the part of any person, some relative or friend, wife or mother, will see "his reverence" and ask him "to have a talk with the little boy" or "with that man of mine."

We proceed now to consider the drinking in towns. By towns I mean places of a population ranging between a couple of hundred and a couple of thousand. In villages and towns public-houses are all too numerous; however, for these is to be said the same thing as was said for the country taverns, viz.: that they are not left for subsistence solely on their custom. In nearly half the cases in villages and towns, the public-houses are again the adjuncts of a little spot of land or of some other industry. I know where a widow who has a large farm keeps a smithy—not for the smithy's sake but because she has a public-house, and those coming to the forge will now and again turn in. There is plenty of abuse, heaven knows, about the public-house; but plainly such a thing as this is a glaring and notorious abuse.

The drinking habits of the town population are different from those of the country. In the town you have the shopkeeper, the artisan, and the day-laborer. Money is (as they say) more flush;

the public-house is nearer to their door. A customer, we will say, comes into a flour-and-meal store, pays a bill of £4 or £5 which has been standing against him. The flour-and-meal man wants to keep that customer; he takes him out to the public-house across the way and "stands a thrate." Do not blame the flour-and-meal man; blame our unfortunate customs. Perhaps if he had said, "All right, Mr. So and So—thanks, here's your receipt, stamped," the other would go away and say to himself (as ten to one he would), "After laving him me big lump of money, the nagur never asked me, had I a mouth on me"; and likely as not that customer may never enter the flour-and-meal man's shop again.

Four or five such customers may call in to that flour-and-meal man's shop during the day, and he must be a man of very strong resolution (which all men certainly are not) if he keeps to teetotal drinks all the time. The publican knows this unfortunate failing of ours, and he sets up his shop, saying, "Why should they not call in to me as well as over to Mat. Moroney's." A shoemaker is paid, a carpenter, a tailor, and the same thing happens, not on all occasions, but on a great many. Here is a town, now, of a thousand or two thousand inhabitants; what percentage of that population will regularly and habitually spend from half to three-quarters of a dollar a week on drink? About 30 in every 100 men would week by week spend about so much on drink. There may be 20 out of that 100 that will "go on a spree" occasionally; drink for a week, maybe a month; drink themselves out of work or drink themselves sick; and then give it up, or try to. There are about five in that hundred that, year by year, will "go to the dogs"!

The main support of publicans in a country town is the fair-day or the market-day. If you enter the town of a week-day you will find their shops abandoned and empty. Two or three may be there, as we described above; but nothing like a brisk trade or their hands full. In the days of the great Land League gatherings publicans were very hot politicians, and were amazed that, while every town had its meeting to further on the good cause, their town had none up to this. And when the placards for the meeting were issued—"Oh, then and there was hurrying to and fro!" The poor people came to the meetings, often from immense distances, and sometimes on foot, and they too often flocked into the publican's shop. But from this one should not suppose that the League meetings were occasions of hard drinking.

I come now to speak of the city. I was four years working

as a priest among a dense and poor population, and I can use no language more truly descriptive of what my eyes saw than the homely phrase, "It is a fright!" Such a tangled mass of recollections stares me in the face, that I am afraid I can give no order to my impressions. What was the occupation of the people? Some were messengers uptown; some drivers of vans; some engaged in the factory; some at the docks, and some were fishermen. The wives and daughters of many of them were washerwomen at home, who did the laundry work of the city. Half, perhaps two-thirds, of the men themselves belonged to the Confraternity of the Holy Family. Their little girls went to the nuns', their little boys to the Christian Brothers' schools. There was even a benefit and total abstinence society in the parish; and yet—drunkenness! drunkenness!! The place was sprinkled with public-houses. There was a huge distillery in full swing, giving employment to hundreds, and destined to beggar thousands.

I feel I am giving you but the idea of a tangled mass; but that is the way it exists in my own mind. I was dazed.

Say the population of the whole city is 39,000; now, the number of public-houses is about 300; that is, 1 to every 130 of the population, men, women, and children. The cleaner and better-conducted ones stand in the main streets; the pitiable ones at the corners of lanes and hidden away among the haunts of the squalid and the poor. Let us go again on our basis of calculation here. What percentage of the male population, from eighteen upwards, spend from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter on drink weekly, constantly, unremittingly? Fully fifty per cent. Laborers at the docks; laborers at the stores, at the factories; porters, tradesmen, mechanics, and small shopkeepers—fully fifty per cent.! I mean in every sense *unnecessarily*. A dock laborer, for instance, is a mile or so from his little home, and work is busy; he has no one to bring him his dinner; if he runs in to a public-house, and has a loaf of bread and a pint of porter or ale—that drink some may look upon as necessary. When, then, I say unnecessarily, I mean a thing entirely outside of meal-times. Outside of meal-times, then, and totally unnecessarily, there are fifty out of every hundred men and boys spending from a dollar to a dollar and a half, and sometimes more, steadily, week by week, on drink.

And here we reach the most doleful aspect of the case—women, and even young girls, drinking. It is said—I cannot say with what accuracy—that the Dublin gin-shops look on the young girls from sixteen to twenty years of age as their best

customers. They are ashamed as yet to be seen within a public-house; they therefore take their drink hurriedly, pay for it, and go. I am unable to say what percentage of women drink. If I would hazard a guess from my experience I would say ten per cent., at least, and I would venture on the lamentable guess of saying the same number for unmarried females. My impressions after four years' chaplaincy in a city workhouse is, that of the married women who have come to hospital, one-third is the fault of drunken husbands, one-third from their own habits of drink, and the remaining third from the effects of accidents or hereditary disease. Of the children born and reared in the workhouse, one-half are the children of shame, the other half owe their being there largely to drink on the part of either parent or both. It is true that in small towns and country places a women may be found who is constantly given to drink; in the country parts, however, it is so rare that a case would be looked on as something *horrendum*, almost unnatural. In the small towns, persons speak of it and wonder at it. In the city it is, unhappily, so common that persons merely shake their heads, and say, if she is married, "God help her husband!"; if unmarried, "That poor girl will come to no good."

I have excepted from our calculation those wealthy classes who can afford to have drink in their houses like any other luxury, and I come now to speak of them. In the country parts, from 1873 to '78, there passed over the island a wave of prosperity. During that time drinking at home and to excess was very much the custom among the more comfortable of the farming class. Since then there has been no such general drinking. I remarked one day to a friend, that a mutual friend of ours "was going on very temperately now." "The exchequer is low" was the true though sarcastic reply.

At present, in country places, there is not one family in forty or fifty that keeps intoxicating drinks in the house and uses them daily at table. The consumption, therefore, of liquor in this way is very trifling; and if a well-to-do tenant-farmer does take his glass of punch, that is all he takes for the evening. The cases where a passion for drink is manifested, and where drinking goes on during the day, are very rare.

In the small towns the better class of shopkeepers keep a share in the house, and a respectable customer is invited upstairs to have a drop. But the drinking at dinner, or during the evening, in this case, as in the case of the country parts, is very small. Generally the good father of a family sees too

many victims before his eyes, and he is anxious to rear up his children without any knowledge of drink at all, particularly as the temptation is so near his own door. In a proportionate measure this also stands good of the city population. More than town or country, the city man sees the daily destruction caused by drink and has a horror of it.

Such, then, is a statement of the position. We come now to the question: What are the curbs that are attempted to tame this hideous dragon? Education, religion, legislation; each seeks by its own methods to draw the dragon's teeth.

It is in towns and cities that education generally works in this matter. It takes the shape of temperance halls, lectures, entertainments. Has every little town a temperance hall? Alas, no! But they have what is better; they have their religious societies and guilds, in which temperance is upheld and preached, now as of old, as one of the cardinal virtues. They have their weekly meetings, at which an address on some religious subject from the chaplain is customary. They have their monthly Holy Communion and their annual week's Retreat. These are undoubtedly great helps.

For the town and country a most salutary act was passed by legislation in 1878; it is called the Sunday Closing Act; but Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Limerick, and Waterford are exempted from it. Its main provisions are, that no public-house shall be opened for the sale of drink at any hour on Sundays. An exception is made in favor of persons who are at least three miles from home, and these persons are technically known as *bona fide* travellers—gentlemen, by the way, who give a good deal of annoyance.

I was a priest in a remote country parish at the time that this act passed. Previously I endeavored to get the five or six publicans in the district to sign an agreement among themselves to shut their shops and sell no liquor on Sundays. Some would, but some would not; and so it dropped. I recollect seeing a large number of the congregation, as soon as last Mass was over, sit along a low wall opposite the chapel gate, and await the opening of the public-house. Some hundreds so waited. In the evening they went home, many of them reeling along the road, ill-tempered and blasphemous. As soon as the act came into operation they all went quietly to their homes. A few may stay lurking about the place, but not one-fiftieth the number of former times. These hang around and manage to get in by the back way and take a drink "on the sly." The first

business with a country or small-town publican is to "make friends of the mammon of iniquity"—that is, to "square" the police, if he can; if they will not be "squared" then he has to set watch, and bring up all his ingenuity to devise means how he can sell drink on Sundays unknown to the police.

The license for a public-house is obtained from the bench of magistrates at licensing sessions. The applicant generally canvasses them beforehand, and, like the unjust steward in the Gospel, in this he is to be commended. All that is required is that he be of good character, and that the premises be fit to carry on the trade of a licensed victualler. The license is to be renewed before the judge of quarter sessions every October. It were to be wished that licenses were not given so indiscriminately as they are. If they were confined to fewer persons, "the trade" would not act in so demoralized a manner as it appears to do. It has got into its hands by the law of the land a very great power—the general distribution of a semi-poisonous drug—and it ought to be made to feel the responsibility of that power. Apothecaries have to be accurate in compounding and even registering, and are exposed to very severe punishment for any laxity in entry of orders or distribution of medicines; and yet the publican seems to ply his trade in a most dangerous drug without moral or legislative responsibility.

There is no use in appealing to the publicans as a body, at least in Ireland, to have an interest for the welfare of society; they see little more—the bulk, at any rate, of the small dealers—than the danger that their neighbors will forestall them in securing the custom of their unhappy victims. And breaches of the licensing act and the Sunday Closing Act are, as a rule, passed over by the bench, unless some political aspect be introduced into the case.

It is a pity that coffee-taverns or pastry-shops are not more numerous. The use of such places is, however, contrary to the ideas of the people; and here and there where trial has been made it has usually proved a failure. In the city that I have been alluding to there are some houses of refreshment conducted on teetotal principles; and on inquiry at one I find that it pays eleven per cent. to the shareholders. It might be said, Why not go to other localities and do likewise?—why do they not become more numerous? I suspect it is from want of a public opinion in their favor. We have little or no means at hand to create this public opinion. Among our reading population there is not one that has read a professedly teetotal book.

The press is not teetotal. It is only an occasional paper that will make total abstinence one of the main principles of the programme. There is one work that I should wish to see printed at a cheap figure and circulated among the poor—Gough's *Orations*. The *Life of Father Mathew* (which one would think would be a temperance book and nothing else), as written by John Francis Maguire, is indeed a captivating work; but it is hardly the thing that a temperance advocate would look for, or desire for practical purposes. I remember putting Gough's *Orations* into the hands of a laboring man. His ideas with regard to drunkenness before reading the book may be best given in his own words: "I had rather be had up a hundred times for being drunk than once for stealing a hen" (*had up, i. e.*, summoned before the magistrates). After reading the book his opinions were quite different. Our Irish author, Carleton, has written a short and very striking tale, *Art McGuire, or the Broken Pledge*, which is natural and truthful, but not so persuasive as Gough's *Orations*. The United Kingdom Alliance of Great Britain has done a good deal in the way of distributing cheap literature, circulating facts and figures with regard to drink, and thus creating a wholesome public opinion. Father Nugent's paper, the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool and Manchester, has for many years made temperance one of its principal subjects of advocacy; and a new and excellent little weekly, the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, from the office of *The Nation*, has lately come into the field and inscribed temperance on its banners.

Legislation, too, might go further than it has done in this country. There cannot be a doubt that the Sunday Closing Act, although there be some drawbacks, has done an immensity of good. It was nicknamed by its opponents the Sabbatarian Act, in order to make it odious to Catholic Ireland. The late A. M. Sullivan answered this very well. "I find," he said, "the Archbishop of Cashel one of the great advocates of this measure, and I do not count him a Sabbatarian." But legislation might go further. Over and over, before commission after commission, it was proved that the closing of public-houses in the cities and towns early on Saturday evening—*i. e.*, at six or seven o'clock—would do even more good than the Sunday Closing Act itself; and this act, which allows the five largest cities to open from 2 to 7 o'clock, should be greatly abridged in the extent of time.

If this were done, and if the number of public-houses were

very strictly limited to, say, one in every five hundred, or even every thousand, of the population, it is, perhaps, as far as legislation could be asked to go. There is a saying that you cannot make a man sober by act of parliament; you have the same means to make him sober that you have to make him honest, and parliament is as properly invoked in one case as in the other.

In the presence of drunkenness religion is sure to be up in arms, and zealous and determined just in proportion to the more or less aggressive aspect drunkenness assumes. It is so with religion in the case of every moral danger, and drunkenness is no exception. It has been so with it from the beginning. Father Bridgett, of the Redemptorist Order, has written a highly interesting and instructive work on this matter; it is called *The Discipline of Drink*. Its purpose is to state what regulations the Church has made with regard to drink down through the centuries. It was a time in Ireland of peril and danger with regard to drink when Father Mathew arose. From his time to the present efforts have been made by religion against drink, but with no such universality or success as attended his.

Two dioceses in Ireland have been known for decades past as teetotal dioceses—the diocese of Ferns in the county Wexford, and the diocese of Cashel and Emly in Tipperary and East Limerick. Sunday-closing had been long enforced in these dioceses before it became the law of the land by act of parliament.

The religious society of the Redemptorist fathers, by establishing Confraternities of the Holy Family in many towns and cities of Ireland, have done a great deal in the cause of temperance; because, although membership in the confraternity does not require a pledge of total abstinence, yet exhortations, and sacraments, and prayer, and regular life go largely to assist temperance. The League of the Cross, too, so providentially instituted by Cardinal Manning, has come across the Channel and found a resting-place in Cork, Dublin, Limerick, and many other cities and towns in Ireland. Father Mathew's own order, the Capuchin Franciscans, never lost sight of their companion's great work; and in Cork, but especially in Dublin, the cause of temperance has been advocated zealously and fruitfully. There were and are numbers of parishes and towns that have their total abstinence society, each doing its work according to the opportunity or necessity.

This year the Archbishop of Dublin, after his usual cautious

but determined manner, set himself publicly to the work. He gathered the suffragan bishops of the province of Dublin, and, having deliberated with them, he and they issued a joint pastoral. In the province of Dublin this must prove of great utility. In almost every diocese in Ireland the Lenten pastorals of the bishops this year referred to drink, and urged the necessity of establishing temperance societies.

The success of all this will depend on the perseverance and the zeal of those in whose hands lies the promotion of the reform. It would be pleasant to prophesy that the measures referred to will be successful, but we fear this is "too good to be true." On the other hand to doubt of their having a large share of success would be to put no hope in human effort or to deny the strength of prayer and the grace of God.

There are two moves, however, which I have not yet spoken of, and which I would single out from the rest, and to which I would attach the greatest importance when making a reckoning of the future. The first is inducing children (with due precaution) to take the pledge. In what I believe to be the majority of the dioceses in Ireland, the bishops, when on their visitations, administer the total abstinence pledge to the children at confirmation, to be observed till they are 21 years of age. There was a time when I thought that children might and should be asked to take it till they became 31. In a long conversation that I happened to have with Father Bridgett, C.SS.R, I was persuaded that 21 was, on the whole, a better term. In the country parts 31 may be well enough, but in the city it would not do. I believe that between 16 and 25 is the most perilous age for town or city boys. At that time they begin to earn for themselves and to have the handling of money, and to meet with acquaintances, and therefore to be in danger of learning habits that will be injurious to them all their lives.

The second move that I allude to is the heroic offering for life, or for a determined time, as put forward in the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* The Irish central director of the Apostleship of Prayer is Father Cullen, S.J. He was a secular priest of the diocese of Dublin remarkable for his temperance advocacy and his zeal. He joined the Jesuits, and still continued pleading for temperance. About three years ago he was appointed the first Irish central director of the League of the Sacred Heart; he established the *Irish Messenger* as the special organ of the association in Ireland, and at once saw the advantage his position and his magazine gave him to promote his favorite

cause. The idea he puts forward is that of reparation. Drunkenness is a sin; it is good in us to repair the injury that sin has done to God, no matter by whom committed; if by one of our friends, there is the more proximate and pressing reason; if by ourselves, still more proximate and pressing. This is like taking the enemy in flank; and certainly any priest will find that in the confessional a person will be far more easily induced to take the pledge when it is put before him as a matter of reparation than as a necessity. His honor and all that is good and noble in him are appealed to in the first case; in the latter you tread on his weakness, and few will willingly accept a moral requirement as a penalty.

In the April number of the *Messenger* Father Cullen thus speaks: "Intemperance is universally admitted to be one of the saddest and most destructive social evils of this country. Few vices, if any, rob the Heart of Jesus of more glory, or wound it more deeply. Its ravages extend to every English-speaking country, to every class, creed, age, sex. Many remedies are proposed to counteract its terrible influence. Amongst them it is clear that none can be as efficacious as prayer, self-denial, good example, offered for that end to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The saving power of these devout exercises is multiplied beyond measure when reduced to an organized form. Hence the Apostleship of Prayer—having the greater glory of the Sacred Heart for its direct object, with its simple yet powerful and world-wide organization, with its daily 'morning offering,' its monthly *Messenger* and monthly Rosary Leaflets, with its millions of members united in daily prayer for the interests of the Sacred Heart—admirably supplies this remedy and organization," for the vice of drunkenness.

R. O'K.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVISION.

THE general movement among the clergy and laity of the Northern Presbyterian body towards a revision of their Confession of faith has awakened universal interest. It is an event of import for several reasons. The Pan-Presbyterian denomination in the English-speaking world is very numerous and highly respectable. Its distinct portions are well-organized societies, and are closely connected with each other through a similarity of doctrine and discipline, which warrants our regarding them as an ecclesiastical confederation, bound together in a kind of moral unity, composing a great communion, not inferior to any of the great divisions of the Protestant ecclesiastical world. It is a very conservative communion, adhering with great constancy to the system of doctrine and polity which was adopted at its origin, and firmly resisting innovation.

The Presbyterian Church of Scotland and its daughter in the United States have been in recent times the two great strongholds of Calvinism. On the continent of Europe, Calvinism and Lutheranism, the two sisters, who, although they have had bitter family quarrels with each other, are nevertheless the genuine offspring of one mother, the Reformation, have fallen away from their first faith. In Scotland and America it has been preserved and maintained with vigor by Presbyterians, not exclusively, but with greater steadiness and persistency, and with a more disciplined and numerous array of forces, than among those who have adopted the looser Congregational polity.

Since, for some time past, a current toward the direction which continental Protestantism has taken has set in in Scotland, and a similar stirring of the waters has been observed in this country, the attention of observant and thoughtful men has been turned to the movement, with at least the interest of curiosity. This interest is heightened, and attention is more watchfully directed to the Presbyterian movement, by the startling and unexampled action of the General Assembly and the Presbyteries in subjecting their formularies to revision. What is the spring and direction of this movement, and what will be its result, thousands are asking with much anxiety and puzzled-headedness. The same was the case when the revised version of the Bible came out. It was eagerly seized upon and read, with a wonder-

ing curiosity as to what kind of new Bible had been issued from the Oxford press, followed by a flat reaction of disappointment. The anticipations of the multitude in regard to the revision of the Confession have been equally vague. Is the movement radical and revolutionary, and looking toward some entirely new form of religion? Doubtless, there are some men in Scotland and in America whose tendencies and aims are revolutionary, and in the direction of German free-thinking. But this is not true of the great majority. The General Assembly has manifested its intention to remain within the lines and limits of the old Presbyterian orthodoxy, and to retain the system of Calvinism, seeking only an amelioration, but not an abrogation, of the formulas in which its doctrines are expressed.

Precisely what is meant by Calvinism in this attitude and relation cannot be ascertained at present, or before the work of revision has been completed. Princeton, Andover, and New Haven profess to be Calvinistic, although widely differing from each other. Exactly what doctrines the dominant party in the Presbyterian Church of the North are resolved to retain in an explicit form, as belonging to the substance of orthodoxy, we cannot completely and accurately know until their amended formula has been prepared, and what will be the modified Confession of faith finally adopted the event alone will disclose.

It is morally certain, however, that the doctrines which Calvinists, Lutherans, and Arminians agree in holding as fundamental will remain untouched at the basis of Presbyterian theology. The doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Resurrection, and the two eternal states of Heaven and Hell, the creation of the first man in original righteousness, the fall of Adam and the human race from this primal state through his sin, the necessity of divine grace for the restoration and sanctification of all men who are to be saved, the need and the fact of a divine revelation, the inspiration of the Scriptures, divine faith infused by the Holy Spirit as the indispensable condition and instrument of justification; all these doctrines are, for the present, safe from any serious controversy.

They all pertain to the system of Calvinism, but they do not make its specific difference as distinct from other systems which have their own specific differences and names, under the common genus of Protestant orthodoxy.

The present controversy relates to some of these specialties of Calvinism. The practical question of revision relates to desired and proposed modifications either of doctrines or the manner of

defining and expressing doctrines peculiar to the Westminster Confession, and other specifically Calvinistic formularies.

It seems likely that the conservative party will prevail to restrict revision within such limits, that the modified Confession will retain the form of moderate Calvinism. When finally ratified it will probably obtain the approbation or toleration of the great majority of Presbyterians, and of other Protestants who are considerably assimilated to them in doctrine.

We do not see how the compromise between the party which opposed revision and the party which demanded or favored it can be effected, except by the way of general and indefinite formulas, which will give liberty to both to put their own interpretations upon them. The strict Calvinists and their opponents can only agree, by mutually consenting to tolerate their differing opinions. By this method there may be a pacification of the disturbance which has arisen, which will last for a time. But will it be enduring, and will it conduce to a solid and permanent concord in doctrine among Protestants generally?

We think that it will not and cannot have this effect. The same causes which have produced such a general dissatisfaction with the old Confession, and which have sown the seeds of a more radical and revolutionary movement than the one which has carried the point of moderate revision, will be still at work, after as before the ratification of the modified Confession. No one will regard the settlement as final. Whatever doctrinal statements may be accepted, they will not bind the minds and consciences of any as having authority, or be considered as irreformable. On the side of history and science, of criticism, philosophy and theology, questions and controversies which agitate the period and engage the attention of Christians and anti-Christians of all classes in all countries, will more and more disturb the waters of Presbyterianism. The door which has been unbarred and partly opened by consenting to revision, will be beleaguered by an increasing force which will push it wide open and make a clear space for free speculation. Not predestination alone, but inspiration, revelation, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the destiny of man, creation, the nature and attributes of God, everything which belongs to religion, will be the object of this free speculation, which acknowledges no criterion of truth and no authority above the individual reason and private judgment, whose emancipation has been proclaimed, as the grand result of the Reformation. The conservative champions are obliged to defend their position by rational methods purely. No doubt, the scholars and divines of

Princeton are well able to defend the citadel of Christianity against agnosticism, pseudo-criticism, a sophistical philosophy of history, against the opponents of natural theology and revealed religion. They have able co-workers within and without their own denomination in other centres of learning throughout the country. Their general idea and intention, to maintain and defend without compromise the pure and entire religion of Christianity as contained in the word of God, by philosophical, scientific, and historical methods, is noble and praiseworthy. The moderate revisionists are substantially in accord in this intention with those who have consented to yield to their demand. All, except the extreme sticklers for unmitigated Calvinism, are united in the desire and the effort to remove the stumbling-stone in the way of Christian belief, which has called forth the general cry for revision from the Presbyterian clergy and laity. This outcry shows the existence of a wide-spread conviction and sentiment that the Westminster Confession contains incredible and unreasonable statements. The pressing question of the moment is: Can this incredible and unreasonable element be separated from Calvinism? The answer to this question requires a careful and exact analysis of the matter under examination. I will not attempt to set forth this analytical process in a formal manner, but rather present some of its results in a concrete and popular way.

What is the origin and the deepest reason of this cry? It is not metaphysical curiosity, but moral unrest. It is from the heart, and not primarily from the intellect. It is the voice of anxious souls asking: What can I and what shall I do to be saved? Aroused by Calvinistic preaching, and imbued from childhood with Calvinistic doctrine, such souls, coming face to face with their future destiny, and convinced that they have to fear the wrath to come, look eagerly for a way of escape from sin and retribution. The only way for the sinner to find pardon and mercy which is pointed out to them, is by conversion to God, and inward renovation through the grace of the Holy Spirit, for the sake of the merits of Christ. What can they do to obtain this salvation? They are told that they can do nothing. They are passive, and God must do the saving work for them and in them. Can they rely on his doing it? If they are of the elect, he will do it; if not, their case is hopeless; They must, therefore, in some way, obtain a hope that they are of the elect; they must find in themselves some sign of the grace of God, some token of a personal interest in the redemption of Christ, or else despair of salvation, and relapse into a

state of apathy and indifference. It is the resistance of the mind and heart against the narrow and exclusive system which limits the love of God, the grace and mercy of Christ, which has caused the reaction against Calvinistic teaching in the past and in the present. The religious teachers and friends of those who have been harassed and baffled by exhortations to do what they are assured they are both bound and unable to do, and to resort to a source of grace which is open only to a few, have been moved by sympathy to look for a way of escape from the dilemma. Zeal for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls has driven preachers to put forward those doctrines which are most encouraging to all who seriously ask what they shall do to be saved, and keep others in the background. Awakening and hortatory sermons cannot be preached without implying the universality of redemption and grace, and the freedom of the will to comply with the conditions of pardon and salvation. This implicit doctrine of free-will necessarily tends to become explicit and clear, and when once fairly admitted in the sense of freedom in all to accept and act under the influence of divine grace, it widens itself into a universal principle and brings with it other cognate ideas.

The Methodists, who began and have continued as zealous preachers to the poor and neglected class, happily threw off the shackles of Calvinism under the lead of Wesley and Fletcher, and boldly proclaimed the universality of the love and grace of Christ toward men, the freedom and ability of the will to use efficaciously the means of grace. This gave them a great advantage in preaching, and is one chief cause of their success and popularity. The New-School in New England and in other parts of the country where Congregationalism prevails, a party which has gained a strong hold also among Presbyterians, has originated in a similar way. What is the present cry for a revision of the Presbyterian Confession? It is a cry for the recognition of the universal love of God to his creatures, of the universal extent of his mercy in Jesus Christ. There is no other ground for a firm belief and hope in Jesus Christ as a saviour to whom every one may draw near, and no other sufficient reason for preaching to all the privilege and duty of believing and trusting in him.

The predestinarian doctrine of Calvin is swept away by the recognition of universal redemption, free grace, and free-will. Consequently, the multitude of men who have not had the Gospel explicitly preached to them cannot be regarded as under

a doom of reprobation which deprives them of all means of salvation. Much less, harmless and helpless infants who die in their nonage.

Now, passivity and determinism in the moral order are essential tenets of Calvinism. It teaches that men are born depraved and by nature inevitably inclined to sin, morally unable to do anything which is not sinful and deserving of everlasting punishment, except under the determining influence of efficacious and irresistible grace. A Calvinist can escape from holding infant damnation by the conjecture that all who die in infancy belong to the number of the elect. He can escape from holding the inevitable and universal damnation of the heathen by the conjecture that some of them are predestined to salvation, and are justified before death by a secret grace and infused faith. But can he escape from the doctrine that all men, infants included, are born under a doom which subjects them to the hatred and vengeance of God, without renouncing his Calvinism? Men may retain the appellation of Calvinistic, but when they cease to teach total native depravity, the inability of the will to determine itself either to good or evil, the arbitrary destination of some men to everlasting happiness and of the rest to everlasting misery, they have essentially altered their theology, and would be acknowledged by Arminius, Wesley, and Fletcher as brethren in arms against the Synod of Dort and the Westminster Confession; they will be received to the fraternal embrace of New Haven and Andover. They are, in fact, committed to *progressive* as in opposition to *stationary* orthodoxy.

It is a matter for deep and serious consideration to the able and learned scholars and divines, whether Presbyterian or of other names, who desire that progress shall be on the lines of orthodox development, and not regression into Pelagian, Unitarian, and Rationalistic heterodoxy, how they shall eliminate incredible and unreasonable elements, and no others, from their theology. It is not with any sentiments of disrespect and animosity that I make these remarks. The times are serious. The divinity of Jesus Christ, and the supreme authority of his revelation, are objects of assault from every side. All men who are loyal to these truths, the denial of which destroys Christianity, ought to give a serious attention to whatever has been or may be written by men who are of recognized competence, with the intention of showing the harmony of these truths with natural theology, philosophy, and science. If any foreign and antagonistic elements of human speculation and opinion have become mixed with the

truths of revelation and are an obstacle to their genuine development and vindication, they ought to be cast aside, without regard to human respect and human traditions. Certain Calvinistic tenets are now almost universally rejected as human mixtures of this kind, and as utterly incredible and unreasonable. I am convinced that they all spring from one doctrine, common to all forms of the theology of the Reformation—viz., the doctrine that the State of Original Righteousness in which the human race, as virtually contained in and represented by its first parents, was constituted at the creation of man, was merely the state of natural and normal integrity and perfection. The necessary sequel of this doctrine is the doctrine of the total depravity of the nature with which all men are born since the Fall. This doctrine determines the soteriology and eschatology of the systems which are based upon it, as well the Lutheran and Arminian as the Calvinistic. I am convinced that the extreme, supralapsarian Calvinism is the only logical and complete theory among all these systems, a perfect and irrefragable chain of deductions from their common premises. If the conclusions are rejected, there is no logical course except by working back to a rejection of the premises, especially of these two doctrines—viz., that men are conceived and born in a state of natural depravity whose necessary sequel is an everlasting curse of God, and that the original state from which Adam fell was a pure condition of natural integrity.

It is well known that the Luthero-Calvinistic doctrine of the original state and subsequent fall of man was condemned by the Council of Trent. The vast majority of Protestants at the present time concur in this condemnation so far as the most obnoxious parts of this doctrine are concerned. The Council of Trent also declared and defined the doctrine of the Fathers and Doctors of the church handed down by Catholic tradition. This constructive work is impossible for any Protestant sect and for all combined. They can only revise and repair their old and worn-out confessions, in which the rents are made worse by the insertion of patches of new cloth.

Would it not be wiser to exchange for the search after a consistent theology in the conflicting writings of the divines of the Reformation, the study of the Fathers and the great Doctors of Christian antiquity? The decrees of the Council of Trent profess to have embodied and defined the ancient, traditional doctrines of the Christian Fathers on grace and free-will, on the primitive, the lapsed, and the repaired state of humanity, and

other cognate topics. It seems reasonable to expect, that at a time when the mutual animosities among the great divisions of professed believers in the divine character and redeeming mediation of Jesus Christ are diminished, and the desire for a healing of the schisms which separate them is so general, Protestant scholars and divines will re-examine the controversy between the Reformers and the Council of Trent. This examination requires a study of the great Catholic theologians who have made thorough and systematic expositions of the doctrines of this great council. Their works contain a synthesis of all the dogmas which seem to many irreconcilable with each other. Let our Presbyterian brethren examine candidly this effort to present Christian doctrine in a credible and reasonable form. If they think they can do the work better, let them make the attempt, and give their dissatisfied disciples a revised Calvinism which can answer their rational and moral demands.

A. F. HEWIT.

ON THE SCOURGING OF THE TRAFFICKERS IN THE TEMPLE.

"And when He had made as it were a scourge of little cords, He drove them all out of the temple."—St. John ii. 15.

"YE hapless traders in the temple courts
Come, show the world each smarting weal
Raised by the lash of God! What art can heal
Such stripes? What balm may soothe such hurts?"

"In all the wide, wide world there is no mart
Where balm is sold for wounds or cruel smart
Like ours. But hearken! Look ye well within
The sacred temple courts of your own hearts.
There ye shall find who ply the huckstering arts
In victims, not for holy altar-fires,
But for the flames of base, hell-vowed desires.
Dare ye make boast of scathless, unfrayed skin,
And crave no healing balm for unscourged sin?
'Tis said the lash of God, by chastening, cures.
Our smarting wounds will heal: but what of yours?"

ALFRED YOUNG.

RECREATIONS WITH CONSERVATIVES AND RADICALS.

THE radicals we are to meet are only the roots of our English speech. The conservatives are the principles or the accidents, the concurrence or combinations of circumstances by which the essential character of the language has been created and modified. The recreations, therefore, are play with words; not Hamlet's "words, words, words," but a pleasant study, free from pedantry, into the significances that lie a little below the surface—into, indeed, the soil itself.

The study of language as a means toward the study of mankind is comparatively modern. Its value is only beginning to be understood. It is only a hundred years since Grimm's Law, supplied the key that opened the doors of the great mother languages into each other. It is less than that that Venner's Law, complementing Grimm's, accounted for discrepancies which the former could not fully explain. Many errors concerning the derivation of words, the growth of dialects, and the apparent decay of organic structures were corrected by the labors of the eminent German philologists who have disclosed the histories of many languages besides their own. That all in which we have a living interest sprang from a common cradle, is not longer doubtful; that they are cognate rather than progenitors or progeny of each other, is rapidly coming to be accepted. The influence of migration, whether, as in primitive times, for new food-areas; whether, in later times, for mere robbery; whether, in more modern times, for commercial exchange or adventure; in more recent times for barter, is confessed to have been more powerful than all other influences in extending speech; and it is scarcely now to be disputed that the people having the largest merchant navy, protected by the quickest and best-armed fleet, will force their language upon new nations that buy and sell. Teachers cannot insinuate a new tongue upon any people. War will not secure a foreign speech upon the lips of a conquered race. If the former could have happened, Britain would have adopted the Irish Celtic. If war and conquest were sufficient, Ireland would have abandoned Gaelic before the close of the reign of Henry VIII. In truth, the mercenary and trafficking Danes and Dutchmen made more impression upon the British

with their Northern blunt one syllables than the learned scholars who went so numerously from Ireland into the sister island to help the missionaries from Rome plant Christianity there; and although the alphabet was accepted from the immigrants, their speech was finally and easily obliterated. That it so completely failed is due in some degree to the fact that Latin and Greek were more taught by the Irish scholars than their vernacular, for the propagation of the Gospel was to be aided chiefly by these; and the profane learning which possessed a classic character was in them also. If war and conquest could force a language upon a reluctant country, then Norman-French English should have become the speech of Ireland; for the subjugation of Ireland was effected only after the Continental mixture of Romance and other dialects with English had become the official language of England. Yet Norman-French English never took root in Ireland. Commerce and printing accomplished in later days what the schoolmasters and the soldiers alike failed to do in earlier ones. The language which finally became what we call English is a language made largely by commerce and invention; and it was not foisted upon the people of Ireland until long after the cessation of general war. Trading between the two islands compelled the inhabitants to come to an understanding, very much as the Normans compelled the English to accept their words in order to buy or to sell; and in the same manner subsequently that intercourse with other nations of the world moulded the English into its final essential form, the weaker elements in its historical development disappearing under pressure by the stronger. The query, What language is to become paramount in the world? is one that gains more attention as the civilized world grows wider, may find an answer in the past of the language of the peoples most sanguine of commercial supremacy.

My design does not involve a minute examination of English morphology. It involves only that moderate study which may haply lead those who follow it into the more exhaustive investigations by the now many writers whose zeal has made a large literature, necessarily technical and elaborate. Therein can the serious work be performed with rich and abundant profit. Herein is only a little play. But within moderate limits I hope to present a summary of the true story of the English language, with such simplicity that the young may follow to the end, ready then to begin in earnestness at the beginning of the science of their mother tongue; and with such freedom from

unfamiliar terms that they who have no time to pore into etymologic dictionaries for unusual or recondite words may possess themselves of the essence of the story without fatigue or perplexity.

To those infatuated with it, the history of language is as fascinating as the most absorbing romance. It is endowed with all the qualities that render human nature the most despotic as well as the most enticing of subjects. Like a great drama, it is crowded with superb incidents; its action is incessant, its movement picturesque, its climaxes surrounded with mystery, exciting and full of promise. It is yet the greatest of mysteries which the intelligence of the race is confident shall be unveiled, for what we know of comparative philology is trifling when set beside what remains to be found out. Pervaded with a charm which still leads on, it yields only enough to make the pursuit endless, the gain substantial, the allurement irresistible. For those who have escaped so subtle a spell, comparative philology is like Assyriology or Ogham inscriptions. It is a trouble, almost a worthless and wasteful toil. Happy then may any one be who can win even one more to a form of recreation which, once begun, never is willingly dropped; which, if its principles, few and concrete, be mastered, opens a world of beauty, of fancy, and of practical value which will never cease to delight and will never begin to weary. For all language is from God; and the true science of philology leads man back, not to doubt but to believe, not to scoff but to worship, not to hate any portion of the human race but to love all, since all are children of the same birth, human and divine. Every word, if true and fair, has the authorization of God upon its brow; for the Gospel itself speaks the highest and most comprehensive revelation in the first chapter of St. John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

I.

IS BROGUE THE ARISTOCRAT ENGLISH?

> "My language! . Heavens!
> I am the best of them that speak this speech!"
>
> —*The Tempest.*

We must use the word aristocrat in the sense in which it is employed by Aristotle. He advocated aristocratic government in preference to monarchical or democratic, not because he especially favored hereditary caste, but because the democracy in his

day was not the people but the mob, which, in our day as well as in his, whether illiterate or somewhat educated, is nevertheless ignorant, bigoted, brutal, the creature of knaves or the dupe of chance; and because monarchs did not stand to him, as they do not to us, for aught more than individual weakness or strength made more dangerous by excess of power. He advocated aristocratic government, meaning the best government, government by the best (*aristos, Gr.*), whether the governing body were all of a higher or a lower social grade or mixed; but the best in the sense of intrinsic superiority. The best English, therefore, would not be the English of the king, for there is no warrant for the popular fallacy that the King's English was necessarily better than the ploughman's or that the phrase meant to say so. The best English is not the pedantic polysyllabic compound of prigs who spent their midnight vigils over Greek and Roman authors, heavily dragging in upon English foundations alien if ancient superstructures, without regard to unity or compatibility. Nor yet is it the vulgar insensible mouthing of the thoughtless, who pay no heed to the rights and wrongs of words but simply use language as they would spades or brutes, to satisfy their wants. Aristocrat English is that body of words, that system of construction, that custom of sounding them, that are legitimate, honest, and verifiable by true standards. True standards in English are easily to be had. It owns three periods of formation. The first began nobody knows when, but it ended in the tenth century. The second began with the enforcement of the Norman-French, and ended in the fifteenth century. The third began imperceptibly, reached its maturity in the seventeenth century, and is still with us. To say that brogue English is aristocrat by these tests may seem jocular or only sensational. Yet the attempt to demonstrate it shall be made in soberness and sincerity.

I was moved to this undertaking by a letter written from an American city to that well-written publication, the *Nation*, of Dublin. The writer of the letter is a reverend gentleman, a well-known devotee of the Gaelic language. He writes:

"The decay of the national speech during the last century has been owing far more to the neglect or hostility of Irishmen than to the fault of the English. It is also true that this swapping of horses crossing a stream, this swapping of a rich, expressive, copious language, one natural to the genius and vocal organs of the people, for the miserable brogue that has made the broguish Irish the laughing-stock of two continents, has been most detrimental to the Irish genius and national character."

Perhaps it would be difficult to substantiate the averment in the first portion of this paragraph. When it is remembered that the taxes of Ireland have been collected and applied exclusively by English authority and English will; when it is recalled that it is only half a century since appropriations were made for schools in which even English was taught under conditions satisfactory to the great majority of the people of Ireland; when the Gaelic devotees admit, as they will, that members of the National party have made many unsuccessful efforts to obtain grants, or even recognition, for Gaelic prior to Mr. Sexton's successful effort, it seems scarcely fair to charge the decline of Gaelic to the neglect or hostility of the Irish themselves. Things of far greater material value have been denied to them. No effort on their part, some of them will certainly insist, could have succeeded in inducing the English government to foster that which it was the traditional and even imperative policy of a foreign government to discourage, and which it did all in its power to extirpate with fire and sword, with penal law and social odium. But my sympathy with the devotion to the Gaelic is so keen that it is easy for me to forgive an exaggeration in relation to it on the loving side. Every consideration of self-respect, of national pride as to the past, of worthy aspiration for the future, makes it the duty of the race to protect, revive, and promote the native speech. However amiable a portion of the English people and a majority of an English party have become toward Ireland, the English speech, because of the circumstances of its intrusion upon Ireland, is for us the proof of servitude; it is

> . . . "the badge of all our tribe.
> We may speak it without humiliation; our fathers were forced to use it
> In a bondman's key,
> With bated breath and whispering humbleness."

They resisted it with superb loyalty to their own tongue; they resisted for centuries, and neither schoolmaster, nor sword, nor law, nor custom, nor ambition, nor social advantage induced them voluntarily to sacrifice the ancient tongue, whose literature should be as dear to the Irish race as that of Hellas is to the Greek. Perhaps before it can be revived—for it will be revived—it must be purged of the successive deposits of incongruous foreign substances that have been overlaid upon it. The Greek of to-day finds his language intermixed with Turkish and other foreign words, and is engaged upon the noble task of purifying

a vernacular which force and commerce combined to defile. It is to be observed with satisfaction that the efforts to revive the study of Gaelic of late years are bearing fruit. In 1861 the percentage of persons who could speak Irish and English was 19.1; in 1871 it fell to 15.1; in 1881 it arose to 18.2. Another census will doubtless show a marked increase over the latest figures.

While sharing heartily the reverend gentleman's interest in Gaelic, it is impossible to agree with him concerning what he terms broguish English. To arrive at a valid judgment about its quality, we must inquire into the circumstances attending its introduction into Ireland; the subsequent conditions calculated to preserve it or to degrade it. To reach a fair estimate of the opinion in which it has been and is held, we must ask experts, especially English experts. Whether English in Ireland became "a miserable brogue" or a language whose colloquial purity has been well preserved; whether, as a written language, the Irish employed it freely, taking the actual state of education and liberty into account, and wrote it with power, fluency, and effectiveness, are questions susceptible of material answer.

The first English generally known in Ireland was carried in by students from England who sought tuition at the Irish schools, and who lived among the people throughout the country; and by missionaries and scholars from Ireland returning to their native land after laying Christian foundations, monastic or scholastic, generally the two together, in England. This period covers three centuries, from the sixth to the ninth.

"Our nation, in common with other nations of Western Europe, has adopted the Roman alphabet. This change began in the latter end of the sixth century, but it was not completed at a single step. The alphabet was introduced into our island from two opposite quarters, from the northwest by the Irish missionaries, and from the southeast by the Roman missionaries. It is to be remembered that when our Saxon ancestors were pagans and barbarians, Christian life and culture had already taken so deep a hold on Ireland that she sent forth missions to instruct and convert her neighbors. Their books were written with the Roman alphabet, which they must have possessed from an early date, and to which they had already imparted a distinct Hibernian physiognomy. Of the two denominations of missionaries which thus from opposite quarters entered our island, one gained the ecclesiastical supremacy; but the other for a long time furnished the schoolmasters. Hence it was that an insular calligraphy was retained for centuries, the first Anglo-Saxon writing having been formed after the Irish and not after the Roman model."—*The Philology of the English Tongue*, by John Earle (Oxford), p. 101.

"In the eleventh century the fashion of our calligraphy was changed; the old Saxon forms (which were, in fact, Hibernian) being superseded by the French form of the Roman writing."—*Ib.*, p. 107.

"Even in Kent the heathen temples were not formally abolished until the year 640. . . . It was only at a later period, through the efforts of the Irish missionaries, that the Christian religion prevailed among the Angles, whose conversion, being supported by numerous schools and religious establishments, spread among the people a certain degree of culture which exerted a permanent influence on the future of the national language."—*Origins of the English People and the English Language*, Roemer, p. 108.

"It was thus that Celtic masters became the earliest teachers of the Anglo-Saxons and that the Celtic spirit became largely infused into early English literature.

"'If I were asked,' says Matthew Arnold, 'where English poetry got these three things, its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic.' But if the bright coloring and romantic note found in English poetry may be ascribed to an abiding Celtic influence, this influence, it must be observed, is more literary than lexical and extends but little to the vocabulary of the language."—*Ib.*, p. 117.

It would be easy to quote many others; the main facts are not open to debate. They are, that Ireland sent many scholars to teach in England; and that the Gaelic or Celtic, which was their native language, did not seriously impress itself upon the vocabulary of the British. But while the spirit of culture was thus transfused from Ireland into England, the native speech of the English was carried over into Ireland by these returning teachers, by their disciples, and by the thousands of English students who preferred the Irish schools to any in England.

"Finian was baptized and instructed by one of the immediate disciples of St. Patrick, and after studying under various Irish masters, he passed over into Britain and there formed an intimate friendship with St. David, St. Gildas, and St. Cadoc. He remained for several years in Britain, and on returning to his own country founded several religious houses, in one of which he lectured on the Holy Scriptures for seven years. . . . They (colleges of Irish origin) were seminaries of learning wherein sacred and profane studies were cultivated with equal success. Not only their own monasteries, but those of every European country, were enriched with their manuscripts; and the researches of modern bibliopolists are continually disinterring from German or Italian libraries a Horace or an Ovid, or a sacred codex, whose Irish gloss betrays the hand which traced its delicate letters. They are admitted to have been the precursors of the mediæval schoolmen. . . Their love of Greek was perhaps excessive, for they evinced it by Hellenizing their Latin, and occasionally writing even their Latin missals in the Greek character. In the disputes which arose on the subject of the Paschal computation they astonished their adversaries with their arithmetical science and their linguistic erudition."—*Christian Schools and Scholars*, p. 50 *et seq.*

These Irish seminaries were in every part of Ireland, and into them and to the people with whom the students intermingled

was carried the language of Britain while it was taking on its permanent grammatical character. "In the English dictionary," says Max Müller, "the student can detect Celtic, Norman, Greek, and Latin ingredients"; "but not a single drop of foreign blood has entered into the organic system of the English language. The grammar, the blood and soul of the language, is as pure and unmixed in English spoken in the British isles as it was when spoken on the shores of the German Ocean by the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes of the Continent."

The Irish scholars and missionaries who taught in the English schools must have acquired this organic structure in order to be practical teachers. They must have communicated it to their compatriots in writing while abroad and orally after returning. The thousands and thousands of British students and scholars who went to the Irish schools must have established it firmly in Ireland. The pure and undying English vocabulary and grammar were made domestic in Ireland before the changes began in England which were for a long time to threaten both The English that took root in Irish soil was authentic and virile, not "detestable English." "Pure English words," says Skeat, "form the true basis of the language. They can commonly be traced back for about a thousand years, but their true origin is altogether prehistoric and of great antiquity."—*Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, p. xiii.

We now find Ireland in possession of the aristocrat English —the best English. This English suffered grievous corruption in England during three centuries to follow. But during those centuries Ireland, to whatever degree she speaks or writes English, is not subject to the influences which were operative in England. She was not learning new English. She had as much as she could do to defend her shores against the Danes, a good number of whom she finally took into her bosom and made her own; and when not engaged in this kind of enterprise, her princes and people were fighting among themselves in Gaelic. Her schools became neglected, except in great precincts where the foundations are too deep and their fame too widely diffused; but she guarded her libraries and preserved her languages—the Latin, the Greek, the English as carefully as the Gaelic.

This authentic English was carried back again by the Irish students who went to Oxford and other English universities, after they in turn became attractive; and while internal discord dimmed the glory of the Irish schools, and drove to the Continent hundreds of Irish scholars,

. . . there must have been a considerable fusion of English with Latin and Scandinavian before the Norman conquest, whilst a few terms had probably been borrowed from the vanquished Britons who spoke Celtic dialects. Edward the Confessor's relations with Normandy first introduced a slight acquaintance with French, and the battle of Hastings rendered that language and Latin almost paramount for the time. But English remained so much the language of the people that the knowledge of it was never lost, and on one solitary occasion Henry III. actually issued a proclamation in the native language, on the 18th of October, 1258. Throughout his reign and that of Edward I. all statutes and reports of cases in the law-courts were in French or Latin; but there was always a succession of various literary works in English (Skeat, *Principles of English Etymology*, p. 17). "The introduction of printing gradually brought about an enormous difference in the principle of spelling words. Before that date none but phonetic spelling was in use."—*Ib.*

The introduction of printing occurred in 1477. English had been taught in the schools of England, to the partial or complete exclusion of French, for more than one hundred years; Chaucer and Gower had been familiar to the reading or hearing people for nearly as long; for books were carried about, read aloud, and listened to much more attentively before Caxton's time than since the press multiplied copies at so little cost that they soon lost something of their value. The new, modern English was, therefore, not only born, but before printing became general was sturdy and persistent. It was gradually driving out the Norman-French wherever the latter would not conform to the English and assimilate with it. The English which the Irish students at Oxford and the other universities found in use bore a much closer resemblance than the transitory corrupt diction to the English in their manuscripts, and to that they acquired phonetically by tradition.

Had any considerable commerce sprung up between England and Ireland during the period when the struggle between English and Norman-French proceeded, the result would have been upon the English in Ireland in less degree what it was upon the English in England. No commerce existed. The greatest part of Ireland was aloof from the influences causing change in pronunciation or in spelling. Tradition preserved the one; manuscripts and books the other. The invasion of Ireland from England for purposes of conquest occurred, it is true, during the same period. But the battle-ground was a little area around Dublin, and when men are fighting they are not much concerned about language. The English that had taken hold in Ireland was scattered all over the country. The pronunciation was authentic. It was stable. The knowledge of English was necessarily scanty even at the best; but it was pure. The wars

drawing the energy of the people chiefly toward Dublin, caused the people throughout the country to use their Gaelic more exclusively; it protected them against spies and adventurers. Gaelic became almost the exclusive speech once more; but when at length comparative peace settled upon the island, the new classic English, the English of the dawning literature, came in to rear itself upon the true foundation of sound and spelling which had been so firmly and purely laid by scholars and students. Chaucer's expanded vocabulary, containing much Latin but more of the veritable English, was readily received because the genius of the Gaelic is largely that of the Latin; and Chaucer's English became as fluent and as fixed among the Irish who used English as in the best haunts of English learning at home. So true is this that it was afterward made a reproach to the Irish. "One of our old chroniclers," writes Trench, in *English Past and Present*, "writing in the reign of Elizabeth, informs us that by the English colonists within the Pale in Ireland numerous words were preserved in common use, the dregs of the old ancient Chaucer English, as he contemptuously calls them."

Of course the question is pressing for answer, How shall we reconcile the pronunciation of English in Ireland—the brogue Irish—with the different pronunciation which has come into use in the United States and in England? It is impossible to reconcile them. There are in England almost as many different pronunciations of English as there are in the United States. Nevertheless there is a correct pronunciation and there are various incorrect ones. Can it be possible that the brogue English is the correct one, and that those that differ from it are incorrect?

The changes in English spelling and pronunciation were arbitrarily made, in the greatest proportion, by the printers, and for no sound reason. As printing did not become general in Ireland for several hundred years later than in England, Ireland retained the true phonetics of English, even after the compulsory changes in spelling were adopted.

"The chief points to remember are: 1st, that our present spelling is archaic; 2d, that spelling at first was purely phonetic, and afterward partially so down to A. D. 1500 to 1550; 3d, that after this the new principle set in of rendering the etymology visible to the eye in the case of Latin and Greek words and of respelling easy French words according to their Latin originals; and, 4th, that the changes which have taken place in our pronunciation since the time when spelling became practically fixed are more violent than those of earlier periods" (*Principles of English Etymology*, Skeat, p. 330). "The

changes in spelling since 1600 are comparatively trifling, and are chiefly due to the printers, who aimed at producing a complete uniformity of spelling, which was practically accomplished shortly before 1700" (*Ib.*, p. 332).

It is painful to note the chagrin with which young Irish-Americans listen to their fathers and mothers saying "tay" for tea, "resave" for receive, "say" for sea, and so on. If upon the father's watch-guard were a finely-engraved seal of an olden time; if upon the mantel are old medallions, or in the dining-room old china—perhaps the mother calls it "chayney"—if in the library be old books, upon the walls old engravings and old pictures, the son or daughter would point to them with rapture. Yet none of these could be more authentic than the pronunciation which causes them humiliation. It is they, not their parents, who are ignorant.

"At the time when the orthography of tea was determined, it is certain that most instances of *ea* final sounded as *ay*, and probably that all did. In a number of words with *ea* internal, the pronunciation differed. But even in these cases there is room to suspect that the *ay* sound was once general if not universal. We still give it the *ay* sound in break, great, measure, pleasure, treasure. In Surrey we find heat rhyme to great, and no doubt it was a true rhyme." —(Earle, p. 173.

The same authority goes on to show that ease and please conformed in sound to days, and that "treeson" for treason is altogether false. Pope, Cowley, Milton, Drayton, and Goldsmith have all left testimony to this sound of *ay*.

"Another illustration of the old power of *ea* may be gathered from a source which has not received attention—I mean the pronunciation of English in Ireland. It is well known that there resave is the sound for receive, pays for peace, say for sea, aisy for easy, and baste for beast. These and many other so-called Irishisms are faithful monuments of the pronunciation of our fathers at the time when English was planted in Ireland." —Earle, p. 174.

Earle finds Walter Scott and Matthew Arnold using different rhymes for break, the latter employing the sound now most in use. He says finally: "That the latter is the pronunciation at the present time there can be no doubt; and yet the former is heard from persons of weight enough to suggest the doubt whether it may not perhaps establish itself in the end."

As the tendency of the time is toward renascence, and as the spuriousness brought about in English phonetics relates chiefly to vowels, how fine the satire of Time would be if fashion should demand our return to the true and authentic sound of these vowels! Earle also recalls that "cheyney," "leyloc,"

"obleege," and "gould" for gold were "talismans of good breeding" in the elder time—a time still regnant for many who use English thoughtfully. It generally raises a smile of pity to hear an old-fashioned man or woman pronounce "oi" like eye. Yet it is the correct pronunciation. When the French pronunciation had degenerated so far in such words as join, joint, that the *o* was taken no account of, a reaction set in, and recourse was had to the native English fashion of pronouncing the two vowels. This is found confirmed in many stanzas in which, for instance, "mine" is made to rhyme with "join."

The testimony which travellers' experience offers in support of the aristocrat nature of the English as pronounced in Ireland is as emphatic as that of English literary authorities. The best English it has been my fortune to hear is spoken in the Irish schools of the present time. The enunciation is clearer, smoother, more melodious, more coherent, more accurate than that I have ever heard elsewhere. It is not nasal, as so much of the American English is. It is not twisted and gnarled, as much English spoken in England is. The badness of the pronunciation of English is essentially in the vowels. In this respect American English is comically bad. Men even pretending to culture will talk about a "soot" at law, a "soot" of apartments, a "soot" of clothes; an "institoot" and a "floot," ignoring the true value of the *u*, although ready enough to give it in "education," "tribute," and "cute." They pronounce gas as if it were spelled with *ss*, flatting the *a* in that, as in thousands of other words having the same *a* sound. The *e* sound in "were" and similar words is often telescoped so that we hear only "wuh"; the *i* in girl and similar words is transposed so that we have "gurl" or "gell"; the *e* following an *o* is generally treated with contempt, so that we have "po'tes" and "po'try"; and an *e* somewhat similarly situated is made to give out "lit'ry" and "litertoor." The indifference to correct syntax in the schools of the United States is so well known as to require no statement of it, for it admits no denial. It is not pleasing thus to censure what is dear to one's self—the practices and tendencies of one's country; but Truth has her rights. It would be fortunate, indeed, if the American schools could be led to cultivate the soft voices, the clear enunciation, and the habit of giving the English vowels, whether open or closed, their relative values, which prevail in the schools in Ireland, and which are undoubtedly due to the purity of their traditional English. Hear an English witness—Earle:

"Any one with an ear for the melody of language, and with a heart accessible to romantic feelings, must be drawn toward the Irish people if it were only for the singular and mysterious air which constitutes the melody of their speech. True, they speak Saxon now instead of Erse, but the rhythm is unshaken. It runs up into and is indistinguishable from that native music which is at once the surest exponent of national character and its most tenacious product, outliving the extinction of all other heirlooms"

The chief aim of the typical American teacher in the primary schools is to make every child read, recite, and sing as loudly as possible. There is no attention to quality of voice, to individual naturalness of pitch. Noise, which as the pitch rises becomes nasal, is the product. In consequence of it young Americans of both sexes are incapable of reading pleasingly in their homes, where their educational opportunities should be made a benefit in the rational pleasures of family life; and in public, on street or steam cars, on the streets, in assemblies private or other, on steamships, everywhere, they irritate, if they do not disgust, all who are troubled by their vociferation. When these young Americans go into European countries they simply astound the natives, who are quite ignorant of the fact that noise and the accompanying self-assertiveness are peculiar to public education in this country.

In spite of the manifold differences of pronunciation, educated speakers of English do not use it with striking difference whether in Ireland, England, or the United States. If Sir Charles Russell representing one, Mr. Gladstone or John Morley another, and Daniel Dougherty or Mr. Blaine the last, should speak on the same rostrum, a Russian who had never heard English would be at a loss to detect their nationalities by the slight divergences in their pronunciation.

The remarkable success which the Irish achieved in writing English is another proof of the firm hold it had upon the native apprehension, and of the readiness with which the wit and invention of that people seize upon a medium of expression. The classic English, which we are fain to believe our own age boasts, became perfected in the first half of the eighteenth century. There was more or less uncertainty prior to that time, the Latinistic tendency which descended from Milton to Johnson having enjoyed a long usurpation. Printing did not become well established in Ireland until the penal laws fell into disuse. The English books read in Ireland were for the greater part printed in England; the compulsory poverty of the people and their compulsory illiteracy made it certain that many books

would not be current. Yet, with English style set by such masters of it in Ireland as Sir Philip Sidney, Walter Ralegh, Spenser, the first and second earls of Essex, Strafford, and other cultivated carpet-baggers who went to Ireland for the revenue and governed for taxes; with only the small number of English books accessible, what a procession of admirable writers of English the island has produced!

The literature of England in the sixteenth century and much of that of the seventeenth, especially if on controversial or scientific matters, is in Latin; that of Ireland in Latin or Gaelic; after Trinity College became an organ of culture, the scholars educated in it or coming into Ireland from English universities employed Latin as freely as English. Thus we have in that century in Ireland Edmund Campion, Keating the historian, Fynes Moryson, Ussher, Ware, and Bedell, not to mention the great students who wrote exclusively in Gaelic and whose monumental labors the world in general knows naught of at the present time. In the seventeenth century Ireland gave to English literature Farquhar, the dramatist; Nicholas French; James Logan, whom Philadelphia has reason to remember; Samuel Madden; Sir Hans Sloane, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as president of the Royal Society and whose private museum became the nucleus of the British Museum; Richard Steele, Dean Swift, and Tate. Tate, it will be remembered, was a poet-laureate to William III. His father's name was Faithful Teate in Dublin, and the change in the spelling confirms the law of pronunciation previously mentioned. The printers changed it to conform to the pronunciation with the least cost to the type-setter. To this century belong also Sir John Temple, whose history is a favorite fountain for Mr. Froude's pen. In the eighteenth century the Irish list of masters of English in various fields grows wider. Thomas Parnell, the poet; Charles Macklin, the actor; Maginn, the critic and reviewer; Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator; William Marsden, the orientalist; Bunting, who furnished Moore with many of the airs of the Melodies; Arthur O'Leary; Petrie, the antiquarian; Pilkington, the first compiler in English of a Dictionary of Painters, upon which Allibone says Bryan's appears to be based without acknowledgment; Plowden, the historian; Charles Phillips, whose "Character of Napoleon Bonaparte"—"grand, gloomy, and peculiar"—will outlive the works of better men; Sir Martin Shee, who became president of the Royal Academy and taught others to paint better than he; Alexander Campbell, the

founder of the Campbellites in the United States; Matthew Carey, the economist; Charles Wolfe, the poet, and Richard Montgomery, the soldier; the Sheridans, father and son; Edmund Burke; the Crokers; Croly, the poet; Philip Francis, father and son; Adair Crawford, the chemist; Sir Aubrey De Vere, poet and dramatist; John Doyle, the caricaturist of *Punch;* Eliza Farren, the actress, and Miss O'Neill, who divided even London with Mrs. Siddons; Oliver Goldsmith, Sheridan Knowles; Ledwich, the antiquarian; Hamilton the mathematician and Hamilton the naturalist; Anna Jameson; Leland and Lanigan, historians. I have omitted great statesmen and politicians, but who in forensic English surpasses Flood, Curran, Grattan, Sheil? To add to these names those of George Berkeley, Thomas Moore, Abernethy or Boyle, Bickerstaff or Spranger Barry, the Countess of Blessington and James Barry is surely needless.

A race which could master an alien language as the Irish has done—the present century boasts its own quota of writers—is not one that need bewail too deeply the fortunes of war that enforced an undertaking. it has turned to its own glory. As the early English intruders in Ireland became in time more Irish than the Irish themselves, so the sons of the Gael have become more English than the English with equal opportunity in employing English speech with propriety and power. Like the Gaelic, the English has proved "natural to the genius and vocal organs of the people." Like the Gaelic, it has proved for them "a rich, expressive, copious language." What excess of zeal for Gaelic has induced a good and learned man to describe thoughtlessly as "broguish Irish," the "laughing-stock of two continents," is found, on the witness of high English authorities, to be aristocrat English—the best English. Instead of making the Irish the laughing-stock of two continents, the laughter it is necessary to admit is only the folly of the ignorant. In the vernacular of William the Conqueror Queen Victoria subscribes her assent to every act of Parliament. If the throne of the English people is thus apparently for ever to proclaim that England herself bent her neck to the alien, the Irish people have no reason to be ashamed that having been made involuntarily subjects of the English language, they have in a short time and with limited opportunities made captive their conqueror.

Margaret F. Sullivan.

"DECORATED."

THE world uses toilet as a language. Authority, warfare, officialism, even religion, love to dress their vocations significantly Priesthood, many centuries before Aaron, proclaimed its rank, even its function, by toilet. To wear something which was not worn by everybody has been always distinctive of degree. The king with his crown, the bishop with his mitre, the general with his cocked hat or plume, have been only the aristocrats of that badge-loving humanity which now gives its tags to the footman. Nor has toilet stopped short at mere dress; it has proceeded to its superlative—decoration. It has come to include knots and broad ribbons and rosettes, with even a comely and picturesque garter, in its language of outside-glorification. The eloquence of a ribbon, in itself worth a few cents, is now more stirring than that of a superb suit of clothes. Just as the laurel-wreath could not be purchased by gold, if it were conferred for pre-eminence in conflict, so the strip of rose-sarcenet, if it mean letters after a name, now gives a dignity out of the reach of a big balance. There is, then, a rich language in garnish. It is spoken by dumb trifles, but it is read by envious hearts with emotions that are not stirred by even money. It may be interesting to trace the genesis of decoration, as distinct from the genesis of dress; to see whether its gravity, its importance, do not lift it into the sphere of pure history.

And, to begin with, what do we mean by decoration? The answer will depend entirely upon what period of the world's history we are referring to when making use of the word. The *idea*, decoration, is as old as is human vanity; the *word* is as modern as are silk stockings. What we propose to show in this short paper—the forgotten fact which we wish to recall to our memories—is that the *true* idea of decoration is mediæval, and therefore Catholic; while the new ideas are *not* true and *not* Catholic. And if it be asked, What will be the good of showing this? the answer is that it is always good to realize that the *true* encouragement of *true* objects of stimulation has always been the consistent conduct of the Catholic Church. To be "decorated" was an old idea in the human family—and we will say more upon this point as we go on—but to be "decorated" as both a Christian and a gentleman was the happy "invention"

of those mediæval Catholics, who did everything "*ad majorem Dei gloriam.*"

Now, we will begin by keeping close to assured facts, and will resist every temptation to quote romance. We will keep to the historic, Catholic groove. We will cast away, with reluctance but with candor, such pretty myths as the badge of the order of the Holy Sepulchre, founded A. D. 69 by St. James the Apostle, Bishop of Jerusalem; the badge of the order of St. Anthony, founded A. D. 370 by the converted King John of Ethiopia; the badge of the order of St. Ampoule, founded A. D. 496 by the happy, because newly-baptized, Clovis; and also the badges of the two or three orders which Charlemagne is said to have initiated. History declines to authorize particulars, either about such brotherhoods or their badges. Poetry or devotion may authorize them, and the satisfaction will be as innocent as keen. For our part, we must severely draw the line, when using the words "order" and "orders," at a period so comparatively modern as the eleventh century; and we must affirm that the "Hospitallers of St. John, the Soldiers of the *White Cross*"—which we take to be the first (historic) emblem of any order—were not only the earliest (historic) order, but the earliest that is known to have been "decorated." Let the lovers of the old chronicles cavil at such base modernism, but at least we shall take care to be on the safe side. "The defence by arms of the holy faith"—or, as St. Bernard put it, "faith inside, iron outside"—was the motto of the Soldiers of the White Cross, and is still the martial spirit of the order. A hundred treatises have been written on the Hospitallers. We should fill pages were we to risk a beginning on the subject. Suffice it to say here—for we are writing only of decorations—that a caliph of Egypt and Palestine, with the help of a few wealthy merchants, established a refuge in Jerusalem for the use of Latin pilgrims; building two hospitals, in the year 1048, and placing them under the invocation of St. John the Almoner. The Benedictines were made custodians of the institution. And from this noble example in charitable work sprang at least seven associated knighthoods; Templars, Teutonic Knights, and Lazarists, in Palestine; and the brotherhoods of Calatrava, Santiago, Alcantara, and Avis, established in the Peninsula with this twofold idea, "to help the weak and fight the Saracen." Now, these orders, or rather fraternities, had their badges, or, as we should now call them, their "orders." They were "decorated." A red cross on a white robe was the badge of the Templars,

who were first started, in 1118, by nine Frenchmen of good degree, but who unfortunately became too rich to continue chivalrous, and were finally condemned for their luxury by a Roman pontiff who had exhorted them to more constancy and asceticism. A black cross on a white cloak (to which St. Louis subsequently added the *fleur-de-lys*) was the badge of a Teutonic chivalrous order, founded in 1190, to "nurse wounded soldiers"; an order which was suppressed by Napoleon, but reconstructed in 1834, and is now reckoned among the orders of Austria. A green cross was the badge of an Iberian order, founded in the same century for charitable purposes. Indeed the cross was always the badge of Catholic knighthood, whether in the military or in the charitable sense; the modern appropriation of the badge by numerous fraternities being in homage rather to tradition than to Christianity. Suffice it to add here that, while most of the knighthoods of Palestine have vanished out of our modern prosaic world, the Peninsula knighthoods, being local, have survived. The grand old Hospitallers, the Soldiers of the White Cross, still exist, if they do not flourish, in the Catholic world. In Rome there is the "Sovereign Order of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem," which grants its privileges to well-born gentlemen and ladies; and during the Franco-German war two white crosses, bestowed at Rome, might be seen on the breasts of two Englishmen. No Catholic can think of this glorious order, this first-born of Catholic chivalry and faith—"faith inside, iron outside"—without a feeling of homage for its many centuries of grand industry, its combined poetry and reality of vocation.

So that we may say that what in these days are called knighthoods—bearing their badge or "order" of vocation—were of purely Catholic origin and ideality; their lofty object having been works of mercy *with* asceticism; nor did vanity so much as cloud their pure intention.

True, we may go back more than two thousand years in our quest for the earliest examples of decoration; but we shall find only the inventions of vanity, not of devotion to the highest services of religion. The diadem of laurel or of myrtle, like the rings worn by Roman knights to show their rank, or like the court-buttons of the modern Chinese—or, for that matter, like the scalp-ornaments of the red Indians—were certainly decorations, in a vain sense, but they implied the opposite of the ideal of the Hospitallers. And since we must now turn to a new class of orders of merit, let us trace the process of decadence in this

way: The first orders were for chivalrous or moral virtues; the modern orders are for science, literature, or industry—for good service, for compliment, or in lieu of pay. The first brotherhoods were either monastic or soldierly. They were succeeded by the great aristocratic knighthoods; but the so-called knighthoods of our own day are mostly state institutions, conferring somewhat remunerative badges, which are more or less obtainable by diplomacy. In short, the modern "bombast of the button-hole" is a terrible falling off from the white cross; which meant the decoration of the virtues, not simply the virtue of decoration.

The point we must keep before us, in the whole subject of decorations, is that the cross is the normal badge of all distinction; and, after we have glanced hastily at a few curious modern changes, we will show why the sacred emblem is so used. And first, let it be noted that the modern democratic spirit has multiplied orders without number. Most of these orders mean next to nothing. There are eight orders only, in the whole of Europe, which stand out in their unapproachable importance; all the rest are the mushroom offspring of small vanities. The Garter (A. D. 1344), the Seraphim (A. D. 1344), the Annunciada (A D. 1362), the Golden Fleece (A. D. 1429), the Elephant (A. D. 1478), the St. Andrew of Russia (A. D. 1698), the Black Eagle (A. D. 1757), and the St. Stephen (A. D. 1764) are the mighty princes of the world of decoration, before which all other badges bend the knee. Highly honorable, no doubt, are many military medals—the St. George of Russia, the Iron Cross, the Victoria Cross, etc., but these are in a particular groove of recognition, and have no charm of historic mystery or antiquity. As to modern orders, modern ribbons, modern crosses, there are in these days not less than one hundred and forty-three; of which nineteen have been created in our own century, twenty-three were created in the last, and two only before the year 1700. Of the forty-three countries which rejoice in orders, thirty-three are in Europe, four in America, five in Asia, and one in Africa; while one hundred and twenty-five orders are known to have become extinct through international warfare or diplomacy. It is a curious fact that France has only one order, and that she has no special order for women. Rosa Bonheur and Sœur Rosalie are members of the Legion of Honor, of which the five classes constitute the above differences in the conferring or the wearing of decorations. The French are commonly said to be a vain

people; if so, they have not shown it by a multiplication of orders, in harmony with the modern spirit of other countries. True, they decorate a good many people. There are about fifty-two thousand Frenchmen who are so honored; while about eight thousand are the possessors of foreign crosses. Many are the "good stories" told of the craft and the trickiness by which Frenchmen (like other people) fish for orders. Soldiers, of course, before all things wish to be decorated; indeed, no soldier looks complete without his medal. Is the story authentic which we have read in a French history?—that Napoleon, seeing a soldier with one arm, and understanding that he had lost the other at Austerlitz, took the cross off his own breast and pinned it on to the soldier's, remarking that the reward was fully earned. And then, when the soldier asked him "what dignity he should have received had he had the luck to lose both his arms," the emperor replied, "I would have made you officer of the Legion." But here our credulity is somewhat taxed; for the story goes on that the soldier cut off his only arm, so as to receive the promised reward for having no arms. Now, that a man should prefer a bauble on his breast to the happy remnant of one serviceable arm does seem to imply a perverted taste; the more so as there was a great doubt whether Napoleon would reward a lunatic for playing the part of his own enemy and mutilator. However, the story fairly illustrates the passionate longing for decoration with which some minds are afflicted even to madness. Decoration is the outside of dignity, and sometimes compensates for the small quantity that is inside.

And as to the particular "wearing" of this outside dignity, the French and the Spanish wear a knot or a rosette in their ordinary, every-day walking attire, but do not bear titles or assume letters. The Italians do not wear knots or rosettes, but take the title of chevalier or commander; the latter title conferring the rank of countess on the knight's wife, but leaving the knight without the rank of count. The Germans, being so very much in uniform, do not commonly wear ribbons in civil attire, but wear crosses, like the English, on their tunics. And as to the English, no civilian wears an "order" in the street; nor does he decorate his outward seeming on great occasions, unless, indeed, the occasion be a state function, such as a queen's levee or a state banquet or ball. "Letters" after the name are the English mode; and this tribute is paid by others, not self-paid. K.C.B., like the academical M.A., is put at the end in complimentary addresses. After all, whether you decorate your coat, or decorate your envelopes or your visiting-cards, the idea is

perhaps practically the same; it is the idea of a bit of exterior dignity tacked on to your interior meritoriousness.

And now to ask the question: Why is the cross, the highest symbol, used to denote such very average superiorities? If we go back to the earliest times of which record has been kept—or rather, from which the traditions have been recorded—we find that even the heathen derived their respect for *a* cross from the traditions of the quite primeval times. Indeed, *a* cross seems to have been the earliest revered symbol. We know for certain that the Egyptians (B. C. 1200) used the *tau*-cross as a symbol of something more than this mortal life; Didron says that "the numerical value of the tau-cross, which was 300" (this cross was shaped like the letter T), "presented an immense field, in which the mystics of Alexandria labored with unwearied diligence"; we know also that the Druids profoundly reverenced it; and Silvanus Morgan says that it was a symbol of security, and hence came to be adopted in heraldry as the "crutched cross," on which men might lean for strength. The *crux longa* or *crux alta*, the cross of the Passion, was of course different; but certain it is that, ages before Christianity, *a* cross was a favorite symbol of power. And this tau-cross was the one mostly in use. It was, long afterwards, adopted by St. Anthony; and Grove records: "The cross of St. Anthony was worn on a black habit like a letter T." This would be as late as the eleventh century. Much earlier, however, there were knights of St. Anthony who wore a blue tau-cross, edged with gold. We need not, perhaps, add anything more on the subject, save to express a regret that the cross of modern knighthood—which has usually no reference to Christianity—has not been supplanted by some more congruous emblem, expressive of the special character of the merit.

Still, it is something to know that the *idea* of being decorated was in the first instance Christian and Catholic, and that the cross, now used only conventionally, was the first symbol of an honorable knighthood. And certainly this makes all the difference in the world. It may be hazarded that the chief distinction between the new knighthood and the old knighthood is that the new knighthood is meant to honor the individual, while the old knighthood gave the first honor to the virtues. The cross would of itself imply this meaning. Just as the modern jewelled collar, jewelled cross, jewelled sword-hilt mean that the wearer is to be the object of popular homage, so the first cross of white linen meant that the wearer was to be the servant of the virtues he humbly hoped to help to spread. What a fall from white linen to jewelled gold! How perfectly are the two ages typified in the

two qualities—first, pure idealism, then materialism. And in the same spirit the whole motive of giving orders, like the motive of wearing them, has become changed, and by no means for the better. The giving is both international and individual. It is international when a government wishes to pay a cheap compliment to some representative or emissary from abroad. It is individual when, for engineering, for a great book, for the safe conduct of some enterprise or public work, or for long service in official capacity, a government wishes to say "Thank you"—without paying. Indeed, economy has largely suggested modern decorating. A government can make a present of what costs next to nothing to a recipient who will esteem it above gold. Happy arrangement! In no department of officialism has the discovery been before made of practising splendid generosity without cost.

So that, speaking generally: just as religion suggested the first Hospitallers, and aristocracy suggested the first Garter, and democracy suggested the Legion of Honor, so has economy suggested wholesale decoration. Here we have a sort of epitome of modern history—modern in the sense of a thousand years. In the early middle ages religion was everything; then aristocracy—for which we might better write feudalism—contended with and sadly impaired religion; the third stage, the democratic, of spasmodic but long growth, has impaired both religion and aristocracy; and now, fourthly, we have entered on a period when financial considerations have become paramount, in the sense both of economy and indulgence. Decorations have, in truth, followed suit. They have not set a fashion, but have followed it. They were, first, the indications of a pious mind. They were next the indications of a love of chivalry. Then they came to mean a sort of acclaim of equal rights—the right of every man to wear an order, if he could get it. Their last or present stage is perhaps a little bit hazy; it seems to include all the ideas that have gone before, in a diluted or thinned degree or reality; but it also admits of a thoroughly commercial reading—a financial value being frequently attached to an honor—together with a good deal of interpretation of trickiness, of an ingenious if not an ingenuous way of "meriting." Here we have got to the end of the gradual decadence: decorations cannot well become less decorative; so we will just take one more hasty glance "from the beginning to the end," and sum up our whole subject in a nutshell.

Go back to Adam and Eve, and to their near descendants. First, of course, came "dress," for warmth and modesty; next, dress for the sake of comeliness or personal beauty; next, dress

for the sake of significance as to position. Then would follow simple ornamentation, and then an ornamentation that was costly. After this we should get to the making of presents of such ornaments as would give pleasure or would show honor to the recipient. From this stage the transition would become inevitable: to look on *some* gifts as descriptive of one meaning, and on *some* gifts as descriptive of other meanings. And thus the presents of personal ornaments whose significance was determined would be in true sense primeval decorations. Whether a king gave such presents or a warrior gave them, the wearer would wear them as decorations. We read in the Old Testament of royal gifts of gold chains (did not a Pharaoh give a gold chain to Joseph?), of purple robes, and of rings, and even of crowns, most unmistakable decorations in the esteem of the recipient, and also of all who were acquainted with him. And long before the time of Abraham the same custom was established in the courts and camps of almost the whole gentile world. So that the only difference between the very old and the very new is the difference of the interpretation of the gift; and it is just here that we give the palm—what we may call the princedom of decoration—to the first Hospitallers, the Soldiers of the White Cross. *They* initiated the pure idea both of giving and of receiving; the giving being the approval of a high vocation, and the receiving the determination to act up to it. No Crusader who, on bended knee, received the sword, could be said to be so highly decorated as the Hospitaller who received the simple cross of white linen. The symbol and its simple material both meant volumes of decoration such as all the jewelled swords in the world could not intimate. This then is the true *idea*, decoration. It is the idea which was begotten *only* of Catholicism. Paganism could initiate a system of rewards which meant favor, but not necessarily personal esteem; classic times could initiate a system of rewards of which the symbolism meant valor in the wearer; the nineteenth century can initiate a system of rewards which means "Take this because it will tickle your vanity, and also because it does not cost me a dollar"; but the Catholicism of the early middle ages alone conceived the true idea, which was the decoration of the virtues, not the wearer. "You are decorated that you may *practise* a virtue" was the idea of Catholic knighthood; "you are decorated for having *done* well" is rather the idea of complacent modernism, "and that all men may bend the knee to your self-esteem." Egotism is the weakness crowned in the modern idea; Devotion was the grace crowned in the mediæval. A. F. MARSHALL.

HIDDEN SAINTS.

I.

"THERE are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught" is an old saying, and, like most such, very probably true. Many an Achilles has been lost to fame because he had no Homer to chant his praises. So the "village Hampdens," like the roses "born to blush unseen," have lived and died in obscurity, and their merit is acknowledged only in a confused and general way, even the "Man of Airlie" being known only as the type of his class, leaving us in doubt as to whether the poet had a real individual in his mind when he sketched his hero. What is true of civil and martial heroes is likewise true of the saints. Those who are canonized are but specimens of the class to which they belong, just as precious stones, birds, and other objects in a museum do but give us an idea, although they also furnish striking, practical, tangible proofs of the excellence, beauty, and variety of the vast and almost boundless kingdoms they represent. This thought struck me very forcibly a couple of years ago on reading, in the *Annals of the Holy Childhood*, of the martyrdom of those thirty thousand Christians in Tonquin, as well as the accounts of several individual cases of death for the faith; the truth and courage displayed in them being equal to almost anything we find in the history of the early ages of the church. Agnes, Cecilia, Sebastian, Perpetua and Felicitas, Polycarp and the child Simeon, find their counterparts in China to-day. I took up lately that modest record of wonders, Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, and could not but be astonished at the heroism, as common as getting up and going to bed, of those glorious English martyrs; and the calm, every-day language in which their biographer describes their surpassing faith, bravery, and brotherly love only confirms me in the conviction that even those great men and women were but specimens picked here and there from the mass, and that the chronicler himself, all the while that he acknowledged and admired their noble deeds, yet felt that it was but what should be required of an Englishman, who is always expected "to do his duty," cost what it may. The coolness of the Anglo-Saxon is displayed in the literary style of the vicar-apostolic who compiled the work, as well as in many an instance therein set down.

Take this for an example: Richard Herst was hanged for the faith, August 29, 1628. "On the way to execution he carried in his hand a picture of Christ crucified, on which he had his eyes fixed, and frequently repeated to himself short ejaculatory prayers. When he came in sight of the gallows he said: 'Gallows, thou dost not affright me,' and coming to the place, he kissed the post. Some few ministers were there to importune him again in point of religion, but he regarded them not. The sheriff telling him he was to be the first man to die, he most earnestly and devoutly recommended himself to the merciful hands of God, begging the prayers and intercession of the Blessed Virgin, his angel guardian, and all the saints, especially of St. John Baptist, it being the day of his decollation. *And looking up at the executioner, who was busy in fastening the rope, but knew not readily how to do it right, he merrily called him by his name and said: 'Tom, I think I must come and help thee.'*" O very flower of courage, and sublime victory of God's grace, that makes Christ's soldier actually jest about the instrument of his own death!

Thus a plain English farmer, torn from his wife and children and hurried to a shameful end, emulated the glory of the Roman champion Lawrence, as well as the example of the renowned chancellor of his own country. Pray for us, Blessed Richard Herst, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ! And yet, and yet, here is the wonder: Two hundred and sixty years passed before the names of such heroes were authoritatively inscribed on the church's list—nay, three hundred and fifty before the halo was placed on the exalted brows of More and Fisher! The small but active and zealous church in England took the matter in hand at last, and succeeded a couple of years since in having a considerable number of their martyrs crowned; but any one reading the annals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will be convinced that these heroes are but select examples from the crowd of witnesses to the faith in those dark and bloody times.

Meanwhile, where are the saints of Scotland? Will it be believed that none of the countrymen of Mary Stuart deserved the bays of heroism? And Ireland? Where be thy saints? One only, out of the countless multitude of martyrs that the Green Isle furnished during the last three hundred years, has been placed on our altars—Oliver Plunkett, the Propagandist, Archbishop of Armagh, who had the luck to be executed in England, and thereby slips in on the English calendar submitted to Leo XIII.

I heard an Irish-American bishop once preaching a panegyric of St. Lawrence O'Toole, and he made this remark: That with the loss of her independence the list of saints was closed in Ireland. St. Lawrence contended, but in vain, for the freedom of his country, and was, too, her last canonized saint. Ireland was conquered in 1172. Does any one mean to tell me that the last seven hundred years have seen no man or woman in Ireland fit to be enrolled on the list of saints? Indeed, that bishop said that the atmosphere of freedom is necessary to the development of the perfect man—that is to say, of the saint—a proposition open to question, I think, for otherwise your saints would be mighty few and far between in the tyrant-ridden countries of Europe. Martyrdom, at least, supposes persecution. Where, then, are Ireland's saints? Where is their catalogue? When some one offered Dr. Doyle dust from the Coliseum, saying that it was all sodden with martyrs' blood, he replied that not a sod of Irish soil but was as holy. O the pity of it!—that the martyr-nation, the one which not only suffered in her children for the faith, but even died herself, as far as a nation may (but whose death implies resurrection, for her "spirit never dieth"), has no recognition in the Catholic Church!

Is there not some way of making this process of canonization more feasible? Cannot the Holy See devote a special congregation of cardinals to seeking out and glorifying some more of these hidden saints, especially the heroes of those countries whose people are too poor to stand all the necessary expense of legal process? Why could not such a tribunal be maintained by general alms?

One of my dearest recollections of Rome is that of the box at the door of Sant' Andrea della Fratte, the church in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to the Jew, Alphonse Ratisbonne—the box, I say, surmounted by a picture of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, with an inscription to the effect that alms might be placed therein to forward the process of his canonization. What a comfort it must be to those who were privileged in aiding in this, one of the boldest and noblest acts of the church in the nineteenth century—the "lifting up of this poor man from the dunghill, and placing him among the princes of her people"—to look back to the days of their innocence and chivalry, when they used to drop their pennies, as an alms, for the glory of the democrat-saint! He was a man of the common, common people; he died in the house of one of them—to a butcher fell this incomparable honor—and it was by their aid, with the efforts of their pastors, that his apotheosis was finally brought about.

II.

There are other reasons, however, why one is compelled to believe that the hidden saints are very numerous, and we propose to enlarge on one of them, which consists in the fact that some societies try to have their holy members canonized, while others seem to be quite indifferent about it. Take the Jesuits, for instance. Look at the number of saints they have already secured, and think of the others whose case is advancing by stages, more or less slow but never interrupted, until their temporal honor be fully and finally accorded them. This society has, I believe, a general historian, as well as a chronicler, for each province, whose business it is to collect and preserve data of every single individual member. Hence they have an anthology or martyrology of their own, which is read in their houses, and they preserve the likenesses and publish the lives of almost every one of their order who acquires distinction for sanctity or for general usefulness. This is surely a very good practice, and results in quite a large list of saints, who would otherwise, in all probability, have been lost to posterity. What is the reason that there are so few canonized saints among the parochial clergy, for instance? It cannot be, surely, that the "Order of St. Peter," the very Atlases that sustain the church, are without this witness of holiness to the divine institution of their body. And how is it that so many bishops are placed on the calendar? Is it not, in all probability, because the lives of the former are little noticed, and their heroism soon forgot, while the blaze of high office makes the virtue of the latter to stand out in strongest light? Their history is written with that of the diocese and the country, and Rome herself becomes their biographer. I was reminded of the difference between the bishop and the parish priest, quite lately, by something I saw in a newspaper. The reader remembers the miracle related of St. Malachy, that other Archbishop of Armagh, by his friend and panegyrist, St. Bernard, the great Doctor of the Crusades. Well, a perfectly similar incident is said (as I read in the paper) to have occurred in the ministry of a simple priest in the City of New York, some twenty years ago, and although I am pretty well acquainted with the American metropolis and its ecclesiastical history, as well as with the priest in question, I never heard it till yesterday. It is the case of a woman reviving fourteen hours after her death, to receive the last Sacraments. Suppose this had happened on the sick-call of a Jesuit, or in the life of Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia! And yet, it is

almost as probable to me, in this case, as if I read it in St. Malachy's life. It is still Homer that makes Achilles.

The church is always holy; therefore, she should always have saints. Why is it that there are none conspicuous in Ireland for seven hundred years? Because ordinary human means have not been taken to place them on the pedestal. Why is it that we find them sometimes grouped in certain periods of history? See if it be not on account of the particular genius of those who made them known to the world. Thanks, then, to the Society of Jesus for the rich and fragrant and beautiful bouquet they have gathered and tied for the delight, admiration, and comfort of the faithful! What student that ever knelt before the shrine of the Angelic Youth in St. Ignatius' Church at Rome but blesses God for his chance? Who ever helped to decorate, with his hard-won medals, the couch on which reposes the statue of the dying Stanislaus, and did not thank God for the glory of the saintly boy? And what cleric is it that knew of the plain, simple, yet heroic life and death of St. John Berchmans, that did not rejoice in the Lord when his name at length was enrolled among the saints? Oh! that day, enshrined in my memory beyond most of those passed in the varied scenes of the Holy and Eternal City; one of those days of one's life in which, out of the depth of the heart, many thoughts are revealed—the day of the triumph of St. John Berchmans, when his sacred relics were removed from their lowly resting-place, and carried upon the shoulders of four deacons clad in golden array, to be set on high on God's holy altar; while students, priests, bishops, and cardinals, learned and simple, old and young, ruler and subject, all walked with reverence, joy, and thanksgiving behind the bier, delighted to do honor to the young hero! It was, indeed, a sight worth crossing the ocean to behold; and the spiritual comfort arising from the event, how shall we estimate its worth?

There are orders which appear to pay no attention to their holy members. While the society above mentioned places in a sepulchre apart the remains of any individual member who is believed to have died in the odor of holiness, I am assured that in another order, the foundation of which goes back two hundred and sixty-five years, such a thing has never been done. Do you expect me to believe that the society founded by the Apostle of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul, has produced no one remarkable enough for holiness, in these two and a half centuries, to deserve at least a separate tomb? Can it be that until Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre was providentially led to his glorious martyrdom in China, in the year 1840, there were no subjects

for canonization among the children of St. Vincent? I say the children, not the sons, for I want to call attention to the fact that even in the renowned order of the Sisters of Charity, another of St. Vincent's foundations, the odor of whose sweetness has filled the whole earth, the relics of no member have been preserved, nor have any steps been taken, as far as I know, to place upon the altar any of those women whose virtue civil France has so often honored with the cross of the Legion, and whose canonization has frequently been popularly acclaimed. The Jesuits date back some ninety years beyond the Congregation of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity. The constitutions of these latter, too, are the work of a saint, and have also been approved by the church as apt to lead their members to perfection. Shall we then believe that while the Jesuits have at least a dozen saints canonized, and the processes of many others under way, the spirit of St. Vincent has found no emulators in all this time? No saint among the "Daughters of Charity," forsooth? *Credat Judæus Apella.*

"Well, but our spirit is not such as to induce us to seek the canonization of our members." Such is the answer. But is it a sound one? Is the greater glory of God really promoted by such policy? Would not the churches of the Lazarists, Dominicans, Franciscans, and other orders be more popular, and their ministry more effective, as well as their *numbers greater*, if they had more of their heroes placed on high for the veneration of the faithful? And the noble Sister of Charity! would not her zeal be quickened by the model set authoritatively before her by the Spouse of Christ, who would select some gem out of this casket to decorate her earthly crown withal? One feels about the saints as Father Hecker used to feel about the dogmas. He rejoiced when the boundaries of infallible truth were enlarged by a new definition. So it seems to me we should rejoice and be glad when a new flower of sanctity is set forth in the visible garden of the Lord, when a new brilliant is placed on the brow of Christ's Bride. God hasten the day when the saints of Ireland not only, but of Poland and of America—saints not only of the Jesuit order, but of the Dominican and Franciscan, who also fulfilled as glorious an apostolate and likewise shed their blood in North and South America—shall be all enrolled! Why should their names be buried in history? Why is it that Bancroft's strength and Parkman's grace have so magnified the "Jesuits in North America"? Why have Canada and the Northwest led their imaginations captive? Naturally men are inclined to write up their own neighborhood, and the localities

they have been enabled to visit. Therefore these historians have chosen and developed these special fields. But besides this they have had the theme suggested by the frequent, nay constant and laudable, efforts of the Society of Jesus and its friends to keep its heroes before the public, and behind all this they have the careful and conscientious memoirs of the great and holy missionaries themselves, furnishing material the most reliable and at the same time fascinating and romantic, ready fitted for the pages of sober but eloquent history.

I was strolling one day last August about those lovely hills and glens that beautify the "meeting of the waters" of the Schoharie and the Mohawk, recalling the scenes that took place there two hundred years ago, following as best I might the traditional route of the blessed martyrs who sanctified the spot for ever by their glorious death, and the thought came to me: Why is not the field made glorious likewise whereon Father Louis Cancer de Barbastro, O.P., rushed to death, or where Father Lopez and Brother Augustine, O.S.F., spilt their sacred blood for this very same cause by the hands of savages just such as these, and even a century in advance of Father Jogues, S.J., and René Goupil, S.J.? Would not the fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore as readily present the names of the former to the Holy See for canonization as they did those of the latter? The spirit of St. Francis and St. Dominic has certainly not waned, that these orders should not even remember their glorious heroes nor feel inclined to pay them their due honor?

The Society of St. Sulpice still preserves the heroic spirit of its founder. Where are its saints? They tell of Pius IX., that he declared himself ready to canonize any Sulpician who was proved to have observed his rule perfectly. Indeed, I know of no order of priests whose discipline is so severe and whose spirit is so self-sacrificing as that of the Sulpicians. And yet we wait for two hundred and fifty years and there is no saint, and the order is extremely and singularly limited in numbers, and therefore in usefulness. If some of their hidden saints were offered to the admiration and proposed for the example of the young clerics that receive their ecclesiastical training in the houses of this admirable society, perhaps the church would not have to regret the small numbers and insignificant development of an order specially designed for the education of the clergy, and to which the Spouse of Christ is very probably indebted for the noble work achieved in every part of the world by the apostolic missionaries of her "eldest daughter," France.

Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md. EDWARD MCSWEENY.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THOUGH it may not be the most important, yet perhaps the most obvious remark to be made about Mr. William O'Brien's novel, *When We were Boys* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), is that it is interesting throughout, and so possesses the first of all excellences as a work of fiction. The final cause of a novel is to "enjoy" people—of a good novel, to attain certain other ends of reproof, or doctrine, or instruction while heading straight for this one. Probably a better way than this might be found to express the opinion that a novelist should not have the pulpit in direct view, but ought to content himself with the lecturn.

Mr. O'Brien occupies that post with singular ability and success. His novel has no dull pages in it, although it may be admitted to have more bright ones than are in strictness necessary to the telling of its story. It would have been a greater novel had it occupied less space. Still, we should hardly know where to cut it without in some degree curtailing our own pleasure. One forgives its dallying, leisurely pace, considering how many otherwise heavy, although empty, hours of prison life the writing of it served to solace. There is no other trace of prison gloom about it, no pessimism, no denunciation, no despair. The critic of the Boston *Pilot* speaks of its almost "intolerable pathos," but to our mind the brightness of the author's spirit has suffused his work so thoroughly that as charity is its pervading sentiment, so hope is everywhere its dominant note. True Celt that he is, he is indomitably light-hearted. He knows the secret which forbids despair. In the whole congeries of fine strokes which sculpture out his hero's personality, there is none more characteristic than the reply he makes in the last chapter to the prison chaplain, coming to tell him that his capital sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life:

"'It realizes an old dream of mine, that is all,' he answered with a mournful smile. 'I used once to rave of the life of St. Finn Barr's old monks in their stone cells in the Gougaun Barra. I am going to have an opportunity of testing the reality. A convict prison is a monastery under three locks in place of the Three Vows, and as the sentence is for life, I dare say there will be no fear of a break-down in my vocation."

For the characteristic religious trait of the Irishman is his capacity for the supernatural. As Dr. O'Harte says, in one of the many good conversations in this volume which we are sorry not to have space to quote, "every Irish young fellow who feels a soul stirring within him, feels that he wants more hair-cloth and ashes in his religion." He has that capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice which nothing can explain, or even justify before the bar of common sense, save an intense realization of the supernatural. He tends above this world, and gains a knowledge of things beyond its ken, by a force unsurpassed if equalled by the man of any other Christian race. In politics he follows a leader, and when, as in his island-home, he has his own natural leaders, his political power is only to be resisted by brute force: he is the omnipotent politician of the British Empire. The whole Celt was expressed in O'Connell, reciting his beads in the lobby of the Commons while awaiting the moment when, as chieftain of his sept, he should lead it against the British.

No one but an Irishman so penetrated with the best traditions of his race that they are to his literary expression what the breath is to his lungs, could have written *When We were Boys*. It has a thousand merits, but its chief one is to have so admirably embodied what one might call the archetypal Irishman in the hero, Ken Rohan. And there could hardly be imagined a better background for such a figure than that chosen by Mr. O'Brien. The period is that of the madly-conceived and pre-ordained-to-failure Fenian insurrections which succeeded our Civil War. The novel is essentially a graphic portrayal of the conflict between the old order of things in Ireland and the new—the struggle, fatal to both antagonists, between religion falsely expressed and patriotism extravagantly bent on freedom. Cardinal Cullen and his Castle bishops on the one hand, and the Fenian leaders on the other, represent two extremes. A people less in need of the supernatural and less able to appreciate it, would have flung Catholicity overboard in their frantic race for national integrity. A people who loved their nationhood less, would have parted with it to secure the good things of this life. Had either faith or race been weaker in them, the Irish would now be West Britons, as the Scotch are North Britons.

Mr. O'Brien, in taking so close a grasp of this central fact in a situation now, happily, long past, has doubtless laid himself open to unfriendly criticism, sometimes implied, sometimes explicit. To our mind, he has done both his subject and his actors something as nearly like even-handed justice as could be

expected from any quarter. There seems hardly a stroke to choose in the way of impartial candor on his part between the three priests whom he has drawn at full length—Father Phil, "the silver-headed old curate—the golden-hearted old curate—the oldest old curate who was ever assumed into heaven without a parish"; Monsignor McGrudder, a clean-cut specimen of a type of Irish ecclesiastic which, if not extinct, is on the down road to extinction; the large-hearted *bonhomie* of Dr. O'Harte, the Coadjutor-Bishop of "Clonard," who is so well in touch with the honest aspirations of the new order—all are exceedingly lifelike and well done. In fact, if one of them is less fairly handled than another, it seems to us that Dr. O'Harte is the man. No priest of our time and of his stamp, we fancy, in any country, but would object to placing the ideal of even "journeymen priests," whose life-business is with the "Toms, Jacks, and Harrys who, to the end of the chapter will have homely wits and homely virtues," so low as that Mr. O'Brien puts in his mouth in the chapter called *Les Jeunes Moustaches*. A successful shot is always aimed above the point it is meant to reach. But this is pretty nearly the sole defect with this portrait, and we credit Mr. O'Brien with an ill-judged though well-meant intention to be complimentary in making it.

The care and candor which mark the author's treatment of his Irish characters is not less evident in his handling of his English ones. The Protestant rector, Mr. Motherwell, is made as agreeable in his way as Father Phil, whose staunch friend he is. The heroine, Mabel Westropp, who is "of perfections all compact," is English and not Catholic; Joshua Neville is a good type of the liberals whose influence has done so much to change British middle-class sentiment on the Irish question. And all through there are evidences of a sympathetic knowledge and love of human nature wherever and however it is met. As for his hero, he is, perhaps, a trifle too thoughtful and sententious for a youth of his age, or would be so if poetry, religion, and patriotism, when combined, did not go far to make men of boys in times such as Mr. O'Brien was dealing with. We have marked the book in many places for quotation, but our space is limited. Here is a passage from the chapter called "The American Captain." Captain Mike MacCarthy's dialectic divagations between the idiom of the "Ninth Massachusetts" and the brogue of his early Coomhōla days, strike us, by the way, as the least successful part of Mr. O'Brien's work. The Captain himself is entertaining and well understood. The scene is the

bar-parlor of the Drumshaughlin Arms Hotel, and the company Fenian conspirators talking over the near arrival of a shipful of disbanded Grand Army men to assist in taking Ireland from the British:

"'And now,' pursued the Captain, 'what I want to know is, supposing our boys keep their appointment, what sort of reception will they have from the people—supposing they land here in Bantry Bay, now, for argument's sake?'

"There was an awkward pause. Pulling the British Empire to pieces looks the simplest thing in the world till you come to particulars. Our fervid Celtic faith believes in moving mountains, and hates being teased with petty difficulties about pulleys and means of transport.

"'Begor,' says Mat Murrin, not being prepared with any other strategic suggestion, 'we'll drink their health in the biggest bumpers that ever blazed with Irish whiskey.'

"'I con-clude you'd do that much violence to your feelings without bringing shiploads of people across a hemisphere or two to assist at the de-monstration,' said the Captain drily. 'No, boss—I don't allude to the toast-list, nor the torchlight procession, nor the 'luminated address from the citizens.'

"'Give us the guns!' said the stone-mason, in a low, deep voice.

"'There goes the Ninth Massachusetts!' said the Captain, fixing his dark eyes upon the speaker's brawny limbs with a critical approval that made Con blush like a rosy russet. 'What I want to know is, can you multiply Con Lehane by fifty thousand? How many more lineal yards of that material have you got in stock round here?'

"'You'll find too many like me—just as poor and just as ready,' said Con, sheepishly.

"'In the towns, yes,' said Jack Harold. 'But we must not deceive ourselves. It is different with the country people. There are good prices for springers. That is their literature, their history, their heaven. The only cause in which they are willing to die is filching their neighbor's spot of land. Don't count upon the farmers. *Parbleu!* They are such miserable creatures that they have not even found it out. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might as well expect donkeys to call in the police to the brutes that flog them. If those charming peasants ever heard tell of us, we are wild young men—who knows?—instigated by the devil.'

"'It's the priests that does it,' said Dawley. 'There's Monsignor McGrudder. He tells the ould women we're bringing over the French Revolution to abolish God and the altar.'

"'When our boys go for bear I'd advise the reverend man not to pan out on that text to any great extent within my lines,' said the Captain, 'if he don't desire a short road to heaven bored through his body.'

"'That's what I tell 'em,' exclaimed Dawley, triumphantly. 'The French Revolution's too good for them sky-pilots. They're too purple and fat, and wants blood-letting.'

"'That's atrocious!' cried Ken Rohan, hotly, 'If we are to judge three thousand Irish priests by Monsignor McGrudder, how can you blame Monsignor McGrudder if he judges *us* by sanguinary balderdash like that?'

"'Balderdash!' exclaimed the little tailor, his nose tilted into the air, like a flash-light on a dangerous coast. 'Listen to that—balderdash!'

"'Yes, stranger, it was nonsense—bloody nonsense,' said the American Captain, coolly. 'Shoot your man if he blocks the road, whoever he is; but don't go blazing away at the Short Catechism—you may as well be firing at the moon. It's kind of wrong, and it wastes cartridges.'

"'I for one,' said Ken, whose heat was not altogether allayed by the Captain's rough-and-ready summary of the theological tenets of the Ninth Massachusetts—'I for one will be no party to pulling down the Church to stop Monsignor McGrudder's chatter. It's the one possession the Irish people have got in perpetuity, except the graveyards. There is one Irish province that was never confiscated—their hope in a boundless heaven for eternities. The man would be more accursed than Cromwell who would bar them out of that bright country for the sake of a few fretful hours on a mere speck of earth in a world which is itself a shadow.'

"Dawley listened open-mouthed; his wrath fortunately tempered by wonder what all this could possibly be about.

"'No,' Ken Rohan dashed along. 'You'll get the Irish people to write "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" in plain letters over the church doors, but you'll never get them to dance carmagnoles on the altars. God forbid you ever should be able! If there is a more detestable thing on earth than an Irish priest without a country, it is an Irish patriot without a God.'

"'Do you mean me?' shrieked Dawley, who had seized a tumbler, having, worse still, emptied its contents.

"'Don't make a bosthoon of yourself!' said Con Lehane, smilingly, replacing him in his seat.

"'*Allons*, my dear Ken, you are as fond of making a preach as the Monsignor himself,' said Jack Harold. 'Dawley can have a horrible revenge by making your new coat a misfit. It would serve you right to prepare you for heaven in garments cut for a mendicant friar. *Eh, gai!* we are perfectly agreed. Brother Dawley has no more notion than you or we have of going to hell to spite Monsignor McGrudder.'

"'I hope Dawley and the rest of you will forgive me, I am sure. It's an infernal way I've got,' said Ken, blushing. 'When the Monsignor proceeds from the pulpit into the street and picks up stones against the Irish cause, our friend Dawley may trust

me he will not find me making genuflections. The greater the Irish reverence for our faith, the better we are entitled to resent Maynooth College being converted into a sort of auxiliary Constabulary Depot in which the people's priests are drilled by an Italian Cardinal and turned out for patrol duty in the service of the people's oppressors.'

"'I am glad to hear that explanation,' remarked Dawley, with dignity.

"'And what is more, I am convinced that the bulk of the young priests resent it more sorely than we can. They have Irish hearts that will never mark time to those Italian drill-masters. Captain MacCarthy need not fear either for priests or people. I know hardly anything about the country except what I have read, or what I hear in the cabins when I drop in to light my pipe; but, so far as I can judge, what you lack is not young fellows to take up arms, but arms for them to take up. The old fellows are still living in the famine-time, many of them with one leg in the famine grave. My own governor's faith in pike-heads is in the grave with Smith O'Brien—he denounces us as furiously as the Monsignor. Age is a time-server all the world over—Leonidas had more trouble with middle-aged Bœotians than with the Persians; but give the young fellows a chance; let them see your ships here in Bantry Bay, and they will rush to you as the young waterfalls do from the mountains.'

"'Correct,' said the American Captain with much satisfaction. 'Wal, children, I ain't powerful on Fourth of July work; but just you take home this sentiment, and frame it up over your chimney-piece in the most slap-up style this respectable but backward island can produce. If Mike MacCarthy knows a clam-bake from a Confederate shell, you young waterfalls will have the chance before long. Yes, SIR!'

The chapter called "The Election" is that which will probably provoke most comment of the unfriendly sort. It is very vigorous. The candidacy of Toby Glascock, the attorney-general, for a seat in Parliament; Monsignor McGrudder retiring from the platform, worsted by the ribaldry of a chimney-sweep and the "determined reverence" of the stone mason who voices the determination of the young men to "have no priests in politics"; Mat Murrin's nomination of Ken Rohan, already in prison, awaiting his trial for high-treason, and its unexpected seconding by Father Phil O'Sullivan, all hold the attention with a powerful grasp. How vivid is this picture of the Monsignor, rising to second Glascock's nomination in the name of the clergy:

"His altar denunciations of Fenianism had made him fiercely unpopular. 'No priests in politics!' the young men growled between their teeth, their eyes flashing dangerously. The Mon-

signor, for his part, gave them back fire for fire. He could not help feeling saddened with thoughts of former election scenes on that very hustings, when his sonorous voice was as decisive as the returning officer's, and when the man who said him nay had better have addressed himself to an unloosed menagerie. But he did not so much mourn the wreck of his own influence in the county as he was scandalized by the insolent growth of a spirit which in his eyes had all the seven heads of the French Revolution, with its *noyades* of priests and its worship of an impure Goddess of Reason. He might be martyred by this beast, but he was not going to truckle to it.—'Bah!' he said, waving a comminatory arm at the angry crowd. 'The cause of God's Church is not going to be put down by the clamor of ragged brats of boys.'—His great chest and shoulders were thrown back in a fine statuesque posture of defiance, and his right foot was planted as firmly as if it were rooted to the Rock of Ages. The spectacle was one of dignity and even grandeur. The massive old ecclesiastic stood there clothed around with the tranquil majesty of Divine Right, while the young men bayed at him and glowered at him with the wild hungry flame of Human Liberty in their eyes."

The purpled form of ecclesiastical authority and the glowering eyes of human liberty were set against each other by Cardinal Cullen, backed by the papal authority which he had beguiled. Mr. O'Brien's readers will find abundant historical proof of what we say by reference to the *Life of Frederick Lucas*, by his son. This biography portrays the futile attempt of Lucas and his friends to make Irish politics honest and patriotic, as against the attempt of Cardinal Cullen, Keogh (who is Mr. O'Brien's Toby Glascock), Sadlier, and others to make them successful whether honest or not. Neither the methods pursued in public and parliamentary life, nor the individuals who pursued them, were such as honest men or country-loving Irishmen could countenance. Both men and measures were foisted on the country by the Cardinal, and their opponents were driven from public life by politico-ecclesiastical censures. The patriotism of such prelates as Croke and Nulty, and the sound Catholicism of such leaders as Dillon, Davitt, Healy, and Biggar, prevented what for a time seemed inevitable—the permanent divorce of liberty and religion in Ireland. Woe to the nation which must destroy the altar of God to rid itself of the tyrant's throne! Woe to the religion which stands between a people and its legitimate aspirations toward human good!

One more quotation from "The Election" and we must refer our readers to Mr. O'Brien's book itself to satisfy the appetite we hope to have excited. We cannot but find room

for Dr. O'Harte's maiden speech when he takes his seat for the first time among his episcopal brethren:

"Nor was the clergy an unbroken phalanx, either. At a meeting of the bishops, the new Bishop of Clonard, whose Brief of appointment had just arrived, maintained an obstinate silence while a manifesto denouncing the wickedness and impiety of the opposition to the Attorney-General was being confectioned. The other bishops were saintly, peace-loving old gentlemen, who could remember what it was to be a Papist in the pre-Emancipation days, and were lost in thankfulness for a state of government under which Catholic churches, schools, convents, judges, magistrates, and what not were multiplying and possessing the land. They could not possibly conceive what object there could be in interrupting this blessed process except that evil men, for unhallowed purposes of their own, desired to infect the unstained youth of Ireland with the scepticism and irreverence which had wrought such havoc with religion and society in other lands. When it came to a question of signing the manifesto, Dr. O'Harte for the first time broke silence.

"'I cannot do it,' he said. 'I am only a newcomer, and I have too much respect for your lordships' venerable character to do anything to oppose your action. I will remain neutral; but that is the utmost I can conscientiously do.'

"An abbot finding barricades thrown up in the cloister could not have been more shocked than those gentle and timid souls. They had always regarded Dr. O'Harte as a staunch partisan of the policy of alliance with the constituted authorities from whom had come Emancipation, and from whom seemed likely to come Disestablishment.

"'There are two things that are dearer than life to an Irishman in full health of mind and manhood—his Faith and his Nationality. You used their Nationality as long as it served your purpose, to make the Irish people suffer for their Faith. It would be, to my mind, madness from the religious, as well as baseness from the human point of view, to think that you can now discard and eradicate Nationality after it has served your purpose. You'll simply divide two good forces into opposite camps. That's what they've done over half Europe, to religion's cost—goaded young men into thinking that the Faith of the Middle Ages can only co-exist with mediæval tyrannies and thumbscrews. The Faith of the Middle Ages flourishes like a bay-tree in the American Republic, because religious people don't think it necessary to revile George Washington and plot to bring back a king. *Why should American principles be damnable only when they land on the shores of Ireland?* They've landed, my lords, at all events, and all the Queen's troops and judges won't dislodge them; and, depend upon it, young hearts won't think the less tenderly of them if we persecute them from the altar of God

while the Government is torturing them in its jails. One thing more I feel bound to remind your lordships of—that there are young hearts under clerical soutanes as well as under frieze coats, and for the one old Father Phil in this diocese I know fifty young Father Phils whom you will never drill into cursing their people's cause in the interest of their people's masters. For my part, I don't intend to try to drill them. My first episcopal act will be to remove Father Phil from Drumshaughlin, in order to avoid the scandal of any open differences between him and so worthy and eminent a priest as Monsignor McGrudder; but it will not be to banish him into the Siberian mines—it will be to make him my own administrator in Clonard. As for this election—I dare say it is only some tipsy freak of Mat Murrin's; but if I am asked to brand little Ken Rohan, who served my Mass, and to whom I gave First Communion, as a limb of the devil—I don't believe it, and I won't say it. Candidly, if your lordships must issue any manifesto at all, my advice is that you frankly declare the Attorney-General to be what he is, a political gambler, who has made a dishonest use of his patriotism, and is making a not altogether honest use of his piety; and if you must denounce armed insurrection in Ireland as the midsummer madness it is—a matter of infants playing at soldiers, so far as England is concerned, but tragic enough for our own poor unarmed boys—then let your lordships not stop there, but point out how otherwise the ineradicable craving for Irish Nationality is to be satisfied, and make the young men feel that in struggling for it they will have our blessing, no matter if we had to take to the wooden chalices and the mountain cabins again with our people,'

"'It seems a pity you did not intimate those opinions before,' gravely observed the archbishop, a noble and courtly figure.

"'I tell your lordships frankly, I waited until I could give them effect,' said the coadjutor-bishop with perfect composure. 'The Brief for my consecration only arrived yesterday. The opinions that would have been crushed in an humble priest have now some chance of being useful to the Church and to the country.'"

The Master of the Magicians, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and her husband, Mr. Herbert D. Ward (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), differs from most novels we have seen which were founded on Scriptural subjects, by being readable and entertaining. Its dual authors, looking at the Babylon of Nabuchodonosor (or, as they prefer to differ from both Catholic and Protestant orthography, by writing Nebuchadrezzar), through American eyes, have not been guilty of any serious pretence to any remoter point of view. The gain, so far as liveliness is con-

cerned, is not wholly dissipated by the flippancies of style and sentiment which here and there accompany it.

Stolen America, by Isabel Henderson Floyd (New York: Cassell Publishing Company), opens so inauspiciously that only a conscience which forbids either praise, blame, or passing mention not founded on knowledge, prevented its being thrown aside at once as simple trash. In reality it is a more than average novel, and in the heroine, Kate Weston, an attractive American girl of one of our best varieties, is carefully drawn. "Stolen America" is the island of Bermuda, which the author's patriotism bemoans as a true bit of American soil carelessly allowed to fall into English hands. The hero, Dr. Sinclair, converted from pessimism, low views of his fellow-creatures, and disgust for himself by his admiration for Miss Weston, blooms forth into a prospective lecturer throughout the country on the great subject of *Coast Defences*. The book is amusingly crowded with statistics on this and other topics which the author deems of serious importance to her compatriots. The culminating incident of the story, in which the doctor and Miss Weston are lost in one of the ocean caves in Mullett's bay, is very cleverly managed.

Bella's Blue-Book, translated from the German of Marie Calm by Mrs. J. W. Davis (New York: Worthington Company), is one of those sweetly sentimental tales of which the Teutonic public appear to enjoy almost a monopoly. They may usually be warranted safe and moderately entertaining, and this one is no exception to the common rule.

The Leper Queen: A Story of the Thirteenth Century (New York: Benziger Brothers), does not purport to be more than a legend, although historical names are used. It is well written, and brings into strong relief that spirit of sacrifice for others which is of the very essence of our Christian faith. But one could wish that the story, being merely legendary, the author had spared Aleidis and her princely lover the final sacrifice which led both of them to something like a living death for purely political ends. One doubts whether mere politics were ever fairly worth such sacrifices.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, bring out, in very handsome shape, Dr. Edward W. Gilliam's *1791: A Tale of San Domingo*, which will need no recommendation to our readers, who have so lately followed the story through the pages of this magazine. Some substantial additions to the tale have, however, been made in putting it into this permanent form.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AUNT CAROLINE'S CONVERSION.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., 2d June, 1890.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: The June number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD contains a most interesting letter from Sister Mary Paul on a subject which it has always seemed to me should be one of profound interest to the missionary element of the church—and should not that mean the whole church?

The negro is intensely religious and intensely ignorant of true religion. I subjoin an "experience" which is almost a verbatim report. I change nothing of circumstance or surrounding, but, in negro language, "I gi' ter you ez 'twas gi'en ter me."

Aunt Caroline was busy with the week's ironing, and lightened her labors by singing in her rich soprano a plantation version of the fortunes of

"Shadrik, Meshak an' Abedenego,
A-burnin' in de fi'ry funniss,"

when the little daughter of the owner of the plantation entered and stood by the ironing-table. As she pushed back her sun-bonnet the braids of thick hair caught Aunt Caroline's eye.

"Sho thing, ef I was you, I wouldn' 'low 'em ter plait my hyar," the old woman said, as she rubbed a fresh iron, to cool it, on the shuck door-mat. "Doan you know witches rides folks what plaits dey hyar? Hits one o' de awfulles' sins you kin do."

"Do witches ride folks, Aunt Caroline?" asked the little girl.

"Law, chile! dey dess fyar gallops 'em; an' in de mornin's a'ter de witches been takin' you for dey horse you dess seem lak you'se 'bout ter break in two, you'se so no 'count. An' see, w'en yo' hyar's plaited dey seizes dat for dey bridle. I sho wush you'd git 'lijun an' stop 'lowin' 'em ter meddle wid yo' hyar."

"When did you get religion?" asked the child, leaning her arms over on the table and preparing to listen.

"'Tain't been so ve'y many years ago. 'Twas at de very fust 'vival we hed in de new Piney Grove Chu'ch. I 'members I was a mighty han' for scoffin' at 'lijun, an' dat night I tooken put on a hoop-skirt, an' spread out my new dress, an' fastened year-bobs in my years, an' sot up dar fine ez er fiddle, an' no mo' 'siderin my soul den you is dis yere minnit. But dat preacher! he fyar lifted de roof, he did; an' de Christyuns 'menced a prayin' an' a beggin' de sinners ter come to de mo'rners' bench, an' some on 'em s'rounded me an' 'seeched me ter have mussy on my po' sinful soul; an' chile! I struggled an' I strived ter git up an' go, but dat ar hoop-skirt seem lak 'twas change ter lead an' was a-holdin' me down, an' pres'n'y I dess run my han' thew my dress-body an' I onbuckled dat hoop; an' den dem year-bobs! seem lak dey hilt me back, and I tooken snatched 'em out, an' den I went up, an' I tried ter pray; but no use, my sins was dess a pressin' me down, an' pres'n'y seem lak I fell inter er trance an' w'en I come to, behole you I was in *Hell!* an' ooh! it's de dreadfulles' place! Hit's all vided up inter rooms all cased in red hot i'on, an' de flo' it's red hot i'on, an' gre't big fire-places big nuff ter hol' fo' loads o' wood at er time, an' Satan runnin' 'bout wid a great pronged pitch-fork a-prickin' his imps ter make 'em keep up de fires; an' dem imps dess a-grinnin', an' a-pawin', an' a-flingin' hot ashes on de sinners down dar, an dey a-ragin, an' a-cussin', an' a-dancin', an'

screamin'. Lawd! dem ez ain't seen it ain't got no idee o' it. An' dar I laid at de foot o' a gre't long lather, what reched down fum some'ars, I couldn' tell whar; an' ev'y time I'd strive ter rise, my sins 'ud hol' me down. Dey was all in er big black pack on top o' me, an' 'peared ter me I wuz struck dum'; I couldn' eben holler; but last my voice come ter me, an' I say, 'Aw Lawd, ha' mussy on me er sinner, fo' Jesus' sake,' an' no sooner hed I said dat, den behole yo'! dat ar lather 'menced a shinin' (hit was Jacob's lather), an' 'way high up I hear sompen lak de flutter o' whings, an' de sweetes' voice say, 'Aw Ca'line come up, Aw Ca'line clamb up' [nothing can express the emotion with which Aunt Caroline sang these words in imitation of the angelic (?) invitation], an' my sins dey rolled off an' I could hear 'em *a-sizzin' ez dey struck de red hot flo'*, an' I 'menced a clambin' de lather, rung by rung; an' ez I got up de angels 'menced fannin' me wid dey white whings, an' a-singin' de sweetes' o' dey hymes, an' pres'n'y I got ter de top, an' aw, honey! dar a-shinin' in dat flow'ry meado' waz de New Jerusalam. Two angels dey tooken put on me a long flowin' gyarment whiter'n ennythin' yo' uvver see, an' dey tuk me by de han's an' led me thew dem pearly gates. Aw, chile! you thinks youse seen purty streets, but up dar de pavemints is o' shinin' gol', an' de houses is pyor silver, an' de trees hez di'mant leaves an' ruby flowers, an' de angels sets on dey do'-steps an' plays goldin' harps, an' sings de praises o' de Lamb. An' de angels what led me dey tuk me thew de streets, whar t'other angels 'ud say, 'Howdye, sister! howdye; eno'er redeemed soul!' An' las' we got by de ruvver what flows fum de Th'one, an' pres'n'y we reched de th'one, an' dar settin' upon it was Jesus His own Se'f, an' de angels dey cyarried me up de steps, an' Jesus he took my han' an' he say, 'Go an' sin no mo'; an' den I come back ter dis worl' an' my sperrit entered my body, whar, de folks say, he'd been a-layin' dar at dat mo'ners bench, *dead for three days*, an' I dess jumped up, I did, an' I shouted, an' I shouted till ev'y rag o' my clo'es was in strings, an' I 'claimed aloud de glory o' God, an' I 'joiced case I hed seen his salvation for dem as trusts him!

"'Aw! dis ole time 'lijun,
Dis ole time 'lijun,
Dis ole time 'lijun
Is good nuff fur me!'"

rang out in Aunt Caroline's musical voice as the finale of her experience, and the little girl thought she would shout right there; but at that moment a slanting ray of sunlight illumined the ironing-table and recalled the visionary to mundane things.

"Dar!" she exclaimed in her every-day tones, as she commenced ironing vigorously, "dat ar sun's fyar racin' ter de wes' an' dese yere clo'es ain't done i'onin'!"

Is there not a fruitful harvest awaiting the workers in this neglected corner of Christ's vineyard? Fannie Conigland Farinholt.

THE RABBITS AND THE ASS'S SCHOOL.

There had long lived together in an enforced harmony, under the same roof, two families, one of Asses and the other of Rabbits. The Ass and his children were of the kicking and loud-braying variety, while the Rabbits were of the lop-eared, pink-eyed species with beautiful white fur.

There had been a time, so runs the tradition, when the Rabbits had occupied spacious and beautiful warrens of their own, but they had been driven out by a

pest of rattlesnakes, and after casting about for shelter for a long time, they hired lodgings in the house of the Ass.

Now, the Ass had some peculiarities which these poor Rabbits did not like, and against which *they* had to protest most vigorously. Their heads were in danger when he lifted his heels to kick, and their mouths were too tender to eat the thistles with which he attempted to feed them.

But it came to pass in the course of years that the Rabbits begun to prosper, and to be no longer the mere servants of the Ass. Feeling then that the time was come when with a good show of success they might assert their independence, they informed the Ass that in a month's time they would leave his house and build houses of their own. But there was one thing which the Ass claimed, and that was the right to educate and train up the young Rabbits who were born in his house. "As I am the head and the source of all law for you, you must send your children to me to be educated."

"No," said the Rabbits, "we cannot allow our children's mouths to be wounded with the thistles which you feed them with; it takes us too long to cure them. Moreover they learn to kick, and we do not propose to have a family of what every one will call Jackass-Rabbits."

"Very well," said the Ass, "I will not urge my claim; but you must continue to pay me for the privilege which you are determined not to use. My house, you know, is yours, and as long as you have this right to come and go freely you must pay for it."

In vain did the Rabbits protest against such an injustice. Even when the Ass put on the Lion's skin and tried to roar, they denounced him as a robber. The controversy became so hot at last that the Ass accused the Rabbits of gnawing the foundation beams of his house. But as these were protected by sheet-iron the poor creatures were cleared from that charge.

The case came finally into the court where the Lion sat as the chief-justice, and a day was set apart for the hearing.

A small but very fine Rabbit, with a creamy white pelt, appeared as the attorney for the Rabbits. And the old Ass himself came into court to plead for his own case.

Lawyer Rabbit was about to begin, when suddenly the Ass lifted up his heels and gave a tremendous kick into the air, and stuck out his tail and opened his jaws and gave forth a succession of lugubrious brays, which drowned the voice of the Rabbit, and deafened the ears of the audience. The Lion called for silence, but the Ass kept on until the Fox and the Laughing-Hyena had to be called in as police to quiet him. So they put a muzzle on his nose and tied his tail to his legs, and he was forced to be silent.

The attorney for the Rabbits then began his plea: "Your Honor, I have lived with my clients for many years in the house of the Ass, much to the discomfort of our families. We were provided with thistles for food, we were taught to kick, and the songs which the Ass sings and his music were imposed upon us. We determined to leave, but the Ass claims that we must continue to pay him rent for the rooms we have vacated. This we have done under protest up to the present. I now ask that the Ass be restrained from collecting any more rent from my clients."

The Lion said then to the Ass: "Is all this true?" And he being muzzled, nodded his head. Then said the Lion: "My sentence is this: The Rabbits must pay no more rent to the Ass. And the Ass must have his ears and tail cropped for his unjust treatment of the Rabbits." And so the court adjourned *sine die*.

Reynard.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

We have received many letters of grateful acknowledgment for the information published in this department concerning living Catholic authors. From Cleveland, Ohio, this question has been sent to us: "Is Agnes Repplier a Catholic? Her articles in the *Atlantic* have excited my interest and admiration." Not long ago the same inquiry was made by a Reading Circle in Boston. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have had ample proof that Miss Agnes Repplier is one with them in faith by the perusal of her many excellent contributions to Catholic literature in this magazine. We are pleased to announce that she also recognizes the broad field of usefulness before the Columbian Reading Union, and sends her best wishes that it may meet with the hearty co-operation it deserves. Our members will read with delight her own words in the following letter:

"There are few undertakings so doubtful and difficult as the direction of other people's reading, and I have a reasonable hesitation in offering any counsel on the subject beyond a few general and safe rules. In providing books for young people, the first requisite is that they should be moderately interesting; otherwise, all their admirable qualities count for nothing, for the very simple reason that the young people do not read them. A girl of seventeen will not plod through a dull controversial novel, when close at hand lies something, less excellent perhaps, but infinitely more attractive to her untrained mind. We probably all remember the manner in which, as children, we were wont to handle certain dismal books, tolerated for lack of anything better; the cursory glance at each new chapter to see if it were more promising than the last, the scraps of conversation and incident picked out pathetically here and there, the wholesale skipping of all that went between. I am inclined to think the most melancholy experience of my boarding-school life was the constant effort to read utterly unreadable books; but, by the same token, I can never forget the joy that *Constance Sherwood* gave me, a joy untarnished to this hour. It is, I believe, the best Catholic story I have ever read, except *Loss and Gain*. *Fabiola*, too, is charming, when we can once reconcile ourselves to nineteenth-century men and women uttering nineteenth-century sentiments in nineteenth-century language amid the catacombs; but *Constance Sherwood* has no such artistic incompleteness. Its historic atmosphere is inimitable, and the opening chapters, before all the troubles begin, and when Constance and Ann Dacre are happy little girls together, form in themselves a perfect idyl, lovelier indeed than anything that follows, just as the opening chapters of *The Mill on the Floss* are lovelier than the sequel of the tale.

Wherever history is to be selected, sincerity should guide our choice. 'Pious fiction is fiction still,' and the plainest speaking is safest in the end. Hubert Burke's volumes merit all the praise they have received, and it is a pity that, like Cardinal Newman's essays and historical sketches, and Aubrey De Vere's poetry, they should be so costly as to be beyond the purse of many who would like to buy them. Such works constitute the cream of Catholic literature, but they can only be enjoyed by people of cultivation; and the same may be said most emphatically of that rare book, *The Journal of Eugénie de Guérin*, a book which to the uncultivated mind is blankly and burdensomely stupid. The fine quality of distinction, which Matthew Arnold recognized as Mlle. de Guérin's

especial gift, is something dimly understood by the average reader, who thinks her very pious, very melancholy, and no more. But to those who have learned to love the delicate simplicity of her pages, I would recommend with all my heart the *Journal and Letters* of her brother, Maurice de Guérin. Far more subtle and intellectual than his sister, every sentence he has left us is weighted with grace and beauty, fine even in a translation, peerless in the original French. 'He had,' says Matthew Arnold, 'a passion for perfection'; and, by force of this passion, and by his extraordinary magic of expression, he has won his way, with a few fragmentary writings, into the tranquil atmosphere of the immortals.

AGNES REPPLIER."

* * *

A fine copy of the pamphlet entitled *Reading and the Mind, with Something to Read* (price 25 cts.), has been sent to us by the publisher, Mr. D. P. Murphy, Jr., 31 Barclay Street, New York City. We congratulate the author, Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J., on the success of his work, which has now reached a third edition, with fair prospects of a total circulation of six thousand copies. In the preface we are informed that this pamphlet preceded by two years the famous lists of *A Hundred Books*, which appeared in the year 1884.

The pamphlet is divided into two parts—"Reading and the Mind," and "Something to Read." Under the first there are thirteen essays, philosophical, critical, and didactic, which point out the worth of modern prose and poetry. Among these essays there is one which is remarkably suggestive: The Influence of Greek Thought. It describes the two phases of Greek literature which pervade modern poetry in these words: "If we look upon the map of Turkey, in Asia, we shall see that the melted snows on the summit of the mountain range near Mt. Ararat supply the waters of those two mighty streams, the Tigris and the Euphrates. But how different the course of the two rivers! The Tigris, as travellers tell us, flows almost directly south, in a clear, deep stream, while the Euphrates takes a northern, western, and finally southern course, but in a shallow, zigzag bed, frequently bursting its banks, and bringing ruin to life and property by its destructive floods. Such are the two lines of Greek thought; one keeps its pure refinement, the other is sullied by its own extravagance. In Homer we find the thought yet unsullied by modern dregs, though pagan in its morality; but when we come to Swinburne, it is the Greek sensualist that appears, and not the noble type of Homer, or of Sophocles in his *Philoctetes* or *Antigone*." The fourth short essay, entitled False Principles in Reading, begins in a very scholarly manner, by showing that there are men who tear down, but who build up nothing. They sweep away with their pen the most sacred beliefs, and plan nothing in its place that can satisfy the soul. We must not worship God, but heroes and men, they tell us, and not according to what has been revealed and taught, but according to our whim or fancy, or, better yet, not at all. Nature is God, Man is God, Passion is God, or there is no God. And thus, in many ways, the fountains of literature have been poisoned, according as the mind of the writer has been turned away from truth and right. Under cover of a spirit of liberality, intellectual freedom—freedom to use against the Maker that intellect which is his gift—are disguised thoughts against the divine teachings of religion. There is a quiet stab in the dark at the submission of our minds to the Creator, a sneer at our love for the Mother of God, or a smile at our belief in the Sacraments instituted by our Divine Redeemer. Our poetry, as our prose, is tainted with Pantheism and Atheism, and, more recently, with the manifold developments of Materialism, Rationalism, and Agnosticism. All this is yearly developing and parading itself in our literature.

Under the head of "Something to Read" the author again makes a division into literature of time and literature of eternity. The former comprises selections of authors reflective and critical, studies for prose style, eloquence, translations, studies for taste in poetry, versification, history, biography, didactic or reference, and fiction. Throughout all these books we fail to find Brownson's *American Republic* mentioned—the book which marks an epoch in the history of American literature. We heartily agree with every word Mr. Condé B. Pallen recently uttered in Baltimore in praise of Orestes A. Brownson. Did the author intentionally omit the *American Republic*, or was it forgetfulness? There are some notable omissions among the magazines published in the United States. While Father O'Conor was vice-president of St. Francis Xavier's College he arranged graded class-readings for the students, which stirred up intelligent interest among the collegians; these readings have been now added to his pamphlet. Young aspirants after knowledge in the world will read his book, and thereby derive benefit not only from the essays, but also from the graded lists. We ask, Why did the author push THE CATHOLIC WORLD down to the striplings of the class of classics? It strikes us that even the philosophers of the senior class might read it with profit. The author is severe on fiction, limiting himself to three healthy-toned writers—Scott, Thackeray, Dickens—ending his remarks by the bigoted dictum of Porter. The novel, like the stage, has come to stay; we must make it a power for good by judicious approval of the best authors.

* * *

The members of the Alumnæ Association of the Holy Angels' Academy, Buffalo, N. Y., have been concentrating their attention for some time past on the preparation of a list of books relating to the Catholic Church in the United States. Seldom do we find young ladies engaged in such practical and useful work after they have become graduates. We hope their example of industry and good sense will stimulate other graduates to do something more than pound the piano monotonously and make a showy début in fashionable society. We know of no better testimonial to the academy which directed the studies of this Alumnæ Association, the first one organized among Catholics, than that furnished by the fact that the members have willingly undertaken for their own self-improvement an elective course of profitable reading, which brings them under the influence of the great thoughts that inspired the pioneers and chief workers of the church in the United States. The Columbian Reading Union is thankful for the list of books prepared in this way, and now published for the benefit of the Catholic reading public. Especial mention should be made of the well-directed zeal of Miss Marie L. Sandrock, the secretary of the Alumnæ Association.

We quote these passages from the introduction :

"By request of The Columbian Reading Union this list has been prepared. The compilers have endeavored to give prominence to the most approved books now in the market bearing on the history and work of the Catholic Church in the United States. In making the selections one object has been kept in view, namely: to provide a course of reading which would materially assist inquiring minds to realize the effects produced here in our own country by the promulgation of Catholic doctrine in the pulpit, through the medium of the press, and by the constant influence of devoted teachers. Whether among the wigwams of the Indian, or the most refined circles of civilized society, the zeal of the Catholic teacher is inseparable from the progress of the church.

"During the epoch from the landing of Columbus to the first Catholic

Congress—almost four hundred years—a work of great magnitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of this western continent has been accomplished by Catholics representing various nations of Europe. The heroic characters of this epoch, and the events which mark the development of the providential design in directing the nation-builders appointed to establish a new home for Christian civilization, furnish abundant material for a literature which now exists only in a fragmentary condition. It remains for the native-born Catholics of America to reverently preserve and study the golden words committed to writing by their ancestors. There is reason to hope also that a new generation of writers will be generously encouraged to embellish with a modern literary finish the chronicles of the heroic pioneers of the Catholic Church in the United States."

Name of Author.	Title of Book.
John Gilmary Shea	The Catholic Church in the United States.
" " "	Missions among the Indians in the United States—1524–1854.
" " "	The Catholic Church in Colonial Days.
" " "	Life of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J.
" " "	Life of Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore. Including History of the Church in the United States.
	Christ in His Church.
John O'Kane Murray	A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States.
" " "	Catholic Pioneers in America.
Rev. P. J. De Smet	Indian Sketches.
Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.	Life of Archbishop Spalding.
" " "	Religious Mission of the Irish People and Catholic Colonization in America.
Lawrence Kehoe	Works of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D.
Most Rev. J. R. Bayley, D.D.	Memoirs of Rev. Simon William Gabriel Bruté, D.D.
" " "	Early History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York.
Henry F. Brownson	Complete Works of Orestes A. Brownson (in twenty volumes).
	Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy (in three volumes).
Rev. A. A. Lambing	History of the Church in Pittsburgh and Allegheny.
Rev. Charles T. White, D.D.	Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton.
Richard A. Clarke	Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States.
Right Rev. C. Maes, D.D.	Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx.
Right Rev. R. Gilmour, D.D.	The Debt America owes Catholicity.
J. R. G. Hassard	Grants of Land and Gifts of Money to Catholic and Non-Catholic Institutions in New York Compared.
Esmeralda Boyle	Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Marylanders.
Rev. Eugene Grimm	Life of Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D.D., fourth Bishop of Philadelphia.

Very Rev. Joachim Adam.....Life of Venerable Padre Junipero Serra.
Rev. James J. McGovern.....Life and Writings of the Right Rev. John McMullen, D.D., first Bishop of Davenport, Iowa.
Very Rev. I. T. Hecker.....The Church and the Age.
" " " .....Questions of the Soul.
" " " .....Aspirations of Nature.
Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D.....Life of the Rev. Francis A. Baker.
" " " ....The King's Highway; or, The Catholic Church the Only Way of Salvation Revealed in the Holy Scriptures.
Right Rev. Mgr. Preston, D.D....Reason and Revelation.
Rev. James Kent Stone.....The Invitation Heeded.
Cardinal Gibbons.....The Faith of Our Fathers.
" " .....Our Christian Heritage.
Rev. Joseph Prachensky, S.J.....Church of the Parables.
Rev. James J. Moriarty.....Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones.
Eleanor C. Donnelly.....Life of Father Barbelin, S.J.
Ellen H. Walworth.....Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwhita—1656–1680.

It is to be regretted that the following books, entitled to a place on this list, are now very rare or out of print: *Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains*, by Rev. P. J. De Smet, S.J.; *The Catholic Church in the United States*, by Henry De Courcy; *Life and Times of Rt. Rev. J. Timon, D.D.*, by Charles G. Daithes; *Memoir and Letters of Mrs. E. A. Seton* (in two volumes), by Rt. Rev. R. Seton, D.D.; *Life of Rev. D. A. Gallitzin*, by Sarah M. Brownson; *Memoir of Rev. I. Jogues, S.J.* (in three volumes), by Very Rev. Thomas Hayden; *Life of Mother Julia, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame; History of Maryland*, by J. T. Scharf; *History of Irish Settlers in the United States*, by T. Darcy McGee; *Memoir of Commodore John Barry; Memoir of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.*

For historical accuracy and judicious treatment some books by non-Catholic writers deserve notice, among which may be mentioned: *Early Jesuit Missions in North America*, by W. T. Kipp; *Memoir of Roger B. Taney, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States*, by S. Tyler, LL.D.; *Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*, by Parkman. The evidence in favor of Catholic affairs gathered by these writers has a unique value, because the charge of undue partiality cannot be made against them.

This first list of books on the Catholic Church in the United States is not intended to be exhaustive; many other books of standard value will be given at a later date, when other lists are prepared on the same general subject. Miss Walworth's new book, *Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwhita*, is now in press. It is based on original researches, and we predict that it will be a most acceptable volume for all our Reading Circles. M. C. M.

THE WORKING-WOMEN'S GRIEVANCE.

We call attention to the article on *The Experience of a Working-woman*, in our present number, as containing a true picture of the actual condition of that vast multitude of intelligent, and generally speaking virtuous, young women who are employed in the retail stores of New York. They are commonly the

daughters of well-deserving citizens, men who form the largest class in the Christian community; they and their kindred constitute a large proportion of the worshippers in our churches, and efforts for their welfare should be our deepest concern. In order to lay before our readers the truth of this question we have requested a typical working-woman of our acquaintance to give her actual experience, and have published what she has to say just as it came to our hands. If it has not the literary merit of the production of a professional writer, it certainly comes from the heart and is told as no one else could tell it.

Any one who will take the trouble to read the report of the Working-women's Society read at the Chickering Hall meeting last May, will find that the female employees in some of our largest and most fashionable stores are driven and goaded on to labor as no one would dare to urge an animal on the public streets. There is no doubt but what the brutes of New York City are better protected by the law than its working-women. Let us consider what grievances these women have. For instance, it is an established rule of many of our richest dry-goods establishments to never pay their employees for over-time and to fine them if they are only five minutes late; and during their hours of work they are kept so busy that they hardly dare stop to breathe. The fine, which is the worst feature of the system, is more cruel than the slave-driver's lash of forty years ago, for it snatches bread from the hungry to load down the proprietor's table with luxuries. One great house boasts of a yearly profit of three thousand dollars from fines alone! We wish that society could be protected from such robbers (for they are nothing else). These vampires live by the blood of the poor. The saleswoman or cash-girl who would pilfer the proprietor's stock would be punished rigorously according to law, but the employer is allowed by law to deduct ten cents as his payment for losing five minutes of the time of a girl whom he pays two dollars per week. Such employers are the fomentors of the dreaded plague of socialism. By tolerating such injustice we are allowing our social and political order to be undermined to satisfy the greed of the already over-wealthy extortioner.

If we would preserve the great boon of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" which our fathers have bequeathed to us, we must eradicate by sound Christian teaching the false principle that human labor is to be bought and sold like any mere commodity. It is useless to try to defend this principle by saying that if employees are not satisfied with their wages and treatment they are at liberty to leave their employers. In most cases working-women must keep such positions as they have or get nothing to do. The article on *The Experience of a Working-woman* shows this. Chattel-slavery could be defended with much more reason than chattel-labor, because the former supposed the master to be held to care for his slave during sickness and old age, but the latter makes human effort no more than the action of a machine. The doctrine that labor is simply a merchantable commodity is unworthy of an enlightened and Christian people, means little else than the enslavement of the working-classes, and will end in our downfall as a nation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS FUNDAMENTALIS AUCTORE THOMA JOSEPHO BOUQUILLON, S. T. D. et in Universitate Catholica Americana, Theologiæ Moralis, Professore Ed. Sec. Recognita et Adaucta Brugis. Bayaert-Storie, Editor. 1890. Neo-Eboraci: Fr. Pustet.

This is a second and considerably enlarged edition of a work which attracted much attention in theological schools when first published, in 1875. In its present shape it will prove still more attractive to professors and students of moral theology. In this country it offers the additional interest of coming from the pen of one of the professors of our Catholic University. What this new centre of sacred science, what the Church of America, at large, may expect from such a teacher, this recent publication of his tells plainly enough. It is in every way a remarkable book; clear, judicious, thorough, and positively overflowing with theological erudition of the most varied kinds. It would seem as if the learned writer had made it a rule to read everything worth knowing on the subject with which he deals, and give his readers an opportunity to do the same, by his abundant foot-notes and references.

The general plan of the work differs little from that commonly followed by theologians. It deals, in succession, with the grave and solemn questions of fundamental ethics: the end or purpose of existence; the law of life, external and internal; moral action in man, its conditions, modifications, etc. But whilst moving constantly within the traditional lines, one cannot but notice that the writer thinks for himself the whole time, and that if he refrains from assailing the weak points of some of his predecessors, and even adopts their forms of language, it is only on condition of giving them a modified and more acceptable meaning. A striking instance of this may be found in his ingenious and masterly exposition of probabilism, in which he puts aside, without special refutation, what is most incoherent and illogical in many of its supporters. Perhaps, in this matter, he fails to do justice to the theory of compensation which, properly understood, seems to us to underlie the whole subject, and by bringing it under the more general law of human conduct, to meet adequately all the difficulties.

An original and most valuable feature of the book is its Introduction. It deals with the sources and history of moral theology. Each one of its pages suggests the wish that so much useful information may be expanded into another portly volume, and surely nobody could be better fitted for such a work than the learned writer himself, whose book is before us. In such a work, as in the many others we may expect from his prolific pen, we will naturally hope to find more frequent reference to English and American works, and which, though not always the best, are to us the most interesting, as well as the most useful.

ANCIENT HISTORY. For the use of colleges. By William F. Allen and P. V. N. Myers. Boston: Ginn & Co.

In spite of much that there is to commend in this little history, it cannot be made the text-book of a Christian school. The authors' anti-Christian animus is evident in many passages, and one passage can only be characterized as malignant. This is much to be regretted, for, speaking generally, the writers are just in their statements, besides being plain and concise in style.

HEROIC BALLADS, WITH POEMS OF WAR AND PATRIOTISM. Edited, with notes, by D. H. M. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The complaint, so general, of poems edited for the use of schools, that the notes are useless for the pupil and worse than useless for the teacher, cannot be made against this collection of ballads. We do not know who D. H. M. is, but he is to be congratulated on having produced a unique, inasmuch as his notes are clear, concise, without offence to creed or party, and all that may be required for the full understanding of the poems. We heartily recommend the ballads to all instructors of youth.

CATHOLICITY VS. PROTESTANTISM. Conversations of a Catholic Missionary with Americans. By the Rev. John C. Perrodin. To which is added a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Milwaukee: Hoffman Brothers.

It is not easy to do justice in the space of a short notice to a book so earnestly thoughtful as Father Perrodin's *Catholicity vs. Protestantism*. No one of those who are not of the household of the faith can read it without recognizing the great ability and perfect sincerity of the late pious author. They cannot fail to recognize in him a friendly and useful critic. The chapter on the Spanish Inquisition is a calm and dispassionate account of this much-abused institution, a refutation (if not so complete as that of Bishop Dwenger and Comte de Maistre, still sufficient for the purpose) of the monstrous calumnies that have been so universally circulated with regard to it. Let us hope that the labors of the devoted author may meet with the reward he desired, that through his words men may be led to a more intelligent appreciation of Holy Church. The book is well bound, and is a creditable specimen of the printer's art. We venture to suggest a table of contents and an index for the next edition.

DIARY OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. Revised from *The Daily News*. By John Macdonald, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This purports to be and is a most exhaustive and truthful compilation of the proceedings of the infamy styled the "Parnell Commission." Space forbids more than a glance at the "Diary," which is full of interesting and instructive information, not only for all lovers of justice, truth, and liberty, but even for those who, if they do not hate these virtues, certainly do show a very inappreciative spirit for them. There is surely much that is wholesome in English politics when we may learn from the Parnell Commission that men shall not lie and forge with impunity. The "Diary" is one to recommend to all interested, and they are not few, in the cause of liberty and justice as exhibited in the Irish people and their great leader, Charles Stewart Parnell.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY GOSPELS. By John Maldonatus. Translated from the original Latin by George J. Davie, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford, one of the translators of the *Library of the Fathers*, etc. St. Matthew's Gospel, chapters xv. to xxviii. London: John Hodges; New York: For sale by Benziger Bros.

This work has already been noticed by us at length. We can but add that the second volume confirms the impression we received on reading the first, that it is impossible to overestimate the value of this commentary to all givers of sermons, and to those of the laity (may their number increase!) who have a devout love for the Word of God. The translation goes far to confirm the opinion of those who believe that English, of all spoken tongues, is the most flexible, and

Christians owe a debt of gratitude to translator and publisher for opening to them a treasury so rich in the science of God. The work will comprise four volumes, of which the third is in press.

Revelations of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, and the History of Her Life. From the French of Monseigneur Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. By a Visitandine of Baltimore. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

We heartily recommend this translation to all who wish for a succinct and faithful account of the Revelations of the Sacred Heart, together with the life of the holy woman chosen by Heaven to inaugurate a devotion destined for so much good. This is a book not only calculated to inspire us with a great love of the Sacred Heart, but which, furthermore, furnishes us with a pattern and model in our efforts to increase in that love. Many writers so enlarge on the extraordinary mortifications of the saints as to hinder, rather than help, the average reader. The average reader has not the courage, and probably has not the grace, to practise extraordinary mortification. Besides, they are hardly faithful biographers who write so as to suggest to their readers that the heroic is the starting-point of the saints. Such, certainly, is not the rule. So was it not with Blessed Margaret Mary. She began by denying herself in small things; and to give up small things very often cost her a great deal. Blessed Margaret Mary was not, naturally, mortified, any more than we are. The secret of her triumph over self was her constancy in prayer. She did all things illumined by the light of the Holy Ghost.

One can but praise the form in which this translation has been presented to the public. The frontispiece is a triumph of the engraver's art.

Aids to Correct and Effective Elocution, with selected Readings and Recitations for Practice. By Eleanor O'Grady. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Many aids to elocution, for school use, have been published, but this seems to be one of the best of them all. The selections are appropriate; some, however, of not much literary merit—Mrs. Stephens' "Convict Ship," for instance. The book will be found of the highest use in conducting elocutionary exercises, which ought to have a place in every school. The compiler and the publisher —and the schools—are to be congratulated on the skill and adaptability of this book.

Month of the Sacred Heart. For Young Christians. By Brother Philippe. Translated from the fourth French edition by L. A. Mulligan. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Books such as this are aids to piety to both young and old. To cultivate a devotion to the Sacred Heart is simply to cultivate a desire for perfection and the spiritual life. Brother Philippe's book, simple and unpretentious, is likely to awaken in its readers a lively devotion to the Sacred Heart. The translation is good, the English being simple and direct.

The One Mediator; or, Sacrifice and Sacraments. By William Humphrey, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Father Humphrey has done well to reprint collectively the chapters of this

book which have appeared from time to time in *The Month*. The object of the author is to bring home to the minds of men the perpetual presence of Jesus here on earth, and his present personal influence on individual souls. There is a persuasive charm in Father Humphrey's book, much of which is due, aside from the intrinsic interest in the subject itself, to the striking originality of thought displayed by the author. He is never abstruse in his definitions, is careful to bring the doctrine of the church in regard to the sacraments within the grasp of all. And this he has done without being wordy; avoiding superfluous explanations, always leaving something to the intelligence of the reader.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUFFERINGS OF EIGHTEEN CARTHUSIANS IN ENGLAND, who refusing to take part in schism, and to separate themselves from the unity of the Catholic Church, were cruelly martyred. Translated from the Latin of Dom Maurice Chauncey, a Professed Member of the London Charter House. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The history of which this is a translation was written by Dom Maurice Chauncey, a monk of the London Charter House, about the year 1539, a short time after that House had been destroyed by Cromwell and his agents under Henry VIII. In exceedingly touching and simple language it describes the House just before its downfall, the extreme measures taken to force upon its members the new dogma of the royal supremacy, the death and sufferings of those who refused the oath, and the dispersion of the rest after many and severe trials. The publication is produced in the elegant form of a large and thin quarto.

AMINTA: A MODERN LIFE DRAMA. By Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax. New York: Appleton & Co.

It is exceedingly difficult to assign to Archbishop O'Brien his proper position in American literature. Is he a poet or is he a philosophizing moralist? Strip much of his verse of its rhyme, and we have left the soul of poetry, truth, in a prose dress. The dress is always elegant, but not always the garment promised by the preface to the *Drama*. But after all this is picking flaws in cloth of gold, which, if not of finest bullion, has a value intrinsic to the fabric into which it is woven. Had the author written nothing but the "St. Cecilia's Sonnet" and "Mathilda's Tale," no one would say that he had not the poetic faculty highly developed; that he was not a refined, elegant, harmonious poet. But, then, what can one think of such a stanza as the 12th of Book II.? (and there are others as unpleasant).

> "One lurking phantom tells of ill,
> Though faintly seen as lotioned scar,"

is a simile not of a poet but of a surgeon. Such verses appear to be worse, even, than they really are when bound together with so delightful a poem as the "Mathilda's Tale." Poetry, such as is contained in Mathilda's verses, is not for the cultured few, but for the many, and it is a true poem because it is for the many. It has that fireside element which is the truest test of genius. Shakspere, and every great poet from Homer down, has this element, without which there may be glittering tinsel and tinkling bells, but there is not poetry.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY DEPOSED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH, with fuller memoirs of its last two survivors. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett and the late Rev. T. F. Knox. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Nearly every one who has written on the subject of which Father Bridgett's book treats has had something to say about the deposed bishops and the various fates which befell them. The inaccuracies of some of these authors are, to say the least, glaring, and in some cases unpardonable. This has come, no doubt, partly from a desire to conceal the truth, partly from ignorance, and partly from carelessness and a slovenly method of study, if real study can ever be done in a slovenly way. And these falsehoods and inaccuracies Father Bridgett has well shown up in the nine interesting chapters which compose his work.

The memoirs of Bishop Watson and Bishop Goldwell, who was present at the closing session of the Council of Trent and signed the decrees, are most interesting. The accounts of the sufferings of such men for the faith must ever be interesting to one who loves one's religion. For, like their brethren on the little isle across the Channel, they were confessors of the faith. Father Bridgett has taken years and pains to produce the volume before us, and, like his excellent work on the Holy Eucharist, it is well done.

MANUAL OF CATHOLIC THEOLOGY. By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D.; with a preface by Cardinal Manning. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

There ought to be among our Catholic laymen a larger and an ever-increasing number who are acquainted with their religion in a degree far above the ordinary; and this we would repeat in the ears of the clergy and laity in spite of the cry of "we have heard of that before." The great danger ahead is unbelief. Every kind of objection is in the air. God's existence is denied, or if admitted, then the possibility of a revelation is laughed to scorn. The Church is assailed on its human side, as if there were no divine part to her. By many the sacraments are cut down to two. The Incarnation and all that is consequent to it furnishes food for many objectors. Every one of the falsehoods to which we have alluded is abroad in the mouths of men and women who are not Catholics. It is no easy matter to reach out and grasp the objection, and fling back the answer, for one who is not used to such things. And yet the answer must come. The volume which we are called upon to review is worth an article rather than a short notice. The whole work will be in two volumes; the second will appear later. It is based on Scheeben's great work, and, as Cardinal Manning says of it in the preface, it is a book to be studied, not merely read. Every editor of every Catholic newspaper in this country ought to have it by him. Every layman who makes any pretence to knowledge of his religion should not let an hour pass until he has taken the trouble to place it within easy reach of his hand.

It will show to those who peruse its pages what a mistress of all sciences is Theology. We think this is the first attempt which has been made to put a complete work on Dogmatic Theology into English, but we hope there will be such a demand in future that many another will follow. Why should they not? St. Thomas Aquinas' works are translated into French, and shall we who speak English, but cannot read any but our native tongue, suffer any longer from the poverty which has always attended this part of English Catholic literature?

As to the work of Scheeben, it is conceded that his is the best dogmatic

treatise since the Council of the Vatican, and the translators have chosen wisely in taking his work as the body of their own. The arrangement of subjects is logical, as it should be, and not merely natural, so the mind will the more readily see the nexus which connects the different divisions of the whole science.

We hope in an article at some not distant day to give this valuable work the attention which it deserves.

THE LIFE OF ST. JUSTIN MARTYR. Mrs. C. Martin. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Mrs. Martin has already done good work in the life of St. Jerome, and follows it up in the delightful little book which we have just read. We hope and feel confident that more works on the lives of the early Saints will follow, as the author has a faculty in this direction which is well developed.

THE CHURCH OF MY BAPTISM, AND WHY I RETURNED TO IT. By W. F. H. King. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The writer of this notice, being a convert like the author of this book, can well remember his hazy notions about the unity of Christ's Church, floating in his mind like fleecy clouds on a dull day, but serving only to obscure the sun which finally pierced them and dissipated them entirely. Mr. King has given a complete refutation of the fallacious argument by which Anglicans endeavor to dissuade their brethren from becoming Catholics. "Why leave the church of your baptism?" they ask, as if they had been baptized into the Church of England or the P. E. Church. Mr. King's answer in the comprehensive but concise little work before us is simply: "I have not left the church of my baptism, but I am returned to it. Whereas I was only belonging to the soul of the church, I am now also a member of the body as well." For kindliness of tone and moderation of expression, we do not remember to have seen anything better for some years in books of this character.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE mail for the past month brought the Publisher fewer requests for sample copies than usual. Lest this is due to a misapprehension of the invitation he extended to our readers in the June number, he here repeats it. Send us the name and address of any one of your friends likely to be interested in the magazine and we will forward a sample copy. It will do good always; even if it does not add a new name at once to the subscription list, it is a seed dropped in the ground which under ordinary conditions will surely germinate.

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And every new subscriber is doing more with four dollars than is at first apparent. He is helping to secure the aim of this magazine, to realize its mission. He is doing his share in behalf of American Catholic literature, he is adding to its influence. All this is obvious, of course, but we often need to be reminded of even obvious things. If sound Catholic literature does not thrive, one must go to the publishers, if he would know much of the reason of it.

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To serve the cause of Catholic literature is the duty and the privilege of our Catholic reading public, and it is for this reason we appeal to our readers to use their influence in behalf of a greater extension of our subscription list. We are not engaged in the work of conducting and publishing this magazine in the interest of money-making, and so when our readers do anything in behalf of the prosperity of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, they will understand that they are ultimately serving the cause of good Catholic literature.

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A work of interest in these days when university education is so much discussed is announced by the firm of Larose & Forcel, 22 rue Soufflot, Paris, entitled *La Faculté de Droit dans l'ancienne Université de Paris* (1167-1793), *par l'Abbé G. Perico.*

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the publication at an early

date of Imbert de Saint-Amand's *Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Régime*, translated into English by Mr. T. S. Perry, and a new novel by Marion Harland, entitled *With the Best Intentions.* They also announce a cheap edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Wrong Box.* MacMillan & Co. announce a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, called *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance*, to be ready in July.

Benziger Brothers have published during the past month:

General Metaphysics. By Rev. John Rickaby, S.J. $1.25.

Revelations of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, and the History of Her Life. From the French of Mgr. Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. $1.50.

Aids to Correct and Effective Elocution, with selected Readings and Recitations for Practice. By Eleanor O'Grady. $1.25.

The Leper Queen: A Story of the Thirteenth Century. 50 cents.

The New Second Reader of the Catholic National Series. By Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D. Price, 40 cents. The New Primer and the New First Reader were issued about a year ago, and the New Third Reader is now in preparation.

The same firm announce:

The Crown of Thorns; or, The Little Breviary of the Holy Face. By the Sisters of the Divine Compassion.

Compendium Juris Canonici. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. A text-book for seminaries.

The Principles of Anthropology and Biology. By Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J.; and

A German Edition of Cardinal Gibbons' *Our Christian Heritage.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will issue the following within a few weeks:

The Church; or, What do Anglicans Mean by "The Church"? By Canon Bagshawe.

A new edition of *Sancta Sophia.*

Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars. By the Coadjutor-Bishop of Clonfert; and

Who and What is Christ? Translated from the German.

They have also in preparation:

St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor. Translated from the French of Père Joyau. Edited by Rev. Pius Cavanagh, O.P. Illustrated.

The Christian Virgin in Her Family and in the World: Her Virtues and Her Missions at the Present Time. From the French.

Two Tales by the late Kathleen O'Meara, entitled *The Blind Apostle* and *A Heroine of Charity.*

The Life of Our Lord, for Children. By a Teacher. This little book will be issued at a low price and in an attractive form.

The Great Sacrifice of the New Law, expounded by the Figures of the Old. By James Dymock. Eighth edition, 1687. This work will form Vol. II. of the Old-English Ascetic Series, edited by Orby Shipley, M.A.

Plain Sermons. By the Rev. R. D. Browne. Sixty-four plain Sermons on the "Fundamental Truths of the Catholic Church."

The Wild Birds of Killecvy. By Rosa Mulholland. A new and popular edition.

Ginn & Co. will issue in July:

Our Government. Revised edition. By Jesse Macy, Professor of Constitutional History and Political Economy in Iowa College.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

A Manual of Catholic Theology. Based on Scheeben's *Dogmatik*. By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., Ph.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D. With a preface by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. Vol. I.: The Sources of Theological Knowledge, God, Creation, and the Supernatural Order. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., limited; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

An Essay contributing to a Philosophy of Literature. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: P. O'Shea.

Wreaths of Song from Fields of Philosophy. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Aminta: A Modern Life Drama. By Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Conferences of Agostino da Montefeltro. Delivered in Rome during Lent, 1889. Translated from the Italian by H. Dalby Galli. With Prefatory Letter by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Brothers.

The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. New Month of Mary. Compiled, by permission, chiefly from the work of Mgr. George F. Dillon, D.D., by a Nun of the Benedictine Priory of the Sacred Heart, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, England. Translated from the French. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Month of the Sacred Heart. From the French of Brother Philippe. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The People's Manual of St. Joseph; Who is St. Joseph? By the Bishop of Salford. Prayers, with thoughts and examples, for every day in the month. Price 5c. Baltimore: St. Joseph's Seminary.

The Sacred Heart Library. Second Year. No. 1. June, 1890. A quarterly series of standard theological works. The Immaculate Heart of Mary, from the original Italian *Considerations* of Father John Peter Pinamonti, S.J. A new translation, with appendix, notes, references, and contents. Complete in this number. Philadelphia: Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Gems for My Crown. By a Child of Mary. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

The New Second Reader. By Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Catholic Manuals of Philosophy. General Metaphysics. By John Rickaby, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Jesus of Nazareth. Three Lectures before the Y. M. C. A. of Johns Hopkins University, in Levering Hall. By John A. Broadus, D.D., LL.D, President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Catechist's Manual. Compiled and arranged by Rev. Andrew Ambouen, with the approbation of the Archbishop of Milwaukee. Milwaukee: Hoffman Brothers.

Les Américains Chez Eux. Madame la Marquise de San Carlos de Pedroso. Paris: Librairie de la *Nouvelle Revue*.

Natural Religion. From the *Apologie des Christenthums* of Franz Hettinger, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Wurzburg. Edited, with an introduction on Certainty, by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Catholic National Readers. New Primer, First Reader, the New Second Reader. By Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

PAMPHLETS.

The Catholic Church and Socialism. A Solution of the Social Problem. By Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The Latin Play at St. Francis Xavier's. T. Macci, Plauti Capteivei. May 13th, 15th, and 22d, 1890.

Pastoral Letter on the Consecration of the Diocese of St. Cloud to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Otto Zardetti, Bishop of St. Cloud.

The Religion of Ancient Craft Masonry. By Henry F. Brownson. Detroit: Henry F. Brownson, Publisher.

Sixtieth Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Penitentiary for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.

THE

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PROTESTANT SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN CATHOLIC QUEBEC.

IN no respect, in what we call free countries, is there a more general disregard of the feelings, not to say the rights, of religious minorities than in the matter of education. It is both pleasant and profitable, therefore, to glance at the exceptions to this rule. In a previous number* I set forth, in a brief way, the history and import of the law of Ontario in regard to the establishment and maintenance of denominational schools; in this article I purpose dealing with the educational code of Quebec as it affects the Protestant minority, and in that regard it would be difficult to find a better example of equitable dealing. Dr. Robins, a prominent Protestant educationist, in his report as principal of the McGill Normal School to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, says:

"I should do less than justice to leading politicians of all shades in this province were I not to state my admiration of the attitude they maintain towards education. During an association of more than thirty years with the public education of Quebec—an association which has repeatedly brought me, a suitor on behalf of education, into contact with men of influence of all political parties—I have found an universal desire for the spread of popular education, a willingness to listen patiently to the views of practical educators, a wide love of fair play for the educational rights of the minority, and a determination to hold the precious interest of education aloof from the turbulent arena of political party strife."†

The school law‡ in force in Quebec when the Canadian Confederation was formed in 1867 provided that the religious minority in any municipality might, for educational purposes, separate

*THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1889, article, "A Canadian Example."

† Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec for the year 1886–7. ‡ Consolidated Statutes of Quebec, 1860, cap. 15.

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themselves from the majority, establish a school or schools of their own, and elect trustees for the management of the same. On their doing so they were entitled to a proportionate share of the amount derived from the local school tax and of the general school fund. If dissatisfied with the arrangement in vogue for the recovery and distribution of the local assessment, they had authority to levy on and collect from the dissidents the necessary school rates. The law required the corporations of the cities of Quebec and Montreal to appoint twelve school commissioners, six of whom were to be Catholics and six Protestants, forming two separate and distinct corporate bodies for the direction of the schools of their respective religious beliefs; and further, that the treasurer of each of the said cities should pay to the respective school boards thus constituted, in proportion to the population of the religious persuasion represented by such boards, a sum equal to the amount apportioned to each city out of the common school fund of the province. The general control of education was vested in a council and superintendent of public instruction, appointed by the lieutenant-governor in Council. No provision existed for the representation of the religious minority on the Council of Public Instruction. The superior education fund was distributed by the superintendent, subject to the approval of the government; and, although a share was given to Protestant institutions, there was no stipulation to that effect in the statute.

Such was the law at the date of confederation; and, speaking of it, the late Sir John Rose (a former associate of the Vice-President of the United States in the well-known firm of Morton, Rose & Co.) said in one of his union speeches:

"Now we, the Protestant minority of Lower Canada, cannot forget that whatever right of separate education we have was accorded to us in the most unrestricted way before the union of the provinces (of Upper and Lower Canada, in 1841), when we were in a minority and entirely in the hands of the French population. We cannot forget that in no way was there any attempt to prevent us educating our children in the manner we saw fit and deemed best; and I would be untrue to what is just if I forgot to state that the distribution of state funds for educational purposes was made in such a way as to cause no complaint on the part of the minority. I believe we have always had our fair share of the public grants in so far as the French element could control them, and not only the liberty, but every facility for the establishment of separate dissentient schools wherever they were deemed advisable."

He might have added that the attitude of the French Catholic majority was all the more striking and worthy of praise when viewed in juxtaposition with the efforts made by the ruling

minority, in the days before self-government, to Protestantize the educational wells of the country.

The Constitution of Canada, in giving to each province of the Dominion the sole power of legislating in relation to education, makes the proviso that "nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union,"* and further, that such legislation as may be from time to time necessary for the due execution of this provision shall be enacted. But the Legislature of Quebec was not content with simply conserving the constitutional rights of the minority as to education. The majority in that province did not rest satisfied with merely standing by the confederation bargain. They went much further than the very liberal ante-confederation arrangement. And they did so heartily. Would that the same could be said of the majorities of other faiths in other parts! What a contrast is afforded by the eruptions of bigoted opposition in Ontario and Manitoba against the legal educational rights of the Catholic minorities, and the outbreaks of the same virus in "the land of liberty"! But to the law as it is; it teaches its lesson without the aid of comment.

The Council of Public Instruction of Quebec, which is charged with the general control of education, is now divided into two committees—one Catholic, the other Protestant. The latter consists of ten Protestant gentlemen (cleric and lay) appointed by the lieutenant-governor in Council, and five others named by these. They have also associated with them a representative elected by the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers. A Protestant clergyman, with the privileges, emoluments, and rank of a deputy head of the educational department of the government, acts as secretary of the Protestant Committee. This committee has entire control of the schools and public instruction of the Protestant portion of the population, and in that regard the superintendent of public instruction, who is an ex-officio member, is bound to comply with its directions. It makes all regulations in respect to courses of study, text-books, discipline, organization, and classification of schools. Under its direction the McGill Normal School trains teachers, and the Protestant Central Board of Examiners grants teaching diplomas. Upon its recommendation inspectors are appointed and paid from the public treasury.

For educational purposes the province is divided into school

* British North America Act, 1867, section 93.

municipalities, and in each municipality five commissioners are selected for the management of the schools therein. If the majority of the municipality be Protestant, the commissioners will be subject to the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, and the schools will be conducted in accordance with the regulations of that body; if the majority be Catholic, the Catholic Committee will be the ruling power, and the schools will be Catholic: for the law of Quebec provides for religious, not mere secular schools, and its enactors were wise enough to see that schools to be religious must necessarily be denominational, and, if secular, must inevitably be godless. It is, therefore, provided by article 1985 of the Revised Statutes of Quebec, 1888, that, "if in any municipality the regulations and arrangements made by the school commissioners for the management of any school are not agreeable to any number whatever of the proprietors, occupants, tenants, or rate-payers professing a religious faith different from that of the majority of the inhabitants of such municipality," such dissatisfied persons may establish one or more schools of their own, and may elect for the direction of the same three trustees, who have all the powers, privileges, and concomitant responsibilities of regular school commissioners, with one exception, namely, the levying of school taxes on incorporated companies. These taxes are levied by the commissioners, who are held to pay over a *pro-rata* share thereof to the trustees of any dissident school which may exist in the municipality. The dissidents are entitled to a share of the municipal school property proportionate to the amount of taxable property represented by them, and, of course, they are liable in the same ratio for the indebtedness of the school corporation from which they separate themselves; but if within a month after the formation of a new municipality any number of the residents give notice of dissent, they are not subject to any taxes levied by the school commissioners, nor have they any claim or liability as to the school property or indebtedness of the municipality. The assessments for the maintenance of dissident schools are levied upon, and unless otherwise mutually arranged, collected from the supporters of such schools by their trustees, who have, under the supervision of the Catholic or Protestant Committee, as the case may be, of the Council of Public Instruction, sole control of the schools. If in any district the religious minority be too few to maintain a school, they may, under certain conditions, annex themselves, for school purposes, to an adjoining municipality; and this privilege is accorded to an individual dissident. In the cities, as

in the rural municipalities, an absolute division of the school rates is made, taxes from Catholics going to Catholic schools, and those from Protestants to Protestant. The amount appropriated annually by the Legislature for common schools is divided according to population among the different municipalities, and where there are dissident schools, is subdivided between the school commissioners and dissident trustees in proportion to the number of children attending their respective schools. There are about one thousand Protestant separate schools, and the Rev. Mr. Rexford, the Secretary of the Protestant Committee, says that "they receive approximately according to population, or about one-seventh of the total grant of $160,000." These schools are now inspected by five regular and three partial inspectors, appointed on the recommendation of the Protestant Committee, and, as already stated, paid from the public treasury.

Some time ago the government established in the large centres of population free denominational night-schools, and in doing so did not neglect even the Jews. They have their own day and night schools, and their leading men have expressed their appreciation of the liberal treatment accorded them in school matters by the government.

As to higher education, the law stipulates that "the total aid to universities, classical colleges, industrial colleges, academies, and model schools . . . shall be divided between the Roman Catholic and Protestant institutions respectively, in the relative proportion of the respective Roman Catholic and Protestant populations of the province according to the then last census," and shall be apportioned by the Superintendent of Public Instruction between the different institutions "according to the recommendation of the Roman Catholic or Protestant Committee, as the case may be." In addition, the sums paid for marriage licenses by Protestants are in like manner divided among the Protestant institutions of superior education; and, according to the Jesuits' Estates Act, an additional sum of $60,000 was appropriated for the higher education of the religious minority.

As in the Province of Quebec the religious minority are treated in the matter of education, so are they dealt with in every other regard. Mr. Mercier spoke by the book when he said: "The Catholics of Quebec are not aggressive. . . . They have the satisfaction of being able to say that in the whole world there is not a single country where the minority is treated with as much liberality as the Protestant minority in our province."

J. A. J. MCKENNA.

MY TEACHER.

My little neighbor swings
And sings,
Amongst the maple-trees;
Her parrot sits aloft,
And soft
He echoes all her glees.

She sang of saints and palms,
And psalms,
And fadeless heavenly bowers;
Then lisped in sweetest words
Of birds
And bees amongst her flowers.

Then, while her hammock swung,
She sung
To lulling, minor air,
"No matter where I go,
I know
That God is everywhere."

I'm startled quite, to hear
How clear,
With what precision rare,
The bird with savage beak
Can speak,
And solemnly declare:
"No matter where I go,
I know
That God is everywhere."

From all my books I turn,
To learn
A lesson from the child.
I wait for holy-day
To pray
In temple stately piled,

With pillar, dome, and spire,
Far higher
Than I can sound my prayer
Up toward the heedless sky,
When I
Know God is everywhere.

The hammock slowly swings,
She sings
In drawling, sleepy tone:
"No matter where I go,
I know—"
And then the song is done.

My little neighbor dreams,
And gleams
Of sunshine, sifting down,
Her tangled golden hair
Makes fair
As baby angel's crown.

And still the parrot clings
And sings
Above the sleeper fair,
And soft as lullaby
His cry
Floats on the summer air:
"No matter where I go,
I know
That God is everywhere."

MARGARET HOLMES.

FUTURE DESTINY OF INFANTS.

THE future destiny of human beings who die in infancy or in a state which is rationally equivalent, becomes a special problem only for those who hold some kind of doctrine of original sin. Those who believe that human nature as such is in a fallen state, from which none are delivered except through the redemption of Christ, must wish to know whether infants can receive the benefit of this redemption. If they can, in what way, and to what extent do they actually receive it? That they are absolutely and universally excluded from the benefit of redemption none will maintain. Some will affirm, more or less confidently, that all who die in infancy are regenerated by the grace of the Holy Spirit and immediately translated into the kingdom of God; others maintain, at least as a probable opinion, that they go after death into another state of probation, where they have the opportunity of becoming sanctified and fitted to obtain eventually admission into the kingdom of heaven.

On the contrary, it has been taught by some that only a certain number of elect infants are saved, the non-elect being doomed to everlasting misery, on account of their original sin and native depravity. This doctrine of infant damnation has seemed, however, so shocking to the most even of strict Calvinists, that they have generally ignored it and sought to escape from it. Although I was brought up among Calvinists, I do not remember that I ever heard this doctrine asserted by any one, either in preaching or private conversation. At the present time, it has almost if not altogether disappeared, as a tenet of any class of Protestants.

I propose to state what is the Catholic doctrine respecting the future destiny of those who die in infancy, and also what is credible and reasonable, on metaphysical and theological principles, in respect to some most interesting parts of this great question, which have not been defined by the church.

In the first place, it is Catholic doctrine that all dying infants who have been baptized are immediately translated into the kingdom of heaven. In like manner, all who were freed from original sin before the sacrament of baptism was instituted by some other means, were admitted into heaven as soon as it was opened to the souls of the just by our Lord.

In the second place, it is Catholic doctrine that all who die in original sin are excluded from the kingdom of heaven, and that there is no state of probation after death in which souls that have not received sanctifying grace in this life have another opportunity of obtaining grace, and gaining a right to enter the kingdom of the saints in bliss.

It is the destiny of these souls, who have done neither good nor evil, who have had no personal probation, and who have not received as a grace the right to the kingdom of heaven, which I wish specially to consider.

The doctrine that they are excluded from the kingdom of heaven on account of original sin has given rise to the opinions concerning their future misery held by those who exaggerate the nature and effects of original sin. In its nature original sin is more or less identified with actual sin and a moral depravation of character, involving ill-desert; the necessary sequel of which in the future life is a permanent state of positive or negative misery. Exclusion from the kingdom of heaven is supposed to imply such a privation of the good which alone can satisfy the natural desire of a rational creature for happiness, that the state of those who are excluded is necessarily one of misery. All these various shades of opinion are either contrary to Catholic doctrine or without any positive sanction from its authoritative definitions.

In respect to the nature of original sin, the Catholic doctrine teaches no more than this: that it is a privation of sanctifying grace and supernatural gifts. Those infants who die in original sin have not a depravéd nature, or any principle which determines them to vicious acts. Their souls have been immediately created by God, and are essentially good. Dying before they have done anything by which they could make themselves either better or worse than they are by nature, they pass into the state and condition of separate spirits, just as they have come from the creative hand of God. They never have any personal probation or trial, and are therefore not liable to commit any sin by which they would deserve any privation of natural good or the infliction of any positive punishment. They cannot feel remorse on account of original sin, which is entirely involuntary and unavoidable, and they are altogether innocent of any actual transgression for which their conscience should reproach them. This element of suffering is, therefore, entirely absent from their interior condition. There is absolutely no reason in justice or the fitness of things why any physical and sensitive suffering should be inflicted upon them. The only source of pain which

can be imagined to exist in the permanent and perpetual state to which they are destined, and in which they are to live for ever, is regret and longing for the lost beatitude of the kingdom of heaven.

It is possible that the great-grandson of a deposed king might grieve over the loss of that hereditary right to a kingdom which would have descended to him if it had not been forfeited by his ancestor. But again, if he were a reasonable man, and if he had the opportunity of an honorable career and a happy life in a private station, he might not regret the lack of royal dignity, and he might be perfectly contented with his actual state.

One who inherited a disabling and painful disease from an ancestor would, indeed, be thereby rendered incapable of enjoying life. He would be deprived not of a merely adventitious dignity, but of something essential to the perfection of human nature, and necessary for that happiness which satisfies the innate desire for well-being implanted in the breast of every human person.

Are we to suppose that souls excluded from the kingdom of heaven grieve and lament for ever over this privation? St. Thomas says that they are not subject to any such grief, which would be irrational.

Moreover, according to the teaching of St. Thomas and a great number of theologians, they are not deprived of any good which is essential to the perfection and happiness of a rational being, according to the natural capacity and exigency of the specific essence given to him by the creative act of God. The capacity and exigency for the supernatural good which consists in the immediate vision of the divine essence, are not innate in any created, rational nature by virtue of its creation, but by virtue of a superadded, elevating grace, raising him above the plane of his natural destiny. Infants dying in original sin have never actually received this grace. They had a remote and conditional right to it in Adam, which he forfeited for all his posterity when he sinned, so that none of them have ever received the gift of supernatural grace by inheritance from him. But neither have they inherited by natural generation a depraved and vitiated nature. There is no reason, therefore, why souls which pass out of this life into the future state, where they exist for ever, with the nature they have received at the time of their conception, from their Creator, should suffer any pain of sense or loss.

Immortal life without pain and suffering, and at the same time without a positive happiness which satisfies the natural desire, is impossible. It is contrary to the nature of a rational being to subsist permanently in a drowsy, apathetic state, like a kitten dozing in the sunshine. An infant is a drowsy creature, because its body is undeveloped. Even in adult age the corruptible body is a weight on the immortal spirit which informs it. But when the soul escapes from the body, it is awake and active even in the separate state, although the want of a suitable body makes this state defective and imperfect. At the resurrection human nature is restored to its integrity. Not only do the heirs of the kingdom of heaven obtain glorification in their bodies as well as in their souls, when the integrity of their nature is restored by the resurrection, but all men without exception enter on a new era of existence in bodies which are incorruptible and immortal. The multitude of souls which have awaited resurrection in the Limbo of Infants receive perfect bodies, no longer undeveloped, feeble, and composed of gross and corruptible matter, but in all respects complete and adapted to the exigencies of immortal spirits with a rational nature and powers fully developed. Their nature demands that they have a sphere of habitation, a sociology, an entire environment suited to their character, in which full scope is given to their powers, and adequate satisfaction to their innate desire for happiness. They have never transgressed any law, they have no demerits, there is no reason why they should be deprived of anything which is due to their nature, or made to suffer any kind of pain. They must, however, suffer a perpetual and irremediable pain by the very necessity of their nature, unless they have a positive and adequate happiness in the possession of a good which makes their endless life worth living. It is true that they have no merits. But neither have regenerate infants any personal merits. It is not necessary that a rational creature should have merit in order to be entitled to receive his ultimate perfection and felicity. This is necessary only for those who have been placed under a law of probation. The goodness of God necessarily causes that a rational being, by the very act of his creation, should be destined to attain his proper completion in the permanent possession of a good proportioned to the exigency of his nature. If he is given no opportunity of gaining it by the way of merit, he must receive it as a boon.

It is not easy to define precisely what is due to a rational creature as such. There are many grades of possible being, and

their limits are indefinite in the upward line. But there is a limit in the downward line, below which no creature can go without losing all correspondence to the type of its specific nature in the divine idea. As for human beings, we can find their type in their actual constitution as it now exists on the earth. The inchoate and imperfect state in which man exists gives us the idea of what his complete and perfect state must be. Prescinding from all supernatural endowments, and from all degradation produced by actual sin and moral depravity, the human being, after the resurrection realizes in his actual state and condition the ideal of humanity in the purely natural order. In his environment is realized a condition of purely natural, ideal felicity. Take the specimens of human nature existing on the earth which are physically, intellectually, and morally the nearest to our ideal of perfection, take those conditions of happiness which approach the most closely to the visions of youth, and we have all the elements for constructing a sphere of existence and a sociology, proportioned to the capacity and the exigency of pure human nature, unelevated and unvitiated.

The corporeal, sensitive organization, purified from all grossness, refined, etherealized, rendered incapable of pain, infirmity and corruption, subsists in perpetual, immortal youth, health, vigor, and beauty. It is a fitting compart of the rational soul in all the operations of organic life. These operations, that is the exercise of the senses, without any liability to inordinate movements, are a source of intense and innocent enjoyment. The sense of living is itself a pure and exquisite pleasure. The sight of the visible universe with all its beautiful contents, the hearing of harmonious sounds, all sensible impressions whatever, without weariness or satiety, make sensitive life an endless enjoyment.

There is another demand of nature, for society and friendship. The multitude of human beings who exist in this state of natural happiness are all of one species, essentially alike, and living together in a harmonious and well-ordered society bound together by a law of perfect love.

The whole world of truth and knowledge is open to the contemplation of intellect and reason, and the supreme object of the mind, God, so far as he is knowable in his works, and by abstractive contemplation, is manifested in all his attributes and perfections to the intelligence, as in a clear mirror. God is therefore the supreme object of the intellect. So, also, he is the supreme object of the will, of love corresponding to knowledge, of gratitude and worship.

These reasons are enough to show that a state of natural beatitude is possible, and that it is congruous to the character and condition of those human beings who are neither elevated above their specific nature by grace, nor degraded below it by actual sin. The philosophical and theological conclusion that all those who die in original sin only will actually exist for ever in this state, follows logically from the principles laid down by St. Thomas. It is the common doctrine of the majority of theologians who acknowledge the Angelic Doctor as their master. Nicholas de Lyra affirms that infants dying without baptism have a more delightful life than can be had in this present world, according to all the doctors who speak concerning those who die in original sin alone. Suarez says that they will remain in their natural good and will be content with their lot, and he ascribes to them a knowledge and love of God above all things.

Several theologians go beyond even these statements. That lowest limit of natural good, which is due according to the rule of wisdom and justice to a rational being who has reached his final goal, is not necessarily the actual limit determined by the goodness and the sovereign will of God. He may give much more. The clear teaching of Holy Scripture, and the well-founded belief of all Christians, that God will make the whole universe share in the wonderful order and beauty of the palingenesia warrants the conclusion, that all rational beings in the state of natural beatitude will be raised to a degree of perfection and felicity far higher than that which is strictly due to their nature. Some theologians even suggest that the infants who die in original sin, will at the resurrection receive some benefits from the redemption of the human race by Jesus Christ which are beyond the limit of the purely natural order. Suarez affirms that these children obtain some benefit, in a certain way, from the merits of Christ, and that it pertains to his glory that he should be adored and acknowledged as prince and supreme judge on the day of universal judgment even by infants who died without grace.

Martinonus subjoins, commenting on Suarez, that although the words of the apostle, "In Christ shall all be made alive," must be properly and principally understood of the predestined, nevertheless they can probably be applied to a certain extent to these children, inasmuch as they will have in their risen bodies a certain special conformity and relation to Christ, a greater perfection, and some gifts and benefits which are not at all due to nature, so that Christ may be said to be their model. Sal-

meron says that they will rise again through Christ and above this natural order, will daily advance in the knowledge of the works of God and of separate substances (*i.e.*, of angels and pure spirits), will have angelic visits, and in comparison with the citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, will be like our rustics living in the country.

The society of angels and saints, the sight of the glorified humanity of the Son of God, of the resplendent beauty of the Blessed Virgin, opens a sphere of natural beatitude to all rational beings in the universe who are not made unfit for it by the state of actual sin, which is far above any degree of the same which could exist entirely separate from the supernatural order. It is especially congruous and credible that human beings, in preference to other species which may exist, should be elevated to this sphere. They are related by consanguinity to Jesus Christ and the saints. They were included in the universal intention of the redemption.

There is a special reason, therefore, why they should receive a certain reflection of the glorified state according to their capacity. Being naturally capable of contemplating God in the creation, it is credible that they should enjoy this contemplation in its highest degree, by the sight of the masterpiece of creation, the glorified humanity of Christ. Seeing him, in all the reflected glory of the Godhead, they must love him supremely, and in this knowledge and love find the perfection of their felicity.

It may be asked why such a state as this is not called heaven, and what is the difference between the citizens of heaven and these dwellers in the Elysian fields which are on its borders?

The difference is infinite. It is not a locality which really makes heaven. It is not streets of palaces, brocade robes, golden crowns, which constitute the royal possessions of the blessed in the kingdom of God. Nor is it anything in the order of natural perfection and felicity which constitutes the essential beatitude of the saints, although all this natural beatitude actually accompanies and completes the supernatural glory and beatitude which is their highest and supreme good.

This supreme good consists in the immediate vision of the essence of God subsisting in the three Divine Persons. It is something unspeakable and inconceivable by us in this mortal state. Faith gives an obscure apprehension of it, and grace awakens a longing for it in the depths of the soul. But in the popular descriptions of heaven, and the meditations of ordinary

Christians on the future happiness which they hope for, it is almost entirely the natural accompaniments of celestial glory and beatitude which are dwelt upon, and chiefly in metaphorical language, by analogies derived from this present world and human life. Hence, it is so difficult to explain in popular language the idea of the state of endless happiness, much better than anything to be found in this world, and yet infinitely inferior to the state of absolute and divine beatitude which is the inheritance of the adopted sons of God.

Such an exaltation is a purely gratuitous gift of God, not included in the creative act, but altogether transcendent. Supposing that the worlds of the universe are or will be filled with rational beings, there is no ground for conjecturing that they are called to a supernatural destiny. The human race was universally favored with this high destination at the beginning of its creation as a species, and restored to it by the universal redemption. But this vocation was not the absolute conferring of a right on individual men. It was a conditional grant, which, in the case of all who are not personally regenerated, remains in abeyance. There is, therefore, no ground for complaint against the justice of God, in respect to any persons in whom the conditions have not been verified. There is no reason in any Catholic doctrine for ascribing to God any predestination to endless misery of human beings, as a doom which they incur by nature and birth. Such a gloomy doctrine has originated from perversions and distortions of dogmas of faith, and it is to be hoped that it will disappear for ever together with all these distorted views.

A. F. Hewit.

VAN HORNE'S WAY.

ONE morning Mr. Van Horne became very much impressed with the fact that his chief servant was a treasure. She was about to leave him after fifteen years of affectionate service to fulfil a matrimonial engagement of a year's standing. Mr. Van Horne had argued with her ten minutes about the chances of improving her condition by marriage, when she had told him of her intention to quit his service. She convinced him by her smiles and giggles that it was a case of love at first sight, and that the rapture of changing her name was too sweet to her to be overborne by arguments of any kind. So he wished her much joy, accepted her invitation to be at the church for the wedding, and fell to thinking of her good qualities as a servant, which had made home-life so pleasant for fifteen years. Mary was an administrator of the first rank, with that excellent thing in woman, a low voice, with a kindly heart and great patience. She made herself, from the moment of her arrival in the house, the peacemaker in the servants' quarters, and at once secured to Mr. Van Horne and his amiable but helpless wife, perfect immunity from all disagreeable household cares. In ten years, since Mary had been chief servant, they had not heard a murmur from the kitchen regions. Servants came and went occasionally for various reasons; grocers, butchers, and the like were dropped or taken up in turn, for satisfactory cause; they never inquired into the matter. The service was always good, the bills reasonable, and the day which had received Mary into their house was blessed by the Van Hornes as often as they thought of it, which was not often, for they were of a kind who take good fortune as people take the air, and would be indignant if it were removed from them by any cause less than death.

However, when it was certain that Mary would go, Mr. Van Horne became impressed with the sum of her good qualities, and irritable at the same time with the dread of future domestic troubles. Mrs. Van Horne wept, and suggested a bribe.

"In what way, Helena?"

"Why," said Helena through her tears, "she is marrying because she is getting old, and wants to have a sure home. I think if you offered her a thousand dollars down, and another thousand in your will, or if she became disabled in any way, she would not get married."

"This is not a money case, Helena," said Mr. Van Horne. "Mary is in love with her young man. You can see that yourself. If money is to be used at all, it ought to be tried on the young man, who would surely turn up for more money as often as he could get it by threatening to take Mary from us. No, my dear, Mary will go, and nothing on earth can stop her without breaking her heart."

He was correct. Mary was really in love with her young man, and money could not coax her into surrendering him. It was not so certain that he was in love with her, unless, like Mr. Van Horne, he knew her good qualities. He was four years her junior, and, though not handsome, was so much better-looking than Mary as to cause wonder that he should woo a girl of thirty-five with a face that was worse than plain. "As homely as Mary Frazer," was a common saying among the girl's friends, and did not exaggerate the fact. Her face was masculine, heavy, and old in expression. Her young man, being German, had a fair, smooth skin, and bright yellow hair, and was a great admirer of Mary's cooking and small, convenient bank-account, which was to save him the necessity of furnishing a home. She had, of her own accord, agreed to furnish the new home complete. He considered himself lucky to get such a fine girl, so well prepared for matrimony, and he never mentioned or noticed particularly her homely face. So they were married with a Mass, and the Van Hornes were present at the ceremony. His wife studied the bridal pair the best part of the time, while Mr. Van Horne enjoyed a philosophical reverie on human nature and some of its antics. Here to-day, for instance, was a curiously vested priest, an altar, lighted candles, a tinkling bell, bread and wine, and ceremonies, all holding a certain relation to the mental disposition of his servant, Mary Frazer. She would not have been satisfied without them. Often he knew her to rise at awful hours to be present at these rites. There were some millions of people like her in the world, and many of them were intellectual giants; of all these people none would have taken life seriously or happily if they were at any time deprived of the combination of symbols and ceremonies called the Mass. What a queer world it was! The pagan, old and new, had his Fates and superstitions, like the Christian. Agnostics like himself, who were supposed to be free from influences that had no legitimate existence in the mind, were they not also bound to the practice of foolish ceremonies, which it was easier to accept than to avoid? Mary Frazer, thought he, was of the class to

go crazy if they become conscious of their own minds. She knew not how to supply its cravings with wide reading, patient discussion, and good reasoning. In place of these were the vestments, the lights, the gold vessels, and the candles, which soothed the disorder of the mind. Nature was true to herself always, and made the sweet sound of a bell, the taste of healthful bread and wine, the burning wax of bees, with conventional movements of reverence a sedative as powerful for some souls as reasons were for him.

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Van Horne, "the man who does not respect what are natural necessities for certain dispositions is a fool. All bigots are for that reason fools, and never shall I—"

But just then he was saved from self-laudation by the ending of all ceremonies and the return home of the wedding party.

It will be seen from the character of his reflections that Mr. Van Horne was an unusual person. He was so rated in the social world which claimed him as a member, and was esteemed as a very fair-minded man, a practical sceptic, so fair in his judgments of mankind in general as to be utterly useless, with all his learning, to the free-thinking movement. He was prominent only as a talker in quiet club-rooms, and could not be made a propagandist, whom he secretly rated among the species clowns. Mary Frazer had secured for him on departing a servant of her own quality, but, of course, not quite so good and unselfish as herself; which relieved the Van Hornes of much anxiety. Moreover, she continued to take an interest in the household as before, and to save them many annoyances by her tact and experience. She was now the friend rather than the servant, and they could not do too much for her, often visiting her plain rooms, and delighted with the pleasurable hours spent there. Poor Mary made her rooms the expression of her own simple, religious tastes. Mr. Van Horn thought he never saw anywhere such a hideous collection of religious symbols as was displayed in them. The pictures of Christ, the Blessed Mother, and the Saints were awful; the crucifixes were of the vilest wood and tin.

"Do you buy these things, Mary," said he, "in Catholic stores?"

"Well, an' where else would we buy them?" said Mary; "sure 'tisn't Protestant ministers 'd be afther sellin' 'em."

"I thought," murmured he to Mrs. Van Horne, "that Catholics had too much reverence for these things to make and print such monstrosities."

"Their dealers are like other commercial people, I fear," said Helena, who was invariably cheated in her shopping.

"I think we can do better, Mary," continued he, "in the art-stores; if not here, then in France."

She did not understand him until she received some French prints of sacred subjects whose beauty was genuine, crucifixes with solid, natural figures on hard wood, and other pious objects of no artistic value, but real aids to devotion, not caricatures. He filled the house with them, and Mary had taste sufficient to arrange them well, and to give her rooms an enviable Catholic air, which delighted Mr. Van Horne, though Helena never could understand the reasons for his delight; nor did he try to explain them, unless when he said to Mary, after a look through the establishment:

"Now, this is very pleasant. Your faith has gone out of yourself, and has made your home beautiful. Hasn't it, my dear?" to Helena.

"I call it superstition," said Helena.

"Because somebody else practises it," said he. "I like to see a human being with convictions strong enough to work themselves into the life around him. I have been in the homes of Catholics where there was not a trace of their faith to be found in the living-rooms, and I marvelled at it."

"The Fentons, for instance," said Helena.

"Any instance will do, Helena. They have not even a picture of their Christ in view, which is not astonishing since they do not seem to have even a private acquaintance with him. Now I think, Mary, I have fairly earned my right to stand sponsor for that boy of yours over there. Helena and I would dearly like to be his god-parents."

"Indeed we would," said Helena, with a fond look towards the new-comer, who was just two weeks old, and was to be baptized the next Sunday. Mary laughed at the proposition.

"Yez would make a fine pair o' sponsors," said she, "to bring afore the priest, to say the Our Father and the Creed, an' promise to look afther the boy, an' bring him up a Catholic, wouldn't yez."

"I was not acquainted with the precise conditions," said Mr. Van Horne. "We could fill part of them, but the Creed would be a bar, of course. I must look up the matter. However, you don't object to us attending at the church; your priest will not be offended at us?"

"Not at all," said Mary. "Mrs. Van Horne can hould the

child before the baptism, an' we'll call him Charles afther you, sir; so's ye'll both have a share in it, if ye'll be so kind."

"Delighted," said Helena. Mr. Van Horne was pleased, and more than pleased, to be given a chance to see the ceremonies of baptism at close range. They did not disturb any preconceived opinions of his own. The lustral water, the sculptured font, the oils, salt, lighted candle, prayers, renunciations, and other ceremonies delighted him. They suited his idea of human nature. What could be more beautiful than to meet the little child just born with the pure water of the earth, the invigorating salt, the sweet-scented oil; to bear him to the sculptured font, whither at one time all the nations of Europe had come, rich and poor, peasant not less than king. It made him one with them as it were, and Mr. Van Horne, though he could not be sponsor, felt a kinship with all the sponsors that had ever been, and mentally saluted them. As Helena had held the child before the ceremony, he presented the priest with an honorarium which made him stare. Mary gave her baby a tender hug when they placed him in her arms.

"Now, indeed, he's me own son," she said with emotion—"he's mamma's own boy."

"Was he not yours all along," said Mr. Van Horne.

"Well, I don't deny," said she with some humor, "he had a Catholic mother, but he wasn't on'y a poor little Protestan' himself."

"Which is why you had me carry him," Helena remarked spitefully.

"His company suited him better goin' than comin'," laughing, "but now he's mamma's own Catholic boy."

"What particular change has come over him?" said Mr. Van Horne, interposing in Helena's behalf (poor Helena got the worst of it with every one). "I can't see any difference in his looks this moment."

"Maybe *you* can't," answered Mary with the confidence which always baffled Mr. Van Horne, "but God sees it."

Mr. Van Horne had read many books and studied men. He was well versed in the world's lore, had travelled largely, and observed carefully. The details of ritual were familiar to him; but he had never caught sight of the spirit which made ritual a living thing to some people until his friendship for Mary Frazer gave him an opportunity. He had previously thought his education complete. He had looked upon all religious ceremonies alike, whether of pagan or Christian form, per-

mitting them a weak influence in deference to the fact that men readily and unconsciously adopted them. However, there was more than a weak influence in them for Mary Frazer. They, or their meanings rather, were the basis of the purest happiness in her simple but earnest life. He could not but feel this fact to exist, and in it he saw that he had neglected an important feature of his studies and observations. Symbolism of itself mattered little; in connection with men it was deserving of attention. No doubt, the priest who baptized, said Mass, and administered the other sacraments felt the same reality in these rites as Mary did, but more intellectually. No doubt, also, the splendid genius of the theologian which gave a meaning to the symbols was also thoroughly satisfied with them. He had never thought of these things before. He had never seen a number of priests going through a religious ceremony without wondering how they kept from laughing at each other when alone, like Cicero's augurs. He had pictured to himself theologians in council as a sort of aldermanic board voting for measures which they had been bribed to adopt, with the decorum and modest unconsciousness of incorrupt legislators. Now all this was changed. Mary Frazer had given him a new point of view. He had been doing an injustice to old Mother Earth, who, having brought forth her children, would never suffer them to lose sight of her during the years that come between birth and death. Intimacy was kept up by a thousand beautiful symbols, which in their last meaning were simply Mother Earth herself. Water and wine and oil and bread; silk and cotton, flax and wool; metals, marbles, granites, and precious stones; the arts of men—music, painting, sculpture, architecture—what were all these but manifestations of Mother Earth's spirit. And what were men doing in using them so beautifully but responding to that affectionate generosity of their mother which he, and the fools like him, pretended to acknowledge, yet stupidly laughed at the more real acknowledgment of others.

"Go to! go to!" said Mr. Van Horne to himself; "there is more in this Catholic Church than we have given it credit for, and I'm of half a mind to join it."

But he did not. Instead he read an essay on the subject of Catholic symbolism before one of his most agnostic societies. It was received with profound astonishment. It even created a sensation, and several declared their intention of joining the Catholic Church immediately. In praising Mr. Van Horne for weeks, however, they forgot the other divinity of Mother Earth, and

were content to worship the Incredible as before. Even Mr. Van Horne forgot his first determination, but not his second. He determined to study the effects of symbolism on human beings who professed the Catholic faith, in particular on Mary Frazer and her child. Here he had a fine opportunity. He was but forty himself, and had three decades before him if Mother Earth were as generous with years as with symbols. He counted on her generosity, and arranged his plans accordingly. He would follow Mary in her training of the child. At seven the boy would make his first confession, at twelve his first communion, at fourteen his confirmation. In the intervals the mother would teach him the minor symbols—such as devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to the saints, to the crucifix, the scapular, and the like; and Mr. Van Horne was determined to have a hand in the teaching. He would take care that the boy's education did not suffer interruption. He would have the best opportunities, and as his nature slowly matured under the benign influences of Mother Earth, represented by the Catholic Church, he would note and describe the progress to maturity. What a contribution that description would be to the science of human nature! Mr. Van Horne bitterly regretted he had not thought of it before, and consoled himself with the reflection that it was a great work, that one life was not too much for it, and that he had yet time to do it. Leisure and money were minor considerations with him, since they were his in plenty. To look after his rents and interests, to write an essay for his pet literary club, and to perform his social duties were his heaviest tasks; so that, without prejudice to any, he could prosecute his beloved scheme.

And just at this point a glorious idea occurred to him. Its brilliant possibilities almost stunned him. When his observations of Mary and her son would be completed, his studies would yet be imperfect. Because there was still the symbolism of the priesthood to be studied in its influence upon the men of the sacerdotal order. It occurred to him that at his expense Mary's son might be educated for the priesthood. He himself would be the boy's patron and benefactor, his friend and confidant. Intimately he would see the workings of the entire system upon a nature which he might know almost like his own. The idea was rapture. His soul was in a bath of delight while his mind went over the golden opportunities intimacy with a priest of his own making would give him. Breathlessly he described his vision to Helena, and fired her commonplace but sympathetic mind with his own enthusiasm.

"She may not want her boy to be a priest," said Helena.

"Oh! there are a thousand such difficulties in the way," he cried out; "the boy may die, I may die, he might get married, and all the rest of it. It is the scheme, Helena, that no one ever thought of before. Why, I can educate a dozen boys at the same time, like so many plants, if I wish, and study them all."

"You might keep an understudy," she suggested.

"I shall keep two," he replied, "but little Charles shall be my treasure. I'll talk to Mary about it. I have heard and read that Catholic parents think no greater honor and happiness can befall them than to have a son become a priest."

"And who knows," said Helena with an unusual display of imagination, "but that he might become a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, by judicious—"

"By that time, my dear, you and I will be resting in peace somewhere. So do not let your fancy run away with your good sense," he interrupted tenderly. "You must discover for me what ideas Mary has about her boy's future. We must not startle her. I am sure she is ambitious, and would be proud to see him at college some day preparing for the profession of a priest."

"She has told me so already," said Helena.

"What!" with rapture.

"She never fondles him that she does not whisper in his ear, in the prettiest way, 'My darling, you shall be a priest sometime.' I told her if she kept on whispering that way the idea would surely influence him."

"Well, indeed," said she, "Mrs. Van Horne, if whisperin' 'll make him a priest, he's wan already, for never a minute to the day that I don't sing that in his own blessed little pipsy-wipsy ear."

They both laughed at the clever imitation of Mary's brogue.

"Everything then is in my favor," said Mr. Van Horne joyfully. "I have only to wait in patience."

The waiting was easy enough, but patience was sorely tried. Young Jansen, Mary's German husband, lost in a few years much of his natural steadiness, and began to drink beer in quantities. Mary grew anxious and fretful, as it became harder each month to make both ends meet with the scanty wages a drinking husband brings home. Mr. Van Horne observed with regret that symbolism did not seem to have much help for Jansen. Perhaps it prevented him from going speedily to ruin, but it required all the efforts of Mary, her priest, much prayer, and

many Masses and confessions to effect this small result. Mr. Van Horne saw his great idea in danger of wreck because Mary began to talk of going out to work again, and putting her child in a day nursery. This would remove her influence—above all, her precious whispering—from little Charles, and Mr. Van Horne would not hear of it. Through Helena he arranged a small allowance for the boy's support which easily kept him and his mother in comfort.

Charlie grew rapidly to his sixteenth year, and Mr. Van Horne's notes grew in proportion. As they fit neatly into this story, certain parts of them are here presented as a better illustration of Mr. Van Horne's ideas than any other account could be. He had separated these notes into three chapters, relating to three different periods—the first ending with the child's first confession, the second with his first communion, and the third with his confirmation.

Note 1.—The subject of this memoir was at seven a slim but robust child, German in appearance—inherited from his father—but decidedly Celtic in disposition, as his training came directly from his mother. He was above the average in intelligence, and took quickly to the symbolism which was so strong in his mother's nature. At twelve he was decidedly pious, as Catholics understand the word, and at fourteen, though lively in action, of a very serious, sweet temper. He gave expression to his desire of becoming a priest from his earliest years, owing to the insistence with which his mother pressed the idea upon him. This desire I encouraged in every possible way. I had as much intimacy with him as if I were his own father. I studied to acquire and maintain it. Up to the day of his confirmation we were perfect friends, and I enjoyed his fullest confidence. I seconded his mother's efforts so thoroughly in making him a bigoted Catholic, as Helena called it, that he never knew but that I was also a Catholic . . .

Note 2.—The day of his first confession I went myself to the church to study him. He was nine years old. As I have shown, the preparations at home and from his teachers had been very thorough. His use of holy water, his little reverences before the crucifix and holy pictures, his intelligence in talking of Christ and the Virgin Mother, his knowledge of the Mass, and the hundred little points connected with doctrine, all declared him an adept, for a child, in the beautiful and mysterious symbolism of the church. Previously he told me he was very much afraid of confession.

"You ought not to be," I said; "Father Gray is a noble fellow."

"It is not that, godfather"—so he always named me—"but I may forget some of my sins, and that would be telling a lie to the Holy Ghost."

I assured him on this point with the certainty of the pope himself.

"Were you afraid when you went to confession?" he asked.

"Not at all," I answered promptly, as I was accustomed to his awkward questions on these points. After his confession we walked home together. His first remark was:

"How lucky I went to Father Gray! Did you hear the noises on the other side of the church? Three boys got 'fired.'" I expressed sympathy and astonishment, although I had observed the commotion at a distant confessional.

"Father Gorman is awful cross," he went on, "and if you don't do everything right you're 'fired.' The boys are afraid to go to him. I got mixed telling my sins, but the priest helped me out. It was splendid."

"You did not have many sins to tell," I suggested.

"You know them all, godfather"—as I did.

"And what did the priest say to you?"

"Oh! I'm to be careful, and go to confession often, and say my penance, and be very, very good."

"And will you go to confession often?"

"Will I?" with enthusiasm; "oh! I'll go oftener than you, godfather. I feel so good! When I went in I was heavy, when I came out I could jump over a house."

This physical relief is common among Catholics. The nervousness which precedes confession makes reaction very grateful, etc. . . .

Note 3.—The day of the first communion is regarded as of high importance. Helena was affected to tears at the pretty sight which the children made in white ribbons, veils, wreaths, gloves, rosettes, and silver medals. But she objected to the fasting process as barbarous, and secretly urged Charles before the ceremonies began to eat a cake which she had brought with her. He rejected the offer in such horror that she was glad to pretend a jest. The mental condition of the boy for a week previous to the event was interesting. The Blessed Eucharist is the chief Catholic symbol, and is the inspiration and motive of all other symbols. Because of its existence you have altar, priest, Mass, sanctuary, church, ceremonies, and everything else. The firm

belief of this twelve-year-old boy was that Christ himself was the Blessed Eucharist, whom he would receive that morning. His one fear was that he might not receive him in a perfectly sinless state, that he might commit sacrilege. To avoid this he, with the other children, endured the agonies of a three days' retreat of silence, prayer, and examination. The leader of the retreat took great pains with the children, and gave them the most startling pictures of death, judgment, hell, and heaven with a view to impressing upon them the enormity of sacrilege. The effect of this retreat on my boy I well understood, for his inmost soul was bare to me, and I loved to question him, to feel the strength of the hold which symbolism had upon him. Hell was as real to him as the house he lived in, and he told me that it made him afraid sometimes at night when he thought of its torments. Death and judgment were not so near to his feelings, but heaven had a good place in his affections. To him it was the meeting-place for his parents, myself and Helena, when life was over, and we should never dread separation more. His remarks on the child Jesus were astonishing. They gave me the same sense of Christ's existence as if he were talking of a loved school-fellow whom I had not seen, but who might be in the next room, and was certainly somewhere in the city. This fact is to be appreciated the more since Newman and all Catholic writers speak with the same *naïveté*. The occasion of the first communion calls forth a wealth of symbolism in a Catholic church. Lights, flowers, decorations were thick upon the altar and about the sanctuary. The manner of the children was perfect, and drew tears from Helena. Their devotion was irresistible. Charles looked awed and happy. My whole attention was for him, but others were attracted more by one child whose *spirituelle* appearance was striking.

"He will surely be a priest," whispered a lady near by. I compared him with Charles, to discover what quality in a boy catches the sacerdotal instinct in a Catholic. There was a luminousness in his face which did not shine in the chubby, healthy face of Charles. That was all. I would have been more pleased if the remark had been made of Charles, etc.

Note 4.— . . . The ordinary Catholic is brought into contact with his bishop but once in his life—at the time of receiving from episcopal hands the symbol or sacrament of confirmation, whose nature I have sufficiently described above. Outside of the usual matters connected with the receiving of it, Charles was more impressed with the blow he was to receive from the bishop on

the cheek, and with the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, than with any other feature of the ceremony. For the former he had determined to brace himself in such a way as not to fall under it, and thus show himself a true soldier of Christ. The gifts were partly a delight and partly a puzzle to him, as he did not quite grasp how they were to be used. I had much difficulty with him on this point, as his most persistent question was:

"How did you use yours, godfather?"

He was satisfied with my suggestion that he would know them well when it became necessary to use them, and that it would be better to receive them first and discuss them afterwards. The blow on the cheek from the bishop was so soft a tap from a gentle hand that his bracing himself to receive it nearly keeled him over in the contrary direction. It was a real disappointment, as he told me afterwards. But then he had the gifts to console him, and they had already convinced him of their presence.

"Godfather," said he on the way home, "I know now I received the gifts of the Holy Ghost."

"And what makes you so certain?" I asked.

"Because I made up my mind right after confirmation to be a priest when I grow up. That was a good thought, wasn't it? And good thoughts come from the Holy Ghost."

Naturally this remark filled me with delight. He had now been properly initiated into the ordinary degrees of symbolism, and there was nothing new for him to learn unless he came to the priesthood.

Note 5.—Briefly, I am of opinion that symbolism is a necessity for the multitude, and a necessity which Nature has first originated and then provided for. Mother Earth is kindly only in her symbolism. We have all felt her harshness. She thrusts us above the surface without our consent, helpless, miserable infants; educates us in pain; hurries us once more into her own depths without regard to human feelings or the fitness of things; so that life is a burden and death a shame to many. I am bound to say, after fourteen years' study of the Jansens, mother and son, that their symbolism has the merit of making life bearable and even beautiful. These simple souls cannot understand Mother Earth by direct gaze, and if they could would simply die of terror before her. Under the symbols I have described they not only understand, but love and worship her. They come forth from her bosom with joy, and return with resignation. The bread and wine, the baptismal water, oil, and salt, the prayers and benedictions at every turn, are all her inspirations,

as they are her productions. It is unnecessary to point out that the meaning Catholics attach to these things, such as the Christ, grace, eternal life, are unreal, are *our* realities any surer? Can anything be called real outside of our experiences? The meaning of nature is one, no matter how we express it. There is certainly no delusion in symbolism. It explains, educates, sustains, and soothes. I have even a suspicion that the agnostic attitude is but the preparation for a symbolism grander than all that went before.

Mr. Van Horne's observations were interrupted on the day that Charles Jansen went to college to study for the priesthood. Helena had fallen ill, and was compelled to take a European tour; a few months, a winter in Italy, would put her in good health, the doctor said; and they bade their boy a cheerful good-by, and talked for two weeks about him and the day when he would come back from the seminary ordained.

"It's a perfect craze with me," said Helena, who had read the notes with interest, and even contributed to them.

Poor Helena! she never saw America or her boy again. The first winter benefited her so little that she must try a second; and the second proved clearly that she would have to live thereafter in the south of France to preserve her life even for a few years. At the beginning of the fourth winter she died and was buried at Nice, and Mr. Van Horne, after lingering for months about her grave with a great and bitter dread of departing and leaving her to the harsh embrace of Mother Earth, finally broke away and came home.

It was a sad home-coming; but it had one joy. He would meet young Jansen, who was now nineteen years old—a man, and within four years of ordination. He would resume his observations, and devote all his time to preparing the work in which Helena had taken such an interest as to make him promise before her death to see to its successful completion. Poor Helena! If there were any symbol on earth that would make less bitter her absence, less dreadful the thought of the grave at Nice! But the sadness which possessed him was purely hopeless. He went to a hotel, although his own house was ready for him, for he had not the heart to go near it. When he had dined and rested he called on Mary and her son. It was the beginning of August, and young Jansen would be at home on his vacation. He walked quietly into the kitchen where Mary usually sat, and where she was sitting now in the light of a lamp, her hands lying idly in her lap, her attitude one of deep

sorrow and dejection. He could see that she had aged, and he began to tremble. It was not on her husband's account that she was stricken; it must be for her boy. He hesitated to enter; so broken was he by Helena's death, so homesick to be at home without her, so fondly had he promised himself peace and consolation here, that he felt too weak to bear the disappointment of fresh sorrow. Mary saw him, and rushed upon him like a storm. There was nothing sorrowful in her welcome; she laughed and cried alternately, and was full of affectionate questions about Helena.

"You do not look well yourself, Mary," he said after a time. "You look as if you were not happy. Is your husband well, and Charlie?"

"Oh! Jansen's the same ould two-an-six, sir, an' dhrinks all he airns; but no more, I'll be bound. It's the boy that troubles me more an' more, an' it's not sorry I am ye kem home to say a word to him. Like his poor father, he's took to the drink, God help us!"

"At his age dissipation may not be serious," said Van Horne, glad at least that the boy was not dead. "How did it happen?"

"God only knows," she answered; "perhaps I was blind, but until this summer I never saw sign of it on him." Her eyes filled up, and she began to rock to and fro. "Ye know, Mr. Van Horne, what a good child he always was—the best an' tindherest-hearted that ever lived. Well, he's the same yit. An' I dunno," brightening into a laugh and wiping away the tears, "why I shud make so much of it, but it frightens me, so it does. An' it's I that's glad ye're home to do somethin' for him, tho' ye've had yer own sufferin', God knows."

"Does he drink very hard?"

"Oh! he does, for a b'y. It began wid the first night ov his comin' home from college. His chums brought him in, just able to walk. I thought 'twas an accident like, on'y he didn't seem to mind it next mornin', as if he was used to it. Every night since he's come home more or less in liquor; some nights he—don't come—home—at all—oh! that's what's killin' me, Mr. Van Horne, that's what's killin' me"; and, unable longer to control herself, she burst into violent sobbing, as indeed she had done many times a day since the vacation began. Mr. Van Horne was not discouraged.

"Anyway he's not dead," he said cheerfully, "and I think he can be cured of this, since he is only a boy and has no

appetite for liquor. I can take him with me to the mountains or somewhere, and wean him in time to send him back to college."

She smiled at this encouraging remark.

"For he must be a priest yet," he continued, "in spite of everything. He wished it once and will again."

Then he said he would go out and make a call, returning about midnight to see young Jansen, and bidding her hope for the best. But hope was not strong in his own heart after his first glimpse of his ward lying in a drunken stupor in his own bed, with the stricken mother leaning over him. Charlie had come in earlier than usual and had gone straight to bed, unable to stand on his feet longer. Mary took Van Horne in to look at him. It was a pathetic sight. The elder man knew from the moment he looked into the youthful face that innocence and high resolve had left it for ever. But it was necessary to comfort the mother, and he hid his convictions. He did not deceive her, however. She wrung her hands, and gave him such a look as only the forlorn mother can give. It was the agony of lost hope before overwhelming sorrow.

Van Horne was incapable of conducting the struggle which was made to save young Jansen. Hope and courage alike were gone since Helena's death, but his love for the boy forced him to make many efforts. Inquiry showed that Charlie's habits of drink had been formed through careless companionship during the vacations. Young Jansen would never be a priest. Drink and sin had firmly fastened their chains upon him. It was plain to Van Horne that Mother Earth would soon claim the poor victim of bad passions, and that in consequence the best part of his great book, its richest experience, would never be written. He cared little. Looking at the boy on whom he had lavished so much tenderness he did not care how soon the grave concealed his broken beauty from mortal sight. He was only anxious for Mary, whose hair was rapidly whitening, as she made up her mind for the inevitable. She was physically so strong that sorrow made small inroad on her powers, and she spoke calmly of what might happen.

"If he don't die in the horrors, an' dies in his bed wid the last sacraments, I'll be a happy woman," she said, "an' that's all I'm prayin' for now."

But unfortunate Charlie was doing his best to prevent this consummation, and after a month of the hardest kind of dissipation he was found one dark morning lying in the street with a fractured skull. The policeman who found him knew him, and

brought him home to his mother. Mr. Van Horne was quickly at her side, with the nearest physician. She received him quietly, rocking herself to and fro in the doorway while the doctor made his examination. His gloomy face did not seem to trouble her.

"It's the ruin of him," she said with a gesture of indescribable pain; "his head is hurt, an' I know what that is. Thank God, he'll die in his bed, an' have time to prepare himself, poor boy. How long will he live, docther, d'ye think?"

"Some hours—three or four," he replied.

"Me prayers are answered thin. Mrs. Malone, would ye mind goin' for the priest. Me boy is dyin', an' I must stay here with him," to a neighbor who had come in to assist. The woman went off on her errand. "Isn't it good, Mr. Van Horne, to think that after all he's goin' to die at home with me."

Mr. Van Horne stumbled in his reply, for his heart was heavy, and the doctor said, to console her:

"I am glad you take it that way. It is a good thing; and what is better, he will die without pain. He never knew what happened to him, and he never will."

"Since he must die," said Mr. Van Horne, "it is certainly better he should die in peace than return to miserable consciousness."

The smothered, inhuman sound that struggled from Mary's throat at these words blanched the cheek of doctor and friend alike. They had never heard any sound of human agony so distressing, so full of horrible anguish. When, frightened, they looked at her, her eyes were fixed like one crazed. She was struggling to speak.

"On'y a haythen cud say that," she gasped, "knowing the state his soul is in this minute. He hasn't been to confession God knows whin, an' you know as well as I do what that manes for a Catholic. An' to die that way widout knowin', or widout makin' an act of conthrition, wid all his terrible, terrible sins on him—an' drinkin' was not the worst—my God, if he dies that way!"

She threw herself upon her son, and broke into the most tender appeals to God and to the dead but breathing body, that the last and greatest of sorrows might be spared her. The doctor and Van Horne gazed at each other in confusion. At first they did not understand this overwhelming grief in one who had been so calm up to this moment. She gave up fondling the boy after a moment and turned to the men.

"Docther, for the love o' God can't ye do something that'll

wake him for five minutes. Only for five minutes! Or maybe another might do it?"

"If you got Holmway there might be a chance," said the doctor, not wishing to try her with the truth, for he feared no skill would ever give his patient consciousness. Her face grew bright, and she almost laughed at his reply.

"Thank God!" she said, but her voice sounded like one in a death agony. The physician still did not understand her behavior.

"No doctor can save his life," he added.

"Oh! what matther, sir, so that he comes to and spakes to the priest afore he dies. Me poor boy! What sin did I ever commit that this should happen to him? But it won't happen. Holmway will come, an' make him sinsible again for five little minutes, an' I'll spend the rest o' me days on me bare knees thankin' God for the blessin'."

Then she roamed from the sick-room and back again, praying and weeping by turns in a most pitiful way, displaying such bitter anguish as these two men had never before seen, and almost wept to witness. They shrank under the keen anguish of her moans, her looks, and gestures. Van Horne was broken utterly. He had seen and felt sorrow, but none of such despairing horror. He was beginning to understand it, and the frightful depths it must have for this poor creature. He might weep salt tears for Helena and his boy, but this mother was weeping tears of blood from her very heart. His grief stopped at the grave, but hers went as far as eternity—into hell's abysses, which awaited her sin-stained son. Death was his dread, but a joy to her compared with what came after death. He could feel faintly what she suffered, and was at some pains to explain it to the physician.

"Pure superstition," said the doctor.

"I don't know," Van Horne answered; "if the boy receives the sacraments conscious, she will hardly mourn for him. Now, if these symbols were Nature's way of stilling tumults of the heart, consciousness ought to have nothing to do with them."

The physician looked at Mr. Van Horne in doubt of his sanity, for he did not know the gentleman had given utterance to one link in a chain of inferences which were forming in his brain. The entrance at that moment of Dr. Holmway and the priest prevented explanations. All stood silently around the door as the great man made his examination of the wounded boy.

"Any hope of consciousness?" said the priest.

In the quarter minute of pause that followed this professional

question Mary Jansen's life summed up its anguish. Holmway looked at her before he said, "A fair chance."

She fell on her knees, and, although the tears gushed from her eyes, hope was so strong within her that a faint smile rested on her lips. Van Horne took the priest into the kitchen, and told him Charlie's story.

"If he dies without a return to consciousness," said he, "the mother will go mad."

"He will not with such a mother," said the priest confidently, and he remained saying his breviary to await the happy moment. The sun rose, the warm, cheerful August sun, and lighted up the kitchen and the room beyond, where Mary knelt praying. Mr. Van Horne scarcely dared to look at her. His own thoughts frightened him. Where was this mother to get consolation if her boy died in sin? What simples had Mother Earth for such a sorrow? Was death or insanity the only remedy for this bruised heart?

"We are mostly fools," he said, thinking of his dead-and-gone theories of symbolism, his enthusiasm, his book that would now never see the light.

Presently, after a waiting that had a nightmare horror about it, there was a movement and an exclamation in the inner room. Holmway came out and said to Mary:

"Your son is conscious. Will any one tell him that he is going to die?"

"Let me do it," she said, "he will understand it from me"; and with a passionate gesture she pressed the doctor's hand twice to her lips, saying, with a fervor that moved him: "No money, *nothing*, only God can pay you for what you have done."

She beckoned to Mr. Van Horne to follow her. He stood at the door as she entered. Charlie was smiling up at her, all unconscious of his hurt, of the presence of death; half-ashamed of his weakness, which he thought the stupidity of semi-intoxication. And she must tell him on the instant, for the minutes were few, that his hurt was mortal, that in an hour he would be standing before God with his broken, ruined, sinful life, and his lost vocation! She did not even think of faltering, of the pain of it, but with heaven-sent gladness bent over him, put her arms about him, as of late when pleading with him not to break her heart by continuing his bad life, and whispered: "Acushla, ye hurt yer head last night, an' ye wor very bad. We had the docther for ye."

"The doctor! Hurt my head!" he exclaimed feebly. "Is that why I am so weak?"

"That's it, son; an' Mr. Van Horne is here, an' the priest, *an' me*"—these because of the convulsive start and shudder he gave at the ominous words—"an' ye must keep quiet and go to confession, darlin', right away, for yer head is hurt bad; an' ye may thank God for comin' to yer senses long enough to make a good confession an' receive the last sacraments from the priest. I'll stay with ye, asthore."

He had put his arms around her in childlike terror, but she unwound them, smiling even, and put a little crucifix within his fingers; but he dropped it as if stung, pushed her away roughly, and sat up with eyes blazing. He could scarcely speak, yet he gasped out broken sentences:

"I'm not going to die! I'm not hurt! Give me my clothes—" She handed them to him obediently, but in the act of taking them he fell back on the bed from sheer weakness. "My God, mother! it is true—I *am* going to die! I'm dying now! Oh! save—save me!"

He groped with his hands like one in a flood feeling for a supporting plank. He was in her arms immediately, and she was whispering the tenderest, strongest assurances to him. "The priest is here, asthore. I'll bring him in, son. Sure no harm can come to ye with him in the house."

"No priest for me!" he cried with another spasm of fictitious strength, casting her from him and sitting up again. "I'm lost—oh! what sins to have, dying—no, no, no—" as she pressed the crucifix on him, "let me die—as I lived—but I can't die now—I won't—let me get out—of this room—my clothes—where's the doctor—O my God! I'm dying."

He fell back again moaning so pitifully—the moaning of a soul in despair—that Mr. Van Horne, unable to endure it, fled to another part of the room, and hid the tears of anguish that forced themselves from his eyes. The mother, whose heart was lacerated by the sight of her son's terror and despair, stood like one stricken with death beside him, praying and hoping, her eyes alternately on heaven and her boy. He would not have her words or embraces, he would not touch the crucifix, his eyes and cheeks were burning, and now he began to cry out, one moment for help, and the next to scream his despair or moan in agony, being in a kind of delirium. Mary called the priest; she was helpless, and with a gesture of hopelessness she closed the door on him and his penitent. Van Horne made

her sit beside him, for she was trembling from head to foot. He could not bring himself to look a second time at her face, for it was pale and pinched, and lines of anguish were written on it like pencil lines on parchment. There came, however, a momentary relief. Quiet reigned suddenly in the sick-room, and for ten minutes its grateful continuance brought balm to the hearts of the two watchers. Then the priest opened the door and beckoned to them with such a satisfied air that Van Horne almost laughed his delight. When they went in Charlie was lying, calm and resigned, with the crucifix in his hands. He called Van Horne, put his arms about him, and whispered:

"Forgive me, godfather. I never loved you enough. It's the best thing could happen to me—to die."

The man could answer him only with tears, and gave way to the poor mother, who would not hear his appeals for pardon and self-reproaches.

"'Tis God alone, son, ye've offended. Mother never had a better son than ye," she said.

The priest was ready to administer the Viaticum and Extreme Unction. It was a moving spectacle to Van Horne to see this sorrowful mother assist in the last offices for her son. Her face was radiant as she placed the cloth under his chin, and knelt while he received the Holy Communion; radiant as she uncovered his feet for the holy oils; glorified when the last indulgence was granted, and her unfortunate son was safe from the consequences of unforgiven sins. Van Horne would have left her alone with him, but she bade him remain unto the end. What strong, consoling, tender words she poured into the boy's heart! His terror passed, he lay like a child waiting for death; his thanks and love for his guardian were said a hundred times; his appeal for forgiveness to his mother and God saddening beyond words. Van Horne would have streamed with tears but for the radiant courage, the unceasing ministration of Mary. He was not only losing his child, he was also repeating the death-bed scene of Helena. The increasing pallor, the last word, the unconsciousness—but here he knelt, held the candle, and answered the prayers which Mary read aloud. It was only a short hour of consciousness until the poor boy lay very still in the sleep of death.

. . . . . .

Thus Mr. Van Horne's experiment ended! Ended? Not at all. His experiment came to an end in time, as all things do, but not with the death of Charlie Jansen, as one would expect.

To him who reads this history carefully, it will be evident at the death-bed of the unfortunate boy that Mr. Van Horne had collected the materials for a hearty quarrel with the much-respected dame, Mother Earth. He had two questions for her to answer, two solemn riddles. If there were no after-life outside of her bosom, or none more substantial and comfortable than disporting in the air as elemental gases, why should the fiction of an after-life be allowed to upset nature? And if symbolism was a creation of Mother Earth, devised to make herself comprehensible to her children, where was the necessity of inventing Extreme Unction, and of insisting on consciousness in its reception, when so many people must die unconscious? Of course he never got any answer from the old lady, and he thereupon acquired a habit of sneering and fleering at her and her followers that was very trying to his friends. It would be almost worth the space to tell directly what this habit led up to, but for the fact that Dr. Holmway told it much better and more briefly to his friend Brown the day after the event. They were both members of that club before which Van Horne had read his essay on symbolism.

"I hear that Van Horne made a sensation at the club last night," said Brown; "what was it all about?"

The question relaxed Holmway's grim features into the broadest and deepest of smiles.

"Clever fellow that Van Horne," he said, "and the way he laid out the brethren was thorough, complete."

The doctor had not much regard for the brethren, being a man who detested abstract discussion, and he almost laughed at their discomfiture.

"He read a paper or something," said Brown. "Most interesting thing I ever heard," declared Holmway; "the man's a born investigator. What do you think he did? Adopted a Catholic boy just to study the mental development of a human being brought up in Catholic fashion! Yes, sir, laid himself out to follow up that child for thirty years; had him trained as a Catholic, noted every fact in connection with him for twenty years, and read the notes to the society last night."

"Wonderful!" said Brown.

"Ah! but you should have heard it."

"Was that the sensation?"

"No. The club admired and applauded of course, but the end of the essay stupefied them. It seems the boy died. I attended him—"

"No wonder," murmured Brown.

"Fractured skull, broken-hearted mother. Van Horne was there, and—to light the soul out of the world I suppose—held a candle to the last. This was the end of his essay, and the moment of stupefaction for the club. He began twenty years ago to study the rites of Catholics up to the thirty-third degree—not sure now if they have a thirty-third degree or not—and the boy died at the thirty-second."

"A close shave," said Brown.

"Wasn't it? Then he told the club that at first he thought his studies were ended, but after a lot of talk he told them again that they were not ended. He said the reason they were not ended was because Mother Earth was a hoax, and the methods of the club foolish; that he himself was going in for a deeper personal experience; that he was going to get another subject in place of the boy with a fractured skull; that subject was to be—guess, Brown!"

"Another child," said Brown, "with a fractured skull."

"Not at all—himself." Brown gasped.

"You don't seem to understand," said Holmway. "Well, this is the surprise. He is going to be his own subject, going to try the effects of the medicine on himself; in short, he is going to be a Catholic."

"Oh!" said Brown, "I don't wonder the club was surprised. His skull must be fractured already."

"But you ought to have heard him!" continued Holmway, "and from the present condition of your face I perceive you would have been the most surprised person present. He went on to assure the club that it was no longer an experiment with him but a fact, this symbolism, and he invited the club to follow him; or at least to study the road he was taking, so that if some day they got lost, as he did, they would know what to do."

"Evidently cracked," said Brown.

"It didn't sound so," the doctor observed as he was leaving, "but it might be insanity. If the new wrinkle lasts, I call it madness. If he reads another essay for the club next year we might call it 'Van Horne's way, you know.'"

On reflection the members of the club thought it suitable to describe the whole matter as "Van Horne's way, you know," and a very pretty story it made for private circulation. But Mr. Van Horne never came back to them, and kept steadily on in the new way, which he considered a satisfactory result of his studies in symbolism.

Henry O'Brien.

SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PUBLISHER.

SHAKESPEARE, great in everything else, seems to have been great in the number of his publishers. Exclusive of the collected editions, which to-day are legion; exclusive even of the first collected edition (that of 1623), his writings gave employment to a larger list of his own contemporary publishers than, I think, any author of the present day aspires to. Here is an actual list of publishers (stationers or printers, as they were then called) who issued—during Shakespeare's lifetime, or shortly after his death—(at any rate, prior to 1640) editions of his separate plays. Even this list, large as it is, is not complete. In fact, it is impossible to make any perfect tabulated list of matters and things relating to Shakespeare, since the upset difficulty always is that the questions: "Have we all the plays Shakespeare wrote?" "Did he write any of the so-called doubtful plays?" and "Did he write all the so-called canonical plays?" will always arise; and as to these questions there will always be disputers.

However, the table below gives some idea, being confined alone to the twenty-one canonical or accepted plays, which appeared separately in Quarto, and being exclusive of doubtful plays, or plays (doubtful or accepted) which appeared in the Folios of 1623, 1632, 1664, or 1685.

(Where the same Quarto is assigned to more than one publisher, it indicates that the names of all those mentioned appear on its title-page.)

PUBLISHER.	PLAY.	EDITION.	DATE.
A. M.	Othello	2 Q.	1630
Aspley, William	Much Ado About Nothing	1 Q.	1600
Benson, John	Henry IV., Part II.		1600
	The Sonnets	2 Q.	1640
Bonian, Richard	Troilus and Cressida	1 Q.	1609
	Pericles	5 Q.	1630
Burby, Cuthbert	Taming of a Shrew	1 Q.	1594
	Love's Labor's Lost	1 Q	1598
	Romeo and Juliet	2 Q.	1599
Busby, John	The Chronicle History of Henry V.	2 Q.	1600
Butter, Nathaniel	King Lear	1 Q.	1608
		2 Q.	1608
Clarke, Sampson	The Troublesome Raine	1 Q. (two parts)	1591

PUBLISHER.	PLAY.	EDITION.	DATE.
Cotes, Tho.	The Sonnets	1 Q.	1640
	Pericles	6 Q.	1635
Creede, Thomas	First Part of Contention	1 Q.	1594
	The Famous Victories	1 Q.	1598
	Romeo and Juliet	2 Q.	1599
	Henry V.	1 Q.	1600
	Merry Wives of Windsor	1 Q.	1602
	Richard III.	1 Q.	1602
Cules (or Coules), Francis	Venus and Adonis *	13 Q.	1636
Danter, John	Romeo and Juliet	1 Q.	1597
Eld, G.	Troilus and Cressida	1 Q.	1609
	The Sonnets	1 Q.	1609
Field, Richard	Venus and Adonis	1 Q.	1593
		2 Q.	1594
	Lucrece	1 Q.	1594
Fisher, Thomas	Midsummer Night's Dream	1 Q, or "Fisher" Q.	1600
Gosson, Henry	Pericles	1 Q.	1609
		2 Q.	1609
Harrison, John	Lucrece	1 Q.	1594‡
	Venus and Adonis †	3 Q.	1596
	Venus and Adonis	5 Q.	1600
Hawkins, Richard	Othello	2 Q.	1630
Heyes, Thomas	Merchant of Venice	2 Q, or "Heyes" Q.	1600
Jackson, Roger	Lucrece	5 Q.	1616
		6 Q.	1624
Jaggard, W.	Passionate Pilgrim	1 Q.	1599
		2 Q.	1612
Johnson, Arthur	Merry Wives of Windsor	1 Q.	1602
		2 Q.	1619
Leake, W.	Passionate Pilgrim	1 Q.	1597
	Venus and Adonis	4 Q.	1599
Ling, N.	Hamlet	1 Q.	1603
Low, Matthew	Richard III.	3 Q.	1608
Meighen, R.	Merry Wives of Windsor	6 Q.	1622
		3 Q.	1630
Millington, Thomas	First Part of Contention	1 Q.	1594
	" " True Tragedies	1 Q.	1595
	The Chronicle History of Henry V.	1 Q.	1600
N. O.	Othello	1 Q.	1622
Norton, John	Richard II.	5 Q.	1632
	Pericles	5 Q.	1630
P. S.	First Part True Tragedies	1 Q.	1600
Pavier, Thomas	Parts I. and II. of the Whole Contention	1 Q.	1594
	Chronicle History of Henry V.	1 Q.	1600
	Henry V.	3 Q.	1608
	Pericles	4 Q.	1619
Purfoot, Thomas	Richard III.	6 Q.	1622

* This poem ran through so many editions that it would unduly swell this table to enter them all. Those entered, however, preserve the names of the publishers of all the editions.

† According to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips this is impossible, since Harrison had assigned the copyright to Leake in 1595. The title-page of this fifth edition (of which but one copy is known to be in existence, in the Bodleian Library) is in MS., so the error cannot be detected.

‡ Harrison printed a second edition in 1598, a third in 1600, and a fourth in 1607 in octavo.

PUBLISHER	PLAY.	EDITION.	DATE.
Roberts, James	Merchant of Venice	2 Q. or "Roberts" Q	1600
		1 Q, or "Heyes" Q.	1600
	Midsummer Night's Dream	2 Q. or "Roberts" Q.	1600
	Titus Andronicus	1 Q.	1600
	Hamlet	2 Q.	1604
S. S.	Pericles	3 Q.	1611
Short, Peter	The Taming of a Shrew	1 Q.	1594
Simms, Valentine	Richard II.	1 Q.	1597
	Richard III.	1 Q.	1597
	Henry IV., Part I.	1 Q.	1597
	Henry V., Part II.	1 Q.	1600
	Much Ado About Nothing	1 Q.	1600
Smithweeke, John	Romeo and Juliet	3 Q. Undated Q.	1609
T. H.	Merry Wives of Windsor	3 Q.	1630
T. S.	Lucrece	5 Q.	1616
		6 Q.	1624
Thorpe, Thomas	The Sonnets	1 Q.	1609
Trundell, John	Hamlet	1 Q.	1603
Wakely, Thomas	Othello	1 Q.	1622
Walley, G.	Troilus and Cressida	1 Q.	1609
White, Edward	Titus Andronicus	1 Q.	1600
Wise, Andrew	Richard II.	1 Q.	1597
	Richard III.	1 Q.	1597
	Love's Labor's Lost	1 Q.	1598
	Henry IV., Part I.	1 Q.	1598
	Much Ado About Nothing	1 Q.	1600
	Henry IV., Part II.	1 Q.	1600
	Richard III.	3 Q.	1602
Young, R.	Romeo and Juliet	5 Q.	1637

It would thus appear that, in Shakespeare's own days, there were at least forty-five publishers, stationers, and booksellers (for some of the above are mentioned only as keeping the Quartos on sale) who were interested in William Shakespeare as a producer of revenue for them; a fact which, were no others at hand, would completely dispose of any doubtful or double authorship of the plays—for it would be extremely improbable that forty-five business men, with their employees, agents, and customers, should either scrupulously keep so interesting a secret or be themselves so completely imposed upon.

Of almost all of these publishers and booksellers something more or less is known. When, in 1623, Shakespeare's two fellow-actors, John Heminges and Henry Condell, edited the first collected edition of his plays, it was brought out at the expense (as we are told by the colophon) of three of the above-named

publishers—viz.: W. Aspley, who printed "The Much Ado About Nothing" in 1600; I. Smithweeke, the publisher of the "undated" Quarto (probably printed about 1608), and W. Jaggard, who printed the "Passionate Pilgrim" in 1599. With these there was associated one Ed. Blount, who, with Isaac Jaggard (probably a brother of the W. Jaggard above), became the publishers of the First Folio, and put their names into the imprint of that invaluable volume. We know that James Roberts, who figures as the printer of the "Merchant of Venice," printed two editions of that play, one to be handled by himself and the other to be handled by a rival publisher, Thomas Heyes; that he also did much the same thing for another rival, Thomas Fisher, in the case of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and, moreover, that, although his name does not appear as either printer or bookseller on the Quarto of "Hamlet" of 1603, he was the original owner of the copyright of that play, and procured it to be entered as his on the books of the Stationers' Company July 26, 1602, and only placed his initials in the imprint of the 1604 Quarto. We may also see traces of a very brisk rivalry between the above-named Bonian, Walley, George Eld, and this same James Roberts, as to who should issue the "Troilus and Cressida," which play finally appeared with the names of the first three in its imprint, in 1609; and it was the above-named Thomas Thorpe who has sent himself down to posterity as the "T. T." who signed that famous dedication to "Mr. W. H.," of the first edition of "The Sonnets"—which dedication is such a sacred fog to the commentators, and out of which they read all sorts of marvellous romances about Shakespeare, Southampton, Lady Rich, Mrs. Fytton, and nobody can remember who else.

It will be observed that the output of Shakespeare Quartos begins with the "Venus and Adonis" in 1593 and the "Lucrece" in 1594, and that the year 1597 appears to be about the first in which more than any one publisher seemed to think it worth while to compete for the production in print of any of Shakespeare's plays. After that year, and until 1640, the struggle was not that of Shakespeare or the owners of his plays to secure a publisher, but among the publishers to secure a play of Shakespeare's to print—though they come, for any single year, the thickest in 1600. We further know that Andrew Wise, above named, a stationer, whose place of business was at his residence in St. Paul's Church-yard, where he displayed the figure of an angel as a sign, secured the manuscript of the "Richard III." in October

of that year, and so became Shakespeare's first publisher, employing the press of a better-known printer than himself to get out the book, all of which we learn from the imprint: "At London, Printed by Valentine Simms, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paule's Church-yard, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597." Indeed, the sixty or seventy imprints called for by the above list are well worth studying by themselves, and, of themselves, throw a great deal of curious light on the early history of book-publishing in England. And if one would have patience to study the Stationers' Registers—into which the copyrights of these plays were mostly entered—and watch the assignments and reassignments thereof as entered in those Registers, in connection with these publishers' names in the imprints of the quartos, he would soon become fascinated (if he cared for such matters at all) with the vision of the struggle to secure the issue and sale of something on the title-page of which the name of William Shakespeare could legitimately appear in and about the early years of the seventeenth century; and how (as was, of course, the inevitable result of such a struggle) a great many quartos did get into print where the name was so put wrongfully and illegally. What effect, then, this illegality entailed we can only guess; but we know that it has had the effect of rendering a great many very worthy gentlemen and scholars, in succeeding centuries, quite unhappy and very much perplexed as to what William Shakespeare did or did not write, and even as to whether there ever was any Shakespeare at all! If William Shakespeare could have foreseen which, he would doubtless have left some memorandum or writing to tell posterity what were his and what were spurious. But he never did, and possibly a great many occupations, like Othello's, would have been "gone" if he had. But around the name of one of the printers named in the above list there is, it seems to me, a little bit of probability which, I think, might legitimately warrant some reasonable conjecture as to Shakespeare's beginnings, his first appearance in print, etc., and this without upsetting any of the scanty records and still scantier veracious testimony of which we are already possessed. To wit:

In 1592 there died in Stratford-upon-Avon one Henry Field, a tanner, leaving a will and inventory of personal property, but whose estate, for some reason, required the services of an appraiser to settle. The Court of Probate (or Consistory Court, as it was then called) appointed John Shakespeare such appraiser,

and he fulfilled his duties and duly filed his report as such appraiser in August, 1592.

This Henry had a son named Richard, who, like young William Shakespeare, had left the little village where his father lived, and found his way to London in search of employment, in or about 1579. Just about this time a journeyman printer, named Thomas Vantrollier, came from France and settled in his trade in London. He did neater and better work than the London printers, and found plenty of employment in meeting the new impulse of literature and literary taste of that wonderful period. In 1564 he was admitted to the exclusive and aristocratic Stationers' Company, which Queen Mary had chartered in the preceding reign, and selected Blackfriars as his place of business; his Patent reading, "*Typographus Londoniensis in claustro vulgo Blackfriars commorans*," while, as was the custom, certain books were made over to him as a privilege to exclusively print. Somehow or other this young Richard Field procured work in Vantrollier's establishment; he did not, however, remain there long, but found, it would seem, more favorable employment with another printer named George Bishop, to whom, at Michaelmas, 1579, he (Field) was apprenticed for seven years. No sooner, however, was he out of his time than, in 1588, he returned to Vantrollier's office. On Vantrollier's death, in that year, Field married his daughter and succeeded to his business of stationer and printer. Here, then, we have a fellow-townsman and neighbor of William Shakespeare's, a printer, stationer, and publisher, at his very elbow in London.

It seems to me that—the above being matters of easy verification—we may proceed to judge the drift of circumstances, then, as pretty much as it would follow in course to-day. Given a young man with literary aspirations, a poet—what is the dearest object which would present itself to his heart? Clearly the object of finding a publisher and getting into print. And we may, I think, be pretty confident that the lad had not been very long in London without haunting the publishers with his manuscripts under his arm. Possibly young William Shakespeare would have gone to the older and better-known publishers first; those who had more capital and a larger establishment than his townsman Richard Field, and no doubt young Shakespeare went to one and all of them. Possibly he might for a long time have studiously avoided Field, knowing that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country or to his own countrymen. But an un-

known poet has small chance, and manuscripts are not inviting objects to look at, nor are publishers over-willing to wade into thick piles of close chirography. So let us imagine that young Shakespeare, finally, in despair, was forced by sheer necessity to have recourse to his fellow-Stratfordian; prevailed upon him to put his verses into print, so that he could at last secure readers, and thereafter rise or fall on his merits as a poet and not on his success as a securer of publishers. Let us see how probable or improbable such a theory would now become, in the face of the records.

By consulting the above list we find that: whereas no other printer ever touched a Shakespearean manuscript until 1597, Richard Field did in 1593 print a first edition of the "Venus and Adonis," and again, only the year after, a second edition thereof, and a new poem, the "Lucrece" (pretty fair proof that he did not lose by the "Venus and Adonis," however dubiously he might have touched it). Now, the standard theory as to how Shakespeare first "got into print" is as different from what I have conjectured above as possible. That theory is that young Shakespeare early attracted the attention of Lord Southampton, and that the two became, at once, fast friends. I have never been able for myself to believe in this theory. I remember that social lines were being tightly drawn in those days, and that Shakespeare was of the class that filled his pit rather than of the class that sat on his stage. In our exalted love and worship we are apt to forget this, and, in the long perspective of three centuries we couple contemporary names in a single breath. We think of Shakespeare, Southampton, and Elizabeth. But the fact is that, in those days, it would have occurred to nobody, least of all to Shakespeare himself, to so group those names. Rigid as may be the line drawn to-day between peer and peasant, courtier, and tradesman, it was still more rigidly drawn then. The reverence with which an impecunious scribbler looks upon a man of vested wealth, multiplied by the distance between a proscribed player of interludes and a peer of the realm, would have rather prevented. A rich peer and a poor peer might be bosom friends. A rich peer and a penniless tramp—hardly! The fiction of the brotherhood of these two men is a pleasant one, and there is no particular harm in it, of course, but the substitute suggestion made above, it seems to me, is rather more in accordance with the nature of things. Southampton may indeed have admitted Shakespeare to the equality—not of brothers who went

arm-in-arm, wrote verses to each other, and chronicled each other's love affairs—but to such gracious familiarity as is depicted between the Lord and the Players in the "Induction to The Taming of the Shrew," or such courtly and good-natured badinage as Hamlet took and gave with the Players he employed to catch the conscience of the king. But if Damon and Pythias are friends, let us know of it from Damon's family archives, as well as from those of Pythias. The muniments of the great family to which Lord Southampton belonged have met no exceptional vicissitudes of time and chance, and are reasonably preserved. And there is no record in them, nor anywhere else, of any such exceptional friendship or intimacy between the earl and the playwright—as is so confidently asserted by Shakespeare's biographers—although the noble Southampton family preserved its archives, and the plebeian Shakespeare family never thought of doing so, even rumor and hearsay having in their case to be supplied.

But, it is said, Shakespeare dedicates his two poems to Southampton. Well, so did dozens of other poets. The young nobleman loved to pose as the friend of letters, and every poet sought a patron. In England not only then, but for a hundred and fifty years later, the patron was as necessary as the poet, and the poet always sought the patron, not the patron the poet. "Poets vied with each other," says Gervinus, "in dedicating their poems to him" (Southampton). The name of Shakespeare did not suggest that of Southampton to Francis Méres, writing in 1598. I shall not travel into the fields of those incomprehensible Sonnets at present, which suggest Southampton to so many modern commentators; though why, admitting Shakespeare and Southampton to have been inseparable, sonnets written by Shakespeare should be a self-accusing monograph of Southampton's, I never could learn, either from Mr. Gerald Massey or from anybody else.

The story of Southampton's munificent gift to Shakespeare has been traced to Stratford-upon-Avon, and to the year 1759, and consists in the mere statement of the fact, but of neither the occasion nor the object of the gift. I think the probabilities are that the Southampton figment is a vanishing one. It is only comparatively modern biographers who claim to have found in Stratford-upon-Avon, in this comparatively modern year 1759, somebody who declared that Sir William Davenant had said that Southampton gave Shakespeare "a thousand pounds."

But "a thousand pounds" was in those days an enormous sum, fully equal to twenty-five thousand dollars to-day, and Southampton was not a rich man. It seems to me that had the story of the gift been authentic it would have been rather fuller in detail, and something of the sources where Southampton got the money, or of the uses to which Shakespeare put it, have been supplied. Shakespeare only paid William Underhill sixty pounds for New Place—the most princely residence then in Stratford-upon-Avon, with its out-houses, messuages, orchards, and great barns filled with corn—covering three-quarters of an acre of ground, which was twenty pounds more than Underhill himself had paid for it a few years before; and we have a rather plentiful record of his other purchases of real estate. But altogether they do not account for "a thousand pounds."

But principally, if Southampton had procured the printing of these two earliest poems of Shakespeare's, it is a little queer that Southampton should have sent Shakespeare, out of all of the scores of publishers in London, to Shakespeare's own fellow-townsman, and for those two poems only. Any publisher would have been eager to have executed an order for Lord Southampton. And it is queer, again, that if Southampton had selected Field,—Field, who made Shakespeare's reputation by first bringing him out, should never have been allowed to print any of Shakespeare's works when they became lucrative and every bookseller in London was struggling for them. By consulting the above list, we find that the "Venus and Adonis" was so profitable that in 1636 it actually had reached a thirteenth edition, printed by Francis Coules. As early as 1596 the poem had passed to John Harrison, who turned it over for its fourth edition to William Leake (though, of course, this might be accounted for by supposing that Field had sold the poem at a profit, or that he had died meanwhile, for we know nothing of Field's career except the items above stated). But the great difficulty is that, if Southampton's own publisher, or selection of a publisher, had first taken up Shakespeare, that publisher, protected by the name of a powerful lord, would have remained in possession of the monopoly, and the reign of Elizabeth was a reign of monopolies such as has never been seen before or since. Indeed, I doubt if another instance than that of the Shakespeare plays can be mentioned, in which literary matter of the date was not assigned, by the Stationers' Company, to some single member of their body to be a per-

petual right and property in himself and his successors. I do not think much ought to be predicated from the gratitude for favors received expressed by Shakespeare in his second Dedication (that of the "Lucrece") to Southampton, for commoners, especially when they were poor poets, are apt to speak extravagantly of favors, however small, conferred upon them by peers, and the young and unknown Shakespeare possibly considered that the permission to dedicate poems to a noble lord was in itself a kindness to be grateful for. It was still a long way, in the punctilious Tudor days, from peasant to peer.

At any rate—to an age which cares nothing about Southampton and a great deal about Shakespeare—it ought to be, it seems to me, a pleasant reflection that William Shakespeare owed his first appearance in the custody of "the art preservative" to a fellow-townsman, perhaps a playmate, and that so the tranquil little town on the silvery Avon may claim to be not only the birth-place of the poet, but of the man who launched him on his high road to immortality.

Of course one ought not to construct theories and theories about William Shakespeare quite at random and out of whole cloth, but there seems to me something in the above scheme of probabilities. At any rate it is better, I think, than to devote so much speculation as to Shakespeare's motives in writing his plays; "to lie among the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of the complicated state of mind" of William Shakespeare, as I suppose Mr. Gilbert would put it.

APPLETON MORGAN.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION FOR CATHOLIC GIRLS.

A RECENT writer in the Dublin *Lyceum*,* dealing somewhat pessimistically with the progress of the Church in the States, puts boldly into words a good many things about convent-schools for girls which have been in the air for a long time. I have not the writer's evident advantage of knowing the American side of the question, but I have the advantage of knowing convent-school life from the inside, having been myself a convent-school girl. And here I may say that no one so named could attack the nuns and their system without keen remorse, because the old life was so sweet and good, and the nuns such ideals of purity and gentleness. However, they have still things very much in their own hands here, as with you, and the efforts some great-minded women among them have been making in the direction of progress prove that they have realized, at least in part, the necessity for their teaching being mended.

The thing which the nuns with us have failed to do is to discriminate. My own school-life had for one of its crosses that I was forced to grind at things for which I had no aptitude. Accomplishments are as fatally the bane of the convent-school of to-day as they were of the ordinary ladies' school of fifty years ago. Your convent is a conservative place, and it is the comparatively new foundations only which have seemed to realize that the nineteenth century woman is a working-partner in the world's business. Yet nuns, with their feminine republic and feminine dynasty, are themselves the most vivid testimony to the capacity of women for affairs.

At any rate, the convent-school will make your girls good religious women and ladies. Every nun is a lady, and refinement of feeling within convent walls is, if anything, excessive. Therefore I would be very loath to take the girls out of their hands. But afterwards! The nuns hitherto have taken education very lightly. They have gone into the convent with just so much knowledge as they received in a convent. They are forbidden newspapers, books, and reviews, almost entirely. The years advance, but they stand still. They do not realize

* Some of our readers may not know that this able and influential monthly is conducted by Irish Jesuits.—EDITOR.

that for women especially the world has changed, so much that a woman's personality has changed with it. It has struck me curiously sometimes to consider the difference between the women of Leech and the *Books of Beauty*, with their oval and ringlet-framed faces, their arched eyebrows and tiny mouths, and the educated woman's face of to-day, clean, undrooping, with fine outlines and developed brows.

The Loretto Order in Ireland, which was founded by a woman of rare insight and sagacity, must be taken as having done most of late years to educate itself for its task of teaching. The convent at Navan, especially, has done brilliantly in competitive examinations. Some convents of the Dominican Order, notably Sion Hill at Blackrock, and Eccles Street Convent, are also conspicuous for their advance in teaching. But many of our convents, like yours, are dominated by a French mind and spirit, which are incapable of understanding the different position and needs of English-speaking women.

I am sure we Catholics may sometimes fail through other-worldliness which sins against itself. It is not loyal to our Mother the Church to have the balance of education and power and wealth altogether on the Protestant side. May it not be one's vocation, as it was Esther's of old, to be a queen for the sake of God's people? Poverty of spirit is very beautiful, but if we are all poor in purse and power and reputation our numbers will not build up God's house, either actually or in a high spiritual sense. In a day of Protestant domination our prayer ought to be for the subtlety of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove.

The *Lyceum* tells us that Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, has instituted a special order of nuns who are to be trained arduously for their vocation as teachers. This is as it ought to be, and something of the same kind will have to be done universally as regards convent-schools, whether it be done from the inside or from without. With so much reform the nuns will keep their scholars, but after ordinary school-days the new ordinance calls for continued and higher education. The Catholic cry is for a Catholic Girton or Harvard Annex.

There is a woman's college here in Dublin, Alexandra College, founded so long ago as 1866. It was founded by Protestant minds and money, and though its curriculum need contain nothing exclusively Protestant, it has Protestant prelates for visitors, and Protestants make up the board, and in great part the teaching staff. It stands over against the Royal University,

with its annex of red-brick theatre and gymnasium, and beyond it the glaring red-brick Alexandra School. Its principal is Miss L. D. La Touche, a member of a famous old Huguenot family, which settled in Dublin by favor of Catholic tolerance at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and has become greatly wealthy and greatly respected. Miss La Touche is herself a student of Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, and is a most womanly lady, of great charm of person and character, and great cultivation of mind. The system, with its staff of brilliant university men, and women who have wrested the men's prizes from them, is unexceptionable. The college has no endowments except one or two scholarships in Trinity College, and two scholarships of £25 a year recently given by the Skinners' Company. The college so subsists nearly altogether on its fees, which are, for the session of three terms, from £15 to £22 per term. There is a residence house attached to the college, where students may live at an expense of £50 a year. There are also two or three authorized residences in various parts of the city; one of them is held by a Catholic lady recommended by Father Delany, S.J., senator of the Royal University, and intended to harbor Catholic girls working at Alexandra for university degrees.

Now, figures and facts speak more eloquently than any amount of writing. The calendar of Alexandra gives a magnificent list of successes. The girls' greatest work has been done in the Royal, that democratic university, so called, which, lacking the dignity of a residential university, has a go all its own. Trinity College, Dublin, has not yet opened its degrees to women any more than its conservative sisters of Oxford and Cambridge. Since the Royal was founded, ten years ago, the women, and Alexandra women especially, have covered themselves with glory. Each year a band of from ten to fifteen girls go up for the degrees, seldom taken without honors, for a girl who means intellectual distinction is generally very thorough. In 1887, a year made memorable in the annals of feminine advance by Miss Agneta Ramsay's taking first place in the classical tripos at Cambridge, Miss Mary Story, of Alexandra, carried off the big prize of the Royal, the studentship in modern literature, worth £500. At matriculation this clever and beautiful girl had won the £150 scholarship in modern literature. This last scholarship has been taken by Alexandra girls in five years out of six. Miss Story's studentship meant that in her year she took first honors and first place of all the university in her subject.

Alexandra has six M.A.'s, most of whom are on the teaching staff of the college or the school.

Miss Annie Patterson, who received the distinction of doctor of music in 1889, is also an Alexandra girl. She was the first to receive the degree on her merits. The honorary degree was conferred on the Princess of Wales in 1887, and was chosen, perhaps, because of the picturesqueness of the white and scarlet silk gown in which she looked so charming. Feminine bachelors of music are no longer a novelty at the Royal.

In 1889 Miss Letitia Walkington scored another conspicuous success for her sex in taking the degree of doctor of laws. I find no record of her school, which was one or other of the Protestant schools.

At the College of Surgeons two Alexandra girls are emulating those achievements. Miss Winifred Dickson, eldest daughter of the Protestant Home-Rule member for the Stephen's Green division of Dublin city, stands first in the prize-list session after session. With her is another Alexandra girl, Miss Maguire, who is doing equally brilliantly.

I have only named the big prizes. The exhibitions, scholarships, honors, and certificates in the Alexandra calendar are beyond cataloguing. As for the girls themselves, the most strenuous advocates of the hidden life for women would scarcely say their success had spoiled them. They seem to step back very willingly into private life after that moment when, capped and gowned and looking like charming muses, they stand upon the dais of the Royal University to hear the praises of the chancellor and the wild cheers of the generous male students. A gathering of them at Alexandra College was a display of handsome and healthy girls. So far from proving the charge of ugliness against learned women, they seemed to me far handsomer than an ordinary assemblage of women. Clear-skinned and bright-eyed, straight and slender, they showed the gymnasium and the absence of stays, the twenty miles' walk, which is not above the strength of those robust damsels, the happy work and endeavor which are the very salt to keep life healthy.

I do not hold a brief for Alexandra College. If briefs were a-going I would far rather take one for my nuns, though I have thought fit to echo a little that friendly Cassandra voice in the *Lyceum*. But for the college to which the nuns would send the pick of their pupils, I am happy to say one might pick out almost a teaching staff from the Catholic girls of Alexandra. Miss Mary Hayden, perhaps the most brilliant *staying* girl we have, is

a Catholic, the daughter of a distinguished Catholic physician, who died prematurely. She has taken distinctions innumerable, and received her M.A. last year. She is now in Greece, perhaps thinking of fresh kingdoms to conquer. Miss Hayden might be the principal of a Catholic Woman's College. Then there is Miss Fanny Gallaher, who is novelist, journalist, and editor, and was a professor at Alexandra before the London vortex drew her in. Then there is Miss Dawson, who is at present teaching Latin in the college. Again, there is Mary Alacoque White, a significantly Catholic name, a past pupil of Loretto Convent, Navan, who took honors in modern literature, with her B.A., in 1888; Miss Hannah Moylan, who won the Wilken's Memorial Exhibition in mathematics at Trinity, taking eighty-five per cent. marks, is also a Catholic, and there are Miss Alberta Gore-Cuthbert, Miss Agnes Smyth, and others.

It seems to me that our people cannot much longer be denied equal educational advantages with Protestants. If we don't give them a Catholic Harvard, or Girton, or Alexandra, they will go to those places. I indeed hold with a certain great Irish bishop, now dead, that the danger of universities and such places for Catholics lies in a Catholic being isolated in them; flood them with Catholics, and the danger is killed. But if the church will not have it so, then give us a Catholic equivalent. In the case of Alexandra, as I have shown, it took neither great wealth nor time to accomplish, though to create a Catholic university might be an undertaking of enormous magnitude.

I am not of those who hold secular learning unduly high. There are things far better, and I would secure them first of all for young people. Afterward, knowing both kinds of women, I say that the highly educated are the most simple, the most equable-tempered, the most charitable in speech and thought, the brightest and freest from weak sentiment. St. Catharine of Sienna and St. Catharine of Alexandria were not saints *in spite* of the capacity of the one and the learning of the other.

In conclusion, I would not give the nuns my Harvard or Alexandra, because their circumstances forbid it. How could they hold intercourse with the secular professor and all the rest whom the affairs of the college would call into being? I would have my college quite free from the restrictions which hamper, as her clinging gown does, the woman in religion. But I would let the young girls be trained in the convent. They will receive there a teaching never to be forgotten; they will carry thence a memory of a dim chapel with a Presence and a throbbing light

like a heart; they will be enfolded their year or two in an atmosphere of purity beyond words. Very beautiful is a convent, with its air where the sunbeam shows up no mote, where there are long rooms and corridors full of light and sunshine; where green leaves come tapping against the windows, and the gardens outside have their statues in every nook, with the flowers at the feet of them. Something of the poetry, and peace, and spotlessness of the convent I would have for my Woman's College; something of them it is sure to have, for such things gather like a cluster of doves wherever good women who are ladies are congregated. But my college will be a far busier place and less retired than those homes, by green pastures and pleasant waters, where

> "The Brides of Christ
> Lie hid, emparadised."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

MINOR TONES.

To turn the pages of the world's grand story,
Interpret all the stirring scenes it holds—
The pomp of kings, the martyr's deathless glory,
The long, bright pageant history unfolds:

To climb the rugged, ever-brooding mountain;
To sail the trackless, ever-moving sea,
And, drinking deep from some inspiring fountain,
Translate for others—was not given to me.

But, if I sing to you of man's deep longing
For the eternal—of the rack of pain,
Of homely joys about his footsteps thronging,
Love, hope, and faith, and daily loss and gain,

It is because, within my own heart swelling,
I feel all laughter, and all tears I spend—
One of the thousands now for ages telling
The same heart-histories that have no end.

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

DEATH IN LIFE.

Some miles from the hamlet of Montegut, in Louisiana, in the forest of Terrebonne, is a rude board hut, the dwelling of an old man who lives there alone, harmlessly mad. The last time I saw him was on a cloudy summer afternoon, a year ago. I found him seated on the trunk of a felled tree among his melon-vines, contemplating with absent gaze the green fruit nestled in their beds of hairy leaves and curling tendrils. His greeting, as always, was full of gentleness, but the serenity of his countenance did not conceal that he had sorrowed much, that his sorrow had fed on his brain. A pathetic dignity invested the old man which called up in one a reverential feeling, tempered, however, with a pity that brought unbidden moisture to the eyes. Of any such feeling on your part he was entirely unconscious. Nor did he betray by any word or action that he suffered, much less that he looked for sympathy. I do not believe he needed pity. He had ceased to remember the great tribulation through which he had passed, and he now waited passively for a heaven he had not forgotten, though the only sign he gave of its remembrance was a meditative ejaculation, uttered rarely, "The good God! the good God!"

On this day I speak of I remained with him but a few minutes, for a storm was brewing, and I had a long journey to make before I could reach home. After I had bidden him good-by and had gone on my way, something impelled me to turn and take a last look at him. He still sat on the trunk of the felled tree, his hands folded on his lap, his head thrown back, his white beard sweeping his bare breast, his eyes gazing longingly on the pitchy sky seen through the rifts in the laced branches of the trees, the sullen reverberations of the thunder in his ears.

I.

Alcide whistled cheerily as only a light-hearted Creole can whistle, and the tune he whistled was "Dixie." We all whistled and sang "Dixie" in 1860, and we have not done with the old tune yet. Only a matter of great importance could make happy Alcide pause in his whistling. He bent nearer to the mirror before which he stood, the whistle grew fainter, his lips un-

puckered. After a moment his face broke into a smile, and "Dixie" trilled and shrilled again. He had parted his hair to his perfect satisfaction, and he hoped to Jeanne d'Naudry's also.

There had been much talk about Alcide Beriot and Jeanne d'Naudry. Jeanne, the prettiest girl in all the La Fourche country; a girl, too, who would have an excellent *dot*—fifteen thousand dollars and a good slice of a sugar plantation. She did not want for offers, Jeanne. One of the most importunate was Armand Lemaire, but him she would not look at. Armand was poor, you see, and he was nowhere beside Alcide Beriot for good looks. But with all his good looks and devil-may-care good humor, Alcide was afraid before Jeanne. He had no cause to be afraid; at all times Jeanne had a pleasant word for him and a shake of her hand—the hand she favored no man with unless it were her father or her brother. And the misery Alcide would inflict on himself! There was that love-vine—You do not know what a love-vine is? It is a parasitic plant; its tendrils a pinkish white, its leaflets whitish yellow, and it grows on the branches of trees. Young men gather a tendril and throw it on a tree-branch beneath the window of one they would woo. If their love is returned, the vine will flourish; if not, the tendril dies. Alcide must needs throw a tendril on a branch of the orange-tree that used to look into Jeanne's bedroom. Next day the love-vine was a shrivelled thread. Alcide could not have taken it more to heart if Jeanne had publicly flouted him. How he ever heartened himself to ask her to be his wife was a mystery to us all. He did, though, and everybody was glad for Alcide's sake—except one, Armand Lemaire.

Although his happiness was but a day old, he could scarcely realize that he had feared to speak to Jeanne, so bold of heart was he now. His mother and his sisters greeted him with a sort of reverence when he passed out to mount his horse, arrayed to spend an evening at the d'Naudry plantation. Was he not the only son, and was he not about to take a wife?

Chee wee, chee wee, chee wee, trip, trip, trip—auk, auk, auk, pree, pree, pree, White, Bob White, see soo—soo—oo—oo, sang the mocking-birds, rejoicing in the light of the round, argent moon. The zephyr stirred through the magnolias and perfumed itself with the breath of the flowers it kissed. The stars of the South in the deep purple heavens throbbed as they do not in the cold North, where they twinkle; throbbed, keeping time with the sluggish flow of the serpentine bayou. Soft was the moon-

light on Jeanne's fair face, soft on the dark forest, on the cold breast of the distant lagoon.

Jeanne leaned over the balustrade of the gallery and looked down at Alcide, as he looked up to bid her good-night. "Jeanne," he said in a hushed voice, and for a moment the mocking-birds were still as if to listen to him—"Jeanne, how can you love me?"

Her deep black eyes met his dreamily, and her bosom heaved. She did not answer his question, but said: "It is light as day; the road is like a white magnolia leaf."

"And the cane-fields way off at the end are like the gulf on a summer's eve."—"Jeanne," he pursued thoughtfully as he unconsciously stroked the down on his lip, "that is our road, all white, the end smooth sailing over a summer sea."

Her arm hung listlessly over the balustrade, and he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. She withdrew it gently, and reminded him of the lateness of the hour. "You will wait till I bring my horse around, Jeanne?" he asked.

Away beyond the long, broad fields of billowy, moon-silvered cane was the house of Armand Lemaire. A light was in one of its upper windows. Jeanne was gazing at the light, and, without removing her eyes, she said she would wait.

It would be hard to picture a handsomer youth than slender, graceful Alcide Beriot on his black horse, as, bending down in the moonlight, he took Jeanne's outstretched hand to bid her good-night. "One kiss, Jeanne," he implored in a whisper. She offered him her white cheek, and what man would say she was not sweetest to kiss, and what girl would say it was not well to be kissed by him?

The mocking-birds chorused, Alcide whistled the merry tune of the "Bayou Blue Waltz," the hoofs of his horse went thud, thud over the loam, and Jeanne, staring after him, let her eyes snap, and whispered to herself, "*Bêtise!*"

II.

No one was prepared to say how it came to be that the Lemaires were poor. They possessed excellent land, their crops never failed, the men were sober, and looked well to it that their hands did not slur their work. The truth was, they lacked money-sense. Like most folk that lack this sense, they were a charming family. The widow Lemaire was forty, plump, fair-haired, smooth of skin, fresh and hearty as a healthy child,

and her accomplishments were without end. She could sing, she played the organ in the church, the piano at home; and dance! —she was the model dancer for half the country round. All Creoles make good coffee, but the fragrant aroma of Madame Lemaire's coffee once enjoyed, returned to you in your happiest dreams.

In spite of the handsome father who had begotten him, and the beautiful mother who gave him birth, Armand Lemaire was not remarkable for his good looks. Strong, well-built, with regular features, there was something unpleasing in his face. Was it the stolid stubbornness of his character that showed itself on his mouth and in his eyes? Yet he was a good fellow, had hosts of friends, never quarrelled, and they said if any one offended him he never forgave. Just now he was not on the best of terms with Alcide Beriot. There had been nothing like a quarrel; only when he met Alcide out riding, or at the house of an acquaintance, he barely noticed his sometime friend's attempts to draw him into conversation, failing to comprehend Alcide's good-natured endeavor not to appear too happy in his presence. Madame Lemaire was quick to perceive the change that took place in her son so soon after Jeanne promised to be Alcide's wife. She did not ask him why it was that he gave curt answers when she spoke to him, why he spent so much of his time abroad. She did not even ask him how it was that he, so temperate, came home one night drunken and abusive. She forgave him everything, but her heart was wroth with Jeanne, whom she blamed for Armand's wicked transformation.

Nor did she conceal her anger from Jeanne. "You are a coquette, Jeanne," she accused, when, on one of her visits to the d'Naudry plantation, she found the girl alone. "For more than a year you led Armand on, and all the while you cast eyes at Alcide Beriot." For answer, Jeanne burst into tears and blurted out that Armand had never spoken to her of love. Madame Lemaire watched the girl curiously, her good-natured face broadening into a smile. "*My* poor child!" she exclaimed, and the next moment Jeanne's head rested on her sympathetic bosom, and Jeanne's secret was confided to her.

How long the rays of the sun that stretched across the fields of sugar-cane to touch the black trunks of the cypress, to seek for every crevice in the laced boughs of waxen green whereby to gain entrance to the forest! The gentle wind had come far from the gulf, but its breath was still sweet and fresh

with the odor of cool, briny water. A cow and its calf, that had wandered into the road away from herders and herd, stopped to gaze stupidly at the tall 'rose-bushes that formed a hedge between the garden of the d'Naudrys and the outside world. In the orangery adjoining the garden the blue jays flitted and balanced themselves on the dark-green branches laden with golden fruit, the red top-knot of a woodpecker glowed against the black trunk of a date-palm as he tapped on the bark.

"No, Armand, I cannot tell him," said Jeanne, as she leaned against a gnarled orange-tree partly for support, partly because the lines of her figure, all in white, showed well against the blackish green background. "And if I did, what then? Father would not consent."

"If you loved me, Jeanne, you would not seek reasons not to marry me," remonstrated Armand.

She looked at him wistfully; then, drawing a long sigh, her eyes closed, her arms fell helplessly. "You must arrange it all," she murmured.

He sprang forward to embrace her, but she shrank aside. "No, no," she breathed, "I cannot let you touch me! Armand, Armand, why did you not speak before?"

"Because I am poor, because you gave me no encouragement," he cried bitterly. "My God!" he continued, "you treated me that badly the mother had almost to swear to it before I would believe that you loved me; and after all, *do* you love me?"

"You know I do," faltered Jeanne, "but I'm afraid."

"Afraid!"

"Afraid of Alcide; he will—" she stopped abruptly. Alcide was coming from the house—rather, he came dancing down the path—slender, handsome, light of foot, like a young god rejoicing, he came towards them.

"It was at this moment I spoke of you, monsieur," said Armand coldly. Jeanne, the finger-tips of one hand pressed to her lips, her head bent, drew closer to her tree.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Alcide laughing heartily. "Why, Armand, my boy, what is it?" And he laid his hand affectionately on Armand's neck.

"O Armand, Armand!" cried Jeanne. Armand had struck down the friendly hand.

Alcide's face was white to his very lips, his muscles hardened, his speech thickened. "I do not quarrel in the presence of women," he said.

Jeanne did not understand him. She seized Armand's hand and implored him not to come to blows about her. Alcide, with great respect but with all of a lover's insistance, commanded her to go to the house. "If you love me, go, Jeanne," he said.

"But I do not love you," sobbed Jeanne.

The only sound was the preet, preet of the jays among the orange-boughs, the suppressed sobs of Jeanne.

"Do you love that man?" Alcide asked, at last.

Jeanne hesitated. "You must answer me," Alcide insisted.

Still she hesitated, and it was only the fear of what Armand might say that in the end made her bend her head in assent.

Often afterwards, Jeanne said to Armand she could still hear the groan of despair Alcide uttered. It found an echo even in the heart of Armand, for he said: "Alcide, my friend, pardon my rudeness to you. It is this, Alcide: Jeanne and I have loved one another for a long, long time, and I dared not speak; you know, my friend, how poor we are at Mignonette plantation."

Jeanne wept anew; Alcide felt as if every drop of his blood was rushing to his head.

"How unhappy I have made you. But you have deceived me, Jeanne," he groaned.

"I will be your wife if you insist," she sobbed.

"No Jeanne, not that," he said quietly. "Now, Jeanne, leave Armand and me; we wish to talk—no, no, there is no quarrel—we are friends. Armand will go to the house presently."

Her eyes asked Armand for counsel, and his told her to do as Alcide said.

Jeanne looked earnestly at Alcide; her cheeks flushed, and she said, "You are good, Alcide—how good!" He smiled, somewhat of bitterness in his smile. Her face now flamed, and she hurried away, but when she reached the garden-gate, her hand on the latch, she turned to look at the two men. They were deep in conversation, and presently she heard Alcide laugh, and then Armand grasped his hand warmly. Which was strange, Armand not being of a demonstrative nature.

Wonder was expressed when Armand Lemaire paid off the mortgages on Mignonette plantation. No one connected Alcide Beriot's trip to New Orleans with Armand's being supplied with ready money. When it was known that Armand and not Alcide was to marry Jeanne d'Naudry, then people not only wondered but talked without exhaustion.

III.

The spring of 1861. The square of the little town of Houma; a tall pole erected in its centre from which flutters the flag of the Confederacy. A crowd of cheering men and boys, women and girls; a band playing "Dixie"; horsemen shouting, their horses plunging; vehicles of every description, their occupants for the most part gayly-dressed girls, who laugh and sing and clap their hands with an exuberance of joy that will not be repressed. Bette Beriot, from her perch on a spring-wagon, calls, "Alcide!" He comes running and she hands down to him a great wreath of roses. His arm passed through the wreath, hand over hand he climbs the pole. A great hush has fallen over the crowd. Hand over hand—once he slips, recovers himself—up, up, his eyes always looking upward—he has reached the top, the wreath crowns the flag. Frantic with love and enthusiasm for the new-born banner, they cheer, they yell, they shout; the band plays, the report of firearms mingles with the chant of an improvised choir. Fort Moultrie's guns have been heard in far-off Terrebonne, and even as they sing their hallelujahs of victory to come the banner's crown of roses wilts and withers in the unkindly heat.

In those days war was the one thing talked of. The very boys longed to be in the ranks, and to their rage and shame their longings were laughed at. What a consolation it would have been to them to know that their time to don the gray was near at hand! But the men of all ages: they hurried to join the army, their mothers and sisters, their wives and daughters rejoicing to see them go. Armand Lemaire held his wife to his heart, his mother smiled through her tears, and he was off—Captain Lemaire—to head his company. One of that company was Lieutenant Beriot—Alcide, who had kept himself aloof from his friends for months past.

IV.

Alcide Beriot carried with him to battle a wound more serious than any the foe could inflict; a wound that would not kill him, that did cause him constant pain. If by any chance the pain showed signs of wearing itself out, the sight of his captain renewed his torture. Were not the lips that commanded or greeted him lips that had given a lover's and a husband's kisses to Jeanne? Were not his arms the arms that had held her in warmest embrace?

His sorrow did not make him reckless; he did not shun danger, for he was brave; neither did he court it, for when his country was made he would have another duty to perform—his mother to care for, and something told him that Mignonette plantation would again need his help. Months and years passed by, and the days of them that were not scarlet were few. News from home, always seldom to come, at last came not at all. Louisiana, almost from the beginning, had been one vast battle-field. Now the Terrebonne was held by the foe, again in the hands of her friends, till at last there were none left but boys to defend the homes of their fathers.

Perhaps it was harder for Armand to endure life without a word from home than it was for Alcide. When he had put on his coat of gray, Jeanne had been his bride for but two short months. It would have been better for these two men if they could have talked to one another of home; but they could not, their hearts being too full of Jeanne.

The splendor of the Confederate flag had taken the shape of a cross of stars, in whose shadow a nation wept and prayed and fought, when Alcide for a third time was to show his great love for Jeanne. He had given up his right to her that she might be happy with Armand. He had freed Mignonette plantation from debt in order that Jeanne's father should have no reason to refuse her hand to Armand. And now he was to be called on to risk his life for her sake. It was in one of the last struggles of a dying nation, a struggle in which wearied, foot-sore, starving, outfought men battled in the shadow of defeat, Death the conqueror.

The night before the battle Armand went to Alcide's quarters on business that concerned the morrow. He found Alcide intent in prayer, and he knelt beside him; and the two prayed together as, when boys, they had prayed side by side in the chapel of Mary. When they rose from their knees they grasped one another by the hand, and Alcide's heart was stirred for Armand with the love of friendship that had once been so warm. They spoke together of Jeanne freely, and Alcide received many messages to carry her, should to-morrow be Armand's last. They had been in so many battles that it could not have been the thought of the morrow alone that made them again warm friends. Could it in some shadowy way have come to their knowledge that for one of them the night would never be again?

Before daybreak the dull boom of the cannonade had begun, and the April sun rose from behind a rolling cloud of smoke,

broken by hissing shell that burst and threw out phosphorescent lights where the smoke was blackest. A streak of intermittent flame marked the spot where stood the cannoneers. To the right a sudden flame shot upward, and scattered broadcast starry sparks that faded and died in the skyward-coiling smoke. The cabin, Alcide's quarters, was ablaze. Hotter and hotter grew the galling fire, the air loud with the detonation of shot, the screaming of shell, the crashing of timber, and up rose the rebel yell, sturdy and clear.

Could that battery be taken? "Fix bayonets—charge!" the order was shouted. On, on, into the face of the storm of grape-shot and minie-balls, into the red hell of death. Officers and men are falling like cane before the knife of the reaper. Alcide bears a charmed life. The color-bearer is down; a comrade seizes the flag; "My God!" his heart shall never beat again; and now it is Alcide who flaunts in flame and smoke the cross of stars. Beyond a dense pine underbrush, through rifts in the fire storm, were the victory-flushed enemy. This to the front. Feebler rose the rebel yell from the thinning ranks—a hushed cry of dismay. From the rear, and to the right and left, shot and shell fell fast.

"Save yourself who can!" On every side the enemy. Alcide stands by his friend; a sabre flashes downward, eager for Armand. Shall Alcide go home to tell Jeanne that Armand is dead? No! His eyes swim; keen has the blade cut, nigh to his brain.

And when he woke the night mists from the river were falling, and his head was pillowed on the dead heart of Armand.

V.

Late on an August afternoon in 1865 a man plodded painfully along the bayou road in the direction of Mignonette plantation. He wore tattered rags, his feet bulged from out his broken boots, and his hat covered a head about which was wound a much-soiled muslin bandage. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept his head bent, his eyes cast on the ground as he walked. Only once, when passing what had been the d'Naudry plantation, he let his eyes glance at the blackened ruins of the dwelling, at the gardens and fields, now an easy prey to the weeds. A sob and a groan escaped him; he struck his hands together twice or thrice, and then made such feeble haste on his way as his sorely tried feet would permit.

The land was just recovering from a flood caused when the invaders cut the levees. Here the road was thick with untrodden dust, there ankle-deep in mud and water. The swift-blowing breeze scattered abroad miasmatic vapors, and the swampy woods were alive with the croaking of frogs. The hot sun looked in the bayou, and its waters were red as the blood that Alcide had shed for naught.

The man had gone about half a mile from the d'Naudry plantation when he stopped his halting gait to look about for the road he knew led to Mignonette. For a moment he thought he must have passed it, and then he understood. It had changed, as had all things else in Terrebonne. What had been a road was now a tangled mass of underbrush. With much difficulty he made his way through the brush, for the briers caught at his rags as if they would detain him, treacherous vines tangled his feet. At last he stood in what had once been a garden, before a house with a gallery on three of its sides.

A woman who had been sitting on the gallery rose when she perceived the man and advanced to meet him, a boy of some four years clinging to the skirts of her washed-out calico gown. "What is it you want?" she called, and tried in the gathering darkness to make out who the man was.

"You do not know me, Jeanne?" asked the man as he limped forward to where she stood on the gallery steps.

She hesitated a moment, then said quietly, extending her hand for him to take: "Alcide? Yes I know you now; I was not expecting any one. Armand, he is coming soon?" she continued, her voice wavering.

Again Alcide made that motion of beating together his hands. By a great effort he controlled himself, and was about to speak when she interrupted him to say: "You need not tell me if it hurts you—Armand is dead."

He stared at her, helplessly, and no word of comfort came to him to say. "Won't you come up on the gallery and rest yourself, Alcide?" she asked absently. He was about to ascend the steps when, suddenly, she threw up her hands and cried, "Armand! Armand!" and fell to the floor. He snatched up a gourd half-full of water and laved her forehead and hands, and even in his distress he noted that his dust-stained fingers soiled her worn face. All the while the boy wept and stormed at him for having killed his mother. For some moments he almost believed the boy to be right, that Jeanne was dead; but

after a little she opened her eyes and strove to rise, only to fall back on his supporting arm.

"Jeanne," he said huskily, "let us see if, between us, you cannot get to your bed." Then he raised her in his arms and staggered with his burden into a sleeping-room opening onto the gallery, and laid her on the bed. The child clambered up to her side, she put her arms about him and let him weep against her neck, making no effort to quiet him.

It was now dark, and Alcide searched for means to make a light. Finding nothing, he felt his way to the bedside and asked Jeanne where was the lamp or had she candles. "Pardon me for disturbing you," he said; "I am very stupid, but I can find nothing."

At the sound of his voice the boy hushed his weeping, and Jeanne said: "There is no oil; I have no candles. There is no food either, and you must be hungry," she added.

"Now, Jeanne," announced Alcide, striving to impart a sprightliness to the tone of his voice, "I am going over to the store. Is the store there yet?"

"Yes," she answered. "A stranger has it; I have forgotten his name. I have no money," she faltered.

"Never mind, never mind," he said soothingly. "You stay as you are till I return."

More than two hours had elapsed before Alcide returned with a little stock of provisions and the small necessaries missing at Mignonette. Jeanne had kindled a fire in the dismantled parlor—the house had been damp ever since the overflow, she explained—and the child was asleep in the adjoining bed-room. She did not appear to have noticed that he had been gone long, that he looked weary, that he was lame. Neither did she, absorbed in her grief, offer to help him when he set to work to prepare a meal, boiling water for the coffee, broiling a slice of ham. It was not till he pressed her to eat that she again showed consciousness of his presence. Then, though she refused the food, she thanked him, and roused the child to bring him to the table. The boy ate ravenously. "He has had no food to-day," she said impassively.

Though she dwelt deep in his heart, though he longed to be able to comfort her, he respected her grief with a great reverence that forbade him to speak, for he felt that words would but torment her.

After the boy had eaten she made a feint of clearing the table, but gave it up, and went to a chair on the gallery, where

she sat and let the child slumber in her arms. After a time Alcide said: "I'll put the boy to bed; you must be tired holding him."

"No," she answered simply, "he does not tire me; he is all I have left of Armand." Then something like a sob choked her further utterance.

It was after this that she asked him how Armand had lost his life; and when he had told her how bravely Armand had fought, and how a spent ball had marked him for death, saying nothing of how he, Alcide, had offered his life in vain to save her man for her, Jeanne's tongue loosened, and she told him of the death of his mother, of which he had not heard. Then she went on to say that few of the old neighbors were left, that those who were left were nearly as destitute as herself. They talked late into the night, and when she left him Alcide stretched himself on a cushioned bench and, wearied out, fell into a dreamless sleep.

VI.

Alcide set to work with a will to remake a home in the desolation he found at his plantation of Azalea. In this he was heartened by the thought that success meant comfort and independence for Jeanne and her boy, the little Armand. The first thing he did after the miserable night spent at Mignonette was to have Jeanne and the boy taken to an aunt of his in Houma, where they would be cared for. (Madame Lemaire had opened a millinery shop on a small scale in New Orleans.) To this aunt's house he went every Sunday, seeing little of Jeanne, but much of the boy, to whom he became greatly attached.

As he possessed but little ready money, he could cultivate his plantation in part only. Still, by persevering effort, sheer bodily toil, he did make a humble home, did lay by a small competency for Armand's widow and son. People wondered, as the years passed by, that Jeanne and Alcide did not marry. It would be such a good thing for them both, and for the boy. Nothing could be more proper. The aunt, knowing what Alcide wished, thought that Jeanne showed a mean spirit to suffer Alcide to support her and not give him the right to call her wife. That is, if Alcide had asked her, as she suspected he had. She was right in her suspicion. Two years after he had been home-building Alcide did entreat Jeanne to come to the home ready to receive her. She heard what he had to say, then told

him she would never marry. "When I go to Armand," she said, "I must be as he left me; and indeed, Alcide, I am grateful to you. What would his boy be but for you? But, Alcide, I cannot, cannot love you in that way."

As had once before happened, Alcide felt the blood rush to his head, and, without a word to urge Jeanne to change her mind, he went back to Azalea. For nearly two weeks he kept within doors, seeing no one save Pierre Coreil, who worked the plantation on shares with him, and Coreil as seldom and for as short a time as the urgency of the business on hand would permit. A gradual but marked change was taking place in Alcide. Always notable for sweetness of temper, he now was subject at long intervals to almost uncontrollable fits of rage, followed by hours of moroseness and remorse. On one occasion he quarrelled with Coreil, and it was whispered he had drawn a pistol on the man. Whether it was that Coreil understood the nature of his partner's disease and pitied him, or whether it was through policy, he did not resent the outrage put upon him, and when questioned about it denied the story, though there were witnesses ready to swear that they saw the pistol in Alcide's hand.

On another occasion Alcide's aunt, partly to satisfy her curiosity as to whether or not Alcide had spoken to Jeanne, partly from a sincere desire to bring the twain together, urged on him the importance of Jeanne's position in life being fixed. "She ought to marry for the boy's sake, if for nothing else," she said; and added, in a half-whisper, "If you are not careful, Alcide, Raoul Danjean will get ahead of you. He is casting eyes that way now."

Then Alcide seized his aunt by the arm so roughly that she cried out with pain. "He did foam at the mouth like a dog," she related afterwards. "What did he say? Now, that is what I call droll! He said nothing, only pierced me with his eyes; and I tell you I was glad, yes, when he let me go. I cried through fright for an hour afterwards."

A week after this scene with his aunt Alcide came to her, very penitent, and begged her pardon. "Has Danjean been here of late?" he asked when the pardon had been granted gladly.

The aunt was afraid to answer, for the truth was Danjean was at that moment on the back gallery with Jeanne. Did Alcide but listen he would hear them conversing. He did hear them, for he said quietly, to his aunt's great relief: "Oh! he is here; Danjean is a good fellow; I'll go back and see him."

And he walked by her, through the broad passage-way, on to the gallery.

Jeanne sat in a low rocking-chair, her hands folded on the sewing spread on her lap, her head bent, her cheeks flushed. Danjean sat opposite Jeanne, his eyes eagerly watching her, his body bent forward in an attitude of absorbed attention. Outside in the garden the boy, Armand, chased a butterfly, shouting and laughing at the top of his voice.

Alcide greeted them abruptly; dragged a chair forward to seat himself; changed his mind, and set it against the wall. "What is it, Alcide?" asked Danjean. "You do not look well; is it fever?"

Alcide did not look well, and he began to look savage. He drew in his breath and said to Jeanne, "Is it true?"

She was frightened. He had been kind to her; she had been unappreciative, and perhaps she might have married Danjean. Who can tell? "Is what true?" she asked, her eyes appealing to him to restrain himself.

"No! I *will* have it out," was his answer. "You are going to—" he hesitated, and Danjean spoke for her. "You wish to know if Jeanne is to be my wife? I have just asked her. You have a right to know, Alcide; but you have not a right to be brutal."

Alcide gazed apprehensively from one to the other; then something like a smile, a smile not without its pathos, trembled on his lips. "I beg Jeanne's pardon," he said gently; "I should not have interfered; I will go away, that she may give her answer."

Danjean sprang to his feet, extended his hand, and cried: "Alcide, there never was a man like you. You won't take my hand?" for Alcide drew back.

"No! no!" he shouted. "I will not take your hand; I could kill you, Danjean, but I cannot be another Judas. My little Armand." His voice trembled, and he stooped to caress the boy, who, attracted by the loud voices, had left the pursuit of the butterfly to steal to Alcide's side. Alcide brought him toys and sweets, was always gentle with him, had often begged him off from a punishment the aunt would have inflicted.

The presence of the child quieted the storm, and in the calm Jeanne said: "I am sorry for all this; I have so often said I shall never marry—" Here she broke down. "It is cruel to torment me so, Monsieur Danjean," she pouted, after a moment to recover herself.

Danjean, a shadow of annoyance on his face, strode to where she sat. "Will madame pardon me if I say I think she does not know her own mind?" he said with a low bow, and walked away.

The child was now begging Alcide for sweets. "Bonbons, 'Cede; bonbons," he cried.

For once he did not heed the boy, but looked sadly at Jeanne for an explanation of Danjean's parting words. "Did he have reason to believe you cared for him, Jeanne?" he asked.

"Tut! no; as if I could care for him, after Armand!" she exclaimed; and added, carelessly: "If it were any one, it would be you, Alcide."

The veins of his neck, his forehead, and clinched hands swelled, and he said, his voice hushed from the emotion he could scarcely control: "Will you marry me, Jeanne?"

Yesterday she would have said no; to-day she felt driven to say yes. "I will be your wife after three months," she promised.

He looked dazedly at her; then, a glad smile on his lips, he cried: "May the good God reward you, Jeanne. You love me a little?"

She had been a spoiled child, a spoiled wife, and all her troubles had not made her less selfish. "I do not love you, but it is proper I marry you, for everything I have comes from you—"

He held up his hand to check her speech. "You have spoken enough," he said calmly; "I shall not come again." And having kissed the child, he went away, in the passage pushing aside the aunt who would have stopped him to talk.

VII.

It was a sickly winter. The land, not properly drained since the cutting of the levee, filled the air with fever, and many were stricken down—among them Jeanne.

For months past Alcide had not left his plantation, avoiding his fellows and avoided by them, for it began to be whispered abroad that Alcide Beriot was not right in his mind. Some said that he had been more or less mad ever since he had received a sabre-cut in the war. But when he heard that Jeanne was dying he saddled his horse and rode to town. Those who met him on the way remarked that he had a strange look—a haunted look.

They took him immediately to the chamber where she lay, for, as the aunt told him, he was just in time to see Jeanne

before she died. "The priest has been," she whispered, "and Jeanne has asked for you, Alcide." He heard her gravely, as fitted the occasion, but gave no signs of undue distress, and his aunt congratulated herself that his heart was not "pierced."

Unconscious of the solemnity of the time, the boy romped on the floor with his pet kitten. At sight of Alcide, he called out to him to know why it was he had stayed so long away, and had he brought him bonbons?

Jeanne feebly stretched out her hand to him, and as he held it, one would have said that it was indifference he felt, so little of emotion was expressed in his face. "Alcide," she whispered laboredly, "my boy, little Armand!"

"He shall be to me as my son," he replied.

The smile of thanks she would have given him was interrupted by death.

He knelt beside the bed and drew her face to his. Never before had his lips touched hers, and their coldness froze his heart and his brain.

VIII.

Because Alcide Beriot had been looked upon for so long a time as a man not in his senses, the aunt demurred when he came, after the burial of Jeanne, to take the boy, Armand, to Azalea. The child was best with her, she said, and the neighbors coincided with her, and had it not been for the parish curé, Père Chassé, the aunt would have had her way. "You should let the child go to Alcide," argued the good priest; "it will be best for the boy. Alcide has a brave heart; the child will be all the better for being with him. And Alcide, too; he loves the child; that is what the brave fellow wants—love; and Armand cannot help but love him. You shall see it will be all right."

So little Armand went to Azalea, and for a time it was as Père Chassé said it would be. The new home, where his will was law, was a happy change for the child from the restrictions of Tante Louise. In a way he returned the love of his benefactor, and Alcide, no longer morose, youthened in the light of the child's countenance, was gladdened by his childish caresses. He had something to live for, and as long as he felt that he had this something his mind was clear.

The long, long summers of fruits and flowers and soft southern gales, the short winters of north winds that lost their chill before they reached the Terrebonne, went one by one till Armand was sixteen. And every passing year brought less of

comfort to Alcide, for he saw the thing for which he lived growing more and more estranged. "He is sixteen, he should go to the college," advised the neighbors, and to college he was sent.

Alcide waited anxiously for the vacations, the old moroseness seizing on him till he was avoided as he had been once before. In the days before the day on which Armand was to return, he spent all his time in preparations for the boy's having happy holidays. The watch and silver-mounted gun Armand had long desired were bought in New Orleans, and such a horse as was to be the boy's was not in all Terrebonne. Rouge et Noir was a mettlesome beast, not well used to the saddle. "I'll give you a lesson before sundown, my beauty," Alcide declared on the morning the horse was brought to Azalea. It was a hot day in July, and when he returned late in the afternoon from the field, where he had been overseeing, he was heated, tired, his head burning—not at all in a humor for giving the promised lesson. Nevertheless it would be given, for on the morrow Armand would be home.

No one was about, so Alcide himself led the horse from the stable. A masterful animal, the sun forming arcs of light on his polished coat as he danced across the bit of greensward, following Alcide's lead. Neither the horse nor the man were in a mood for trifling, neither in a mood to be conquered. Rouge et Noir reared, his long tail swept the ground viciously, he trumpeted his defiance. Alcide set his teeth, grasped the bridle, held Rouge et Noir's mouth as in a vice, and with his mad strength slowly, surely drew the animal down on all fours. Rouge et Noir gave a sudden lunge to the off; Alcide's vice-like grasp righted him. Quicker than thought he vaulted on to Rouge et Noir's back and dug his knees into the animal's angrily-palpitating sides. Down went his head, aloft he flung it, again he trumpeted his rage; a lunge forward, again erect, and then he tore in giddy circles about the greensward. His hoofs rooted up the grass, flung the mould; he swung Alcide against the palings of the enclosure, not unseating him, and ever tighter and tighter Alcide drew the rein. Less swift and less swift Rouge et Noir's gallop of fire. Tenser and tenser the hold of Alcide. Slower and slower the trot, with now and again a wild spurt for freedom. And now, sighing, and panting, and sweating, his flanks steaming and foam-flecked and quivering, Rouge et Noir stands head hung and conquered.

If Alcide succeeded in conquering Rouge et Noir, the conquest finished what had begun years before in the d'Naudry

orangery, when he discovered Jeanne's love for Armand Lemaire. On that day his reason received a shock. Bitter disappointment followed hard on the gangrened heels of trouble, and drove Reason, with violence stoutly resisted, from her dwelling-place in an honest brain that was subservient to his high-strung, honorable heart, and on this July afternoon, when Coreil came up to Azalea to consult with Alcide as to whether or not the gang of hands should be added to, he found the plantation's master a-bed in the delirium of fever. Alcide arose from this bed of oblivion a harmless, witless man, nothing left him save a capacity for suffering only less than infinite.

Armand had returned from college while Alcide lay wooing death. He had watched by the bed of the man to whom he owed everything in a perfunctory way, but even so little of duty as he gave was very wearisome to him. Neither did the knowledge that Alcide's recovery was rapid since he watched bring much of comfort to him, nor did it rejoice him to know how greatly he was loved. It was harder for him when Alcide got about and healthened in the delight of his company, more even than in the balm of air and sunshine. He was young. What pleasure could he find in the companionship of this broken man?

IX.

Coreil now took entire charge of the plantation, and Alcide submitted tamely to all he suggested. It was well, for Coreil was an upright man. Now it was, too, that the aunt and her people in Houma urged that Armand leave Azalea to come and live with them. They spoke gently to Alcide of this, and he said, Leave it to the boy. But the aunt suggested, Let there be a family council; and Alcide, taking a long while to consider, his brain working slowly, agreed. Then the aunt, and her people, and Coreil—as business manager he was one of the family—met in the long sitting-room at Azalea.

They all felt a constraint in Alcide's presence, an awkwardness and a shame for what they were about to do, although they were sincere in their belief that Armand should leave Azalea. No one spoke; each waited for another to begin, when Alcide rose from his chair and said: "My friends, I do not see the need of your putting yourselves to trouble about a matter that, after all, concerns Armand alone. Let him be the judge; it is but fair and just."

They stared at him in amazement. The man was transformed.

His eyes shone with the light of reason; love for Jeanne's child had kindled the flame. He appeared to have grown young again; not that he was so old in years, but trouble had aged him. Once more he was the handsome youth who had wooed Jeanne under the white moon.

He turned to Armand, and in a gentle voice, a smile on his lips, bade him decide for himself whether it were best that he remain at Azalea or go to the aunt in Houma. And he cautioned him not to bear in mind that he, Alcide Beriot, loved him as a brother, or as his father would have loved him had he lived, but to decide as would best forward his, Armand's, interests in the future.

Armand looked away from him out of the window, on the white road, the swaying oaks and stunted palms; and the music of violins, the sound of tripping feet rung in his ears, the laughter of girls and the chorus of boyish voices.

He did not turn his face as he said: "I do not mind for myself, but I think it is best for you all that I go to Houma to live."

The smile that flickered on Alcide's face left it; but, tuned by his gentle heart, the voice was sweet and gentle that approved of Armand's choice.

The next day, when Coreil came to Azalea, Alcide had disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him. Months passed by, and then a party of hunters for deer came across him dwelling in a hut under an old oak-tree. They spoke to him of his friends; he remembered nothing. His wits were entirely gone, his speech indistinct. When they tried to induce him to return with them, he entreated them so earnestly to leave him alone that they desisted. Others who came to him were met by the same entreaties. He wished to be alone. His property had been settled on Armand Lemaire, he was content to be alone, so they granted him his wish, but they were careful to see that he did not want.

The rushing wind sweeps the ever-green foliage of the oaks into great swaths; the storm tosses and swirls the long, gray-bearded mosses; the majestic magnolia sheds a myriad of ivory petals over the lush ripe grass, and whitens the bosom of the turbulent bayou; the lightning quivers and flashes in the dense heavy shadows; the thunder claps harshly jubilant in the far-away distance, and Beriot, unmoved, sits patiently waiting.

HAROLD DIJON.

THE ANT.

IN the entomological world no insect is so interesting as the ant. Such is its marvellous instinct, so near does it come to the appearance of reason, that we might well disbelieve the stories we hear about it if their truth were not vouched for by naturalists such as Lubbock, Darwin, MacCook, Belt, Bates, Lincecum, Büchner, and others, who in different parts of the world have studied the habits of widely different species of ants.

Sir John Lubbock has made experiments on the influence of different colored lights upon this insect, and he tells us that under a slip of red glass 890 ants gathered, under green 544, under yellow 495, while only 5 gathered under violet-tinted glass. His experiments show that the stained glasses act on the ant in a graduated series, corresponding with the order of their influence on a photographic plate; and as most species of ants are fond of darkness, it has been suggested that the reason of their graduated aversion to different-colored lights may be owing to their eyes being less influenced by rays of low rather than by rays of high refrangibility. In regard to the ant's hearing, it is found that loud noises and musical sounds produce no effect whatever upon it. It would seem to depend mainly on the sense of smell in following a trail and in procuring food. But besides its scent, the ant is very much helped to find its way about by the mysterious sense of direction, which it possesses in an extraordinary degree.

Friendship among ants is shown by stroking antennæ; and ants of the same nest, seemingly countless as they are, know one another and immediately recognize an ant from another nest; him they generally put to death when he dares to come among them, even though he may be of the same species. Lubbock kept an ant separated from its formicarium for over a year. When he replaced it among its kindred they knew it at once. But more astonishing than this is the fact that an ant taken away from the nest while still immature and in the condition of pupæ, will be hailed as a fellow and kindly treated if after emerging from that state as a perfect ant it be restored to the nest whence it had been taken. Naturalists, however, do not yet know the mode whereby ants recognize one another.

Lubbock says that "the recognition of ants is not personal and individual; that their harmony is not due to the fact that each ant is individually acquainted with every other member of the community. At the same time the fact that they recognize their friends even when intoxicated, and that they know the young born in their own nest even when they have been brought out of the chrysalis by strangers, seems to indicate that the recognition is not effected by means of any sign or password."

But that ants are able to communicate with one another by some substitute for language is now generally believed. Yet this power is certainly not by means of sound. Mr. Belt believes that they can warn their friends of danger, and tell them where booty is to be found, by the intensity or qualities of the odors they give out. No insect is so pugnacious and rapacious as the ant, while among many species tenderness and pity are feebly developed. An ant in difficulties will often be neglected by its comrades, though when intoxicated they will generally carry it into the nest. But all species of ants are not devoid of sympathy. A specimen of *Formica fusca*, mentioned by Lubbock, was set upon and hurt by an ant of another species. Lubbock stopped the fight, and he tells us that another ant belonging to the same community as the sufferer presently appeared, examined its wounds with the greatest solicitude, after which it lifted it upon its back and carried it off to the nest. And Mr. Belt — in *Naturalist in Nicaragua* — says that he covered an ant with a piece of clay, leaving only the tips of its antennæ visible. It was soon discovered by its mates, who at once began to bite off bits of the clay and finally set it free.

The swarming, or what may be called the wedding flight, of ants generally takes place in July or August. When this important time has come the mouths of the nest are widened by the workers or neuter ants, while on top of the nest is uncommon bustle and excitement. Of a sudden the winged males and females rise up in a dense cloud, and for several hours this insect nebula hovers round and round some tree or other lofty object in the vicinity; and it is during this brief life in the air that fertilization is effected. When the honeymoon is ended the swarm descend to the earth, where the males fall a prey to birds and spiders; for the workers, even of their own nest, knowing that their usefulness is over, pass them by as if they were strangers; and most of the fertilized females share the

same fate. But a certain number of the latter find places of concealment, where they immediately pull off their wings and lay their eggs. And it is interesting to see the workers nursing the eggs, for without this care they would not develop into larvæ. The nursing consists in licking the eggs, which licking causes them to increase in size until in about a fortnight the larvæ are hatched out. The workers now feed the young larvæ by putting their mouths to their own, and throwing up food into their intestinal tract. They also carry them up to bask in the sunshine, and when it rains they brings them down into the nest. When the larvæ are fully grown they spin cocoons and become what are called pupæ. While in this state food is not necessary. Nevertheless, the workers see that they are kept warm and dry, and when at length the hour arrives for them to come forth as perfect ants, the workers bite holes through the chrysalis which contains them, and so help their little kindred to come out. The first thing the workers now do is to wash, brush, and feed the baby ants, after which they drag all the empty cocoons outside the nest, where they pile them in a heap as far away as possible. But this is not all the workers do for the child ants: these have to be educated. Accordingly they are led by the workers to the different parts of the nest and are made to inspect every nook and corner, so that they may afterward find their way about alone. They are also instructed how to care for larvæ, and finally the workers teach them how to know a friend from a foe. This last lesson is most important, for a good part of an ant's life is spent in fighting.

Just as human beings keep milch cows, so do ants keep aphides—to milk, as it were. The eggs of these little creatures, which live on flowers and shrubs, are collected and cared for by the ants with the same care as if they were ants' eggs. Then when the aphides are hatched out they tickle their abdomen with their antennæ, and at once a drop of sweet juice is excreted from it, which juice the ants eagerly devour. The better opinion is that this action of the aphides is instinctive and not the result of experience. The fluid is never excreted unless the proper stimulus is supplied by the ants, or unless the fluid has accumulated superabundantly. It may be asked, How can this instinct have arisen? For while it is good for the ants, it does not seem to be of any benefit to the aphides. Mr. Darwin answers: "Although there is no evidence that any animal performs an action for the exclusive good of another species, yet each tries

to take advantage of the instincts of others." And he adds: "As the excretion is extremely viscid, it is no doubt a convenience to the aphides to have it removed; therefore, probably, they do not excrete solely for the good of the ants." Some species of ants build stables for the aphides, by enclosing the stems of the plants where the aphides dwell with a cocoon-shaped toy building, with doors too small for the aphides to get out, but large enough for the ants to get in. And in order to reach the aphides in rainy weather without getting wet, the ants sometimes build a covered way from their nest to the stable.

Three species of ants keep slaves. The ants used as slaves are never captured, however, without a desperate battle, in which many are killed on both sides. If the slave-hunters are victorious they carry off the pupæ of the vanquished to their own nest, where the young slaves are hatched out; and it is interesting to see the fondness which these have for the home of their masters. They never try to escape, and will defend their masters' home with desperation. When the latter for some reason change their abode, they carry their slaves with them in their jaws, and this migration is often the only holiday the slaves enjoy. But there is one species of slave-making ant—*Formica rufescens*—which, when they migrate, are, on the contrary, transported through the wilderness in the jaws of their slaves. Indeed, so dependent is *Formica rufescens* on its slaves, that it looks to them even for food, and unless its slaves feed it, it will die of hunger.

Of the origin of this curious instinct of making slaves Darwin says: "As ants which are not slave-makers will, as I have seen, carry off pupæ of other species if scattered near their nests, it is possible that such pupæ originally stored as food might become developed, and the foreign ants thus unintentionally reared would then follow their proper instincts, and do what work they could. If their presence proved useful to the species which had seized them—if it were more advantageous to the species to capture workers than to procreate them—the habit of collecting pupæ originally for food, might by natural selection be strengthened and rendered permanent for the very different purpose of raising slaves. When the instinct was once acquired, natural selection might increase and modify the instinct, always supposing such modification to be of use to the species, until an ant was found as abjectly dependent on its slaves as is the *Formica rufescens*."

But ants make slaves of other insects besides ants. There is a leaf-bug in Brazil which they use as a beast of burden, and compel to lug home to the nest certain leaves which they require.

No insect is so warlike as the ant; its battles are endless, and the main cause of war is the plundering of the nests of other ants by the slave-making species. When the slave-makers want more slaves they first send out a reconnoitring party to find a proper nest to attack. Having found one, the reconnoitring party carefully inspects it and takes particular pains to discover where its gateways are. Now, the entrances to an ants' nest are always made difficult to find—for ants are good architects and engineers—and it sometimes happens that a marauding party fails from not having been able to discover the gateways. But if the scouts bring back a favorable report, battalions of ants closed in mass form rapidly in front of the nest (the season is always toward the end of summer or in autumn), and good observers tell us that the army is sometimes five yards long and half a yard wide, and that it may take an hour to reach the nest to be attacked.

Having come to it, a charge is made through the different entrances; and now begins a fight in which very many are slain, one side trying to steal away the pupæ, the other side trying as desperately to save them from being stolen. On the homeward march the rear of the slave-hunters' army is pursued and harassed by furious ants, who plunge into the rear-guard even though it outnumber them a hundred to one. Having got back to their nest, the slave-hunters hand over the booty to the slaves, under whose vigilant care a number of infant slaves soon come out from the cocoons, and these little ones, who have no memory of the home whence they were ravished, quite naturally and without compulsion settle down to a life of slavery.

We are told that occasionally civil wars break out among the slave-making species, and, as might be expected, these wars are the most cruel of all. The ants pull each other to pieces with diabolical rage, and little black balls of five or six ants may be seen locked together by legs and jaws, and rolling over and over, biting and tearing until not one is left alive. Yet these civil wars may have a happy ending. Büchner tells us, in *Mind in Animals:* "Battles between ants of the same species often end in a lasting alliance, especially when the number of the workers on both sides is comparatively small. The wise little

animals under such circumstances discover, much more quickly and better than men, that they can only destroy each other by fighting, while union would benefit both parties." Let us here observe that ants in fighting generally try to seize each other's antennæ; the antennæ are the most sensitive parts, and it is through them that the greatest pain is caused.

Besides keeping other insects to milk, if we may so say, ants also keep pets. At least, the best observers regard a species of tiny brown beetle and a very small cricket, found dwelling in the nests of several kinds of ants, as pets. They are quite at home in the nest, where any other insects would be quickly torn to pieces. And when these ants migrate they carry their pets with them. Yet these small crickets and beetles may, after all, not be kept as pets; they may, like the aphides, be of some use to their hosts, although we cannot imagine what this use may be.

There is little doubt that ants enjoy true sleep at night. MacCook, in his interesting account of the harvesting ant of Texas, tells us that he often touched the sleeping insects with a quill or lead-pencil without waking them. As soon as an ant awakes it yawns and stretches its limbs very much as a dog does. MacCook adds: "While the ants of one group are taking sleep others may be busy at work, and these stalk among and over the sleepers, jostling them quite vigorously at times." According to MacCook, their sleep lasts about three hours. When thoroughly awake the ant cleanses itself. Many other insects do this, but it is a curious fact that several species of ants help each other to make their toilet. The cleaner first licks the other's face thoroughly; after the face it licks the thorax; then it passes to the haunch, and so on, until it has licked every part of the body. The attitude of the insect that is being cleaned is one of perfect satisfaction: it lifts one leg after the other to the cleaner, and sometimes it rolls quite over on its back with all its limbs relaxed. The toilet is completed by giving the antennæ a friendly wipe.

Industrious as ants are, their life is not all work. They certainly indulge at times in gymnastic sports. Of a fine day they come together on top of the nest, where they may be seen raised on their hind legs, embracing, catching one another by the legs and jaws, and tumbling over and over in the jolliest way. They have also been observed playing at hide-and-seek. Huber was the first to give an account of these ant sports,

and we can hardly wonder that very few believed him. Forel, another patient student of the ant, writes: "I found it hard to believe Huber's observation in spite of its exactness, until I myself had seen the same." Lubbock, MacCook, and Mrs. Hutton tell us a good deal about the funereal habits of the ant, which habits have no doubt been developed as an instinct useful to health by natural selection. All ants show a strong desire to put their dead out of sight. Strange to relate, the slave-making species never deposit their dead in the same grave-yard with their slaves. Nor are the dead buried in groups, but separately and at a good distance from the nest. Mrs. Hutton's account of a funeral procession of ants is interesting: "I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. . . . All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body; then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and, laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now labored on until they had filled up the ants' graves." Mrs. Hutton's account may be found in the *Proceedings of the Linnæan Society* (1861).

Quite as interesting as the use which ants make of other insects, is the use they make of certain leaves in Brazil. Mr. Bates after carefully observing the leaf-cutting ants of the Amazon, came to the conclusion that the leaves they gathered and brought to their nests were not used as food, but were intended to serve as soil on which a certain minute fungus, very palatable to the ants, might grow. And this has been corroborated by other well-known naturalists.

MacCook, in *Agricultural Ant of Texas,* tells how this species makes a circular clearing among the weeds and thick grass sometimes twenty feet in diameter. In the middle of the

clearing is a hole leading down into the nest; while avenues as smooth as the disc itself, from two to four inches wide and perhaps three hundred feet long, lead out in different directions. Along these avenues, during harvest-time, there are always passing two streams of ants; those going from the nest are empty-handed, but every ant coming homeward is staggering under the weight of a seed of buffalo grass as thick and twice as wide as itself. In the nest are well-made granaries as deep as four feet under ground, where the seeds are stored.

Another observer of this species of ant, Doctor Lincecum (*Journal Linn. Soc.*, vol. vi.), declares that they sometimes actually sow a peculiar kind of grass, called ant-rice, around the circumference of their clearing. He says: "There can be no doubt of the fact that the particular species of grain-bearing grass mentioned above is intentionally planted. In farmer-like manner the ground upon which it stands is carefully divested of all other grasses and weeds during the time it is growing." This observer studied the harvesting ant of Texas for many years, and is positive in his statement about their sowing crops of ant-rice. MacCook says this ant-rice is certainly found growing just as Lincecum describes; but he does not believe it is intentionally sown by the ants. He admits, however, that such a thing would not be above the ant understanding. Doctor Livingstone, in *Missionary Travels*, tells of a certain ant in Africa which inhabits a flat region where the water for several months in the year is deep enough for water-plants to grow. But this does not destroy these ants, who skilfully construct little mud houses high upon the tall grass, so that the flood cannot reach them. He says: "This must have been the result of experience, for if they had waited till the water actually invaded their terrestrial habitations they would not have been able to procure materials for their aërial quarters, unless they dived down to the bottom for every mouthful of clay."

In New Mexico are found three distinct species of ants who live harmoniously together in the same nest. The yellow workers feed and take care of the yellow honey-makers, who never quit the nest, and whose sole duty is to secrete honey in their abdomens for their guardians, as well as for the black workers. The black workers act as sentries outside, and also provide food for the yellow workers. The largest hornet and spider cannot break through their double line of pickets, and their military organization equals that of the Ecitons of Brazil. The Ecitons,

whom Bates has so well described, are essentially warriors, and differ from all other ants in having no fixed abode, but pass their lives wandering and fighting. They move through the Amazon forests in dense columns hundreds of yards long. Well in the van are scouts, on either side are flanking parties, and no insect presumes to make a stand against them; indeed, every living creature flees at their approach. They number millions, and swarm like the hosts of Attila, leaving desolation behind them. It sometimes takes an hour for one of their armies to pass a given point. But the most curious ants described by Bates, in *Naturalist on the Amazons*, are the blind Ecitons, composed of two species. Like other Ecitons they lead an Arab existence, but instead of wandering along the surface, they advance underground through tunnels, which they make with surprising rapidity. "The column of foragers," says Bates, "pushes forward step by step, under the protection of these covered passages, through the thickets, and on reaching a rotting log or other promising hunting ground, pour into the crevices in search of booty. I have traced their arcades occasionally for a distance of one or two hundred yards; etc., etc." Many instances are given by trustworthy authorities of the intelligent mode in which ants overcome obstacles. If prevented from climbing a tree by bird-lime or other obnoxious matter spread over the trunk, the wise little creatures do not despair, but bring up in their jaws bits of earth or soft wood, and so construct a causeway over which they may pass in safety. Büchner cites a case where the ground around a maple-tree (which swarmed with ants) was smeared for the width of a foot with tar. He says: "The first ants who wanted to cross naturally stuck fast. But what did the next? They turned back to the tree and carried down aphides, which they stuck down on the tar one after another until they had made a bridge over which they could cross the tarring without danger." Mr. Belt tells of a column of ants "crossing a water-course along a small branch not thicker than a goosequill. They widened this natural bridge to three times its width by a number of ants clinging to it and to each other on each side, over which the column passed three or four deep; whereas excepting for this expedient they would have had to pass over in single file, and treble the time would have been consumed."

Ants have also been known to make suspension bridges of straw, the abutments being fastened with mortar composed by themselves. An engineer, writing to Büchner from South Amer-

ica, describes how ants ferry themselves across a stream. He says: "Each ant now seizes a bit of dry wood, pulls it into the water, and mounts thereupon. The hinder rows push the front ones even further out, holding on to the wood with their feet and to their comrades with their jaws. In a short time the water is covered with ants, and when the raft has grown too large to be held together by the small creatures' strength, a part breaks itself off and begins the journey across, while the ants left on the bank busily pull their bits of wood into the water, and work at enlarging the ferry-boat until it breaks again. This is repeated as long as an ant remains on shore." Mr. Belt also tells how some ants got from their nest to a grove of trees without passing over a dangerous tramway—namely, by tunnelling under the rails; this they did after they had seen a number of their fellows crushed by the wheels of the tram-car.

In conclusion, let us say that the brain of the ant is larger in proportion than the brain of any other insect; it is also in advance of other insect brains in structure. Nor does anything so keenly affect the ant's faculties as an injury to its antennæ; if its antennæ be destroyed, it falls into a condition of idiocy. The ant is very small and insignificant to look at; we crush many a one underfoot without knowing it; and yet—Man apart—in all God's work nothing is more marvellous than the ant.

WILLIAM SETON.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER VIII.

FRUITLANDS.

WHAT influenced Isaac Hecker to leave Brook Farm, a place so congenial in many ways to his natural dispositions, was, plainly enough, his tendency to seek a more ascetic and interior life than he could lead there. The step cost him much, but he had received all that the place and his companions could give him, and his departure was inevitable.

His next move in pursuit of his ideal took him to Fruitlands. This was a farm, situated near Harvard, in Worcester Co., Massachusetts, which had been bought by Mr. Charles Lane, an English admirer of Amos Bronson Alcott, with the hope of establishing on it a new community in consonance with the views and wishes of the latter. Perhaps Fruitlands could never, at any stage of its existence as a corporate home for Mr. Alcott's family and his scanty following of disciples, have been truly described as in running order, but when Isaac Hecker went there, on July 11, 1843, it was still in its incipiency. He had paid the Fruitlanders a brief visit toward the end of June, and thought that he saw in them evidences of "a deeper life." It speaks volumes for his native sagacity and keen eye for realities, that less than a fortnight's residence with Mr. Alcott should have sufficed to dispel this illusion.

Bronson Alcott seems to have been by nature what the French call a *poseur;* or, as one of his own not unkindly intimates has described him, "an innocent charlatan." Although not altogether empty, he was vain; full of talk which had what was most often a false air of profundity; unpractical and incapable in the ordinary affairs of life to a degree not adequately compensated for by such a grasp as he was able to get on the realities that underlie them; and with an imposing aspect which corresponded wonderfully well with his interior traits. That, in his prime, his persuasive accents and bland self-confidence, backed by the admiration felt and expressed for him by men such as Emerson, and some of the community at Brook Farm, should have induced an open-minded youth like Isaac Hecker to take

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him for a time at his own valuation, is not strange. The truth is, that it was one of Father Hecker's life-long traits to prove all things, that he might find the good and hold fast to it. There was an element of justice in his make-up which enabled him to suspend judgment upon any institution or person, however little they seemed to deserve such consideration, until he was in a condition to decide from his own investigations. We shall see, later on, how he tried all the principal forms of Protestantism before deciding upon Catholicity, strong as his tendency toward the Church had become. We have never known any other man who, without exhibiting obstinacy, could so steadfastly reserve his judgment on another's statement, especially if it were in the nature of a condemnation.

When Isaac Hecker first made his acquaintance, Mr. Alcott had but recently returned from England, whither he had gone on the invitation of James P. Greaves, a friend and fellow-laborer of the great Swiss educator, Pestalozzi. Mr. Alcott had gained a certain vogue at home as a lecturer, and also as the conductor of a singular school for young children. Among its many peculiarities was that of carrying "moral suasion" to such lengths, as a solitary means of discipline, that the master occasionally publicly submitted to the castigation earned by a refractory urchin, probably by way of reaching the latter's moral sense through shame or pity. This was, doubtless, rather interesting to the pupils, whether or not it was corrective. Mr. Alcott's peculiarities did not stop here, however, and Boston parents, when he began to publish the *Colloquies on the Gospels* which he held with their children, concluded, on the evidence thus furnished, that his thought was too "advanced" to make it prudent to trust them longer to his care. Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, since so well known as an expositor of the Kindergarten system, had been his assistant. She wrote a *Record of Mr. Alcott's School* which attracted the attention of a small band of educational enthusiasts in England. They gave the name of "Alcott House" to a school of their own at Ham, near London, and hoped for great things from the personal advice and presence of the "Concord Plato." He was petted and fêted among them pretty nearly to the top of his bent; but his visit would have proved a more unalloyed success if the hard Scotch sense of Carlyle, to whom Emerson had recommended him, had not so quickly dubbed his vaunted depths deceptive shallows.

On his return he was accompanied by two Englishmen who seemed to be like-minded with himself, a Mr. H. G. Wright,

and Mr. Charles Lane, both of whom returned within a year or two to their own country, wiser and perhaps sadder men. Lane, at all events, who was a simple and candid soul for whom Isaac Hecker conceived a long-enduring friendship, sunk all his private means irrevocably in the futile attempt to establish Fruitlands on a solid basis. To use his own words in a letter now at our hand, though referring to another of Mr. Alcott's schemes, his little fortune was "buried in the same grave of flowery rhetoric in which so many other notions have been deposited."

Lying before us there is an epistle—Mr. Alcott's most ordinary written communications with his friends must have demanded that term in preference to anything less stately—in which he has described his own ideal of what life at Fruitlands ought to be. No directer way of conveying to our readers a notion of his peculiar faculty of seeming to say something of singular importance occurs to us, than that of giving it entire. Though found among Father Hecker's papers, it was not addressed to him but to one of his most-valued Brook Farm associates:

"*Concord, Mass., February* 15, 1843.—DEAR FRIEND: In reply to your letter of the 12th, I have to say that as until the snow leaves the ground clear, the Family cannot so much as look for a locality (which then may not readily be found), it seems premature to talk of the conditions on which any association may be formed.

"Nevertheless, as human progress is a universally interesting subject, I have much pleasure in communicating with you on the question of the general conditions most conducive to that end.

"I have no belief in associations of human beings for the purpose of making themselves happy by means of improved outward arrangements alone, as the fountains of happiness are within, and are opened to us as we are preharmonized or consociated with the Universal Spirit. This is the one condition needful for happy association amongst men. And this condition is attained by the surrender of all individual or selfish gratification—a complete willingness to be moulded by Divinity. This, as men now are, of course involves self-renunciation and retrenchment; and in enumerating the hindrances which debar us from happiness, we shall be drawn to consider, in the first place, ourselves; and to entertain practically the question, Are we prepared for the giving up all, and taking refuge in Love as an unfailing Providence? A faith and reliance as large as this seems needful to insure us against disappointment. The entrance to Paradise is still through the strait gate and narrow way of self-denial. Eden's avenue is yet guarded by the fiery-sworded cherubim, and humility and charity are the credentials for admission. Unless well armed with valor and patience, we must continue in the old and much-

trodden broad way, and take share of the penalties paid by all who walk thereon.

"The conditions for one are conditions for all. Hence there can be no parley with the tempter, no private pleas for self-indulgence, no leaning on the broken reed of circumstances.

"It is not for us to prescribe conditions; these are prescribed on our natures, our state of being—and the best we can do, if disqualified, is either to attain an amended character, or to relinquish all hopes of securing felicity.

"Our purposes, as far as we know them at present, are briefly these:

"First, to obtain the free use of a spot of land adequate by our own labor to our support; including, of course, a convenient plain house, and offices, wood-lot, garden, and orchard.

"Secondly, to live independently of foreign aids by being sufficiently elevated to procure all articles for subsistence in the productions of the spot, under a regimen of healthful labor and recreation; with benignity towards all creatures, human and inferior; with beauty and refinement in all economies; and the purest charity throughout our demeanor.

"Should this kind of life attract parties towards us—individuals of like aims and issues—that state of being itself determines the law of association; and the particular mode may be spoken of more definitely as individual cases may arise; but, in no case, could inferior ends compromise the principles laid down.

"Doubtless such a household, with our library, our services and manner of life, may attract young men and women, possibly also families with children, desirous of access to the channels and fountain of wisdom and purity; and we are not without hope that Providence will use us progressively for beneficial effects in the great work of human regeneration, and the restoration of the highest life on earth.

"With the humane wish that yourself and little ones may be led to confide in providential Love,

"I am, dear friend, very truly yours,

"A. Bronson Alcott."

It must be admitted that there is something delightful in the *naïveté* of this undertaking to be "sufficiently elevated to live independently of foreign aids," after first getting "the *free use* of a spot of land, . . . including, *of course*, a convenient plain house, and offices, wood-lot, garden, and orchard." Establishments which would tolerably approximate to this description, and to the really essential needs of its prospective founder, have long existed in every civilized community. There are certain restrictions placed upon their inmates, however, and Mr. Alcott's desire was to make sure of his basis of earthly supplies, while left entirely free to persuade himself that he had arrived at an eleva-

tion which made him independent of them. Still, though "a charlatan," it must not be forgotten that he was "an innocent" one. He was plainly born great in that way, and had no need to achieve greatness in it. As Father Hecker said of him long afterwards, "Diogenes and his tub would have been Alcott's ideal if he had carried it out. But he never carried it out." Diogenes himself, it may be supposed, had his ideal included a family and an audience as well as a tub, might finally have come to hold that the finding of the latter was a mere detail, which could be entrusted indifferently to either of the two former or to both combined. Somebody once described Fruitlands as a place where Mr. Alcott looked benign and talked philosophy, while Mrs. Alcott and the children did the work. Still, to look benign is a good deal for a man to do persistently in an adverse world, indifferent for the most part to the charms of "divine philosophy," and Mr. Alcott persevered in that exercise until his latest day. "He was unquestionably one of those who like to sit upon a platform," wrote, at the time of his death, one who knew Alcott well, "and he may have liked to feel that his venerable aspect had the effect of a benediction." But with this mild criticism, censure of him is well-nigh exhausted. There was nothing of the Patriarch of Bleeding Heart Yard about him except that "venerable aspect," for which nature was responsible, and not he.

Fruitlands was the caricature of Brook Farm. Just as the fanatic is the caricature of the true reformer, so was Alcott the caricature of Ripley. This is not meant as disparaging either Alcott's sincerity or his intelligence, but to affirm that he lacked judgment, that he miscalculated means and ends, that he jumped from theory to practice without a moment's interval, preferred to be guided by instinct rather than by processes of reasoning, and deemed this to be the philosopher's way.

In the memoranda of private conversations with Father Hecker we find several references to Mr. Alcott. The first bears date February 4, 1882, and occurs in a conversation ranging over the whole of his experience between his first and second departures from home. We give it as it stands:

"Fruitlands was very different from Brook Farm—far more ascetic."

"You didn't like it?"

"Yes; but they did not begin to satisfy me. I said to them: 'If you had the Eternal here, all right. I would be with you.'"

"Had they no notion of the hereafter?"

"No; nothing definite. Their idea was human perfection. They set out to demonstrate what man can do in the way of the supremacy of the spiritual over the animal. 'All right,' I said, 'I agree with you fully. I admire your asceticism; it is nothing new to me; I have practised it a long time myself. If you can get the Everlasting out of my mind, I'm yours. But I know' (here Father Hecker thumped the table at his bedside) 'that I am going to live for ever.'"

"What did Alcott say when you left?"

"He went to Lane and said, 'Well, Hecker has flunked out. He hadn't the courage to persevere. He's a coward.' But Lane said, 'No; you're mistaken. Hecker's right. He wanted more than we had to give him.'"

Mr. Alcott's death in 1888 was the occasion of the reminiscences which follow:

"*March* 5, 1888.—Bronson Alcott dead! I saw him coming from Rochester on the cars. I had been a Catholic missionary for I don't know how many years. We sat together. 'Father Hecker,' said he, 'why can't you make a Catholic of me?' 'Too much rust here,' said I, clapping him on the knee. He got very angry because I said that was the obstacle. I never saw him angry at any other time. He was too proud.

"But he was a great natural man. He was faithful to pure, natural conscience. His virtues came from that. He never had any virtue beyond what a good pagan has. He never aimed at anything more, nor claimed to. He maintained that to be all.

"I don't believe he ever prayed. Whom could he pray to? Was not Bronson Alcott the greatest of all?"

"Did he believe in God?"

"Not the God that we know. He believed in the Bronson Alcott God. He was his own God."

"You say he was Emerson's master: what do you mean by that?"

"He taught Emerson. He began life as a pedler. The Yankee pedler was Emerson's master. Whatever principles Emerson had, Alcott gave him. And Emerson was a good pupil; he was faithful to his master to the end.

"When did I know him first? Hard to remember. He was the head of Fruitlands, as Ripley was of Brook Farm. They were entirely different men. Diogenes and his tub would have been Alcott's ideal if he had carried it out. But he never carried it out. Ripley's ideal would have been Epictetus.

Ripley would have taken with him the good things of this life; Alcott would have rejected them all."

"How did he receive you at Fruitlands?"

"Very kindly, but from mixed and selfish motives. I suspected he wanted me because he thought I would bring money to the community. Lane was entirely unselfish.

"Alcott was a man of no great intellectual gifts or acquirements. His knowledge came chiefly from experience and instinct. He had an insinuating and persuasive way with him—he must have been an ideal pedler."

"What if he had been a Catholic, and thoroughly sanctified?"

"He could have been nothing but a hermit like those of the fourth century—he was naturally and constitutionally so odd. Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau were three consecrated cranks: rather be crank than president. All the cranks look up to them."

Beside these later reminiscences we shall now place the contemporary record of his impressions made by Isaac Hecker while at Fruitlands. Our first extract, however, was written at Brook Farm, a few days before going thither:

"*July* 7, 1843.—I go to Mr. Alcott's next Tuesday, if nothing happens. I have had three pairs of coarse pants and a coat made for me. It is my intention to commence work as soon as I get there. I will gradually simplify my dress without making any sudden difference, although it would be easier to make a radical and thorough change at once than piece by piece. But this will be a lesson in patient perseverance to me. All our difficulties should be looked at in such a light as to improve and elevate our minds.

"I can hardly prevent myself from saying how much I shall miss the company of those whom I love and associate with here. But I must go. I am called with a stronger voice. This is a different trial from any I have ever had. I have had that of leaving kindred, but now I have that of leaving those whom I love from affinity. If I wished to live a life the most gratifying to me, and in agreeable company, I certainly would remain here. Here are refining amusements, cultivated persons—and one whom I have not spoken of, one who is too much to me to speak of, one who would leave all for me. Alas! him I must leave to go."

In this final sentence, as it now stands in the diary and as we

have transcribed it, occurs one of those efforts of which we have spoken, to obliterate the traces of this early attachment. "Him" was originally written "her," but the *r* has been lengthened to an *m*, and the *e* dotted, both with a care which overshot their mark by an almost imperceptible hair's-breadth. If the nature of this attachment were not so evident from other sources, we should have left such passages unquoted; fearing lest they might be misunderstood. As it is, the light they cast seems to us to throw up into fuller proportions the kind and extent of the renunciations to which Isaac Hecker was called before he had arrived at any clear view of the end to which they tended.

"*Fruitlands, July* 12.—Last evening I arrived here. After tea I went out in the fields and raked hay for an hour in company with the persons here. We returned and had a conversation on Clothing. Some very fine things were said by Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane. In most of their thoughts I coincide; they are the same which of late have much occupied my mind. Alcott said that to Emerson the world was a lecture-room, to Brownson a rostrum.

"This morning after breakfast a conversation was held on Friendship and its laws and conditions. Mr. Alcott placed Innocence first; Larned, Thoughtfulness; I, Seriousness; Lane, Fidelity.

"*July* 13.—This morning after breakfast there was held a conversation on The Highest Aim. Mr. Alcott said it was Integrity; I, Harmonic being; Lane, Progressive being; Larned, Annihilation of self; Bower, Repulsion of the evil in us. Then there was a confession of the obstacles which prevent us from attaining the highest aim. Mine was the doubt whether the light *is* light; not the want of will to follow, or the sight to see."

"*July* 17.—I cannot understand what it is that leads me, or what I am after. Being is incomprehensible.

"What shall I be led to? Is there a being whom I may marry and who would be the means of opening my eyes? Sometimes I think so—but it appears impossible. Why should others tell me that it is so, and will be so, in an unconscious way, as Larned did on Sunday last, and as others have before him? Will I be led home? It strikes me these people here, Alcott and Lane, will be a great deal to me. I do not know but they may be what I am looking for, or the answer to that in me which is asking.

"Can I say it? I believe it should be said. Here I cannot end. They are too near me; they do not awaken in me that sense of their high superiority which would keep me here to be bettered, to be elevated. They have much, very much. I desire Mr. Alcott's strength of self-denial, and the unselfishness of Mr. Lane in money matters. In both these they are far my superiors. I would be meek, humble, and sit at their feet that I might be as they are. They do not understand me, but if I am what my consciousness, my heart, lead me to feel—if I am not deceived—why then I can wait. Yes, patiently wait. Is not this the first time since I have been here that I have recovered myself? Do I not feel that I have something to receive here, to add to, to increase my highest life, which I have never felt anywhere else?

"Is this sufficient to keep me here? If I can prophesy, I must say no. I feel that it will not fill my capacity. O God! strengthen my resolution. Let me not waver, and continue my life. But I am sinful. Oh, forgive my sins! What shall I do, O Lord! that they may be blotted out? Lord, could I only blot them from my memory, nothing would be too great or too much."

"*July* 18.—I have thought of my family this afternoon, and the happiness and love with which I might return to them. To leave them, to give up the thought of living with them again—can I entertain that idea? Still, I cannot conceive how I can engage in business, share the practices, and indulge myself with the food and garmenture (*sic*) of our home and city. To return home, were it possible for me, would most probably not only stop my progress, but put me back.

"It is useless for me to speculate upon my future. Put dependence on the spirit which leads me, be faithful to it; work, and leave results to God. If the question should be asked me, whether I would give up my kindred and business and follow out this spirit-life, or return and enjoy them both, I could not hesitate a moment, for they would not compare—there would be no room for choice. What I do I must do, for it is not I that do it; it is the spirit. What that spirit may be is a question I cannot answer. What it leads me to do will be the only evidence of its character. I feel as impersonal as a stranger to it. I ask, Who are you? Where are you going to take me? Why me? Why not some one else? I stand amazed, astonished to see myself. Alas! I cry, who am I and what does this mean? and I am lost in wonder."

"*Saturday, July* 21.—Yesterday, after supper, a conversation took place between Mr. Alcott, Mr. Lane, and myself; the subject was my position with regard to my family, my duty, and my position here. Mr. Alcott asked for my first impressions as regards the hindrances I have noted since coming here. I told him candidly they were: 1st, his want of frankness; 2d, his disposition to separateness rather than win co-operators with the aims in his own mind; 3d, his family, who prevent his immediate plans of reformation; 4th, the fact that this place has very little fruit on it, while it was and is their desire that fruit should be the principal part of their diet; 5th, my fear that they have too decided a tendency toward literature and writing for the prosperity and success of their enterprise.

"My relations with my family are very critical at this period —more so than they have ever been. It is the crisis of the state we have been in for this past year. If God gives me strength to be true to the spirit, it is very doubtful how far those at home will be willing to second it. I have written them a letter asking for their own aims and views of life, and I am anxious for their answer. The question of returning is not a wilful one with me, for it is the spirit which guides me. If it can live there, I go back. If not, I am governed and must follow where it leads, wherever that may be."

The letter referred to in this entry of the diary is too long, and covers too much ground already traversed, to be quoted in full, but it contains some striking passages. It was written at Fruitlands, July 17, '43. After inquiring with his customary directness what are their aims in life and what they are doing to attain them, he goes on to say:

"Although the idea or aim which each one aspires toward and tries to realize will be colored by his own peculiar tendencies, still, in substance, in practice, they will agree if they are inspired by the self-same spirit."

Here we have the practical good sense which reined in and directed Isaac Hecker throughout his life, making it finally impossible for him not to see and recognize the visible Church, notwithstanding his mystical tendency, his want of thorough education, and his birthright of heresy.

Again he writes:

"There are all the natural ties why we should not be separated, and no reasons why we should, unless there exists such a wide difference in the aims we seek to realize that it

would be injurious or impossible for us to live in family, in unity, in love. I do not believe this difference exists, but if it does, and we are conscious of being led by a higher spirit than our own, we should and would sacrifice all that hinders us from the divine calling. That demands implicit, uncompromising obedience. It speaks in the tone of high authority. The dead must bury their dead. That which offends it must be got rid of at all costs, be it wife, parents, children, brothers, sisters, or our own eye or hand. I do not contemplate a sacrifice of either of these; still, it is well to consider whether, if such a demand should be made of us, we are in such a state of mind that we would be willing to give one or all up, if they should stand in the way of our progress toward God. . . .

"If you desire to continue the way of life you *have* and do *now* lead, be plain, frank, and so express yourselves explicitly. If not, and you have any desire or intention in your minds to alter or make a radical change in your external circumstances for the sake of a higher, better mode of life, be equally open, and let me know all your thoughts and aspirations which are struggling for expression, for real life. . . .

. "We have labored together in union for material wealth; can we now labor in the same way for spiritual wealth? If there are sufficient points of accord in us in this higher life, we must come together and live in harmony. Since my departure from home there has been a change in my mind, or, perhaps more truly, a sudden and rapid growth in a certain direction, the germs of which you must have heretofore perceived in my conduct and life. On the other hand, I suppose there has been a progress in your minds, and I feel that the time has arrived when we should see where we are, so that we may either come together or separate. Our future relation cannot be a wilful one. It must be based on a unity of spirit, for the social, the humane instincts cannot bind us together any longer. . . . Have we the spiritual as well as the natural brotherhood? this is the question which deeply concerns us now. . . . I do not know what the spirit has done for you since my departure. If it has led you as it has led me, there is no reason why I should be amongst strangers by birth, although not altogether strangers in love . . . Think seriously upon your answer. Act true. Life is to me of serious import, and I feel called upon to give up all that hinders me from following this import wherever it may lead. But do not let this influence you in your judgments. We have but a short life to live here, and

I would offer mine to some worthy end: this is all I desire. My health is very good. I am still at Fruitlands, and will remain here until something further happens. Accept my deepest love."

While waiting for an answer to this letter, the diary shows how continuously Isaac's mind was working over this problem of a final separation from his kindred. It seems probable that it was, on the whole, the deepest emotional one that he had to solve. Both filial duty and natural affection were strong sentiments with him. One notices in these letters how courteous and urbane is the tone he uses, even when insisting most on the necessity which lies upon him to cut all the ties which bind him. This was a family trait. In a letter written to us last September in answer to a question, Mr. Charles A. Dana incidentally refers to a visit he paid Isaac Hecker at his mother's house. "It was a very interesting family," he writes, "and the cordiality and sweetness of the relations which prevailed in it impressed me very greatly."

The entry we are about to quote opens with an odd echo from a certain school of mysticism with which Isaac about this time became familiar:

"*July* 22, 1843.—Man requires a new birth—the birth of the feminine in him.

"The question arises in my mind whether it is necessary for me to require the concurrence of my brothers in the views of life which now appear to demand of me their actualization.

"Can I not adopt simple garmenture and diet without their doing so? Must I needs have their concurrence? Can I not leave results to themselves? If my life is purer than that of those around me, can I not trust to its own simple influence?

"But if there is a great difference of spirit, can we live together? Does not like seek like? In money matters things must certainly be other than they have been. We must agree that no accounts shall be kept between ourselves, let the consequences be what they may. I would rather suffer evils from a dependence on the spirit of love than permit that of selfishness to exist between us. I ask not a cent above what will supply my immediate, necessary wants. . . They may demand ten times more than I, and it would be a happiness to me to see them use it, even if I thought they used it wrongfully. All the check I would be willing to employ would be that of love and mutual good feeling. If I remain as I now am, I shall require

very little, and that little would be spent for the benefit and help of others.

"*July* 23.—I will go home, be true to the spirit with the help of God, and wait for further light and strength. . . . I feel that I cannot live at this place as I would. This is not the place for my soul. . . My life is not theirs. They have been the means of giving me much light on myself, but I feel I would live and progress more in a different atmosphere."

On the 25th of July Isaac finally departed from Fruitlands, and after remaining for a few days at Brook Farm, he returned to his home in New York. Before following him thither, it may be well to give at once such further references to this period of his life as are contained in the memoranda. The following extract is undated:

"*À propos* of Emerson's death, Father Hecker said: 'I knew him well. When I resolved to become a Catholic I was boarding at the house of Henry Thoreau's mother, a stone's-throw from Emerson's at Concord.'"

"What did Thoreau say about it?"

"'What's the use of your joining the Catholic Church? Can't you get along without hanging to her skirts?' I suppose Emerson found it out from Thoreau, so he tried his best to get me out of the notion. He invited me to tea with him, and he kept leading up to the subject and I leading away from it. The next day he asked me to drive over with him to the Shakers, some fifteen miles. We stayed over night, and all the way there and back he was fishing for my reasons, with the plain purpose of dissuading me, Then Alcott and he arranged matters so that they cornered me in a sort of interview, and Alcott frankly developed the subject. I finally said, 'Mr. Alcott, I deny your inquisitorial right in this matter,' and so they let it drop. One day, however, I was walking along the road and Emerson joined me. Presently he said, 'Mr. Hecker, I suppose it was the art, the architecture, and so on in the Catholic Church which led you to her?' 'No,' said I; 'but it was what caused all that.' I was the first to break the Transcendental camp. Brownson came some time after me.

"Years later, during the war, I went to Concord to lecture, and wanted Emerson to help me get a hall. He refused.

"Alcott promised that he would, but he did not, and I think Emerson dissuaded him. After a time, however, a priest, a church, and a congregation of some six or seven hundred Catholics

grew up in Concord, and I was invited to lecture, and I went. The pastor attended another station that Sunday, and I said the Mass and meant to give a homily by way of sermon. But as I was going to the altar, all vested for the Mass, two men came into my soul: one, the man who lived in that village in former years, a blind man, groping about for light, a soul with every problem unsolved; the other a man full of light, with every problem solved, the universe and the reason of his existence known as they actually are. Well, there were those two men in my soul. I had to get rid of them, so I preached them off to the people. Some wept, some laughed, all were deeply moved. That night came the lecture. It rained pitchforks and pineapples, but the hall, a large one, was completely filled. Multitudes of Yankees were there. Emerson was absent, but Alcott was present. I had my lecture all cut and dried. 'Why I became a Catholic' was the subject. But as I was about to begin, up came those two men again, and for the life of me I couldn't help firing them off at the audience, and with remarkable effect. Next day I met Emerson in the street and we had a little talk together. None of those men are comfortable in conversation with an intelligent Catholic. He avoided my square look, and actually kept turning to avoid my eyes until he had quite turned round! Such men, confronted with actual, certain convictions are exceedingly uncomfortable. They feel in subjection to you. They cannot bear the steadfast glance of a man of certain principles any better than a dog can the look of his master. Like a dog, they turn away the head and show signs of uneasiness."

From the memoranda, also, we take this reminiscence of George Ripley, the man whom Father Hecker loved best of all the Transcendental party:

"*January* 23, 1885.—Seeing my perplexity at Brook Farm, George Ripley said, 'Mr. Hecker, do you think we have not got true religion? If you think so, say so. If you have views you think true, and which we ought to have, let us hear them.' I answered, 'No; I haven't the truth, but I am trying to get it. If I ever succeed, you will hear from me. If I don't, you never will. I am not going to teach before I am certain myself. I will not add myself to the list of humbugs.'

"Ripley was a great man; a wonderful man. But he was a complete failure. I loved him dearly, and he knew it, and he loved me; I know well he did. When I came back a Redemptorist from Europe, I went to see him at the *Tribune* office

He asked me, 'Can you do all that any Catholic priest can do?' 'Yes.' 'Then I will send for you when I am drawing towards my end.'

"Indeed, if one could have gone to Ripley, at any time in his later years, and said, 'You will never return again to the society of men,' and persuaded him it was true, he would have said at once, 'Send for Father Hecker or some other Catholic priest.' I am persuaded that the fear of facing his friends hindered George Ripley from becoming a Catholic. He sent for me when taken down by his last illness, but his message was not delivered. As soon as I heard that he was ill I hastened to his bedside, but his mind was gone and I could do nothing for him."

And now, having given so fully such of his own impressions as remain of the persons and places which helped to shape Father Hecker in early manhood, we will terminate the record of this period with two letters, one from each community, which were written him soon after his return to New York. No words of our own could show so well the hearty affection and implicit trust which he awakened and returned:

"*Brook Farm, September* 18, 1843.—My dear Friend: I was rejoiced to hear from you, though you wrote too short a letter. Your beautiful fruit, enough to convert the direst sceptic to Grahamism, together with the pearled wheat, arrived safely, although a few days too late to be in perfectly good order. We distributed them to all and singular, men, women, and children, who discussed them with great interest, I assure you; many, no doubt, with silent wishes that no good or beautiful thing might ever be wanting to you. I am glad to learn that you are so happy in New York, that you find so much in your own mind to compensate for the evils of a city environment, and that your aspirations are not quenched by the sight of the huge disorders that daily surround you. I hardly dare to think that my own faith or hope would be strong enough to reconcile me to a return to common society. I should pine like an imprisoned bird, and I fear I should grow blind to the visions of loveliness and glory which the future promises to humanity. I long for action which shall realize the prophecies, fulfil the Apocalypse, bring the new Jerusalem down from heaven to earth, and collect the faithful into a true and holy brotherhood. To attain this consummation so devoutly to be wished, I would eat no flesh, I would drink no wine while the world lasted. I would become as devoted an ascetic as yourself, my dear Isaac. But to what end is all speculation, all dreaming, all questioning, but to advance humanity, to bring forward the manifestation of the Son of God?

Oh, for men who feel this idea burning into their bones! When shall we see them? And without them, what will be phalanxes, groups and series, attractive industry, and all the sublime words of modern reforms?

"When will you come back to Brook Farm? Can you do without us? Can we do without you? But do not come as an amateur, a self-perfectionizer, an æsthetic self-seeker, willing to suck the orange of Association dry and throw away the peel. Oh! that you would come as one of us, to work in the faith of a divine idea, to toil in loneliness and tears for the sake of the kingdom which God may build up by our hands. All here, that is, all our old central members, feel more and more the spirit of devotedness, the thirst to do or die, for the cause we have at heart. We do not distrust Providence. We cannot believe that what we have gained here of spiritual progress will be lost through want of material resources. At present, however, we are in great straits. We hardly dare to provide the means of keeping warm in our pleasant nest this winter.

"Just look at our case. With property amounting to $30,000, the want of two or three thousands fetters us and may kill us. That sum would free us from pecuniary embarrassment, and for want of that we work daily with fetters on our limbs. Are there not five men in New York City who would dare to venture $200 each in the cause of social reform, without being assured of a Phalanx for themselves and their children for ever? Alas! I know not. We are willing to traverse the wilderness forty years; we ask no grapes of Eshcol for ourselves; we do not claim a fair abode in the promised land; but what can we do, with neither quails nor manna, with raiment waxing old, and shoes bursting from our feet?

"Forgive me, my dear Isaac, for speaking so much about ourselves. But what else should I speak of? And who more sympathizing with our movement than yourself?

"Do not be surprised at receiving this letter so long after date. Not less than four times have I begun it, and as often have been interrupted. Pray write me now and then. Your words are always sweet and pleasant to my soul. Believe me, ever yours truly, GEORGE RIPLEY."

"*Harvard, Mass., November* 11, 1843.—DEAR FRIEND: Your kind letter of the 1st came duly to hand, and we are making arrangements to enjoy the benefit of your healthful bequest.

"Please to accept thanks for your sympathy and the reports of persons and things in your circle. They have interested me much, but I am about to make you the most incongruous return conceivable. For pleasure almost unqualified which you have conferred on me, I fear I shall trouble you with painful relations; in return for a barrel of superfine wholesome wheat-meal, I am going to submit to you a peck of troubles. Out of as many of these

as you lovingly and freely can, you may assist me; but, of course, you will understand that I feel I have no claim upon you. On the contrary, indeed, I see that I run the hazard of forfeiting your valued friendship by thus obtruding my pecuniary concerns into our hitherto loftier communings. You know it to be a sentiment of mine that these affairs should never be obtruded between æsthetic friends, but what can one do in extremity but to unburden candidly to the generous?

"When I bought this place, instead of paying the whole $1,800, as I wished, $300 of my money went to pay old debts with which I ought to have had nothing to do; and Mrs. Alcott's brother, Samuel J. May, joined his name to a note for $300, to be paid by instalments in two years. And now that the first instalment is due, he sends me word that he declines paying it. As all my cash has been expended in buying and keeping up the affair, I am left in a precarious position, out of which I do not see the way without some loveful aid, and to you I venture freely to submit my feelings. Above all things I should like to discharge at once this $300 note, as unless that is done the place must, I fear, fall back into individuality and the idea be suspended. Now, if as much cash is loose in your pocket, or that of some wealthy friend, there shall be parted off as much of the land as will secure its return, from the crops alone, in a few years; or, I would sell a piece until I can redeem it; or, I would meet the loan in any other secure way, if I can but secure the land from the demon usury. This mode seems to me the *most* desirable. But I could get along with the instalment of $75, and would offer like security in proportion. Or, if you can do it yourself, and would prefer the library as a pledge, you shall select such books as will suit your own reading and would cover your advance in cash any day you choose to put them up to auction, if I should fail to redeem them. Or, I would give my notes of hand that I could meet by sales of produce or of land. If I had the benefit of your personal counsel, we could contrive something between us, I am sure, but I have no such aid about me. The difficulty in itself is really light, but to me, under present circumstances, is quite formidable. If at your earliest convenience you acquaint me with your mind, you will much oblige.

"I have another trouble of a personal nature. I suffer already this winter from the inclemency of the weather, so much that my hands are so chapped that I can scarcely hold the pen. If I could find employment in a more southern position that would support me and the boy, and leave a little to be applied to the common good, I would undertake it. I think I could at the same time be of some mental and moral service to the people where I might be located.

"Another trouble. Young William has been very ill for the

last month, brought on, I believe, by excessive work. He is still very weak, and has not sat up for three weeks.

"All these, besides sundry slighter plagues, coming upon me at once, have perhaps a little disconcerted my nerves, and the advice and assistance of a generous friend at such a juncture would be indeed serviceable. If the journey were not so long and so costly I would ask you to come. Be assured that whatever may be your decision in any of these relations, my esteem for you cannot be thereby diminished. My only fear is that such encroachments on your good nature will reduce your estimation of, dear friend, yours most sincerely,

CHARLES LANE.

"Regards to the Doctor and all friends. The Shakers have kindly inquired for you, and they still take much interest in our life. Have you seen the last *Dial?* The *Present* is good, but surely not good enough. I hope to write a more universal letter in response to your next, for which I wait."

Poor Lane, failing to find any equally confiding and generous friend to shoulder with him the personal debts of the founder of Fruitlands, was compelled at last to let the farm "lapse into individuality" and to see "the idea suspended." In his next and "more universal letter" he announces that the experiment is ended in consequence of Mrs. Alcott's refusal to remain on the place through the winter. Lane went over to the neighboring Shaker community, and from there to England, where Father Hecker met him during his own residence at Clapham, after his ordination. His letters followed Father Hecker for several years, and breathe always the same unselfishness, the same simple trust in human goodness, and the same fondness for speculations on "the universal."

PROHIBITION AND CATHOLICS.

THERE is an aspect of the liquor problem which friends of the temperance cause do not sufficiently insist upon, and which enemies of the reform purposely overlook. Prohibition of saloons, as here in the United States and at the present day they are managed, is an entirely different thing from prohibiting the sale and manufacture of drink. In other words, every saloon in the country might be shut up, and the sale and manufacture of drink go on in such a way that every reasonable call for it could be supplied. I would, moreover, include the use of liquor as a beverage under the head of "a reasonable call"; so that, although there would be no such dram-shops as we now have, yet drink, strong and mild, would be sold not only for medicinal and scientific purposes, but also for the more ordinary use to which it is put.

And why would I thus do away with our American saloon-system. For the powerful reason that, as it is conducted, it is an illicit, a morally bad business. "That is Manicheism!" you exclaim with hands raised up. No, it is not. I defy a schoolman to detect a tinge of heresy in the proposition's complexion; nay, I will give reason why *he* should support the assertion. What is the saloon, *hic et nunc*, as it is with us? The institution which induces men to drink immoderately, to drink for the mere pleasure of drinking. Drinking, moreover, is held in leash by the ethical code which restrains all animal appetites: "*Precat qui agit propter solam delectationem. Ratio est quia ille agit inordinate, pervertens ordinem verum ab Auctore naturæ institutum. . . In naturalibus autem est delectatio propter operationem, et non e converso*"* (Gury, vol. i. n. 28). And this principle, which makes drunkenness sinful, illegitimates, *servato moderamine*, taking even one glass of whiskey for mere gratification.

In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June, 1889, the present saloon-system was indicted as damnable on three counts: 1st. The saloon as known in the United States is a proximate occasion of sin to the saloon-keeper himself; 2d. As now carried

* "He that acts from a motive of mere pleasure, sins. The reason is because he acts inordinately, perverting the order of things ordained by the Author of nature. . . For, by nature the pleasure is for the sake of the act, and not the act for the sake of the pleasure."

on it is an organized temptation; 3d. It is inimical to the public weal. These counts were demonstrated by methods Catholic thinkers recognize as sound. Not one of the arguments given has been invalidated; so my thesis cannot be anathematized. A grave difficulty it is, though, that Prohibition, in whatever sense restricted under the tutelage of the conglomeration known as the Third Party, has been made objectionable to Catholics. Conservative orthodox writers, with good reason, warn their brethren "to beware of the extreme views and fanatical tenets" of the political association which lays down Prohibition as the king beam of its platform. What is objectionable about it?

In the first place, its partnerships are, or have been until very recently, unfortunate. One can understand that a man can hold strong views on socialism, or woman-suffrage, or land-ownership, or the currency problem; nobody would dream of disputing his freedom to do so. If, however, a reform is proposed, for instance in regard to the ballot, and I am a believer and active agent in the cause, it does not follow that I approve the views of my radical neighbor outside of this particular question. Should he, then, in "zeal for his fellow-man," so fix things that I cannot act in the ballot-reform without at the same time voting for his other isms, the chances are I will give up the whole business, ballot-reform along with the rest, thoroughly disgusted that my freeman's rights have been interfered with, inasmuch as I could not do what I wanted, and had a right, to do, without doing what I did not wish to. One need not be deemed as opposed to other reforms because he wishes the temperance cause to stand alone; far from it. Nevertheless it can easily be that an earnest advocate of temperance is not a woman-suffragist, and a labor-reformer must not necessarily be a communist. And when a party is organized to bring about a legal enactment which will give efficient expression to the people's persuasion that such or such an abuse must be done away with, then that organization's courses should not be altered, or its gait impeded by unnecessary and not acceptable burdens. Such a fate has been that of the Third Party. One plank in the building weakens another; not because they are unsound timbers, but for the reason that they will not dovetail, are of different dimensions and unlike materials. Let the truth be spoken: the standing army of crack-brained, visionary cranks, who here in America take up with every fad—free-love, anarchism, etc., etc. (you cannot mention an absurdity

which they will not insert in their creed)—barnacled themselves to this movement shortly after its launching; and there was a time when the barnacles appeared to control the vessel's steering apparatus.

Such is a fair statement of what has been one of Prohibition's objectionable features. Evidently it is not essential to the reform, and can be done away with without the least damage to the great principle, "The present saloon system must be abolished."

A second way in which the temperance reform suffers damage is kindred to this—namely, its authoritative propagators meddle with matters not of their sphere. For instance, the *per se*, necessary immorality of making or selling liquor to be used as a beverage. What has this to do with them? Practical reform identifies itself with morals only in the here-and-now aspect: Is the saloon in America a public nuisance and menace? As to the *in se* and *per se* branch of the controversy, that belongs to dialecticians. Nevertheless the party *will* burn its fingers with such intermeddling. No later than April of last year the Rev. Thomas Conaty, an earnest advocate of total abstinence, felt called upon to object to the prohibitory amendment proposed in the State of Massachusetts on these, among other, grounds: "I believe it to be wrong in principle as good morals. . . . The use of intoxicating drink is not an evil in itself. It becomes such to those who abuse it, and against this abuse, as against those who produce it, society can and must legislate, but only inasmuch as it is necessary to protect the State. . . . The fact that some men, or even many men, use stimulants to excess does not make the manufacture and sale of them an evil in themselves."

Owing to this grave error, prohibitionists have left themselves open to the charge, which Americans can least bear, of violating personal rights, since, unless it be granted that selling and drinking liquor is *in se* and *per se* immoral, they deprive the virtuous for the sake of punishing the vicious. This climbing over other people's fences and strutting about in fields not their own, on the part of aggressive temperance proselyters, is the main cause of the ill-success and ridicule which is the Third Party's lot; and this also supplies timid men with objections to advocating or taking up with prohibition in any sense of the term. And men generally will not have to do with what their common sense repels. The assumption that the sale or manufacture of any

amount or kind of intoxicating drink is a crime is repellent to common sense.

Suppose these propositions be dropped from the temperance litany, will vital considerations be sacrificed? By no means, for they are excrescences, unnatural growths, not inherent defects. The thesis, "The present saloon system is illicit, a public menace, and must go," remains whole and intact whether selling or drinking rum be *in se* wrong or not; whether the abuse does outweigh the use of alcohol or not; whether "long-haired men and short-haired women" belong to the institution whose constitution and by-laws are summed up in the axiom just enunciated or not; and I ask pardon, but for the sake of emphasis it is well to repeat—*this* principle it was which *de facto* begat prohibition as a broad measure of reform, and this is all-sufficient for its continued existence.

Now I come to a leading query: Do Catholics bear themselves in the most commendable way in regard to temperance reform? Suppose that many reformers do say that the manufacture and sale of liquor is in itself wrong (of course, the vast majority assert nothing of the kind), does this settle the matter absolutely and irrevocably? Is the proposed reform the only one which has had fanaticism as an accompaniment? Because Flagellantes went to extremes in the use of leather whips, thorny sticks, and knotted ropes did the church forbid penitential practices? In truth, the movement I am discussing is in merely a formative state; experience alone can mould and give it enduring character. Listen to a parable: A child was born, say in Jericho, of doubtful parents, and after birth fell into bad hands. As the weaning time approached it waxed strong. However, an evil genius presided over its nurturing. It had the possibilities of a Jekyl or of a Hyde, but circumstances promised that the latter would obtain the mastery. Nay, more, ere long it showed itself to be actually possessed. But good people came by that way, saw the child, and realized its certainly harmful future unless its ways were changed, the evil genius banished, good influences brought to bear upon it. What did they? Curse it as a heretical brat, hound it on account of what it had been brought to be by others, and finally compass its violent death? On the contrary, they won over the little one, exorcised it, treated it as one of their own; and the child's ways mended, so that it grew to a noble manhood, became an instrument for well-doing, and nobly repaid its benefactors.

Apply the parable, remembering that parable-fashion it exaggerates; for temperance reform has not been thus cursed: a Catholic priest's work had something to do in bringing about the conception of it even as prohibition, and Christian men have rocked and are now rocking its cradle.

Why should not we, then, have part in educating and safeguarding the child, in order that it may in time to come enjoy a well-balanced majority?

Ah! but, have I not been begging the question from the start? Is it true that the principle I have been insisting upon is the actual basis of the present prohibitory movement? Bishop Spalding of Peoria sees the proposed reforms of our times as they are. Here is the way in which he answers: "In fact, one great question that is going to be forced into politics—we may sneer at it now, but it is going to come—is the question of Prohibition. Mark my words: the saloon in America has become a public nuisance. The liquor trade, by meddling with politics and corrupting politics, has become a menace and a danger. Those who think, and those who love America, and those who love liberty are going to bring this moral question into politics more and more." To Bishop Spalding, "the question of prohibition" and the statement "the saloon in America has become a public nuisance" evidently explain one another.

But suppose this idea is not the fundamental notion on which the more active movers in the reform base their action, should this fact frighten us off from all agitation for statutory temperance reform? Not if Archbishop Ireland's words contain good counsel:

"The tendencies and movements of the age which affright the timid are providential opportunities, opening the way for us to glorious victory. That modern ideas and movements are under all their aspects deserving of approval, I am far from asserting. . . . And yet how much there is in them that is grand and good! The good is the substantial, the primary movement; the bad is but the accident, the misdirection of the movement. The movement bubbles up from the deepest recesses of humanity. As it parts from its source its tendency is upward: it makes for the elevation of the race, the betterment of the multitude, the extension of man's empire over nature. . . . The greatest epoch of human history, if we except that which witnessed the coming of God upon earth, is with us, and wisdom and energy on our part will make the church the supreme mistress of the epoch. . . . We should speak to our age—of things it feels, and in language it understands. We should be in it, and of it, if we would have its ear. . . . Into the arena, I repeat, and do the work before us in this age and this country, caring not for the olden customs of the dead, or for sharp criticisms from the living—fighting at every point for justice and perseverance."

We have a glorious opportunity of putting this advice into practice in the temperance cause. We have hold of the principle which *should* be the basis of temperance agitation; let us go into the struggle and make it such. Right-thinking men the country over can be induced to put their shoulders to the wheel if they but hear it intelligently discussed, especially if made to see that the main object of life is not to escape expressing themselves on subjects they wish to keep clear of, or of avoiding the narrowing any man's personal rights—these may easily be secured—but solely of suppressing intemperance and getting rid of the blighting influence the saloon system of to-day exercises upon our personal, moral, and political weal. *These* works all good citizens will agree in pushing forward. As Catholics, whatever our party affiliations may be, it is our business to place ourselves in the vanguard—working with might and main to suppress the saloon by every lawful means. This does not necessarily mean that the individual is to join one or another political party; but it means that he will use what his common sense tells him are the most efficacious weapons for obtaining victory. The important point is that every Catholic be actively engaged in the fray. What right have we to constitute a dignified reserve corps, which may never be called on to go into action? Will it be our lot to grumble because we may not control *after* the victory, when we have done none of the fighting to win it? This was never the fashion of our fathers, and it must not be ours. They wore their laurels because they won them; in like manner must we, unless we prefer to go crownless.

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ANOTHER WORD ON CHILDREN'S READING.

DESPITE the wise, brilliant, and practical things that have been said on the subject, it is an indisputable truth that nine children out of every ten do not receive the special training demanded by the wants of their peculiar natural bent. As a class they are profoundly misunderstood. Few parents, teachers, guardians are clear-eyed or pure-hearted enough to comprehend the child-nature. Grown people are absorbed in their own interests, amusements, occupations. They are pressed and hurried by weight of business, learning, philanthropy, home and social duties. The attitude of many good people towards children is often that described in Adelaide Procter's beautiful verses called *A Student:*

> "Over an ancient scroll I bent,
> Steeping my soul in wise content,
> Nor paused a moment save to chide
> A low voice whispering at my side."

In the majority of well-to-do families (the children of the very poor are too sorrowful a problem to be here discussed) children are regarded from the wholly ornamental or wholly useful point of view. It is a case of "little Lord Fauntleroy" *vs.* "the Marchioness." It would be hard to decide whether a child is more injured by constant posing or by being made to fetch and carry from morning till night. The fact that a child is amenable to reason and common sense is seldom considered. Enforcement of the easily-comprehended idea of duty is apt to be aided by the pin-pricks of nagging. The intensity and impressionableness of childhood are often forgotten. Never should they be more strictly borne in mind than when the choosing of juvenile literature is in question.

For children, much more than for their elders, books are like living presences. Whatever explanation be given of the psychological phenomena of the attractive or repellent action of one mind upon another, the simple fact remains that contact with some persons brings out in us all that is good and healthful, while contact with others develops all the unhealthfulness that may be latent within us. Over children especially books, as well as people, hold this power. In spite of the outpourings of egoistic sense and nonsense that have lately been the fashion,

under the titles *Books that have Helped Me* or *Books that have Hindered Me*, the majority of parents have refused to see the blessings extended to them in the form of these lists, and still continue to provide for their children's spiritual and mental pabulum the best illustrated or best advertised juvenile periodicals of the day. The opportunities of Christmas and birthday celebrations are still taken advantage of to accumulate, for the benefit of the younger members of the family, choice series of "Elsie" or "Mildred Keith" books. Fortunately for the rising generation, that youth whose perfections have often awakened the first murderous desire in many young breasts has gone out of fashion. "The Rollo books" are no longer in vogue. If we could say the same of the "Elsie" and "Mildred" and dozens of other juvenile series of the same ranting, canting, hypocritical sort, it would be with a profound *Deo gratias*. Prigs and snobs will be plentiful indeed on our free American soil if the influence of a great part of the juvenile literature of the day bear its due fruit.

A child's reading should be chosen with the sole view of developing breadth and strength and health of character. Whatever it consists of, it should be like a magical broom, called Sunshine, sweeping away the cobwebs of moodiness and broodiness and listlessness from heart and soul. Cobwebs may be very beautiful when the morning dew sparkles like diamond dust upon them, but the old tale of the princess whose escape from the enchanted tower was barred and prevented by tangles of cobwebs has its moral still. Dreamy-eyed children *must* be given literature, duties, occupations that will teach the blessedness of action. Then their dreaminess will become a happy belief in life's ideals. Otherwise dreamy children, left to themselves or controlled by unhealthy influences, are almost certain to become morbid men and women. Dreaminess, which we are apt to think so beautiful a thing in the blue-eyed, golden-haired boy or girl, is generally an excellent foundation for melancholia and hypochondria.

The first book to which children should be accustomed is the Bible. Notwithstanding its obscurities, and due care being had to avoid contact with what would scandalize unknowing innocence, the Bible is at once the simplest and most delightful of books. It is the one only book of which it can be said that God is the author. The oldest book, the most eloquent, the most intensely interesting of books is the Bible. The daily reading in childhood of a few verses in the Gospels or in the Psalms will do much to

make religion a matter of books throughout life, something quite a necessity in our day.

Every healthy child—and none need be other—has an intense love and curiosity for realities. Let it be gratified by judicious selections from that delightful field of reading, well-written biography. Show children, also, the realities of history—*not* as portrayed by Dickens or the compilers of most of the juvenile histories. Give the boy or girl who loves history *The Story of Ireland*, as told by the late A. M. Sullivan; Agnes Strickland's *Lives;* the works of the late S. Hubert Burke; above all, the rich gleanings from the field of Catholic American history which we owe to the learning and tireless labors of John Gilmary Shea.

It is a mistake to suppose that children have no feeling for good literature. The editor of a first-class juvenile periodical, recently established, neither betokens a knowledge of child-nature nor prophesies lasting success for his venture, despite its illustrations and the imposing array of prominent names among his contributors, when he accompanies a request for contributions with a printed list of rules for the guidance of his contributors' style and thoughts. It is not dwarfed, or pruned, or padded, or made-over style and thoughts that children most enjoy. Few of them lack that instinct of appreciation of excellence in many kinds which, properly developed, will make the broad-minded, truly cultured man or woman who, like Edmund Burke, like Lady Georgiana Fullerton, is "endlessly interested in everything."

No one who understands them will disagree with me in saying that children are not inappreciative of true poetry. Let any mother who would like to try the experiment, and who possesses excellent judgment, fine patience, *and* "a sweet, low voice," read aloud, now and then, to her little ones a few verses from some musical, simple, true poet. The chances are many that her lads and lasses, when they have grown into manhood and womanhood, will find an intense pleasure in the form and soul of Aubrey de Vere's poetry, of Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*.

If novels are given to children—and, in moderation, it is very desirable they should be—let it be only the humanest and healthiest class of fiction that is put into their hands. Let Dickens be their friend. He can never be to the man and woman what he is to the boy and girl. Let the children laugh over *Pickwick Papers* and cry over *Old Curiosity Shop* to their hearts' content; let them grow terrified and breathless over

Dickens's masterpiece, *A Tale of Two Cities*. Give them *Fabiola*, *Callista*, *Dion and the Sybils*, those Catholic gems that glisten upon the dark robe of the first Christian centuries. Teach them to read and admire all the works of Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Mrs. Craven. Make them acquainted with *Ben Hur* and its author's almost equally fine work, *The Fair God*. Give them that perfect story, *Lorna Doone*, to read and re-read until its manly hero, John Ridd, of brawn and heart equally well tempered, has builded his earnestness and simplicity upon the masonry of character that they are daily raising. There is another story I should want to see as well thumbed as *Lorna Doone*. The most untutored boy of ten would have an honest consciousness of the grandeur of character displayed by the hero of John Boyle O'Reilly's fascinating *Moondyne*. Such books as these can hurt no child, although it is very true that what may be an abiding help for one may be a hindrance, almost a mortal harm, for another. Never in a child's trusting fingers can *doubtful* literature be honestly or conscientiously placed, for so pure is a child's mind that a breath can tarnish its shining mirror; so pure is it, also, that much impurity becomes spotless gold in its glowing alembic. Whether the doubtful book will leave an ineffaceable tarnish upon that beautiful mirror, or will become, through that wondrous alembic, purged of all its dross, is a question that can only be answered by being left unanswered.

If the evidence of two generations of young people be prophetic of the future, it is safe to say that Sir Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper will continue to be as important episodes in every boy's and girl's career as P. T. Barnum's "great moral show." Stories of war and adventure are almost certain to be liked by children. Stevenson's marvellous story-telling cannot hurt them, nor W. Clarke Russell's sea-stories, nor Jules Verne's science-winged flights of imagination. These romances cannot harm, and they may lead, later on, to a deeper interest in the real marvels of science and discovery. Better still would it be to give children a living interest in the living heroes of to-day. Teach them to hear the restless throbbing of the pulses of the great world around them. Tell them who the men are that lead the forlorn hopes of to-day which to-morrow may be among the *faits accomplis*. Set the children's minds in an attitude of veneration for the heroes of our Republic. Let the names of Gladstone, of Parnell, of William O'Brien be something more to them than words without other interest or mean-

ing than notoriety. It would be an easy matter to inspire children with lively interest in Stanley, in Cardinal Lavigerie's African slave crusade, in that noblest hero of all, the leper-priest of Molokai. Stories of saints, living or dead, enkindle more quickly than almost anything else the juvenile imagination. Every one knows this who has ever tried relating to a group of little ones, in lieu of a fairy tale, some simple legend of the saints, or who has read to them the beautiful sketches comprising the series of *Patron Saints*, by that charming and elegant writer, Eliza Allen Starr.

Cultivate a child's sense of humor, and let fun play as important a part in his reading as it should in his life. The vulgarities and bigotries of Mark Twain and Bill Nye should never be put in juvenile hands, but they might be given Marshall P. Wilder, Burdette, Eugene Field, Anstey—the delicious fun of whose *Vice Versa* appeals to everybody—the exquisite drolleries of Stockton, the writings of a multitude of Irish authors—chief among them being Gerald Griffin.

Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* are truly beautiful books, and funny enough for any child, while they will teach how to admire, later on, the great artist in words, whose prime merit was, unfortunately, not cheerfulness. There are other wonder books, collections of fairy stories, that are worth giving to any child: Hans Andersen's *Tales*, for instance, or the various collections of folk-lore of different countries that are so easily obtainable nowadays. *The Arabian Nights* may not be healthful reading for every child, but I doubt if many could derive injury from it. I have in mind a certain bright, sensible, sunshiny woman—who is too useful and fine a character to be described by any mere string of epithets—the happiest hours of whose childhood were spent in a dusty, lumber-heaped attic, bending over an old worm-eaten chest in which, amidst rubbish of various sorts, a torn old volume of *The Arabian Nights* had been one day discovered. Hers was a good Catholic household, in which very little fiction—even the fiction within reach of ordinary people thirty or forty years ago—was tolerated. In those days even the excellent Rollo and his most excellent parents, and that type of all wisdom and virtue, Jonas, "the hired man," had not yet come into existence. Mrs. Whitney's New England types of youthful prigism were not then extant. Neither Horatio Alger nor Oliver Optic had begun to study, in what we all, I am sure, at one time considered that pre-eminently skilful fashion, the boy and girl of the street-arab genus.

Forty years ago the American child, of good Catholic parentage, was in a lamentable plight regarding literary culture. The little girl who made the lucky find of Arabian marvels had had no literature opened to her before but Maria Edgeworth's writings and a particularly fossilized edition of the *Lives of the Saints*. Many a delightful hour she spent in the enjoyment of the forbidden fruit, that wrought no harm to her pure spirit and gave the first vivifying touch to her strong and sensitive imagination. Cold and heat were alike to her there, the mice scampered by her unheeded, while, with flushed cheeks, glowing eyes, and rumpled curls, she lived, in fancy, in the wonderful days—that never were—of good Haroun Alraschid.

There is very little literature especially written for children that is of much value. The *Tales from Shakespeare*, however, is a treasure-book to every child. In arranging it Charles and Mary Lamb followed the right principle, that nothing high or noble which can be opened to them should remain closed to children. It is to them many children are indebted when the immortal bard of Avon becomes to them more than a mere name associated chiefly with the managers of first-class theatrical stars. The best distinctively juvenile literature that has ever been written is that bearing the signature of Louisa May Alcott. From her healthy, true, and sensible stories every boy and girl can get both profit and keenest pleasure. Knowing the realness which *Little Women* and *Little Men*, and all the accompanying group of stories, have in youthful American eyes, I think it would be a wise thing for every mother to put in her children's hands the *Life* of the friend of so many girls and boys. It was published not many months ago, and is a vivid, realistic, humorous book. None of our little people can afford to be ignorant of the "real" career of that believer in realities, Louisa May Alcott, who needed but one gift—living Catholic faith—to have been a truly ideal woman.

The poverty of Catholic juvenile literature is very well shown by consulting the list recently issued by the Columbian Reading Union. It comprises very few names, though among them are the honored ones of Sadlier, Dorsey, Mulholland, Mary Catherine Crowley—a new and clever writer who deserves more than a passing notice—and that always fascinating writer, Maurice Francis Egan. The advocates of Catholic literature for children must remember the difficulties that have heretofore handicapped Catholic author and publisher. Let us be content to give children good literature, leaving its Catholicity for the leaven

of its spirit, not the label of its cover. Taking everything into consideration, the excellence of our juvenile periodicals must be admitted. If they have not the extent and attractiveness of *Harper's Young People* or the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, it is not the fault of publisher or contributor, but of (non) subscriber. Catholic and all other writers for children must remember that the maker of juvenile literature should oftener look *up* than *down* to his audience.

One thing is certain: a child's enjoyment of literature, even the trashiest kind, is beautiful in its earnest simplicity. Enjoyment for a child means so much! In his hour of pleasure there is never the half-drawn sigh, the suppressed irritation, the looking back upon cares that were, the looking forward to cares that will be, which must always, consciously or not, characterize his elder relations. Therefore would I argue, give children, in literature, in music, in all things, only the *best*. Through their reading, as through all intimate influences brought to bear upon them, teach them the immeasurable value of life, of work, of kindness. It is so easy for a child to get those warped and distorted notions of God's fair world and the dwellers therein which end in an unconquerable cynicism and indifference, that too much care cannot be taken to spare him such wrong-headedness and wrong-heartedness. It should be the constant care of those who have charge over them, to give into the youngest hands literature that will awaken thought and enthusiasm, that will teach children to see things in their true proportions; recognizing what life may be made, let them see, with Father Faber, that "in God's wide world there is no room for sin, no provision for sorrow, not a corner for unhappiness."

Marie Louise Sandrock.

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THE SPIRIT AND THE VOICE.

AMONG the riddles which have never been read, and which Science and Philosophy never tire of putting to one another, is the riddle of thought and speech. Did this power take precedence of that, or came they together into the field? Can either exist alone, and to what extent?

Ordinary, unscientific folk, who lump the geneses into one chapter with but a passing notice for that which was without form and void, are content to take the facts of expression as they find them. Why do we shout and weep and sing, make pictures and carve images? Are we equal in heirship of the power, or is Mother Nature another Mother Rachel, favoring her Jacobs at the expense of her Esaus? These questions are curious enough for ordinary folk, caring not a straw for the man of Neanderthal. To such folk this paper, by one of their number, is addressed.

Archytas, the old Pythagorean, used to say the sight of the universe from the sky might be uninteresting, but the telling about it to a friend would surely be delightful. Two thousand years have not robbed the saying of its savor. Experiences are still of value as they furnish matter for talk. Who has not travelled to tell of it? Or consoled himself for an uncomfortable situation by thinking what a capital story he can make of it afterwards? The school-girl believes that a secret is made to be told; her mother, the gossip, is of the same opinion. The misanthrope inevitably reserves one man out of the many to whom he may relate his hatred for the rest. The first faint whimper with which little Ego meets the world may be due to reflex action, but from that time on he cries to be heard.

Singular correlate of the desire, no one understands him! His tongue wags one way when he bids it wag another. Or, setting up for a wit, a sage, he plays at logomachy with his words, shaking them together for those who care to pick out the meaning. Or, poor soul, he passes through a Babel, an Exodus, and remains for ever after in a state of bewilderment.

In a recent magazine story these difficulties were all removed for the hero, who was cast away on an island of mind-readers, understood by them, and, in time, understanding them, spared the confusing media of expression. To a first glance the vision

appears beatific; to a second, full of *ennui*. Centuries of opposition have produced and nourished a belligerent spirit which is impatient of easier conditions. Complain as we may of the "unutterabilities in which we are cased," we do not really crave their removal.

There is a hindrance, however, which should be frowned upon and fought. I refer to the announcement of certain would-be prophets, physiognomists so-called, who publish, forsooth, the significance of our eyebrows, the hidden policies of our nose, the morals of our chin, so that we are discouraged at the outset from trying to express anything more than what our ancestors have written upon us. If the start is favorable, well and good, although it is odd to think of a man's living up to the capabilities of his whiskers or of his length of limb. If it is unfavorable, alas! for the unlucky wight whose light eyes proclaim him untruthful in his most honest glances, or whose thin lips betray his lack of fervor while they open to protest the contrary!

The physiognomists cannot silence us. They are as helpless in that respect as are our own mistakes or the misapprehensions of others. Stammering, halting, on we go, as hopefully as if we had not failed again and again, and were not doomed to further failure. The extent to which we are comprehended remains the crucial test. Our friends are ours because we fancy that they understand us. Our enemies would hate us less, we fondly believe, if they would not persist in reading us wrong.

This does not explain spontaneous artistic utterance, careless of recognition, reckless of effect. Argument, discourse, description arise from the desire to be understood; poetry, music, and art have another origin. Their source is one with that of the mysterious fountain which mingles sweet waters and bitter, laughter and sorrow. So the full heart seeks relief.

"She must weep or she will die," said her maidens of the warrior's widow. "By God, it is in me and must go forth of me," quoth the old painter.

The sense of fulness from which we must be freed accounts, moreover, for our gratitude towards those who utter our thought for us.

It is said: What matter if we were not the mouth-piece. We have striven for years to get it out; with what relief we hear it uttered even by another. "Hurrah," we cry, and throw up our caps. "It is said, at last, this thing which lay like a burden on my conscience. I will exult over this man's success, for it is my own. I will lift him up on my shoulders, lay gifts at his feet."

So leaders are made, who bring us out of the Egypt of dumbness, the darkness and bondage. And they, longing to experience again the relief of artistic utterance, seek again the fulness which precedes and occasions it. Milton steeping himself to the lips in music before he spoke; Fra Angelico praying himself into an ecstasy and then taking up the brush; Mendelssohn drinking the fragrance of flowers that he might dream of arpeggios and appoggiatura—these are occasional instances of the submission of the vessel to the fluid. The stimulus of brotherhood avails much. The demand of sympathy creates a supply otherwise unyielded. Somehow, somewhere, each finds what he needs.

There is a graceful fancy among the many legends haunting the pipe and the string: that for every soul a keynote exists, and, when it sounds, compels an overtone from the listener to whom it belongs, an *Adsum* to its gentle call. Until statistics are brought forward to corroborate it, we are at liberty to reject the theory as a theory. As an allegory its truth is plain. We have a keynote. A chance blow upon it sets us throbbing. We discover, in a trice, the undeveloped poet, artist, or musician that we are. The affair may go no farther; it need not for the confirmation of the belief in our own powers. One hears his note in silence, and another in the din of crowded streets. What is delightful to one would jar on another like an angry threat. For one the note sounds under sunny skies and in his youth; another waits until his hair is white, and soberly listens amid gray twilights in a land of many storms. There is no direction by which any one may find his own note. Yet, surely, it exists! We are all potential artists—poets—as we all possess tear-ducts and the *articularis* muscle.

There is an air of magic about the power of expression. Now it translates color into sound, so that through the ears of the listener his eyes are opened; and sound into words, so that the words of a song take wings and flit after it. Again, it changes any one of these into the grave simplicity of sculptured forms. "There was a sculptor, who saw the Dawn and felt its stillnesses. He made a statue which he called Phosporus. And they who looked on it forthwith became silent." Better yet, and no less wonderful, is the magic which turns a tearful destiny into that which makes a sad world smile, and untimely laughter into that which makes a mocking world weep. Probe to the root of the rarest humor, and, lo, it fed on heartaches! Follow the weeping prophet, and you meet the objects of his sorrow laughing like idiots amid their unconscious tragedies.

With the ability to utilize antagonisms—making sorrow another lens for the eye, turning the discords of fatality into the harmonies of Fate—expression, like a conscious god, is content to bide its time. I saw a pretty sight, once, in a remote village street. An organ-grinder had stopped under the swinging elms and all the children in the neighborhood had flocked after him. Among them was a baby-girl not over two years old. The experience was a new one for her. With wide-open eyes she listened to the first "piece," a dragging, dirge-like bit from a recent opera. The corners of her mouth drooped; she seemed on the verge of tears. Suddenly the music shifted to a gay, old-fashioned jig. Presto! the baby picked up her petticoats and stepped out bravely in a *bona fide* dance, her tiny feet marking every note with accuracy. The children fell back astonished. Baby had never seen any one do this thing; where did she get it? The old Italian muttered some unintelligible words of delight, and played on for the pleasure of watching her. And on she went, with him, until the wave of music left her stranded. But it was done. Some hidden strain of Celtic blood, uncooled by Puritan currents, had again found an outlet, and the world would never be quite the same again.

Said Lord Chesterfield to his son: "If you love music, go to the opera and hear it; but I insist on your neither piping nor fiddling yourself." The boy must translate into *des manières* the grace and dignity of the musician's notes. So it goes: we take what we will and translate as we can, but take we must and translate we must what we have taken. Every living creature has the instinct, as every heart beats. This is the throb of the world's pulse, that by which it exists and endures, the systole and diastole of impression and expression. Dichter, *Ποιητής*, author, creator we call him who takes most and gives most, confessing thus that the most human of qualities is also the most divine.

The Greeks were wise enough to have an adjective "unutterable"; they acknowledged that some ideas are beyond the reach of form. We make no such concession. If there is no word to serve a demand, somebody invents one. Slang, the usurper, is ever ready for new worlds where he may set up his harlequin banner. There is nothing in heaven or earth undreamed of by the Sunday newspaper or beyond the reach of its loquacity. But, sometimes an uncomfortable consciousness is ours that we are borne upon the vehicle of many words away from the ideas they profess to approach.

When early artists would depict the Saviour, they took their subjects from the hospital and the lazar-house, trying, in their awkwardness, to say there is more of spirit than of body here. The ghastly results are of value chiefly as symbols of that which more recent art fails somehow to express. For art, like language, wanders from accuracy in elaborate detail.

The naked symbol carries more of truth. With the suddenness of a gesture, arresting the attention and holding it, it gives its warning, its command, its good news. Yet, all its ghostly superstructure of significance rests upon it as upon a corner-stone. The *dare manus* of the Romans, the attitude of submission and supplication, is in the clasped and uplifted hands of prayer. The cross holds all the subtle meanings which marked its development from a pagan emblem of physical life to a Christian emblem of immortality.

The symbol, after all, is the alpha and omega of expression. The savage makes use of it from poverty of resource, and the savant returns to it after learning how inadequate is all the wealth of form he has acquired. Words are a human invention. The fire leaping skyward is a joyous messenger borrowed from the gods. Flash of color, reverberation of sound, were taught by those Titans, the elements.

But this borrowing from the ultra-human brings questionings. What mean these symbols in the language to which they actually belong? Like children making guesses on the contents of a book whose pictures they have seen, men bewilder themselves with conjectures about the fugitive signs.

"The birds write unseen words of warning with their wings," declares the soothsayer.

"There is an unscored music of the winds and the waves," affirms the poet.

And they who look for signs of a divine Personality, believe that every sight of beauty and every sound is an expression of beneficent Love.

ALICE WARD BAILEY.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

TWO books having the same general theme, though treating it in widely different manners and from opposite points of view, have reached us at the same time: Père Monsabré's conferences on *Marriage* (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers), and Count Tolstoï's *Kreutzer Sonata* (Boston: Benj. R. Tucker). Mr. Tucker has been Tolstoï's translator as well as his publisher. The French sermons have been done into excellent English by M. Hopper.

Each of these authors is a man aspiring to be the teacher of a high morality; each is the apostle of what signifies Christianity to him. The one is a French Dominican who for many years has preached the Lenten discourses at Notre Dame, Paris, in such a way as to carry on worthily the tradition of Lacordaire and Ravignan. He addresses himself in these conferences to men reared in the true Christian and apostolic doctrine; to men, moreover, who belong to the French upper or well-to-do middle classes, whose customs in marriage, besides being based on the old and solid ground occupied in common by Catholic peoples, have the still further distinction of their national peculiarities with regard to what might be called the running-gear of family life. Their ordinary ways and habits of thought on the subject differ more or less from those of English or American men of the same general class. In speaking to them, Père Monsabré's care has been to bring out clearly the fundamental teaching with which he supposes them already familiar. He emphasizes its sound philosophy almost as a condition of its orthodoxy. He has great confidence in the instructed reason of his audience, providing they will let it rule them. His fear is lest passion and self-indulgence may lead them so to compromise with conscience as to seek to mitigate the rigors of Christian marriage by legalizing divorce. He scarcely touches the question from the woman's point of view; at all events, from that of the modern, non-Catholic woman. And as things go in England and America, the two countries where, above all others, marriage daily becomes a more burning question, every one is aware that it is also a question in which men are ceasing to have more than an equivalently weighty voice.

Many things have tended to bring about this result, but the two factors most important in it we take to be the lessening

hold of the Christian tradition on consciences trained outside of Catholicity, and the greater freedom conferred on women, both married and single, by their forced competition with men in the struggle for the means of life. They learn self-reliance while laboring for their own support, and they learn something more than that in laboring for that of their families. One has but to watch current literature to see that the view of women concerning their own status and the conduct of life, is changing. Perhaps it would be truer to say that it has long been changing in a slow but half-perceptible fashion, while now it has reached a point where the turn is obvious and patent.

The factors have not been quite the same in France, where a certain equality of privileges has always existed alongside of a recognized code of duties. The Frenchwoman, protected in her family life, on one hand by her own faith, and on the other by legislation originally based upon the faith of her nation, has not so often been forced to learn the easy lessons deduced by natural reason from the theories called Darwinian. Conduct in her circle is based on principle ; there is a standard by which aberrations can be measured. And that is so distinctly an advantage to society at large, that the legislation which seeks to abrogate it can only be characterized as short-sighted, even from the purely natural point of view.

The author of *The Kreutzer Sonata* is a Greek schismatic by training, a Christian of his own school by development. For centuries the Greek Church, which once taught the strict Catholic doctrine concerning the indissoluble character of Christian marriage, has implicitly denied it by permitting divorce with liberty to remarry to the innocent party in the case of adultery. No stream vitiated at its source continues to run pure. Count Tolstoï professes in this latest of his novels to describe a state of things which exists among the wealthier classes of his countrymen, men who, as he says, have ceased to believe in marriage as "something sacramental, a sacrament binding before God." Marriages have existed and do exist, he affirms, for those who build upon that old foundation, but for his own class, who have lost the intellectual basis which Christian faith supplies to Christian morals, they are "only hypocrisy and violence." If he has not in this instance lost the close hold on realities for which he has hitherto been chiefly praised, Tolstoï must be admitted to describe a condition of domestic life which a sentence from Père Monsabré's conference on Divorce would fit exactly. The preacher is warning his hearers of certain inevitable consequences which follow from abandoning the religious conception of marriage, its

duties and its ends. He says: "The domestic hearths will become only courtyards and kennels; and in the race formed by the decay inaugurated by divorce, marriage will only be defined as the union of male and female for the propagation of animals formerly called the human species." What the preacher predicts as possible for France, the novelist describes as actual in Russia.

The Russian, take him by and large, at all events as he appears in the books written by his countrymen, is perhaps at best half a savage—without religion he seems to be a whole one, though with a veneer of civilization. Tolstoï is himself a wild man who places his dissecting table at the street-corner. It remains a dissecting table, nevertheless, in spite of its position. There are reasons which must occur to those in whose way it comes to read this novel as a matter of duty, why many men who have admired Tolstoï hitherto, and who still admire books very much worse than this, both by reason of their motive and because of the literary charm which they throw over a mass of intentional vileness, should grow squeamish over *The Kreutzer Sonata* and seek to cast it into the limbo of books unreadable. We know, indeed, of no reason why it should not be debarred from the general reader. It will not amuse, it cannot please, it would be better that it should not instruct. The dissecting table is for surgeons; the street-corner is not its place. Yet Tolstoï has laid open a real cancer; its stench is sickening. The trouble is that having exposed it he cannot cut it out. When a people who have once been Christian have lost their faith and sunk into semi-civilized savagery, they must endure the penalties of a second fall of man—greater than the first by so much as the grace of Calvary was greater than that of Eden. One says Russia; but in this sense Russia stands for a vaster space than is enclosed between its geographical boundaries.

As pleasant a novel as we have read for many a day is Molly Elliot Seawell's *Throckmorton*. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) It is sparkling, cheerful, entertaining, and if it can hardly be said to have a moral or to teach any lesson, its sentiment is healthy none the less. What the author describes as a Virginian prejudice against divorce may possibly, in its existing stage, be not much more than that, but it is the outcome of something better, and it still does duty as a breakwater against the advancing tide which has swept away so many desirable social possessions from other parts of the country.

The scene of the story is laid in Virginia; the time is a few years later than the termination of the civil war. People are still mourning everywhere the loss of their kindred and their

possessions. When Major Throckmorton returns to his native Severn, hoping to renew in middle life the pleasant relations he formed there in his youth, he finds that to have remained true to the allegiance he swore on entering the regular army was an offence unpardonable in the eyes of his early friends. They regard the scruple of honor which kept him true to the nation as treason against his native State. He is a pariah; he is put under taboo; people barely recognize him at church, and his dearest friend, Mrs. Temple, is ready to visit upon him the responsibility for the death of her son, for whom she intends that herself and her household shall be wrapped endlessly in funereal gloom.

The Temple family are admirably well described, from the General down to Simon Peter, from Mrs. Temple to Delilah. Each has individuality, each has charm, all are comprehensible in their motives and their actions. Even little Miss Jacky, who "allus cotches de beaux" by a spell of which she is innocent and unconscious, and who is herself caught like a moth by the baleful flame of Temple Freke, belongs to the recognized order of things feminine. Judith is entirely admirable, and her little Beverley stands out with a distinctness which six-year-olds do not often attain in print. What is rarer in a woman's novel, the men are real men, not women in disguise. Altogether, the book is a delightfully taking picture of Virginian life, drawn by an observer with a sharp eye, a sound heart, and a ready and incisive pen. It is written in fluent, colloquial and unaffected English.

Mrs. Parsons' *Thomas Rileton: His Family and Friends* (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.) is a most affecting and pathetic story. In style it is plain to absolute simplicity, and gains its only color from the matter it encloses. It is an English tale, the hero being a miner, a fine, handsome, stalwart fellow, newly married when one makes his first acquaintance, but a blasted wreck of humanity long before one leaves him. The story of his passage from despair to the love of Jesus Christ, and from that to the knowledge of the true faith of Jesus Christ, is told in such a way that the very bareness and poverty of Mrs. Parsons' style come to assume almost the dimensions of premeditated and successful art.

Mr. Appleton Morgan furnishes to the series called "Fact and Theory Papers," published by N. D. C. Hodges (New York), an essay called *The Society and the "Fad,"* in which he makes prominent the distinction he perceives between the *raison d'être* of the Shakspere Society, of which he is president, and the

Browning Society, to which he would probably scorn to belong. The "young ladies' magazine picturesquely called *Poet Lore*," which furnished him the occasion for his essay, will doubtless feel complimented by the unexpected attention he has paid its coupling of Browning and Ibsen as "the only really dramatic authors of their century." Mr. Morgan has some true things to say concerning the student of Mr. Browning who "goes at him with pick and spade, just as a twenty-second century grammarian might do," but who ought to be aware that in doing so he "should not expect the yield he unearths to be any secret of his own century—anything not already his own property in common with Browning himself." "The student of Shakspere," he adds, at all events if he belong to the New York Shakspere Society, is not bent, like the Browning "faddist," on a mere study of expression, but is "an antiquarian who has limited his researches to the age in which the modern institutions we prize most—art, manners, letters, society, the common law which protects all these—were all springing to birth; of which institutions William Shakspere epitomized the very life, fibre, being." Mr. Morgan holds that Shakspere, having put his meaning into perfectly intelligible words, and his meaning having endeared and commended itself to successive generations, it is his *entourage* which needs study, and which gains it because of his already secure hold on the human heart. His opinion of Browning, as may be surmised, is not so flattering, but we incline to believe it not less just.

Dr. James M. Ludlow's interesting historical novel of the times of Scanderbeg, *The Captain of the Janizaries*, which was published four years ago by Dodd, Mead & Co., has been reissued in a new edition by Harper & Brothers (New York). It is both entertaining and instructive.

From Cassell's Publishing Co. (New York) come *Written in Red*, by Chas. Howard Montague and C. W. Dyar; *Vivier, of Vivier, Longman & Company, Bankers*, by W. C. Hudson, and two translations from the French, Théophile Gautier's *Juancho the Bull-Fighter*, and *An Artist's Honor*, by Octave Feuillet. Mrs. Benjamin Lewis is the translator of Gautier, E. P. Robins that of Feuillet, and both renderings are made into easy and correct English. The American novels belong to the class in which the detective flourishes in great force, and have no importance or interest as literature. *Juancho* is a study of the passion of love as it exists in the breast of a bull-fighter who is but slightly above the level of the beasts he torments in the ring. The book is intense but not offensive in a vulgar way; the heroine, Mili-

tona, is virtuous, and Juancho's love is hopeless. But it ends in suicide, the bull-fighter allowing a bull to impale him on its horn in the presence of Militona and her husband.

An Artist's Honor shows that the stream of Feuillet's invention is running very low. Perhaps it was never very copious. His strength—a great strength, too—lay in his power to express the very essence of passion, stripped almost entirely of its accidents. He seldom wasted words; he was guiltless of padding; his stories contained few characters, few incidents, but each told for all that it was worth. His books were not often healthy reading, although, so far as our personal knowledge of them goes, he was careful to avoid indecency, and, in honoring virtue, to trace it to its fountain-head in religious faith. In *The History of Sibyl* he produced a masterpiece, and in his novel of four or five years ago, *La Morte*, he once more threw all his strength into the effort to show the natural effect of the denial of God and immortality upon the character and actions of intellectual women. But in the book now before us there is nothing to be commended save the old skill of handling and of concentration. The motive is, perhaps, the same as ever, but the result is not to be commended. As usual, not only with Feuillet but with almost every French novelist of the day, the climax of certain woes is inevitably suicide, either disgrace or guilt leading the faithless soul as surely to that end as they would bring the faithful, though guilty one, to repentance and to hope.

Lucie's Mistake (New York: Worthington Co.) is another translation by Mrs. J. W. Davis from the German of W. Heimburg. Like its predecessors, it is healthful in sentiment, and will prove entertaining to young readers—especially if they have been kept as carefully as they should have been from more exciting forms of entertainment. The photogravure illustrations are very good.

From Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker (Boston) comes a second translation to which he puts his own name, *The Rag-Picker of Paris*, by Félix Pyat. The English of it is unlike that of his version of *The Kreutzer Sonata*, and we are unable to congratulate the translator upon his differing styles; or, for that matter, upon his selection of authors. *The Rag-Picker of Paris* is an extension of the well-known drama of the same name, and was made by Pyat shortly before his death. It is a book so bad as to have absolutely no redeeming features. A portrait of the author, with wild, half-insane eyes and the hollow cheeks of nervous wear and tear, fronts the title-page. So much sympathy we have for the proletariat of any people, that the socialist who is

sane, even though he seem to us not well-advised as to the best remedies for admitted evils, is sure of a sympathetic study from us. But Pyat was not merely a wild man, like Tolstoï; he was more like a once rational animal who had lost most of his rationality. To him there appeared to exist no virtue except among the very poor, and seldom any even there. Nothing was sacred to him except his own fantastic notions. Even for the Sisters of Charity he had a stone, while the priesthood, the church, and God himself were targets which he bedaubed with mud and filth. Mr. Tucker, if he will allow us to say so, seems to have the ability, and ought to have the sense, to be in better business than that of translating Félix Pyat. There is no good to be done for socialism by the publication of such rottenness as this.

But what, then, says the reader of the critical notices which appear as an advertisement of this novel, can have been the occasion or the motive of the praise bestowed on *The Rag-Picker of Paris* by such men as Heine and Sainte-Beuve? Their praise was bestowed on the drama, not on a novel which they never saw. The salient points of the play were such as fitted it perfectly for the melodramatic stage; it had the aid of great actors; it was adapted to the temper of an epoch at its culminating point. In a drama full of action great gaps are left to the imagination, which fills them with its own materials and in accordance with its own laws. When Pyat elaborated a novel from his successful play, he took the contract for these gaps himself, and he filled them indiscriminately with the refuse of Parisian sewers. Let him who doubts this, and has the stomach of a scavenger, trace at his leisure the career of Pyat's hero, Camille, whom he describes as having been kept pure and noble by his reverence for the memory of his mother, "a beautiful and good creature, a daughter of the French revolution," who had learned to read in *Émile*, broken with the Bible, and given her son a Roman name. For a chapter or two the reader is able to keep the illusion that Pyat intends to illustrate false principles by true morality, but he is speedily undeceived. Take the Mazdegran episode for a characteristic specimen of the honor and purity which Pyat extols. And as to Father Jean, the virtuous rag-picker, what havoc is wrought on such verisimilitude to nature as the drama gave him by these merciless pages which draw out the sketch to full proportions! He abandons drink, he slaves for twenty years in unselfish industry, in order to protect and aid the virtuous Marie; and to what purpose? His hands are as useless and his pockets as ill-lined in her behalf as though he still spent all his gains for brandy; he saves her at

last by trickery; he reaches the climax of unselfish virtue, as Pyat understands virtue, when he throws himself into the Seine to spare his adopted child, in her new riches, the shame of having a rag-picker for a friend. As far as details go, it is true there are many French novels still more offensive than this one, but for utter rottenness of conception, and thoroughly wrong-headed notions as to what makes for truth and purity, we do not know the equal of *The Rag-Picker of Paris.*

Mr. W. E. Henley's *Views and Reviews—Literature* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) have an entertaining quality which is somewhat out of proportion with the weight one attaches to the judgments they express. True, many of these brilliant little essays manage to evade a deliberate judgment on the authors they are concerned with. Mr. Henley's ordinary method is to condense in a few pungent sentences the opinions of those who unduly admire a novelist or poet; then, he sums up what the too censorious have to say about him, and finally endeavors to swing like an exhausted pendulum to the just middle between these two extremes. Ordinarily we find that our personal preferences go with him, but not always. Scales and balances, so necessary when one has weighing to do, must yet be changed to suit the different products which are to be weighed. The hay-scales are for hay, the apothecaries' weight for drugs. Why may not one swallow his Dickens almost whole, and yet have an unbounded stomach for his Thackeray? Why should even a Tory, in professing admiration for the Disraeli novels, find it essential to "'eave a 'alf brick" at Gladstone, standing inoffensive by? One would like to submit Mr. Henley to the penalty of reading, say *Endymion*, or even *Coningsby*, aloud to some other reviewer of kindred politics and equal discernment, as a test of Lord Beaconsfield's claims to consideration on the purely literary side. What yawns! what interchange of furtive smiles! The augurs bending solemn faces and crossing glances over the sacrificial entrails would be like it.

Mr. Henley is, nevertheless, not only a most readable writer, but an ordinarily trustworthy judge. Take the papers on Balzac and the elder Dumas, for instance. He is often so delicately true in his appreciations that one not only renders him the testimony of entire acquiescence concerning the author whom he is praising—and it is in praise that Mr. Henley, to his own praise be it spoken, is most felicitous—but longs to know how some chief favorite of one's own would fare at his hands. So it was that we came with great pleasure to the brief words in which, while writing of Austin Dobson, Mr. Henley found his only occasion

to rank Coventry Patmore. He has been praising Dobson for

"a certain artistic good breeding whose like is not common in these days. We have lost the secret of it: we are too eager to make the most of our little souls in art, and too ignorant to do the best by them; too egoistic and 'individual,' too clever and skilful and well informed, to be content with the completeness of simplicity. Even the Laureate was once addicted to glitter for glitter's sake; and with him to keep them in countenance there is a thousand minor poets whose 'little life' is merely a giving way to the necessities of what is after all a condition of intellectual impotence but poorly redeemed by a habit of artistic swagger. The singer of Dorothy and Beau Brocade is of another race. He is the 'co-mate and brother in exile' of Matthew Arnold and the poet of *The Unknown Eros*. Alone among modern English bards they stand upon that ancient way which is the best: attentive to the pleadings of the Classic Muse, heedful always to give such thoughts as they may breed no more than their due expression."

One finds this high praise even while reflecting that it might well have been more than a trifle higher. Has either Austin Dobson or Matthew Arnold, whatever the admitted perfection of their form, ever so completely crystallized sound and sense, high thought and deep feeling as Coventry Patmore has done in "The Toys," in "*Legem Tuam Dilexi*," in "The Day after To-morrow," and "Wind and Wave"?

We commend Mr. Henley's brief essay on George Eliot to the study of her more extravagant admirers. It leaves something to be said, of course, on the credit side, but, on the whole, the smile it causes is sympathetic. We quote its final paragraph, which Mr. Henley calls "Appreciations," though leaving his reader in some doubt as to how many of them he is personally responsible for:

"Epigrams are at best half-truths that look like whole ones. Here is a handful about George Eliot. It has been said of her book—('on several occasions')—that 'it is doubtful whether they are novels disguised as treatises, or treatises disguised as novels'; that 'while less romantic than Euclid's Elements, they are on the whole a great deal less improving reading'; and that 'they seem to have been dictated to a plain woman of genius by the ghost of David Hume.' Herself, too, has been variously described as 'An Apotheosis of Pupil-Teachery'; as 'George Sand *plus* Science and *minus* Sex'; as 'Pallas with prejudices and a corset'; as 'the fruit of a caprice of Apollo for the Differential Calculus.' The comparison of her admirable talent to 'not the imperial violin but the grand-ducal violoncello' seems suggestive and is not unkind."

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE GREEKS AT OUR DOOR."

It is told of a famous Virginian that he once called on a lady, who entertained him during his visit by recounting to him her efforts to obtain food and clothing to be sent to some distressed Greeks whose miseries the newspapers had dwelt upon at great length; and she further displayed her generosity by signifying her willingness to have her caller share in the good work by making a liberal contribution. When the gentleman bade her good-by upon her hospitable threshold his eye fell on a group of half-naked, hungry-looking slaves of hers who stood in the grove awaiting her orders.

"Madame," said the great man, pointing to them, "*the Greeks are at your door.*"

The circumstance and the speech have recurred to more than one of us when, after we had listened to some stirring appeal for aid for foreign missions or read some thrilling account of the work of devoted men in carrying the Gospel to the heathen, we chanced to glance out of our window and see passing by on the street ragged and degraded representatives of a race our ancestors brought from savagery, and for whom the light of Christianity has but shone in faint glimmerings.

Doubtless it is a meritorious and heroic thing to preach the saving truths of faith to those who "sit in darkness" in distant lands, nor is it devoid of that element of adventure and danger which lends a fascination to otherwise most arduous work; but meantime what are we doing for the Greeks at our door?

The negro question has occupied the attention of statesmen, has agitated politicians, has served as a hue and cry to keep alive sectional animosities and party-strife for well-nigh half a century, and is likely to continue to do the same for many a year to come. But serious and perplexing as is the problem in its civil and social aspect, there is another phase of it which must seem of vastly more importance to those who believe that in each one of these ignorant descendants of the African savage there dwells an immortal soul on which God himself has seen fit to impress his own image and likeness.

To us of the South it has seemed possible that the failure of the various Christian denominations to do any permanent and general work towards Christianizing the negro, may arise from their failure to understand the characteristics and needs of this puzzling factor in Southern life. The negro is intensely religious, and to their emotional and reverential minds nothing, if we may so phrase it, seems more natural than the supernatural. Their belief in an Almighty and all-pervading power is implicit, and they recognize in every phenomenon of nature some direct manifestation of an awful and mysterious being.

"Miss F.," said one of them to me in awe-struck tones during a recent thunder-storm, "what does you b'lieve 'bout dat lightnin'? Some fokeses says' de heat 'casions it, but doan you b'lieve it's de way Ole Marster has to show hisse'f to us? An' seem lak ter me it's er mighty gre't sin fer we all ter keep on workin' while de storm is on, 'ca'se it's same ez tellin' de Lawd we an't payin' him no 'tention."

The spirit world is around them, and they are constantly on the look-out for visitors from it; few of them who have not had personal communication with a "harnt." Even the lower animals are to their imaginations endowed with certain

human and often superhuman qualities; and Uncle Remus, in the well-known stories of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, believed more than half of the tales he told by his cabin-fire concerning the cunning and the scheming of "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox."

Nothing can exceed their reverence for the Bible except, perhaps, their misapprehension of it. As I write there rises before me the memory of an earnest little girl who aired her erudition and gratified her oratorical instincts by reading and expounding some chapter of Holy Writ to a circle of rapt and admiring listeners, whose dusky faces, full of emotion, and whose groans and sighs of assent and approval, might have furnished inspiration to a much less youthful preacher. But to an older mind the elation of such instruction would be swallowed up in the sadness which must come when one realizes that these blessed teachings of the Holy Spirit are taken as a license to sin and an encouragement of superstition to the majority of the colored people of the South.

They would have delighted the soul of Calvin himself by the views they hold concerning predestination. "Once on the elect bench, always there," the "converted" will tell you, and they will glory in their freedom under the blessed law of grace; yet their exercise of this liberty is of so peculiar a kind that whenever there is a great revival and plentiful getting of religion at one of their churches the white people in the neighborhood find it advisable to double-lock their chicken-coops, set nightly watchers to protect their water-melon "patches," and put spring-guns at their barn-doors.

Those who know the negroes best will agree in the statement that there are few of them who will not steal, especially articles of food and drink; fewer still who have any idea of the meaning of personal purity, and almost none who will not lie. That wholesome check which we call public opinion does not operate against these vices; a man who has been sent to the penitentiary or a woman who has given birth to illegitimate children loses no prestige among his or her associates. "By their fruits you shall know them" is a means of recognizing the followers of Christ which is wholly disregarded by the negroes. The Gospel of Works has yet to be preached to the colored man. Is the picture so dark as to appear exaggerated? It is bright beside the reality. And is there no remedy for this deplorable spiritual condition of millions within our gates? Is there no room in the Church of Christ for these souls for whom Christ died as surely as he did for the greatest saint in the calendar?

Modern writers on education lay greater and greater stress upon the fact that impressions reach us through the senses, and they deduce from this the law that true education must begin with the cultivation of the senses, with appeals to them in various ways. Thus the teaching world is beginning to see what the Catholic Church recognized more than eighteen hundred years ago, when she began the formation of her soul-lifting liturgy, and surrounded it with all that is calculated to attract the eye and please the ear; when by the plentiful use of whatever was beautiful and good in nature or in art she told her children that nothing was too precious to be cast at the feet of her Lord. She has shown herself through the ages as able to meet the needs of the ignorant barbarian as she was to satisfy the longings and silence the doubts of an Augustine, and she alone has within her those elements which are necessary to impress and instruct the negro and to permanently benefit the spiritual condition of these people, who, in a dark-lantern sort of way, already believe in Him from whose sacred lips the church received her commission to "teach all nations."

There is no denying that the conversion of the negro will be attended by innumerable difficulties. A drawback to the advancement and diffusion of the

faith even among white Americans is the fact that so many of our priests, earnest and pious though they be, are foreigners and fail to understand and to appreciate the character of the people around them. These priests are utterly at sea in dealing with the negro; and besides, valuable as precept is, instructive as a simple and earnest sermon may be, precept and preaching will not do the work: the individual must be reached. A Presbyterian minister, whose success in reclaiming street-arabs and notoriously bad boys of every class has been phenomenal, was asked by a fellow-minister the secret of his great influence over them: whereupon he declared that the Bible had taught it to him, for our Lord *limited* the number to *three* when he promised to be in the midst of those gathered together in his name: and following this novel interpretation of Scripture, the missionary declared that he never left a place until he had had opportunity to talk privately with each boy within his reach, nor did he ever allow the number at one interview to exceed two. His preaching, he added, was well-nigh useless except as a first attraction.

Whatever we may think of the good man's orthodoxy as an interpreter of Scripture, we must see the reason and good sense in his practice, for, save the direct grace of God, there is nothing so potent to produce a lasting and effective change of life as a heart-to-heart talk with one who earnestly and tenderly seeks a soul's salvation, and this is what every priest accomplishes in the sacrament of Penance.

There is one way to catch the attention of the negro—offer him an education; and the surest means of reaching them would be the establishment of free schools for both sexes. The industrial element should enter largely into these, and the girls should be first provided for. As I have said before, there is no idea of personal purity among them; scarcely one colored girl in twenty reaches the age of eighteen without being acquainted with vice, and so long as this state of morality exists among the women, it is useless to attempt to elevate the race. Yet it will exist until the women are sufficiently paid for their daily labor as servants to, in some degree, render them independent; and still, so inefficient and negligent are they, that it requires three of them to do what one competent servant could accomplish with ease, and therefore it is impossible to pay them any but small wages. If there could be established schools where, at the same time that they were hearing the truths of faith and, by God's help, were becoming good Catholics, they could be trained to be neat and efficient working-women, self-supporting and self-respecting, a long step forward would have been taken. No fear that they would fail to find good homes and good wages—though an employment bureau should be attached to each school for the purpose of securing these—for so widespread is the need of competent domestics in the South it would be impossible to meet the demand for them. With religious education and industrial training there would not be in the world better nurses for children, or better cooks and laundresses, than the negro women; as it is, the problem of servants is appalling even the bravest of Southern housekeepers.

Truly, this would seem a pitifully small beginning for so great a work as the conversion of millions; but Catholics are generous, one school would grow into many; wherever a school was there would be a chapel, to which the older negroes would come, from curiosity at first but afterwards from a nobler motive. And thus, humbly and slowly, a foundation would be laid, and some future generation might behold the Southern negro, once a slave bodily, still worse than a slave spiritually, at last a free man with that glorious freedom which is promised when we are assured that "the truth shall make you free."

F. C. Farnholt.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOVERNMENT (*General*).

Library of Congress, Ainsworth H. Spofford, Librarian, 590,000 volumes.
State Department Library, 50,000 volumes.
Treasury Department Library.
Interior Department Library, 9,000 volumes.

GOVERNMENT (*Technical*).

Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, 200,000 volumes ; Medical.
Patent-Office Library, 100,000 volumes ; Scientific, Practical.
Library of the Museum of Hygiene, Navy Department ; Medical, Hygienic.
Library of the Ordnance Bureau, War Department.
Library of the Smithsonian Institution ; Scientific.
Library of the National Museum ; Scientific.

CATHOLIC (*exclusive of parochial, sodality, and convent libraries*).

Library of Georgetown University.
Library of Carroll Institute, 601 F St., N. W., N. T. Taylor, Librarian, 3,500 volumes.
Library of St. Matthew's Institute, 1424 K St., N. W., 700 volumes.
Library of Georgetown Catholic Union, 264 High St., Georgetown, T. R. Fullalove, Librarian, 800 volumes.

SECTARIAN.

Library of the Scottish Rite, 1007 G St., N. W.
Masonic Library, Masonic Temple, 2,450 volumes.
Oddfellow's Library Association, Z. W. Kissler, Librarian, 5,000 volumes.
Protestant Y. M. C. A., 1406 New York Ave., 1,000 volumes.

OTHER LIBRARIES.

Peabody, 3233 Q St., Frank D. Johns, Librarian.
High School, Dr. F. R. Lane, Principal, 10,000 volumes.

The total number of volumes in these libraries is said to be about 1,100,000.

The Congressional Library receives, under the copyright law, two copies of every book published in the United States. It contains large numbers of Catholic works published in foreign countries or before the above-mentioned law took effect. It is an interesting fact that several years ago the Catholic philanthropist and scholar of this city, Dr. Toner, donated to it his private library of 25,000 volumes, which are, we believe, to remain together under the name of the Toner collection. The Law Library of the Supreme Court, a branch of the Congressional Library, is under the charge of Assistant-Librarian Hoffman, who is a Catholic, like several of the other assistant-librarians of Congress.

The State Department Library is designed especially for the use of the diplomatic service, and consists largely of works on history, biography, and international law. It has a few thousand books of poetry and general literature, with a sprinkling of Catholic authors, among whom we notice Coventry Patmore, Marion Crawford, and W. H. Mallock. A large section is devoted to the history of England. Almost every name is there which one could suggest: Macaulay, Ranke, Pearson, Green, Martineau, Mahan, Hallam, May, Adolphus, etc., *ad infinitum ;* but good old Dr. Lingard is conspicuous by his absence. Stranger yet, the librarian, thoroughly qualified as he is by education and culture to preside over so fine a collection, had never heard of such a person ! A cursory examination of a *History of England from* 1830 *to* 1874, by the Anglican clergyman Molesworth, was repaid by the discovery of a very kind

and appreciative discussion of the Oxford movement, and of Cardinal Newman, its great leader.

Although we were assured that religious controversy was rigidly excluded, one of the historical alcoves is adorned with a work on *Romanism as it Works in Ireland*, written, *mirabile dictu*, by Martin O'Sullivan, D.D.

In the section of French history we observed the memoirs of the Abbé Georges, and works of Lamartine, Droz, De Tocqueville, and Dulaure.

Two thousand dollars a year are appropriated for enlarging the diplomatic library, and any surplus is expended at the end of the fiscal year in the purchase of miscellaneous works of poetry and fiction.

The Treasury Department Library has several of Cardinal Newman's works and a few other Catholic books, most of them purchased several years ago on the recommendation of a Catholic literary gentleman employed in the department.

The library of the Interior Department has only a sprinkling of books by Catholic authors, and the librarian, Mrs. Mary Fuller, informs us that there is never any demand among the employés of that department, for whom it is designed, for distinctively Catholic works. Among those which I noticed were the poems of Father Ryan (purchased by direction of the late Secretary Lamar) and Aubrey de Vere, the novels of Marion Crawford, Kathleen O'Meara, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, Anna Hanson Dorsey, and Christian Reid, and several works by Brownson and Mallock.

The library of the United States National Museum is for the exclusive use of the curators in charge of exhibits, and other scientific specialists; but one section is devoted to works on popular science, travels, etc., for the benefit of all the employés of the institution. The latter section is possessed of a number of works by Newman, Balmes, Mivart, Lilly, Gmeiner, Formby, Donoso Cortes, and Lord Arundel of Wardour, the gift of a gentleman whose Christian modesty I will not offend by naming him, as I would like to do, but who is one of the very foremost business men and dilettanti of the capital, and a most liberal patron of Catholic literature as well as of every other good work.

The library of Georgetown University is very large and valuable, and a handsome and commodious hall is being fitted up in the grand new building of the Department of Arts and Sciences of that most ancient and renowned college of the Society of Jesus in the United States. A great Catholic banker has assumed personally the entire expense of this work, which will probably be between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars; and the magnificent collection is hereafter to be known as the Riggs Library.

The library of Carroll Institute is well selected, and contains many rare and valuable books. Upon its shelves the original and collected works of Orestes A. Brownson, and such monuments of Catholic learning and chivalry as Kenelm Digby's *Ages of Faith* and *Broadstone of Honor*, as well as the writings of our great American prelates, like Archbishops Spalding and Kenrick, and Bishops England of Charleston and Spalding of Peoria. Newman, Manning, Hecker, Mivart, Lilly, Ozanam, Montalembert, and scores of other names great in the annals of modern Catholic literature, are here, besides an extensive répertoire of controversial works, commentaries on the Holy Scriptures, and works of fiction, the latter including Thackeray, Lytton, Scott, Dickens, and Cooper, as well as the Catholic novelists. The prominent non-Catholic writers in other lines are by no means neglected, and the writings of the fathers of the Republic are deservedly prominent. The Institute has also a large collection of works of reference, government reports, and bound volumes of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and other magazines.

The art of indexing and cataloguing is a very difficult one, and its import-

ance cannot be too much insisted upon. Many valuable libraries are disgraced by catalogues thrown together by inexperienced amateurs, who have no idea that anything more could be expected of them than a mechanical enrollment of the titles of volumes or authors. Happily, that of the Carroll Institute Library was prepared by a thorough master of the art, and no young librarian could study a safer and more perfect model. The Institute is indebted for this elegant catalogue to the skill of its former librarian, Major Edmond Mallet, well known throughout the United States and Canada as, next to Dr. Shea, the most accurate living authority on the early settlements and explorations of the great Northwest.

The library of the Scottish Rite Free Masons is, as might be expected, the richest repository of works on occultism of every form, including theosophy, spiritism, Rosicrucianism, alchemy, astrology, orphic and phallic worship, etc.

The large circulating library formerly carried on by the Young Men's Christian Association of this city gradually dwindled down until within the past few years it has been represented only by a reference library of no great size and rather out of date. The most noticeable works which it contains are old editions of Appleton's *Cyclopedia*, Rees' *Cyclopedia*, and the *Cyclopædia Americana;* the complete works of De Quincey and Thomas Jefferson; the "Evangelical Family Library," Barnes' *Notes* and other Scripture commentaries, and bound volumes of the *American Biblical Repository*, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New Englander*, and the *North American Review*. The only works of an offensively Protestant character are D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, Bungener's *History of the Council of Trent*, Gillett's *Life and Times of John Huss*, McCrie's *Reformation in Italy*, McKinney's *Romanism at War with Governments and Public Schools*, an anonymous work on the *British Reformers*, and a *History of Persecution*, by William Howitt, of the Society of Friends. The last-named we suppose to be the same who was the husband and early co-laborer of the more talented and famous Quaker writer Mary Howitt, who a few months ago, after returning from her memorable visit to Leo XIII., ended in the bosom of Holy Church a decade of true faith and spiritual joy, and a long life of literary activity.

These anti-Catholic works are off-set by a set of Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, the works of the apostolic Fathers, Agnes Strickland's biographies of the Queens of England and Scotland, Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, and Snell's *Hints on the Study of the Sacred Books*, besides several works by well-disposed non-Catholic writers, such as *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.*, by William Stirling, and *The Ancient Monasteries of the East*, by Hon. Robert Curzon, Jr.

It is probable that the Young Men's Christian Association will soon greatly enlarge its collection of books and change it again into a circulating library.

The library for the use of the railroad employés is under the charge of P. A. Byrne, who is a Catholic and a Vincentian Brother, though the proportion of Catholic books in the collection is not large.

Your present correspondent hopes to make a careful study of these libraries in the interests of the Columbian Reading Union, and will see that its book-lists and other publications are placed in the possession of their officers. In the meantime he would suggest, as a powerful auxiliary to the work of the Union, the formation in each large city of a Catholic Librarians' Guild, consisting of the librarians of all parochial, sodality, school, convent, and other Catholic libraries, and of the Catholic employés of non-Catholic libraries. Such Guilds could be of great local advantage, and might ultimately unite into a national Librarians' Guild and be able to co-operate very effectively.

Your obedient servant,

U. S. Commission of Fisheries. Merwin-Marie Snell.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LES AMÉRICAINS CHEZ EUX. Par Madame La Marquise de San Carlos De Pedroso. Paris: Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue, 18 Boulevard Montmartre. 1890.

There are a hundred little Americas in the great America. We, natives, can hardly be acquainted with all of them, and with the various kinds of Americans and their differing phases of life. When we travel extensively in our own country we come among scenes and people which are more foreign to us than some parts of Europe. Of course, a foreigner can only describe some phases of American life with which he has become familiar. Madame La Marquise de San Carlos is a half-American by birth, and has lived several years in this country.

What she has seen here she has observed intelligently, and describes in a very lively and picturesque manner. She is most completely at home and most successful in depicting fashionable life in New York City and the summer resorts of the gay world. The life of the active men of business who belong to the social circles of the upper-tendom is equally well sketched. Besides these topics, which attract the attention of an American reader as likely to be presented in some new light from the point of view of a foreigner, many others are lightly and graphically handled, which European readers will find new and instructive. The tone and spirit of the book are excellent, and it betokens not only a faculty of vivid and playful description of the surface of things in America, but also a power of serious thought and reflection, in the accomplished authoress.

A CODE OF MORALS. By John S. Hittell. Second edition, revised. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

A small book with a big title. Mr. Hittell tells us in his preface that he has tried to do for his age what Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius did for theirs; that he has striven to appropriate the knowledge of our time and to put himself in harmony with its spirit. If Jeremy Bentham, Emerson, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and companions are the sole possessors of knowledge, he has appropriated largely. He is entirely in harmony with the spirit of the age he would teach. His ignorance of his being a harmonious note in the discordance of self is naïve and amusing.

Mr. Hittell, page 12, § 6, says our own enjoyment is the highest purpose and duty in life. On page 13 of the same paragraph: "A large part of controversy is the result of differences in definition"; and he contributes to controversy by saying on page 54: "One of the common hopes and chief pleasures is to do something that will benefit all our fellow-men, including those to whom we are not bound by any tie of blood, personal acquaintance or country." And again: "Virtue is the only road to the highest pleasure in life."

Mr. Hittell is tormented with the notion that our age needs to be counselled against fasting and flagellation. Again and again he exhorts us not to fast, not to scourge our "holy bodies." We can assure Mr. Hittell that his exhortations are unneeded. Even the best of us are little given to practices of mortifi-

cation so highly commended by that great philosopher, Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles..

We are entreated most earnestly not to seek martyrdom. What a good opinion Mr. Hittell must have of the age to think an entreaty of this nature necessary! On this point the "Code of Morals" tells us: "You can do more good teaching that will please them" (your neighbors) "than by offending them so that they would at once burn, banish, or avoid you." "Do not assert that you live for others, or that you love your neighbor as yourself. You do not and cannot." What a poor opinion Mr. Hittell has of man! Wretched is the man who is not in himself a refutation of this dogmatic declaration. Unmanly as is this dogma, it did not originate with the author of a *Code of Morals*, nor does he himself believe it, for he tells us: "When our action is to affect another, we should consider how, if he were in our place and we in his, noble justice would require him to treat us, and we should comply with that requirement." Which cannot be done if we love not our neighbor as ourselves.

§ 31, page 41, advocates murder, or it is meaningless. It says: "Do not allow infants born blind, deaf, idiotic, monstrous or seriously deformed to live."

§ 13 contradicts this Spartan measure; it declares: "Our obligations are greater to the weak than to the strong."

It is a foregone conclusion that Mr. Hittell should ordain that we "require proofs that the recipients of our philanthropy are worthy of it." Highly advisable this. Whilst we wait the proofs, the object of our charity may die or disappear. In either case we are so much in pocket. If the good God were a modern philanthropist where would we and Mr. Hittell be? "If all the world got their deserts, who'd escape a whipping?" asks Shakspere the philosopher.

The book abounds in quotations from Franklin, whose philosophy is Mr. Hittell's high-water mark. Maxims good as far as they go, but how short is their distance! Maxims closely followed that may bring a man to a certain material prosperity, but at the sacrifice of how much that is gentle, ennobling, and of a good heart!

Like all self-constituted teachers, the author of this *Code of Morals* is nothing if not dogmatic and contradictory, less than nothing if not self-sufficient. There is nothing new that is elevating in his code, there is much to dishearten, much to be sorry for.

MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY (Stonyhurst Series). General Metaphysics. By John Rickaby, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author has endeavored to produce—and we think he has succeeded—a common-sense metaphysics which would approve itself to the most thorough philosophic analysis, and at the same time bring it into comparative popularity. Not being productive of tangibilities in the shape of dollars and cents, metaphysics have been unpopular; unpopular, too, for the abuse they have suffered in the hands of writers whose speculations at the best have been opaque. General metaphysics, as treated in the *Manual*, takes for its task to assign the universal ideas of Being, Existence, Cause and Effect, and so on, a clear significance, which secures consistency throughout the whole treatise, and the author carefully refutes all erroneous opinions. In this way he has made it apparent that the science, instead of being mystical or unreal, is little more than a painstaking attempt to make clear to the mind its own every-day conceptions, not by means of some deeply penetrating intuition to which the common run of

mortals can lay no claim, but by a patient exercise of the common understanding. However unavoidable, it is to be regretted that so large a portion of the discourses goes to setting aside misconceptions and correcting false impressions. Nevertheless, the author has performed his huge task in a manner that enforces the lesson, "There is much art in simplicity."

INSULA SANCTORUM ET DOCTORUM; OR, IRELAND'S ANCIENT SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS. By the Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., LL.D., M.R.I.A., Coadjutor-Bishop of Clonfert, Commissioner for the Publication of the Brehon Laws, ex-Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth College. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, M. H. Gill & Son; London: Burns & Oates; New York: Sold by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A charming book, full of delightful reading in lucid English, not a few strong periods, much of metonymy, little of metaphor, never antithetical, and yet withal, at times, an unfortunate air of special pleading, too much of what is legendary, and not enough of hard facts. A tremendous amount of erudition displayed in monastic and folk-lore, a hearty and just appreciation of the noble men and women who made Ireland a land of saints, leave the author too insufficient space in which to reveal to our nineteenth century gaze the fertilest fields of Irish scholarship. A perusal of the book made us most intimately acquainted with the heroes who sanctified Ireland, but it has made us no better acquainted with the same heroes who made it a land of schools and scholars than we were before. That is to say, one side of these men has been for centuries enveloped in the clouds of mysticism, and we believe the learned author has failed to pierce their envelopment.

In spite of its bulk, the book will have, and ought to have, a large circle of readers. It cannot fail to endear itself to many a loyal heart, and will pall on none. It is not, however, what its second title claims it to be, a history of Irish schools and scholars.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO A PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. New York: P. O'Shea.

This is a revision of a work already noticed in our pages. It claims to be an essay and it is much more. It is in itself a philosophy; a philosophy, to quote with the author from Dr. Brownson, "of no particular school." It is original enough to be called Azarian, and little exception can be taken to the author's principles or views. His definition of Literature is the only one that has come near to satisfying us. We say this because we feel grateful to the philosopher for having given form and body to what we have felt but could not express. We thank him, too, for having touched fiction with a kindly, reverent, and loving hand, for we take fiction to be a high development of literature in our age; some place it above poetry pure and simple, for every true work of fiction contains a poem of the heart and soul of man.

We owe so much of gratitude to the Philosopher of Literature that it is with real pain we take exception to one of his remarks. In a passage of beauty he speaks of Shakspere's healthful balance of soul, and says: "There is joy running through the pages of Walter Scott as refreshing as the morning dew," and then contrasts this soul-balance, this joyousness with the "nightmares of Poe," going on to say, "It is not the whole man who speaks; it is passion, prejudice, exaggerated feeling."

Poe was passion personified; he was an evocation of passion. Passion feels deeply and is exaggerated only as compared with the barrenness of feeling in dispassion. And what is natural, as deep feeling is to passion, is not exaggeration; and exaggeration is lacking in truth, and what lacks truth is not natural, for nature is always true. What has been felt by one man, it is perfectly natural another man should feel, the conditions given him that evoked the feeling at first. There is a depth of passionate despair in "The Haunted Palace" and in "The Raven," as there is a height of passionate love in the "Helen" that has been seldom touched or reached. Neither the despair nor the love is exaggerated, for Poe not only felt every word he uttered, he felt more that was beyond utterance. Passion if it be real, and it is not denied that Poe's passion was real, is always beyond its completest utterance. Poe's utterances are an exaggeration, as the full flower is an exaggeration of the bud. "The soul-response cannot be healthful." A passion in itself may not be healthful to its possessor; it may be health-giving, and therefore healthful, to the one who analyzes the workings of passion, as one must do who would understand Poe's utterings. The lesson of temperance in "The Haunted Palace," that of purity in "The Raven," are healthful indeed, none more so.

"It is not the whole man who speaks." The whole man spoke in Poe. To recur to the poems we have taken as typical of all the man wrote, in one we have virgin love ("Helen") and little else.

Is not this the whole of many a youth, and not a worst whole by any means? In "The Raven" a man whole and entire, albeit not the best manner of man, has lost purity; he regrets it, he despairs for it, he hopes, in a blind way but still he hopes, for a purification. And he cries out his implication, in words that burn, as no word burns not lit by passion: "Youth, if you would have peace, if you would rejoice in the eternal hope, keep your soul clean."

The inherent vitality that has kept Poe living, that year by year has brought him into juster and higher appreciation, forbids any such generalization as the "nightmares of Poe."

Brother Azarias says something most appropriate to that of which we have been speaking, says it so much better than we could say it, that we here reproduce it: "Prim phrasings may be good; but the thought that burns for utterance does not express itself in prim phrasings. It sweeps through the soul, making a music all its own, in language possessing a rhythm and force all its own."

We have not meant "to find fault," "to pick flaws." We have but offered our little strength to help remove an unconsidered obloquy thrown into a paragraph to balance a period.

ELEMENTARY CHEMICAL TECHNICS: A Hand-book of Manipulation and Experimentation for Teachers of limited experience, and in Schools where Chemistry must be taught with limited appliances. By George N. Cross, A.M., Principal of the Robinson Female Seminary. Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.

The office of this little book is expressed in its title. There has been no attempt, the author says, to write a text-book of chemistry. No effort has been spared to make all statements and definitions brief. By this something of clearness has been lost, not to an expert, but to one inexperienced, and for such the book has been written. There is no doubt the book will be serviceable to many, but we fear that, like too many of our text-books, it tends to a fostering of what is eminently a fault of our times, superficiality.

SELECT MANUAL FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Affiliated to the Mother Sodality in Rome. Baltimore: Foley Brothers.

This excellent manual is a collection of the various offices and prayers used by the Sodalists of Mary, to which are added an exceptionally fine collection of hymns, the rules and constitution of the sodality, and a concise, well-worded account of its origin. It compares more than favorably with other manuals of its kind, and it is worthy of notice that the Office of the Blessed Virgin is in large, clear print, and that there is an index in alphabetical order. Both the compiler and the printer deserve the gratitude and prayers of all good sodalists.

WREATHS OF SONG FROM FIELDS OF PHILOSOPHY. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

We know of nothing with which the *Wreaths of Song* is comparable unless it be the wonderful poem entitled "Aminta." Like the work of his Grace of Halifax, it is for the "cultured few." *Wreaths of Song* is dedicated to the students of the author. No doubt they will appreciate the compliment paid their understanding. In one of the flowers of the wreath, called "Through the Glen," is a fine epitome of the entire garland:

"No view to the left, no view to the right,
But little before or behind;
Yet again and again this glen to sight
Shows glorious of its kind."

NEW PRIMER; NEW FIRST READER; NEW SECOND READER. By Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Nothing has been spared to make these Readers what they are, equal to the best in quality of illustrations, type, paper, printing, and binding. The matter for the lessons has been well selected; the English such as our children should be accustomed to. As they are intended for Catholic schools only, their Catholicity is apparent throughout.

A notice of the translation of Hettinger's great work, *Natural Religion* (Fr. Pustet & Co.), is unavoidably postponed.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

We have many evidences that this department of the magazine is appreciated by our readers. It has done within the past few months a great deal of good. If it accomplished nothing more than the establishment of a better understanding between our readers and the Publisher (and this it certainly has done), it would certainly justify this "new departure." But it has done more: it has made the magazine known more widely through the means of sample copies; it has added to our subscription list; it has been the means of help to us through letters of suggestion and encouragement. We regret that these are so numerous that personal replies are impossible, but we are none the less grateful for the assistance they bring and the interest they manifest. Don't let the summer heats bring drought on enthusiasm; don't send in your subscription without a word or two of some kind, even though it be a good-natured growl.

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And speaking of growls reminds the Publisher that he has certain privileges in this direction, and he takes this place on the page to make use of them. He growls, not because it's August, not because he is bad-tempered, but because he is good-natured, and wants to help some people to understand a thing or two more clearly. And for the sake of brevity and clearness, the Publisher will incorporate his growls in a series of "Don'ts," even though a recent article in these pages inveighed against all such forms of advice. These "Don'ts" have been printed here before, but, then, with some people it can be said, "*Millies* repetita placet."

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Don't—forget that The Catholic World is a magazine and not a newspaper. Many MSS. come to this office containing matter, such as local Catholic intelligence, etc., suitable only for a newspaper.

Don't—send *business letters* to the editor, and don't send letters on editorial matters to the business manager.

Don't—send checks, drafts, money orders, or registered letters to any one but Rev. W. D. Hughes.

Don't—wait till you receive a bill before you pay for your subscription. Look at the printed label on your copy of the magazine; the date tells you when your subscription will expire, and it should then serve as a bill for the year *in advance.* That's the theory of the address label; it's a beautiful theory.

Don't—fail to give your present address in full when you wish to have the magazine sent to a new address. Write your name and address in full on all letters.

Don't—be cross when mistakes occur. Like the organist in Texas, we're "doing our best," and if we do make blunders in spite of our efforts, remember that a little patience and a little care to explain matters clearly will do more than a thunder-storm to "clear the atmosphere."

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Another "Don't," and a good one to bid good-by to growling: Don't fail to look over the pages of this department next month. Unless we are very much mistaken, you'll find some very good news there—news of an enlarged magazine, uniform typography, and new departments; news, we hope, of increased prosperity and consequently of greater efficiency in this particular plot in the Lord's vineyard, the cultivation of the truth through the Catholic Press.

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In answer to an inquiry made by one of our readers we regret that we cannot give any definite information concerning the date of publication of Father Harper's fourth volume of the *Metaphysics of the Schools.* From all we could learn we believe its publication has been indefinitely postponed.

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A friend makes a valuable suggestion, which, while it is unavailable for THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is worthy of consideration by our Catholic publishers. Miles Keon is known to American readers as the author of *Dion and the Sibyls*, a novel which was first presented to American readers in the pages of this magazine, and which has not been inaptly termed "a Catholic classic." But he is also the author of a novel as yet, we believe, unknown in this country—*Harding, the Money-Spinner.* We hope the suggestion will bear fruit, and that we may soon be able to announce the publication of the book in this department.

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Mr. P. D. Murphy, 31 Barclay Street, New York, announces

the publication at an early date of a pamphlet entitled *A Retrospect on Events which made possible the late Baltimore Convention*, and a complement to the same. By the Rev. E. A. M., of the Diocese of Vincennes, Indiana.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. announce new editions of:

Spiritual Retreats, by the late Dr. Porter, Archbishop of Bombay.

Little Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis (third edition).

The Love of God, Vol. II. of the Works of St. Francis de Sales; and

A Life of the Blessed Thomas More. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

Following the Guidon is the title of a new volume of army and frontier reminiscences, by Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, soon to be published by Harper & Bros. The same firm have just issued, in cloth and in their "Franklin Square Library," Walter Besant's new novel, *Armorel of Lyonesse.*

Benziger Bros. have issued the *Principles of Anthropology and Biology.* By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. 75 cents. They announce:

The Rights of Our Little Ones. First principles on education in catechetical form. By the Rev. James Conway, S.J. 15 cents.

The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scripture. By the Rev. H. Saintrain, C.SS.R. Translated from the third French edition, $2.

D. Lothrop Co. have issued in the past month *The Hermit Island*, a story of island life on the Maine coast, by Miss Katherine Lee Bates, and new editions of *Poets' Homes*, compiled by R. H. Stoddard and others; *Uncle Titus* and *Swiss Stories*, by Madame Spyri; and *A Half Year at Bronckton*, by Margaret Sidney.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

LES CRITÈRES THÉOLOGIQUES: La valeur de la raison dans le Catholicisme; L'Église enseignante; les Conciles généraux; le Pontife Romain parlant ex cathedra; la croyance universelle; l'enseignement en forme positive; l'enseignement en forme négative; les préceptes doctrinaux; la Tradition; la Sainte Écriture; l'Église, la Tradition, l'Écriture; l'Église législatrice; avenir; projets. Par le Chanoine Salvatore di Bartolo, docteur romain en théologie et en droit canonique, membre de l'Académie de religion catholique de Rome, de l'Académie Royale des Lettres, Sciences et Arts de Palerme, et de la Société scientifique de Bruxelles. Ouvrage traduit de l'Italien par un prêtre de l'Oratoire de Rennes, sur la seconde édition revue et améliorée par l'auteur. Paris: Berche et Tralin. (For sale by Benziger Bros.)

ELEMENTS OF STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY. For high schools and elementary college courses. By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph.D., Professor of Botany in the Indiana University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

JESUS OF NÁZARETH: I. His Personal Character; II. His Ethical Teachings; III. His Supernatural Works. Three Lectures before the Y. M. C. A. of Johns-Hopkins University, in Levering Hall. By John A. Broadus, D.D., LL.D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF EVOLUTION. By John McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., ex-President of Princeton College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT. With an Account of the Presentation of the Portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan at the United States Military Academy, West Point. By George W. Childs. Philadelphia: Collins Printing House.

CARMEL IN AMERICA. A Centennial History of the Discalced Carmelites in the United States. By Charles Warren Currier, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

PRACTICAL SANITARY AND ECONOMIC COOKING. Adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means. By Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. The Lowell Prize Essay. New York: The American Public Health Association.

PAMPHLETS.

REFUTATION OF SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. James C. Byrne. The Catholic Truth Society. American Series, No. 1.

HOW CATHOLICS COME TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD. A Lecture by Rev. Thomas O'Gorman. The Catholic Truth Society. American Series, No. 3.

THE VAIL-BURGESS DEBATE. A Religio-Educational Discussion between O. F. Burgess, Minister of the M. E. Church, and Roger Vail, Vice-President of the Catholic Truth Society. With a Preface by Rt. Rev. James McGolrick, D.D., Bishop of Duluth. The Catholic Truth Society. American Series, No. 2.

THE

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"To the last I never recognized the hold I had over young men."—*Apologia pro Vita Sua.*

No more the sun may know the strength it hath
To stir the bark in Spring with quickening blood;
No more a storm controls its giant wrath,
Or knows the measure of its scattered flood!

There is a quality of lasting youth
That knoweth not the force that gave it birth;
Some souls God points the subtler ways of truth,
As highest tribute to their lasting worth.

He hath in souls like thine deposited
A quenchless flame as calm and strong as dawn;
Across the world *thy* potent fire is shed,
Born of the "kindly light" that leads thee on!

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I HAVE been familiar with the writings of the late illustrious Cardinal Newman since the year 1842. In 1867 I spent a few days as his guest at the Edgbaston Oratory, and have had some correspondence with him by letters since that time. I do not, however, feel myself specially qualified to write an epitome of his life and works, or to give an estimate of his character and career. I have undertaken the present sketch because I have been requested to do so, and I expect merely to write something which may answer the purpose sufficiently for the occasion. No doubt, friends and admirers in England, who are competent and furnished with all the requisite materials, will furnish abundant and satisfactory memoirs which will have a lasting value and interest, and be worthy of their great subject.

John Henry Newman was born in London, February 21, 1801. His father was a banker in easy circumstances. His parents brought him up carefully and religiously, and gave him all the advantages of an excellent education. He took great delight in reading the Bible in his childhood. At fourteen he dabbled to some extent in infidel reading, and his mind wandered for a while into the region of sceptical speculation. At fifteen, he himself informs us that he was the subject of a decided "conversion," which was a permanent one, from which his whole subsequent religious life was a development. His first doctrinal and practical religious phase was the so-called "evangelical" type of belief and piety, after the manner of Thomas Scott, Romaine, Bishop Wilson and their peculiar section of the Low-Church party in the English Episcopal Church. He was not, however, a Calvinist. He was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, graduating in 1820, was ordained in 1824, in 1825 he was appointed by Dr. Whately, the Principal of Alban Hall, his Vice-Principal and Tutor. He had been elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1822, in 1826 he was appointed a Tutor in the same, and in 1828 Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. During this early period of his residence at Oxford he became gradually indoctrinated with the High-Church opinions, and when the famous Oxford Catholicising movement began and progressed, he went into it heartily, became one of its leaders and its most brilliant ornament, and gained an influence over the minds and hearts of

thousands, not only in Great Britain, but also in all parts of the world where English is the mother-tongue, which was truly fascinating. This movement was necessarily progressive, and the minds of those who were in it underwent in process of time many and very great changes, in different directions and with different results. The mind of Newman steadily advanced towards a deeper and wider sympathy and harmony with ancient Catholicism, with mediæval Catholicism, with the present and living Catholic Church, considered in its diffusive character, and finally with the Roman Church, the mother and mistress of churches. Newman began by believing that the Pope was the Antichrist of prophecy, and this spectre did not finally cease to haunt his imagination until the year 1843. His view of the Papacy became, however, by degrees modified as time went on, so far as it was a mental conviction; and from looking at it as *the* Antichrist, he came to regard it as one among many powers having certain characteristics of Antichrist, as having something Antichristian mixed with it, as a great Christian institution needing to be reformed, as the great church of Christendom, but not exclusively of other churches, and finally as what it claims to be, in the fullest sense. The Oxford movement dates its beginning from the year 1833. From that time Newman remained twelve years a member of the Church of England. Replying to the accusation that for the ten years between 1835 and 1845 he had been a "concealed Romanist," he says:

"For the first four years of the ten (up to Michaelmas, 1839) I honestly wished to benefit the Church of England at the expense of the Church of Rome. For the second four years I wished to benefit the Church of England, without prejudice to the Church of Rome. At the beginning of the ninth year (Michaelmas, 1843) I began to despair of the Church of England, and gave up all clerical duty; and then, what I wrote and did was influenced by a mere wish not to injure it, and not by the wish to benefit it. At the beginning of the tenth year I distinctly contemplated leaving it, but I also distinctly told my friends that it was in my contemplation." *

In 1838 the Bishop of Oxford, in a charge, made some animadversion upon the "Tracts for the Times," which caused Mr. Newman to offer to the bishop, to whom he was extremely loyal and obedient, to stop their publication. Dr. Bagot did not accept the offer. But in 1841 Mr. Newman published the "Tract No. 90," on the vexed question of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. He says:

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, Ed. Lond., 1865, p. 186.

"The main thesis then of my essay was this: the Articles do not oppose Catholic teaching; they but partially oppose Roman dogma; they for the most part oppose the dominant errors of Rome. And the problem was, as I have said, to draw the line as to what they allowed and what they condemned." *

A storm of opposition immediately arose. The Tracts were stopped, and Mr. Newman, feeling that confidence in him was lost, that his own confidence in the movement was gone, withdrew from all active share in it. He remained from this time mostly at Littlemore, taking care of that part of his parish, and leaving St. Mary's in charge of a curate until 1843, when he resigned St. Mary's, and lived in retirement with a few companions in his own house at Littlemore. The studies which he made in the works of the Fathers and the history of the Ancient Church, the arguments of Dr. Wiseman against the Anglican position, the numerous and severe censures of bishops on the Tracts, especially No. 90, and on the Oxford movement, with other causes, had the effect of shaking and undermining his belief in the Church of England as a branch of the Church Catholic. The establishment of the "Jerusalem Bishopric," in concert with the Prussian government, which was an alliance with Lutherans and Calvinists in an aggressive movement upon the Eastern churches, was, perhaps, the severest blow of all to his waning confidence in the Church of England. He began to look upon it as no better than Samaria and Israel after the revolt of Jeroboam, a mere schism, in which, nevertheless, there was an extraordinary dispensation of grace, so that individuals, who in mind and heart were Catholics, might remain in it as a provisional and tolerated state, awaiting better times. In the early part of 1845, finding his conviction nearly matured that this last position was untenable, and that it was his duty to join the Catholic Church, he set about writing the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, a work which he left at last unfinished, having found as he proceeded that his reason and conscience had attained to a complete certitude, that joining the Catholic Church was an imperative obligation. On October 9, 1845, he was received by Father Dominic. Mr. Newman took his final leave of Oxford, Monday, February 23, 1846:

"On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore, simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me: Mr. Cope-

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, p 79.

land, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey, too, came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me, both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University. On the morning of the 23d I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway." *

From Oxford Mr. Newman went to Oscott College, and thence to Rome, where he received all the orders up to the priesthood inclusively, one year and some months after his reception into the church. At the end of the year 1847 he returned to England where he founded an Oratorian community, which in 1849 was definitely fixed in its present location at Edgbaston, and in the same year, another in King William Street, London. In 1852 an infamous apostate priest, an Italian named Achilli, brought a suit against Dr. Newman for libel, on account of a denunciation of his crimes uttered in a lecture. The truth of Dr. Newman's allegations was fully proved in the trial, yet a verdict of "guilty" was rendered, and although the fine in which he was mulcted was small, the costs of court which he incurred, together with the expenses entailed by bringing witnesses to England, were enormous. The whole amount was promptly raised by a subscription in England and on the Continent, and the moral effect of the trial was ignominy for the abettors of Achilli, and a great increase of admiration and sympathy for Dr. Newman. In 1854 Dr. Newman was elected Rector of the new Catholic University of Dublin, and he remained in that office four years. Resigning in 1858, he returned to Edgbaston, and there, in a modest but delightful religious house, surrounded by a small and choice group of Oratorian priests, he passed the remainder of his long life. The incident of Mr. Kingsley's attack which called forth the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* occurred in 1864, and resulted in a signal triumph for Dr. Newman. In December, 1877 some of the statutes limiting the election to fellowships having been already repealed, Dr. Newman, who had forfeited all his university privileges on becoming a Catholic, by a most graceful and honorable act of Trinity College, Oxford, was elected an Honorary Fellow of the college. In 1878, the city and the world applauding, the reigning Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., created this

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, p. 236.

great and illustrious priest and champion of the Catholic Church a Cardinal Deacon of the Holy Roman Church. In so doing he not only crowned him with a great and befitting glory, but also cast lustre upon the Sacred College and upon his own pontificate. Few great and good men have received during their life time so great and universal a meed of honor as that which has been awarded to Cardinal Newman. For many years all England has admired him as one of its chief glories in this age. Throughout the Catholic Church he has been venerated and loved to a degree which has few examples in this century, and among non-Catholics as well his name and his writings have been honored and cherished in a way which has often found a warm and emphatic expression. That they will live so long as the English language endures is, I think, beyond a doubt.

To make an analysis of the intellectual and moral character of the written works, and of the great life work of John Henry Newman, is no easy task. I, at least, feel that it would be above my ability to fulfil it. And in so short a space it would be, of itself, impossible. I can only pretend to make a few remarks which have a bearing towards such an object.

I think I am warranted in expressing the judgment that Newman was a man of genius, and holds a high place in this small number of the elect of mankind. A striking feature of his genius which impresses my mind vividly, is his extraordinary originality and individuality of character. He says of himself, that even in boyhood he was accustomed to "rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." A similar statement is repeated several times in some of his writings, and one who keeps it in mind will find an explanation of a great deal that is peculiar in his history and his works. He drank of his own fountain, and of a divine source which flowed directly into it, and this surely is genius and originality.

Intellect and imagination, sensibility and common sense, were very equally combined in his make-up. He had the elements of the theologian, the historian and the poet, with a decided taste and capacity for mathematics and for music. The qualities which distinguish the metaphysician, the orator, the savant in the physical sciences, and the ruler of men, I have not discerned in him in any remarkable degree, though I do not profess to have a clear insight into all the latent powers which he might have developed under a different education and in another sphere of action.

In respect to his attainments as a scholar, Cardinal Newman was certainly in some departments a deeply learned man, and outside of these possessed of a wide and general literary culture, but I cannot speak with a thorough and precise knowledge on this head.

In the art of writing he excelled, and his style was his chief instrument of power to persuade and charm the multitude of his readers. I cannot attempt a critical analysis of its peculiar character and qualities. One thing I will mention which has always especially attracted my attention, the wonderful art of marshalling facts from all directions and sources, as illustrations of his theme, and casting new and strange side-lights upon it. His mind was a kaleidoscope, and his intellect was served by his imagination in a wonderful way, embodying or symbolizing his abstract ideas in concrete forms and examples.

His writings belong to several different classes. As works of art, I am inclined to give the preference to the historical works and the specimens of character-painting which they contain. In theology there are some masterpieces; for instance, in the expositions of the dogmas of the Trinity and the Incarnation, and the analysis of the several phases of the Arian heresy. I will not delay upon a notice of Newman's various and miscellaneous writings. There are two essays in the collection of his works on which, perhaps, his signet is the most distinctly stamped, and each of which is *sui generis*. These are the *Essay on Development* and the *Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*. The first is a key to the whole system of his ideas respecting divine revelation as the object of the assent of faith. The second holds a similar relation to truth in general as the object of rational assent. They are a commentary on the larger portion of his works, aiding one to an understanding of their scope and import in regard to these two great topics.

The *Grammar of Assent*, I confess, I have not been able to comprehend fully, although I have carefully read it several times, yet I find in it many rare gems of thought, beautifully cut and set, and partially assent to what I can understand of its argument. I have been, at an early period of life, much indebted to Butler's *Analogy*, one of the greatest and best works in the English language. Newman's mind received a determining and permanent impress from this work. The influence of that great genius Kant seems, also, to be perceptible in Cardinal Newman's Ideology and Theodicy. I must think that there is a shortcoming in all these great thinkers and centres. I find the

scholastic metaphysics and psychology far superior to any of the newer philosophies, though what is true and good in these deserves a fair appreciation, and can be made available in philosophy. And with this remark I dismiss this part of my subject.

In the *Essay on Development* Newman set about arranging and summing up the results of the development of Christian doctrine which had been going on in his own mind during thirty years, but especially during the twelve years between 1833 and 1845. The mental and spiritual process by which, starting from a few dogmatic and practical principles which orthodox Protestants have with more or less clearness and consistency professed, Mr. Newman advanced into the Anglican *Via Media*, and along that road to the Catholic position, is the most interesting and important part of his history. The lesson of his example, and of his exposition of the reasons justifying his course and its conclusion, is just that which is the most significant and valuable in his life and in all its work.

I will endeavor to make an analysis and statement of this process of development as clearly and briefly as possible.

What is genuine and complete Christianity, and the way to attain or approach certitude of belief and conviction in regard to every part of it, so far as necessary or useful for the great end of life? This is the great question to be answered.

Several things are supposed to be known and believed at the outset. Christianity is a dogmatic religion. Original sin, redemption by the cross and divine grace, the Incarnation, the Trinity, the inspiration of the canonical Scriptures, are among its dogmas. The whole of the divine revelation is contained in the inspired Scriptures. The common Protestant notion is that each true believer is to find divine truth by his personal reading of the Bible, and to obtain divine grace by an immediate communication of the Holy Spirit.

The first step away from the Protestantism of Luther and Calvin into the *Via Media* led Newman to the position that it is "a proposition self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it."*

This was an abandonment of individualism and the theory of the invisible church, constituted of those who are already justified by faith, and becoming partly visible by a common profession of the faith. The teacher can only be a visible, corporate church. Thus, the visible church is the medium between God and the individual,

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, p. 9.

in respect to the inchoation of faith, consequently of justification, which is by faith, and therefore of the increase of faith, of sanctification, and of salvation.

It is not necessary to show how easily and naturally one who was brought up in the Church of England would go on, after this first step, to the doctrines of Apostolical Succession, sacramental grace, the authority of tradition, and the rest of the High-Church system.

This system, or the *Via Media*, sets up a counter-claim against that of the Roman Church. It is Episcopacy *versus* Papacy. It is the English Episcopal Church, with its offshoots, represented as identical with the Ancient Church, against the modern Catholic Church, represented as having departed from antiquity. The so-called Greek Church, though it disdains the alliance, is considered as substantially an ally, because of its falling back on antiquity according to its own measure, and in the autonomy of the episcopate, in opposition to the authority of the Roman Pontiff, and of the councils coming after the Seventh General Council, held at Nicæa.

There are many issues in this controversy. In the case of Mr. Newman the controversy turned upon *the Faith and the Church.*

"This was my issue of the controversy from the beginning to the end. There was a contrariety of claims between the Roman and Anglican religions, and the history of my conversion is simply the process of working it out to a solution."*

In order to see distinctly what the precise issue is, it is necessary to define the notion of the church in the Anglican theory, as to its essence, and its office as the Teacher of the Faith. This notion rests on the assumption that all bishops are independent and supreme, each within his diocese, where he is the head of a body which is a complete and separate whole of its species, viz., a church existing in organic unity and integrity.

"I contended that the Roman idea of Catholicity was not ancient and Apostolic. It was, in my judgment, at the utmost only natural, becoming, expedient, that the whole of Christendom should be united in one visible body; while such a unity might, on the other hand, be nothing more than a mere heartless and political combination. For myself, I held with the Anglican divines, that, in the primitive church, there was a very real mutual independence between its separate parts, though, from a dictate of charity, there was in fact a very close union between them. I considered that each see and diocese might be compared to a crystal, and that each was similar to the rest, and that

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, p. 112.

the sum total of them all was only a collection of crystals. The unity of the church lay not in its being a polity, but in its being a family, a race, coming down by Apostolical descent from its first founders and bishops." *

One Anglican principle, therefore, is that "*the Apostolical Succession* is a sufficient guarantee of sacramental grace, *without union with the Christian Church throughout the world.*"

Another Anglican principle is "taking *Antiquity*, not *the existing Church*, as the Oracle of Truth."

According to this theory, then the Apostles, having taught the faith to their disciples, and having left to them the oracles of God in the Scriptures, their successors were charged with the office of preserving, witnessing to, and preaching this Apostolic Tradition. Go back to Antiquity, find that "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus, traditum est,*" which from the beginning continuously, in every place, by all churches has been held as Apostolic teaching or institution, and which can be proved by Scripture, and you will find genuine and complete Christianity.

The first six councils are supposed to have uttered the complete testimony of the Universal Church to the Faith, spoken by the bishops and ratified by the general consent of the faithful. Besides these are the concurrent testimonies of the Fathers of the first six centuries, and many other monuments of tradition as well as extraneous evidences and testimonies, all concurring to prove what was Ancient Christianity.

The Anglican Church is represented by its devoted adherents as the Primitive Church restored.

> "Ours is a church reform: and now no more
> Is aught for man to mend or to restore;
> 'Tis pure in doctrines, 'tis correct in creeds,
> Has naught redundant, and it nothing needs;
> No evil is therein—no wrinkle, spot,
> Stain, blame, or blemish, I affirm there's not."†

This is the extreme view, less or more modified in the minds of individuals, but held approximatively by thorough Anglicans.

The theory makes a dignified and imposing appearance, but it crumbles on two sides, when its solidity is tested. The Ancient Church was not constructed in accordance with this theory, and the Church of England does not correspond to the ideal presented on paper by its advocates. It is merely the most respectable among the several forms of Protestantism, but it is not in any way Catholic.

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, p. 167. † *Crabbe's Tales*; Tale 1, "The Dumb Orators."

According to this theory, there is no One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church existing in concrete reality as an organic body. It has only an abstract existence, like that of the state in general, the family in general, the army and navy of Europe, etc.

There is no trace of such an idea in the New Testament, or in ancient Catholic authors. In the New Testament the idea of the Universal Church as one body, in Christian Antiquity the idea of the One Catholic Church, stands forth with the utmost distinctness. The Anglican Church has no counterpart in the early centuries, except in the Arians, Nestorians, Monophysites, and Donatists. They denounced the living and universal church which was the church of the present in their day, as having fallen away from its primitive state, and they appealed from it to Scripture, Antiquity, earlier councils, and their own pretended synods.

Mr. Newman was in a miserable predicament when he found the *Via Media* to be no thoroughfare. On the one hand, he had lost faith in the Anglican Church; on the other, he still suspected the Roman Church of having altered the Apostolic Faith. There was no resource for him except in the Lutheran doctrine of the Invisible Church, and in fact the abyss of rationalism was gaping before him. To one whose Catholicism is ideal only, proving Canterbury wrong does not prove Constantinople or Rome to be right. "The Church of Hierusalem hath erred, and the Church of Constantinople hath erred, and the Church of Rome hath erred, and the Church of Canterbury hath erred." Christendom, as well as Protestantism, is but a sea covered with the scattered and damaged ships of a squadron which have fallen into a mutual and internecine conflict, and have also suffered from a violent tempest.

It does not appear that the Scripture, interpreted by tradition and antiquity, is much easier and more certain as a rule of faith than Scripture alone.

The Evangelical Protestant says: "Go to the Bible as your only and sufficient rule of faith." The Bible does not affirm itself to be this rule, but points to a Teacher, and presupposes a tradition external to its inspired text. Besides, it does not teach the so-called evangelical doctrine. "Go to the Successors of the Apostles, who have handed down what they have received, Scripture, its true sense, and a creed which sums up Apostolic doctrine." Those who claim to be successors to the Apostles differ and dispute among themselves. I have to decide among several separated bodies of bishops, not only as to the question which of them, if any, teaches the pure doctrine, but which of them is the

true church. "Go back to Antiquity, and find that *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus, traditum est*, that is the genuine, unaltered, truly Catholic doctrine." But, for learned men even, this is a long and arduous task, and they do not agree with each other in their conclusions. How much more difficult must it be, then, for those of only ordinary learning and little leisure, and how impossible for the unlearned.

The Catholic rule is entirely different from this. It was only when Newman understood this rule, was convinced that it was the rule of antiquity prescribed by the Apostles, and adopted it, that he was enabled to come out of the fog into the sunlight.

He beautifully explains and illustrates the difference between the Catholic rule and every form of the Protestant rule. The controversy, for him, turned on Faith and the Church. He was working out a solution of the question concerning the contrary doctrines, Roman and Anglican, respecting the relation of the Church to the Faith during the twelve years preceding his conversion. When he fully renounced the Anglican and fully embraced the Roman doctrine on this head, he became a Catholic, without waiting to investigate all the other doctrines in detail.

"In 1838 I illustrated it (the contrariety of doctrines), by the contrast presented to us between the Madonna and Child and a Calvary. The peculiarity of the Anglican was this, that it supposed the Truth to be entirely objective and detached, not (as in the theology of Rome) lying hid in the bosom of the Church as if one with her, clinging to and (as it were) lost in her embrace, but as being sole and unapproachable, as on the Cross or in the Resurrection, with the Church close by, but in the background." *

With some change, this statement can be applied to every form of dogmatic Protestantism. And with a further change, it applies also to what may be called the more sound rationalism, *i.e.*, that philosophy which recognizes objective truth and rises to the height of a pure Theism, and an elevated view of the spiritual and rational and immortal nature of the human soul.

Such a theory places the criterion in the individual. Whether it is natural reason only, or the light of the Holy Spirit in his soul only, or both together, by which he perceives and judges, the faculty is his own individual propriety. He directs this instrument upon objective truth, whether it be the intelligible in itself, the realm of nature, a divine revelation, the Bible, the teaching of the Ancient Church, the doctrine of modern churches, of

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, p. 112.

schools, of private teachers, whatever it be which claims his attention and credence as a concrete form of objective truth, naturally or supernaturally disclosed, as intelligible or credible. It is his own subjective conviction which he identifies with philosophical truth, with the revealed truth contained in Scripture, in Scripture and Tradition, in Catholic antiquity, in the universal Christian consciousness, in whatever he recognizes as a sphere in which truth resides. Let him go on, then, and embrace doctrine after doctrine which is contained in the complete circle of the dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Church, short of the genuine, authentic doctrine of the infallible and supreme authority of the Roman Church as she herself holds and imposes it; his criterion is still his own private judgment, he is *not* a Catholic, and he *is* a Protestant.

He is made a Catholic by an inward and outward act of submission to the authority of the living, present, infallible Catholic Church, and receiving all that she proposes as of faith, as the revealed truth of God, to be believed on the divine veracity.

This was the last step which Newman had to take at his conversion. The last difficulty which he had to overcome was a notion, surviving from prejudices of education, that the Roman Church has altered the faith of the Primitive Catholic Church. It was to clear his mind from obscurity on this subject that he sat down to write his *Essay on Development.* The principle which is the topic of the argument in this essay is one which, Dr. Newman told us in 1864, had been in his mind, and gradually working itself out, since the end of the year 1842. He briefly states it to be: that all the Christian ideas "were *magnified* in the Church of Rome, as time went on. . . . The whole scene of pale, faint, distant Apostolic Christianity is seen in Rome as through a telescope or magnifier. The harmony of the whole, however, is of course what it was." *

This remarkable essay is not to be regarded as the work of a Catholic theologian, or as a complete, finished, and carefully revised production of Mr. Newman's mind. Therefore, the critical tests which would be properly applied to every sentence and word of a treatise by a Catholic theologian cannot be justly used in this case. There may be inaccuracies and ambiguities in the sense or in the phraseology in certain passages. In its general drift and scope, however, and in its main course of argument, it is in accordance with the doctrine of approved Catholic theo-

* *Hist. of My Rel. Opin.*, p. 296.

logians. It is, besides, a piece of profound, wide-reaching philosophical reasoning.

The pivotal point, so far as the Faith is concerned, is simply this: that what is *implicitly* contained in the divine revelation is really revealed truth, and can be made *explicitly* Catholic dogma by the definition of the supreme, infallible teaching authority of the Catholic Church.

I am obliged by want of space to cut short what I wished to say at greater length on this subject, and to hasten to a conclusion.

Many efforts were made to diminish the weight of the example and the argument of John Henry Newman after his conversion. It was said that his intellectual and moral vigor had suffered a collapse. That he had become a kind of amateur Catholic of a peculiar and individual kind, but not a genuine and thorough Roman Catholic. That he had become sensible of having made a false step, and would probably retrace his way into the Church of England. The wind has long since blown away all these dry leaves.

God gave to Cardinal Newman a long Catholic life, more than forty years in the priesthood. His firm, undoubting faith, his devoted zeal, his ripening wisdom and sanctity have grown during this time into a stately and majestic symmetry and a rich fruitfulness. In extreme and venerable old age, his dust has been gathered to the sacred heap which bygone generations of martyrs and confessors have left to hallow the soil of England, and his soul into their blessed and glorious fellowship.

I have owed very much to him as a religious teacher, and have felt honored by his personal friendship. With love, gratitude, and reverence, I lay this wreath on the tomb of the great and good Cardinal Newman.

A. F. HEWIT.

CATHOLICISM IN MODERN DENMARK.

I.

WHEN King Frederick VII. gave Denmark a constitution, in 1849, religious liberty was restored to the little northern country, whence it had been banished for well-nigh three hundred years. It is true that for some time before this historic event the Catholics, with some of the sects, could find an asylum in the little town of Fredericia, in the province of Jutland; freedom of worship had been established there by the royal founder of the city in the vain hope of attracting thitherward the population it lacked. But the City of Refuge has never answered these expectations, and to-day Fredericia is a quite unimportant and thinly-populated place, with little effect upon the fortunes of the church.

It was from contact with European culture that the renaissance of Catholic truth had its origin. Among the few Danes of wide learning and great intellect who had been blessed with that gift of faith which made their exile a home-coming (for they were banished the kingdom)—among these heroes there was at least one who is entitled to the rank of genius; this was the famous anatomist and the founder of the science of geology, Nicolaus Steno (Steensen). It is to the cathedral at Florence that the Danes must repair to find the tomb of one of their greatest fellow-countrymen. When the congress of geologists was assembled in Florence a few years ago one of their first duties was to march thither in a body to crown with laurel the bust of their renowned predecessor.*

There were other notable Danish converts before 1849; but, as a whole, the Danish people until that year, and, indeed, a good many years after, remained in the Lutheran body, at times with a tendency to stricter pietistical observance, at times with rather rationalistic and latitudinarian tendencies. It so happened that just at the date when the country got its political liberty a war was going on in its southern provinces, the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, where a faction endeavored to set up an independent state. All the forces of the people, moral as well as physical, were for a couple of years absorbed in the issue of this war, and it was only after bringing it to a successful con-

* V. W. Plenkers, S.J.: *Der Däne Nils Steensen, ein Lebensbild*, ii. vols. Herder, Freiburg, 1884.

clusion that the Danish government and the representatives of the people could set about putting into practical operation the newly acquired political privileges. These considerations naturally engrossed the minds of statesmen and citizens for some time, but still the elements of religious development were not inactive, and changes were generally foreseen, though the lines along which the development afterward worked were unlooked for at that date.

Toward the close of the last and at the beginning of the present century, rationalism had an overpowering effect upon the popular mind in Denmark as elsewhere, and made itself felt in the pulpit as well as in other fields of thought. But German Romanticism, with its appreciation of mediæval and Catholic culture, soon after the dawn of the nineteenth century acquired a considerable influence upon Danish literature, just then passing through a period of rapid and exuberant growth; it was, then, impossible for theology to escape this movement now reaching out toward something more satisfying to the human heart and mind than what the cold and shallow conceptions of rationalism could offer. So that even before 1848–50, when the victories of the Danish arms gave birth to a strong, self-reliant national feeling, there had been a noticeable tendency toward the reconstruction of the existing forms of Lutheranism; thereafter it was to receive fresh impetus from various sources.

As usual among non-Catholics, it was not long before the "movement" separated into different currents. Among the scientific theologians, the foremost representative and the first to avail himself of the Hegelian terminology in the interest of Christian dogma, was H. L. Martensen, who died in 1884, having for the greater part of his long and industrious life enjoyed the highest ecclesiastical dignity in his country's gift, as Bishop of Seeland. Among the numerous and ponderous works which he has left, his *Dogmatics* and *Ethics* still possess a measure of popularity in Denmark and in Germany. Martensen is more orthodox than most of his German contemporaries; his style is eloquent, often poetically modelled, and, indeed, certain parts of his *Ethics* would make pleasant reading for Catholics were it not for the author's bitter tone whenever he touches upon the history or the tenets of the Catholic Church. In this feature he reminds the reader of those fierce anti-Catholic fanatics of the sixteenth century; the very words "Catholic," "Pope," "Council," etc., are quite sufficient to deprive him of his self-control, and as it is the nature of such fits of passion to grow more frequent and violent from over-indulgence, so we find him, in one of his last works, speak-

ing of the Holy Father in language which we should not expect from any clergyman; indeed, one of his fellow-bishops, Monrad, considered it his duty publicly to condemn his colleague's language as unjustifiable and unseemly.

Though Martensen's influence was powerful both with the Lutheran clergy and the educated laity, yet his elaborate and speculative method had nothing about it that could appeal to the sympathies of the masses. It was precisely from this point of view that his greatest adversary, N. F. S. Grundtvig, may be said to have succeeded. In the latter's doctrinal efforts there is what seems a queer enough mixture of Puseyism with something like muscular Christianity. On the one hand, he points to the necessity of clinging to the idea of "the church"; this word comes into use every other line, while he tries to prove that Roman Catholics, Lutherans, and Anglicans (the Greek and Calvinistic communions he rejects on formal grounds) are all members of one and the same spiritual body; but, on the other hand, he does not appear to be very particular about dogmas, seeming to find the essential note of Christianity in a certain light-hearted confidence in God's loving-kindness. His ideal religious character is largely to be attained by living much in the open air, giving plenty of time for athletics and innocent merry-making, together with a patriotic devotion to the study of old Danish mythology and folk-lore. His adherents were generally called Grundtvigians, or the Merry Christians. Their and their master's published writings abound in contradictory arguments and vague, unintelligible utterances; only once in a while, in Grundtvig's own works, especially in his powerful hymns, glimpses of true genius will gleam through the wordy vapor like rays of sunshine on a foggy morning.

Certainly no one denies that Grundtvig and his disciples have done a great deal for the enlightenment of Denmark; great numbers of the farmers and peasants, who actually make up the majority of the population, continue to swear by his teachings and yearly attend the so-called high-schools or summer-schools, erected by Grundtvigian teachers the country over, where young men and women are instructed in history, literature, folk-lore, and kindred studies.

However, both the Martensians and the Grundtvigians greatly over-estimated the value of the systems they respectively accepted from these new leaders of Danish Protestantism, and there was one man, at least, who ventured to tell them to their faces that such makeshifts had pitifully little to do with real religion, at the

same time putting before them a type of Christian conduct so high as to remind one of the noblest teachings of Catholic asceticism. This man was Soeren Kierkegaard, the only great philosopher that this little land, whose roll of honor can show so many poets, composers, painters, and sculptors, has ever produced. According to Kierkegaard, the essence of Christianity is self-humiliation, self-abnegation and suffering for Christ's sake—*passio Christiana*. And of this he finds nothing in contemporary Danish Protestantism. He despises and derides any attempt to compromise with modern thought and manners. One of his works bears the significant title, *Either—Or!* For him there is not, as for so many so-called Christians, any *Both—And*, any both serving of Christ and of the world. Over and beyond the depth of thought and masculine strength which distinguishes his works, Kierkegaard's prose style is unsurpassed for qualities of passion and grandeur, intermingled with merciless sarcasm. Grundtvig he derided as "a singing fun-maker and bellowing blacksmith," while the whole weight of his crushing satire was levelled at the segment of the Lutheran state-church, represented by Martensen and his friend and predecessor, Bishop Mynster. In his eyes both these dignitaries were but nicely educated and faultlessly dressed gentlemen who understood only too well how to adapt their Christianity to the demands of a shallow and wanton society. Such teachers Kierkegaard considers little better than the dancing and fencing masters who alter their styles to suit the tastes of wealthy young patrons. When he is once launched upon this great evil his always incisive prose waxes wonderfully strong and passionate—indeed, to a degree that no Catholic would think of imitating.

His writings undoubtedly created sensations in their day; but it would not be true to say that they made any very lasting impression upon the easy-going Danes, who were never yet given to philosophical speculations. Accordingly Kierkegaard had his season of success; but a fleeting season it was, to be sure.

II.

In 1864 Denmark became involved in a new war, which resulted in the seizure of Schleswig and Holstein by Prussia and Austria. This great blow to national integrity and sentiment, so unexpected and so unprepared for, shattered many of the Danes' fondest illusions, religious as well as political. One well-known Grundtvigian minister strove to console the people by telling them that "God cannot do without little Denmark," but such

specious phrases could not comfort his sad-hearted countrymen, and in the gloom of disaster many minds began to meditate more seriously than had been their wont. Some few returned to the study of Kierkegaard's philosophical works, others became rationalists and free-thinkers, while a very few found themselves drawn toward Catholicism, and finally after convincing themselves from their careful, patient study that there, and there only, was the truth, the way, and the life, these earnest seekers after light were given the grace of faith and were received into the Mother-Church.

Among these was H. Kofoed-Hansen, an author of high repute for his achievements in the different lines of theology and fiction. He had for many years occupied an important ecclesiastical position in the Lutheran Church. It was not, in fact, until 1888 that he was received into the church, albeit the logical course of his conversion can be traced back to causes more than twenty years' distant from that date.

As time went on, however, the result of that tremendous shock to Denmark's dream of national security became apparent, showing that the popular spirit had been overwhelmed, and the dull lethargy it superinduced was notably apparent in the people's indifferentism and spiritual sloth. This was the atmosphere in which they thought and wrote until some time after 1870, when, with the new influences stirring European minds, that sense of oppression seemed to be lifted from the land. That the Franco-Prussian war should end in the defeat of France came as another disappointment to blight the hopes springing up in the new era, for Denmark had not renounced the cherished dream of regaining, with the help of Napoleon III., at least the northern, Danish-speaking part of Schleswig.

Among the changes which came in with the new decade, 1870 or thereabouts, were many which declared the beginning of the political struggle between the two parties that still contend for the mastery. Originally the Democrats were for the most part peasants who sent up Grundtvigian representatives to the Parliament, and these naturally were opposed by the conservative members; but it was not long before a third party, the Socialists, entered the national arena, especially in Copenhagen, where socialistic unions were organized and a daily paper started. A young, talented, and eloquent critic, Dr. Georg Brandes, began a course of lectures on modern literatures at the University of Copenhagen, using this as a medium for the wider dissemination of his materialistic and atheistic ideas. Soon a throng of young

writers, Danish and Norwegian, with, after a time, many of their elders,* had gathered about him, and Brandes was forthwith recognized as the accredited leader of the radical wing, made up principally of Danish youths, most of them students. As will be seen, the hitherto comparatively quiet little Denmark in a short time was transformed into a microcosm of the great European nations, with all the modern destructive forces at work. Fortunately the positive tendencies had their representatives too.

Another event of the same year in which Brandes read his first lectures (1872) was the publication by its author, Count Holstein-Ledreborg, of a pamphlet with the title *Evangelical-Lutheran, a negative definition.* This young nobleman was a convert to the church, and his brochure is a witty, trenchant exposure of Martensen's and Grundtvig's fallacies. It called forth a reply from the hapless Bishop Martensen which was not of a nature to restore confidence even among his own followers. Extraordinary as it may seem, the aged primate of the national church had not taken the precaution of reading *in originali* the historical documents involved, such as the Definition of Papal Infallibility: this and other documents of similar importance he quoted from those cheap German publications in which, by the familiar devices of verbal omissions and alterations, the sense is altogether perverted. This characteristic effort of sincere partisanship was met by a masterly refutation from the pen of a talented Westphalian, the contemporary prefect-apostolic, H. Grüder. Besides ventilating Martensen's abuse of controversy and refuting his misstatements, the author's work, *The Catholic and the Protestant Principle of Faith*, is an admirable example of scientific accuracy, brightened by a vein of dry, well-sustained sarcasm. These qualities were relished even by adversaries, and as Martensen could not afford to acknowledge his misquotations, this work remains unanswered to mark the close of a brief but vigorous controversy.

Meanwhile the rapid spread of radicalism and agnosticism had aroused the conservative elements. At the appearance in book-form of Brandes' first course of lectures the author was violently attacked by the conservative press of Copenhagen. At this onslaught, the witty doctor feigned great surprise, averring that he had never had any idea that the faith of the Danes was so strong as it now pretended to be, and he was so far right, inasmuch as the opposition he met with was to be ascribed to

* Among whom was the well-known playwright Henrik Ibsen, who, though a Norwegian, has his books published in Copenhagen.

political rather than religious motives. It was clear to others besides Dr. Brandes that the conservative editors, whose scruples had never before troubled them much, were mainly incited by their plan of making the established church a bulwark against the rising tide of socialist and radical tendencies. Unquestionably, at this period, Lutheranism in Denmark was in decadence. The series of poets who had done much for literature from the beginning to about the middle of our century, and who, if not precisely devout Protestants, were yet imbued with the Christian spirit—these were either dead long before or, if still living, were old and without influence on the popular mind. With but a few noteworthy exceptions, the younger men, as has been said, followed the guidance of Brandes, and in a surprisingly short time not merely the radical sheets but even a majority of the conservative papers had literary and critical contributors, whose agnostic, yea, even nihilistic opinions were more or less openly avowed. But it was not long, either, before many of Brandes' brightest adherents became wearied of his aggressive radicalism and retired from the ranks, while still retaining their infidel notions. So that to-day we find that, although Dr. Brandes has lost his direct influence upon them—for the Danes are far too easy-going and light-hearted to accept his stern religious and moral nihilism—yet the young people are generally without any positive religious belief and Protestant orthodoxy in Denmark has not one talented or even tolerably brilliant champion in the world of letters.

Finding themselves, therefore, utterly unable to withstand the attacks of Brandes and his associates, the theologians of the university and the Lutheran clergy in general, have of late tried to give some evidence of vitality by periodical fits of frenzy anent the Church of Rome. Since 1870 there has, indeed, been a considerable increase in the number of Catholics in Denmark. As has been said, there had been some conversions before that date, and that not only among the educated, but still more among the poor and the middle classes of Copenhagen and other cities; but in the following years, up to the present date, the church can point to a record of noble achievements which is altogether creditable and encouraging. Bismarck's war waged against the church was the means of sending some of the Society of Jesus into Denmark, where in the beginning of the seventies, aided by a wealthy and benevolent lady, a convert (Mrs. Berling), they founded St. Andrea's College, with a beautiful situation some few miles outside the capital. The good Jesuit fathers

have already many happy results of their labors to boast of, if they were so minded; certainly they have some excellent scholars in their staff of teachers. Not long ago one of them, Father Peters, was awarded the gold medal offered by the University of Copenhagen for a philosophical treatise. According to the rule dissertations are sent in anonymously, and the astonishment of the two professors of philosophy may be fancied when they found that the prize-winner was a Jesuit. Another of the fathers at St. Andrea's, the late Rev. W. Plenkers, was a distinguished historian and a valued contributor to Danish and German scientific reviews. His biography of Nicolaus Steno is a work of pro found research and admirable impartiality.

But besides their work at the college these fathers have been active in many other quarters. Father Sträter, a most energetic missionary, collected a Catholic congregation in Aarhus, the second largest city in the kingdom; this was in the seventies. Before the arrival of this zealous priest there was not one Catholic in Aarhus where to-day the faithful, numbering several hundred, assemble in their beautiful Gothic edifice, consecrated in 1880 by the famous Swiss bishop Mermillod. While Father Sträter was in Denmark—he is no longer stationed there—his striking personality and winning manners made him a general favorite, while his unaffected manners and sincere character were peculiarly fortunate traits for the missionary in his field; for the Danes are quick to detect and ridicule any affectation of dignity or sweetness. Furthermore, the good religious was something more than an amateur in architecture, and his skill is evidenced by the admirable buildings he erected in different parts of the country.

From time to time the Danish public still hear of striking conversions among their most prominent personages. For instance, there is the present Danish minister to Paris, Count Moltke-Huitfeldt, a nobleman in any and every sense of the word; another is the Baroness Rosenoern, a woman honorably known in the world for her intelligent interest in all charitable affairs, as well as for her personal accomplishments. Only a few years ago, Prince Valdemar, the youngest son of the Danish sovereign and a brother of the Empress of Russia and of the King of Greece, as well as of the Princess of Wales, took for his wife a Catholic princess, Marie of Orleans. All this and more than this has been quite enough to make the Copenhagen professors of theology lose their temper, and, growing daily more hopelessly exasperated, their attacks have increased proportionately in violence. Thus, for the last three years there have been

broadsides of pamphlets and leading articles directed against "Papists" and "Jesuits." The princess or the high-born converts are sheltered by their positions, but no indirect way of poisoning the public mind against all Catholics is neglected. Such ammunition as they possess is so cheap that it is safe to prophesy that the war will last as long as there are men capable of using such contemptible weapons.

As a significant illustration of the methods of these men an incident of recent date may be in point here. The parish of St. Ansgar can claim the oldest Catholic church in Copenhagen; it was built in 1842 as a private chapel for the Austrian embassy and enlarged later on. The prefect-apostolic makes the rectory of St. Ansgar his residence. There are besides this but a few little chapels in the capital, and the Catholics are in sore need of a new and larger building. It so happened that a fervent German convert, who knew something of the church's struggles against great odds, about three years ago started a subscription among his countrymen in the Tyrol. This collection came under the notice of a German Protestant authority, who forwarded it to one of his faithful friends in Denmark; forthwith the latter, a Lutheran minister, rushed into print with his prize, commenting with something like fierce triumph on the modest prospectus. Its charitable author had really but related one or two facts out of the Danes' religious records; the statement which our dominie saw fit to combat with so much heat was that when, in the sixteenth century, King Christian III. imprisoned the Catholic bishops, seized all church property and abolished Catholic worship, his immediate object in so doing was his pressing need of money wherewith to carry on a war in which he was just then engaged. The attention at once given to this and kindred points of history irritated the Lutheran patriots to a pitch of indignation almost incredible, and for weeks their organs fairly groaned under the columns of evangelical wrath—though evincing little of gospel spirit withal—and the mention of King Christian's motive was denounced as infamous. But the anti-climax came with the publication of an open letter from one of their own scholars and best historians, a son of their great Grundtvig, wherein he says frankly that to dispute such patent facts of history is far from creditable to the learning of Danish theologians: now the original documents, which state the reformer king's motives quite explicitly enough, had been published some years previous by Mr. Grundtvig himself.

This same controversy called forth a series of articles in an-

swer to other such attacks upon the church from the pen of the Rev. B. Hansen, D.D., secretary to the prefect-apostolic. These essays proved that in Dr. Hansen the church possessess a polemical writer of erudition and dexterity; they were first published in a prominent conservative daily of Copenhagen; this and other tokens of liberality going to show a notable spirit of fairness on the part of the press. Many other articles from both sides continued to appear, proving that the public interest had been thoroughly awakened. Another token of a better spirit occurred only the other day, on the occasion of the christening of certain new streets by the city council of Copenhagen. It appears that the residents of one of these thoroughfares were almost all Catholics, who petitioned that their street might bear the name of Nicolaus Steno. Inasmuch as besides building upon the property they had erected a pretty Gothic school-house with other improvements, and since it was customary in such cases to consult the wishes of the landowners, their request seemed modest enough; nevertheless it called forth a loud outcry against perpetuating the name of any Catholic, even a convert and one of their best-known countrymen. Let it be recorded to the honor of the Protestant majority in the council that they refused to listen to the fanatics' clamor, and the little street was graciously allowed to take the name of a world-famous Dane.

But the liberal spirit is not beyond the reach of such sectarian attacks even yet, and the Lutheran ministers are no less active than of old. Denmark is not without its representatives of the Justin Fulton variety; one of them, Schepelern by name, can fairly rival anything that Germany has produced in the line of unclean and nauseous pamphleteers. It would really seem that these publications, with sundry denunciations from the pulpit and rostrum, make up the only weapons of the Lutheran shepherds, who are so fearful of Catholic wolves finding their entrance within their fold. The "Horrors of the Inquisition," "Jesuit Crimes," with all the well-worn stock of penny dreadfuls, are punctually exhibited, and cultured congregations still seem to enjoy hearing the early ages of Christianity accused of every crime, while the institution which, humanly speaking, civilized Europe, including Denmark, raising the moral and intellectual standard to an extent never dreamed of by Jew and pagan—this fair creation of the divine Wisdom, the Catholic Church, is tried, convicted, spit upon, and scourged with unabated fervor by those who bear the name of Christian. Yet she lives, for they may not serve her as of old they served her divine Founder.

It would seem that this fashion in Protestant polemics had displayed its culminating extravagance with the production (1889) upon the stage of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen of a play entitled "Brother Rus." The importance of this "social event" will be duly appreciated when it is stated that the author of the "comedy" was a young theologian who had but recently graduated with all honors from the university; but when this burlesque is studied, one knows not how to characterize the mad partisanship which got this thing a presentation upon any decent stage, to say nothing of the royal playhouse, supported by the state. Brother Rus is no less a personage than the devil, *incog.*, who as a monk enters a Danish monastery in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Herein both the monks and their abbot are, as we might expect, already so vicious and hypocritical that the devil finds it easy enough to allure them into nameless abominations, such as could not be repeated here; let it suffice to say that a ballad is sung which alludes to St. Elizabeth as a sly wanton, while in another scene the drunken abbot begins to pronounce the baptismal form as he tries to pour water on the head of Brother Rus. Abbot and monks alike totter through the play, clad in the sacred vestments, only bent on dissipation. One young monk there is, however, over whom Brother Rus has no power. This single just soul, you might imagine, is trying to lead a saintly life, with, perhaps, Protestant aspirations forshadowing the happy Reformation to come; this simply for contrast, for scenic effect. But no, the unconscious satire strikes a note that is truer to actual history; for the virtuous Brother Kay runs away from the monastery, and, *sans* priest or minister, contracts a "sacred union," or free marriage rather, with a sixteenth century maiden who declaims upon the rights of nature and kindred topics as eloquently as if she wrote for our *North American Review*. The moral seems to be that the ancient immoralities of the Catholic ages are vulgar and degrading, but that our newer styles of modern licentiousness have an intrinsic loveliness born of subtle lies and soothing nastiness.

The really serious aspect of the thing is in the fact that it was so generally approved of. Incredible as it may seem, even the conservative press swelled the chorus of praises which greeted "the young playwright and his delightful work." Indeed, *Politiken*, the radical organ of Dr. Brandes, was the only one to condemn the play upon purely æsthetic considerations; however hostile to Catholic truth this paper may be, its reputation for independent and trenchant criticism on literary and dramatic affairs

has been justly acquired. The Catholics were content to let the unsavory business pass with only a dignified protest from their little weekly journal.

III.

The intellectual development of Denmark has been considered thus at length in order to make it evident that the church, in its dealings with this little country, must needs continue to exercise great patience, while great confidence and hope are largely justified by the present state of affairs. What Eduard von Hartmann calls the inward disintegration, the self-dissolution, of Christianity (*Die Selbstzersetzung des Christenthums*), which is indeed but the dissolving by natural processes of Protestantism, this phenomenon is nowhere more plainly discernible than in the land of St. Ansgar and Absalon*, of St. Canute and Nicolaus Steno. The old order has sustained no violent changes, no storms of revolutionary passion have convulsed the moribund body politic; but though the new society wears a self-complacent smile, the seeds of disease are consuming its life, noiselessly but inevitably. One happy result, however, of this logic-development of heresy is the better understanding of the tendencies of our times. In other words, greater clearness, and to the eye cleansed and purified by faith, to those who would walk the path of righteousness, clearness means Catholicism.

Soon, we may hope, all the old fog, unfair and ambiguous talk and double-dealing, will be swept away, and in the sharp, merciless daylight no one will be left in uncertainty as to the whereabouts of those two great features in our voyage—the Abyss and the Rock.

At present, modern indifferentism with the remnants of old prejudice are too widespread to admit of many conversions in the near future. But the conquests already made by the few soldiers of the cross show that there is hope of arousing the Danes from their spiritual lethargy. Of one thing we may be sure: Lutheranism, as a living factor in the national existence, is no more. The thinking men of Denmark acknowledge freely that as a moral and educational power it has signally failed, where it had the amplest opportunities to exercise unrestricted sway. Denmark is one of the very few European countries where Protestantism has remained for three centuries sole and undisputed possessor of the whole field, without the slightest trace of antagonism and without

* A great Danish bishop, the founder of Copenhagen, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

interference. As a result of this *regime* we find that to-day Denmark is in the foremost rank as regards the percentage of suicides, illegitimate births, and drunkenness; in the proportion of suicides, indeed, she tops the official figures for any other European country. For further information as to the moral decadence of this northern country the student can refer to the work of a well-known Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. Hafstroem, who in 1889 published the results of his patient researches in this branch of science.* His book was a revelation to the optimistic Protestants. Moral purity, he tells them, is well-nigh unknown in many sections, as well among the women as among the men. Even this wretched state of things seems worse to us when we learn from Mr. Hafstroem that many of the most zealous church-goers give open example of a corruption which makes Mormondom seem pure by comparison. This writer has consulted the highest authorities, ministers, physicians, lawyers, the country over, and so far as is known his strictures excited no serious contradiction from any source.

There is, then, in Denmark, a wide field for Catholic missions. And already, though wofully poor, they have brought forth great fruits from their labors. The present prefect-apostolic, Monsignor I. von Euch, a Westphalian nobleman of impressive personality, great learning, and winning manners, has consecrated during these late years several churches in the different cities. Besides building a hospital, he brought to Denmark in 1888 the good Brothers of the Christian Schools, who are about to build a school for orphan boys in Copenhagen. Monsignor von Euch is a man who commands the respect of his strongest adversaries; his wise and moderate policy will doubtless prove most effective in the long run.

When Bishop Mermillod was in Denmark, a few years ago, in a brilliant and fervent sermon he alluded to the national flag of Denmark, a white cross in a red ground: "Long since Cæsar cried out to the sailors: 'Fear not, you carry Cæsar and his fortune!' So Christ, the bishop exclaimed, is crying out to the Danish people: 'Fear not, you carry the cross, you carry Me and My fortune!'"

Thus the hope is still nourished in Catholic hearts that a day will come when the Danes will realize that only under the cross of Christ can be found the way, the truth, and the life.

* *Om Saedelighedstilstanden i Danmark.* Kioebenhavn, 1889.

A. T.

Copenhagen.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

ENGLAND is probably the only country in the world where such an institution as the Salvation Army could be developed. And its success in other countries besides England is due to the fact that it is English. All the world knows the eccentricities of the English, so far as their infinitely varying Protestantism is concerned; so that all the world looks on a new religion from England as it looks on a new toilet-fashion from Paris, or on a new opera-song from Venice or Milan. England is the mother-country of "religiosities." And as England happens to be powerful and world-wide, other countries receive her missionaries with politeness, while they smile at the curiosities of their teaching. In England itself the Salvation Army "holds its own," for three reasons which are all good in their way: first, because it has as much right to exist as any other of the one hundred and twenty Protestant sects; next, because it probably does quite as much good as any of its rivals in ranting or revivalism; and thirdly, because it is so noisy and demonstrative that it is quite as diverting as instructive. When it first began to shout and beat the drum, people thought that its career would be brief; but after a few years of trial it took its place as an established fact, and a fact that might not be prejudicial. Besides, the English soon recognized that there was a warmth about its proceedings which contrasted, not unfavorably, with Church of Englandism. "These people at least seem to be in earnest," said the casual looker-on in the public streets; "at all events they do not go to sleep over their religion; they may combine a vast amount of sheer hypocrisy and cant with their aggressive and indeed offensive campaigning; still, the country wants rousing, and if the Church of England cannot rouse it, well, we must put up with this latest bubble of sectarianism." Such was the sort of comment which might be heard twenty years ago, before the country had grown habituated to the new militarism. The Salvation Army is now too old to excite comment. Its itinerancy, its uniforms, are matters of course. Its combativeness, though chiefly admired as being amusing, has come to be recognized as a normal feature in street life. No one now sneers, scoffs, or laughs; people say, "Oh! it's only the Salvation Army."

Now let us admire all the real good in this institution; and

a certain amount of real good there is in it. We need not discuss the material, charitable work it does, because such philanthropy is perhaps common to all the sects. It is as a religious organization we would speak of it. And religiously it has got hold of a right idea. The idea may be travestied, but it is a right one. Some people are too much given to obscuring their sense of what is valuable by indulging their keen perception of what is absurd; and in this spirit they will not allow that the Army can be commended, since its proceedings are quite as grotesque as they are salutary. Yet we would say in its justification that the idea of "out-door preaching" is, in itself, thoroughly Christian, thoroughly Catholic. We all know that the crusading or martial spirit was the spirit of the old preaching orders of the middle ages; and that even in earlier centuries the crozier was as a sword, which was used in a soldierly sense by saintly bishops. Catholics, therefore, can recognize that there is a "right idea" in this new Army, in regard to going out into the highways and byways, and seeking to compel sinners to save their souls. No amount of travesty of either doctrine or practice can make us blind to this one merit of the sect. And if we consider the special plea of the Salvation Army—which we know to be reaching the numerous classes of the population who would *not* be reached by decorous Church-of-Englandism—we must admit that the Army is justified in its Apology: "We go into the streets to preach to sinners, because sinners will not go to church or chapel. You, Church of England people, ring the bells of your churches, and you think that *that* is your all-sufficient invitation; we, salvationists, know that the masses of the towns-people care no more for your church-bells than for your Form of Prayer; and so we march through the thoroughfares, and say, 'If you won't go to a House of Prayer, come and listen to our warm talk about religion.'" We admit at once, the Salvationists are right. Within the compass of their singularly meagre "theology" they do the right thing in a painfully equivocal way; not necessarily from perverseness of spiritual vanity, but only because they do not know better.

Before we speak of the details of Salvationist bathos (and we regret that there is an immense deal to be reprehended in this fictitious system of apeing a divine commission) let us add that street-preaching, as a principle, has been approved in all Catholic countries. The only question is, What do we mean by street-preaching? It is obvious that there are many kinds of out-door preaching besides the "holding forth" in public thoroughfares.

Whatever tends to the manifestation of religion is, in real sense, a preaching to the public. For example, in Catholic countries, when the oppressive influence of the government is not used in overt hostility to Catholicism, the "processions of the Blessed Sacrament," the processions on any feast day, or even the processions which may ordinarily accompany a funeral, are didactic of some of the truths of Christianity. In Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, it has always been the custom to "preach" Christianity by demonstration; and though "street-preaching," in the modern sense, would have been utterly uncalled-for, utterly superfluous, in all thoroughly Catholic towns or country places—because all the inhabitants would go to church as a matter of course—it has been approved and has been practised in some Catholic neighborhoods, where an admixture of free-thinking made it desirable. (The present writer well remembers witnessing such preaching a quarter of a century ago in some of the provincial towns of France; and it was marvellous to see with what respect the free-thinkers listened to what they knew to be the voice of authority.) Again, it must be remembered that, in all thoroughly Catholic countries, the signs and symbols of the Catholic faith are to be seen everywhere; crosses, images, way-side shrines "preaching" to every passer-by with an eloquence not less penetrating because mute. In Protestant countries the pagan coldness of the public thoroughfares, in respect of their not witnessing to Christianity, is as unnatural, as revolting to the Catholic conscience as the out-door confession in Catholic countries is congenial. If you see a Madonna, with a lighted lamp, over a cottage-door, what is this but a "street-preaching" of a moving kind? If, when you are entering the harbor of Boulogne—straight from the chilling worldliness of Protestant countries—you see the vast crucifix as the *first* object, what is this but to tell you that the heart of France is still Catholic, and that you are expected to raise your hat in reverence? If the peasant in a Spanish village bends his knee when he hears the tinkling of the little bell close at hand, and so knows that "His Majesty is coming" (a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person), what is this but the recognition of the principle of public preaching, not necessarily by word of mouth but by demonstration? Thus we have the admittedly Catholic practice of out-door didactic sermoning, whether by processions, by symbols, by tinkling bells, or even by the statutory holydays of obligation. For remember that the recognition of priestly authority is the overt acceptance of the teaching of that authority; Catholics, unlike Protestants, know-

ing the doctrines of their faith, and confessing them by their homage to their teachers. And this reflection leads to the corollary that, in thoroughly Catholic countries, street-preaching, in the modern sense, is quite unnecessary; while in such countries as are much disturbed by modern free-thinking, there is every reason why street-preaching should be practised. *A fortiori* there is more reason why in Protestant countries Catholic street-preaching should be looked upon with favor. The present writer has witnessed in London some tentative but successful efforts in this direction. An early hour of Sunday morning was prudently chosen, so as to avoid the risk of inebriate interruption. Profoundly respectful was the attitude of all the listeners. Nor is there any reason to apprehend that in London, or in Liverpool, or in any of the densely populated English towns, out-door Catholic preaching would result in unseemly conflict, or would expose the preachers to discourteous retaliation. If it did so there would be no serious harm done. Prudence is a virtue, but it is not all the virtues. As some one has well put it: "The journey of life is not made in a train which carries three hundred brakemen and three passengers; three brakemen for three hundred passengers would be better, sufficient prudence being more salutary than too much of it." We must not be always thinking of what *might* happen. Had the martial preachers of the middle ages been so hyper-prudent their converts would have been restored by writs. Speaking of England, it may be observed that "the masses" can always distinguish between "preaching" and "ranting"; and if one person in a crowd behaves badly when a sensible man states his opinions with gravity, he is soon brought to book by the majority. It is only the twaddlers who risk the indignity of interruption. An English crowd—not, of course, late in the evenings, when the public houses have somewhat demented their ardent clients—always listens with its true instinct, if not with its honest conscience, to the addresses of sensible and educated men.

So that, just as the principle of out-door preaching is consistent with Catholic precedent, so can it be adapted to the modern needs of the Protestant masses, and this, too, without the hazard of any unseemliness. When we have got so far as this, we have only the task of drawing the distinction between the right ways and the wrong ways of street-preaching. Granted that the right way is that properly appointed Catholic preachers should prudently choose the best times and the best places, we have only to regret that such a fine field of labor should be usurped by the incompetent and the superficial. In the brief

space that is left to us—for we might write a long essay on the subject—let us summarize the five principal objections to the doubtless well-meant aspirations of General Booth. In doing this we shall best show how properly organized Catholic preaching would fill the vacuum which is created by Protestant ranting.

(1) Coarseness of style; (2) morbid emotionalism; (3) the encouragement of spiritual pride; (4) the total absence of Christian doctrines; and (5) the affectation of creating a new Catholic Church minus every essential of its constitution, are the five principal objections to that fictitious, missionary body which General Booth has successfully evolved out of nothing. We would speak respectfully, but it is also necessary to speak frankly.

Now (1) as to coarseness of style, we have to remember, apologetically, that the Salvationists do not teach, do not believe in the governmental system of the Catholic Church; they have no altar, no priesthood, no mysteries; they may be said, indeed, to have no creeds and no formularies; nay, they have not so much even as a doctrinal catechism. Consequently, their religion, being utterly shorn of the supernatural—save in the sense of what is called "believing in Christ"—there is no reason why they should be reverend or grave; why they should be fearful in their mention of (natural) truths, or shy of using conventionalisms in their talk. Thus, much must be said in the way of apology for that "coarseness," which is really not ill adapted to such ends as are held in view, of which the chief is the converting a wild man into a decent one.

(2) As to 'emotionalism"—which must be distinguished from Christian sentiment, a very beautiful and very fruit-bearing disposition—it is obvious that a religion which is spasmodic; which is like mercury when exposed to rapid changes; which does *not* rest on the basis of Catholic truth, but is rather sensuous than serene and intellectual; is a mood of the temperament which has no substantive character, and is not unlike "religious intoxication." For example, we take up the *War Cry* and we read column after column of such gratifying announcements as "eight souls saved," "twelve souls saved," "six souls saved"; yet, curiously, the two graces which, in the Catholic apprehension, would be inseparable from the idea of a true conversion, namely, sorrow for sin, and humility, are not insisted on by the missionaries, and are not cherished by the new converts—indeed, are scarcely so much as alluded to. A penitent seems to jump straight out of his moral inequalities into the ripened fitness for a preacher, if not a teacher. He is commanded to proclaim his "emotion" as a "conversion."

And this leads us to our third point, the encouragement of spiritual pride, which is a serious, indeed a markedly pernicious evil.

(3) A convert may have been ignorant of even the natural proprieties when he accidentally strolled into a Salvationist hall; but he issued forth two hours later an exemplar of that Christian spirit which eager audiences acclaim as quite typical. Now this is, of course, exciting, and perhaps interesting, but what it means is complacency, not conversion. So that when the new "saved one" immediately gets into the "Salvation Lift" (the slang, perhaps, is excused by the fatuity), and is urged by his spiritual captain to become a "boomer" (here again we recognize appropriate language), we feel naturally inclined to suggest a little modesty, a little shrinking from the applause of the young women; in short, we should say to such a convert, "Don't be conceited and silly, but learn your catechism, and prepare to go to confession." But then, as we have said, when the conversion is all emotion, consequent on the tickling of the natural ears, it is only consistent that the emotion should be "passed on," and "preached upon" as a moving text to the emotionable. Thus spiritual vanity takes the place of all reality; in short, conceit is the main gospel of the penitent.

(4) But here we have to remember that the penitent has a good apology, in the fact that there is no Christian doctrine to be learned. The captain and the lieutenants of the Salvation Army call for no assent to Christian doctrine; they would no more think of making allusion to confession, to holy Communion, or even to baptism, than to the obligation of being in communion with the Holy See. Their whole gospel is a whirl of natural excitement, with a determination to keep the mercury up to summer heat; and consequently there is no room for Christian dogma, any more than for quiet repentance and humility; indeed, such weaknesses would unfit the soldier for boisterous work. "Blood and fire" are not favorable to meditation; and the Army is theatrically fond of blood and fire. Thus we read in the *War Cry* that "an Irishman, unregenerated, is an enthusiastic politician; as a Salvationist, he is a blood-and-fire soldier." We can well imagine the sect of the Irishman so referred to; especially when we read afterwards that the high authorities of Queen Victoria Street "decided to send a handful of Hallelujah Lasses to invade Ireland and win it for their Christ." Such pitiful twaddle fully explains why Christian doctrine is of no account with the apostles of emotionalism. Christian doctrines would oust

egotism from the "converted" soul; and egotism is the backbone doctrine of the Salvationists.

(5) Now we come to our last point: the affectation of creating a new Catholic Church, minus every essential of its institution. It is not generally known that the Army affects to be a church, while it affects also to be non-ecclesiastical. The inconsistency is got over in this way: the Army teaches no doctrines; but the Army is an autocratic institution, under the headship of its sovereign pontiff, General Booth, and under the *doctrinal* infallibility of his teaching. But we have just said there are no doctrines. Exactly: we shall see directly how this works, and works sternly. The Army is, in itself, a Catholic Church; so that within it is all truth and all salvation. We take this fact from the publications of the "War Office," as authorized by the supreme pontiff, General Booth. "If," says one of the hand-books, "by organization is intended that discipline or uniform obedience of all officers and soldiers which secures uniform action, then we think that the Army is organized beyond most other bodies of Christians. . . . From one central head (General Booth) its authority reaches through varied grades of office, controlling and directing all." Here then we have a pure religious autocracy. But, as we have stated, the autocracy extends over the doctrine quite as fully as it does over the discipline. "In doctrine," says the same authority, "the Army has ever been absolutely one. There has never yet been any sign of possible divergence. The entire abstinence from any unimportant questions, and the entire concentration of thought and teaching upon the few essentials of saving faith, leave the enemy no chance of sowing dissension successfully." In other words, "We banish all doctrines from the Army, leaving the fact only of Redemption to take their place, and we thus arrive at a spiritual unity of belief by a dozen or two of the heresies of unbelief." A very original idea of a Protestant church! No such system has ever been wrought to such perfection. All sects, up to the birth of the Salvation Army, had been started with the avowed purpose of maintaining one or more doctrines; whose "importance" was thought so great as to fully justify the sin of schism, or rather so great as to render schism a virtue. The "entire abstinence from any unimportant questions" (including baptism, holy Communion, and "all that teaching of the Bible which is merely theoretical, speculative, and controversial"), is the new invention of this so-called Salvation Army; which is a sort of mock little Catholic Church, united in negations, and professing only what it is impossible to deny.

Enough. We need not wind up with any reflections which are not suggested by this brief paper—unless perhaps we venture to add just these two, which we would beg the Army to consider at their leisure: First, to teach the multitudes that all Christian doctrines are "speculative"; that the whole compass of revelation goes for nothing, save in regard to the historic fact of man's redemption; that no Christian need be baptized, need receive any sacrament, need adopt any rule of faith save General Booth's (which is simply, "Be sure that you are saved because you fancy it, and do not trust to anything but your sentimentality"), is a curious compound of almost infinite heresy with the assumption of personal perfectness or sanctification. In connection with this point, we would remark that, as to infallibility, no Roman pontiff ever approached to General Booth in the claim to define the teachings of Revelation. No Roman pontiff ever proclaimed a Christian verity, unless it was certain that the Christian Church had always believed it. General Booth proclaims *all* doctrines to be "unimportant," because all Christians have been perpetually occupied with their importance. So that the infallibility of General Booth must be taken for granted in the whole sweep of his negations of Christian doctrines; no doctrines being important, because General Booth says so, and the Salvation Army—on the same infallible authority—being the ark of perfect safety as of all truth. And, secondly, we would suggest to the Salvation Army, that the Christian religion is a deep (divine) philosophy, not a childish and emotional tickling of the sentiment; and that in the Army there is nothing to fall back upon but natural feelings—the most delusive and the most purely human of tribunals. Backbone—there can be none in such a religion. The intellect is completely swamped in sensibility. The Army must be able to realize this every day, by their observation that their preachers are obliged to humor expectant audiences with graphic and piquant stories and similitudes; appealing always to the warmly-kindled imagination, not to the still, anxious depths of the conscience. The Catholic religion is the pure science of the soul, using sentiment only as the hand maid of the intellect. "Salvationism" is the morbid excitement of the sentiment, and leaves intellect to be wholly employed in worldly affairs. This is an inversion of the relations of the church and the world; and it accounts for the vapid twaddle of Salvationism. A lot of young men shouting out in the streets, "Come to Heaven," and thus puffing themselves up with spiritual conceit, would indeed be a disgusting spectacle to the Catholic were it not known to be the

hysterics of amiability. We do not blame the young men, we blame their pontiff and their directors, who ought to teach them that to degrade religion to buffoonery is to mock both the Creator and the creature; and that the divine philosophy of the Incarnation is as much above pious twaddle as the Catholic Church is above the Salvation Army. A nurse coddling a man of mature years would be a similitude of the pranks of the Salvation Army, when its boys and girls vex the spirits of grave persons by their levity and spiritual complacency.

A. F. MARSHALL.

FAME, THE ENCHANTRESS.

As wanton bird that hastens to the fowler's snare,
As sportive hart to panther's lair,
She lured him with her love-deep eyes,
With languid sighs,
Ambrosial smile,
And step and grace luxuriant—while
Were rapt his senses in a trance.

He saw her watch with passion's glance
A red cup in a cloud of gold;
And then he saw the cloud unfold
Before her reach; she kissed the cup
With amorous lips and feigned to sup—

Then offered it; delirious he drank:
With death in every vein, he sank
In swoon ecstatic on the ground,
A slave with ears brimmed deep in sensuous sound.

HENRY EDWARD O'KEEFE.

MRS. SIMPKINS' BALL.*

"LAWS! child, you an't never goin' to wear that disrespectful thing, an' the beautiful dress I got you!" cried Mrs. Simpkins.

"That robe is not respectful, *tia*," faltered her niece, Claudina Rusk, as she took up a fold of a frock carefully spread out on the bed. She has no idea that the epithet applied to the frock should be "respectable," not "respectful." Her aunt, who has unconsciously coached her in the misuse of the English language, her authority for the last. She was rosy and beautiful of a beauty subordinate to a spirituality that usually showed itself in the contented peace of her face, that gave a subtly delicious charm to her every gesture. To be in her presence was like being in a garden of white roses. Perhaps much of this contented peace is due to Claudina's having had a great trouble. A man she was to have married, one she loved very much, had jilted her in so shameless a manner as almost to break her heart. To quote Mrs. Simpkins: "She jest drooped and drooped; she didn't complain; she an't one uv thet sort; but all I could do wouldn't bring a smile t' her face, though she tried hard t'. Ev'ry whipstitch she was off t' th' church, an' I mus' say thet did her a heap uv good, fur one day I notice' she look' a bit chipper, an' little by little she was more like the gel she was when I fust come out t' Santa Fee; an' then uv a sudden one day she comes and cuddles me an' says en her Spanitch an' English all mixed, thet she hes been a undutiful gel an' been a trouble t' me, an' thet she warn't goin' t' be so no more, an' a mess uv stuff, tell I shut her up, fur uv all the dutiful gels I ever come acrost, Claudiner's the dutifullest." Claudina, nevertheless, or rather Claudina's disappointment, had been a source of much trouble to Mrs. Simpkins. She loved her niece dearly, as may be evidenced by the fact that having come from St. Louis to Santa Fé for a few months' stay she had lengthened her visit for Claudina's sake to a year and a half; "An' a beautiful house a-spoilin' en Sanc Louis for want of occipation," the good lady, at times, would wail to herself. Now, however, in a few days she would be on her way home—Claudina her companion; but

*This story, though complete in itself, is a sequel to "Mrs. Simpkins' Instincts," published in the September, 1888, number of this magazine.—EDITOR.

before she left Santa Fé Mrs. Simpkins was to give a ball, Claudina's ball-dress being the subject of the present conversation.

"Not respectful! What hes th' gel got ento her head *now?*" cried Mrs. Simpkins, throwing back her cap-strings with her two pudgy hands

"Eet has no body," Claudina stammered.

"Oh! et an't no fit; es thet it?" inquired Mrs. Simpkins, somewhat mollified.

"Eet is so little," again stammered Claudina in her endeavor to make herself understood.

"Then you'll hev t' wear cossets fur once; with cossets et won't be too little; but when a gel pessists en havin' ne wais', any sort uv dress ed be too *leetle*," sniffed Mrs. Simpkins.

"You no understand, *tia mia;* the robe it have no body at all—at all," said Claudina, emphasizing her explanation.

"Th' Lord be prais'!" ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins, proceeding to ask, a spice of asperity in the tone of her voice, at the same time taking up a shred of silk, not roughly but almost reverently: "An' what d' you call thes?" Claudina not replying, Mrs. Simpkins continued solemnly: "Claudina, do you know thet there dress es a *confection?*"

"I do not know what that ees, *tia*," confessed Claudina.

"Et's French fur a Parrus dress, an' et's so call' from confectionary—you know what *thet* es—because et's sweet; es one says, a sweet costoom," explained Mrs. Simpkins.

The explanation was lost on Claudina, deep in thought, Mrs. Simpkins eyeing her with a solemnity befitting the occasion. Suddenly the girl clapped her hands and cried: "I to know now, *tia;* I weel wear the robe."

"Humph!" interjected Mrs. Simpkins, an interjection that signified her niece had made no great concession. She was pleased nevertheless, that no issue had been raised to combat her authority.

At this time Santa Fé possessed a society much more exclusive, and still more limited in number, than that of the much-dollared Macallister clan—a society composed entirely of the families of the officers of the garrison stationed there. Mrs. Simpkins sweated the sweat of one who toils for a great reward to gain admittance to the parlors of the pretty cottages that formed a square, one side of which fronted on Palace street, where she had her abode. "Claudiner ought er hev company, an' es she es t' have all I die possess' uv, she hes a right t' th' bes', fur Claudiner won't be no pauper," she argued to herself, honestly believing that it was for

Claudina's sake she wished to make acquaintances. The good woman did not know whether she should leave her card at the doors of the exclusives or wait till cards were left for her. After a time, no cards having been left at her door, she concluded that she was the one, as she expressed it, "to set the steamer goin'." (Her husband in his life-time had owned many Mississippi steamboats—the cause, probably, of her strange association of ideas.) It never entered Mrs. Simpkins' head that these people wished to have nothing to do with her. Every one knew of her wealth, and she believed, experience being the author of her creed, "money will take you anywhere." Broad, gilt-edged cards bearing Mrs. Simpkins' name in copper-plate, with Claudina's written finely in a corner, were distributed to the cottages, and they brought nothing in return. Mrs. Simpkins could not understand it. She talked incessantly of the slight put on her, but beyond dutifully listening to her aunt Claudina could give no consolation. So, Mrs. Simpkins having nothing else to do, went to detail her woes to Father Mark at the cathedral.

"Why do you bother your head about these people, since they don't want to know you?" inquired Father Mark, when he had heard Mrs. Simpkins' lamentation.

"Et's not thet, father, but Claudiner—she oughter be acquainted with folks; with no company but a old woman like me she'll get to mopin', an' a reppytition uv all I've gone through es jest more'n I can bear," declared Mrs. Simpkins, mindful of Claudina's heart troubles, now happily over.

"Mrs. Simpkins, would you like to hear the truth?" asked Father Mark gravely.

"I reckon es you've somethin' t' say es I won't want t' hear," temporized Mrs. Simpkins.

"Mrs. Simpkins, you have some new dresses you want to show off," accused Father Mark.

Mrs. Simpkins gave her fat body a shake, clasped her pudgy fingers and said severely, "I an't no such a thing! An' me goin' on t' fifty!" she added in reproach.

As the ladies of the garrison would not visit her, Mrs. Simpkins went off to the hot springs of Jemez, Claudina with her. Whether the fact, which she learned from the *Santa Fé Courier*, that General Crane and his family, two majors and a captain, with their families, were at Jemez, had anything to do with her trip cannot be said positively. Whether it had or not, Mrs. Simpkins was amply recompensed for all the slights she had suffered by the adulations of the host and hostess of the hostelry at

which she put up. The best rooms were given to her and her niece. The servants were constantly in attendance on her, to the neglect, it is to be feared, of the officers' families, they not being lavish of tips. Even the bill-of-fare was made conformable to Mrs. Simpkins' tastes. This conforming to Mrs. Simpkins' ideas of what goes to make up a good dinner on one occasion came nigh ruining her host. As every one knows, the inhabitants of all countries now under, or that have been under, the dominion of the Spanish crown are dispensed from the Friday abstinence. Mrs. Simpkins did not hold to this dispensation. "Et's heathenish, an' ef a pope did give et, he oughter hev known better," she declared. Possessed of this view of the dispensation, she saw a fine opportunity on the first Friday spent in the hotel of which she was the virtual mistress, of putting down once and for all what she stigmatized as an outrage on Christianity. When, on this particular Friday, the hotel keeper received her orders that no meat was to appear on the table, he expostulated, begging the señora to consider that he had nothing to take the place of meat. To this the señora declared that if her host must have meat, she could go elsewhere. "Thanks be t' goodness, there's enough uv hotels an' hot springs, too," she threatened. As Mrs. Simpkins was worth something like twenty dollars a day to him, the host thoughtfully scratched his head and went down to the piazza, where were congregated the officers and their families, together with a certain Mexican family by the name of Valverde. (The son of this family had had the honor to be refused the hand of Claudina.) There the host, his face all smiles, made known that there was to be a grand fish dinner that day, hypocritically receiving a gush of thanks, for fish is a rarity in New Mexico. "A *rara avis*," Mrs. Major Rambo said. But when dinner was served, and the fish turned out to be salted cod and American smelts in tin boxes with lying French labels declaring them to be sardines, a storm of indignation nearly overwhelmed the host.

Before dinner Mrs. Simpkins and Claudina had gone to the piazza, and the officers' wives had spoken to Mrs. Simpkins, and their sons and daughters had been very kind and attentive to Claudina, in particular Horace Rambo, the son of a major, not to mention the young man who had been rejected, Señor Vincente Valverde. So it was that Mrs. Simpkins went to table in high good humor with herself and her neighbor, and when the storm broke she remembered that after all the church knew better when and for what to dispense than she did; con-

vinced of this, she called the host to her, ordered mutton-chops to be brought quickly, and mutton put on to roast. Her reward was great; did not she now receive affable patronage?

The stay at Jemez was a continued delight to Mrs. Simpkins, for she was now in society. Nor would her delight have been lessened had she known that she was tolerated because of Claudina. Every one liked Claudina, that was evident, and there were two young men who more than liked her, young Rambo and the rejected suitor, Vincente Valverde. "Claudiner es fascinatin', I can't deny," mused Mrs. Simpkins. "Here be two men t' marry her to-morrer ef she was thet way disposed, but I an't a-goin' t' interfere an' meddle; let Claudiner fix et herself; though, seein' how unfort'nate she was en her las', I'd jest es lief there was no quetchen uv her marryin' et all, an' of course et an't thet Valverde, an' I don't deny thet Rambo 'd be a mos' respectful marriage, an' I wouldn't allow the children t' be brought up Protestant accordin' t' th' wishes uv Mrs. Rambo." Here Mrs. Simpkins fell asleep in her chair, for this was an after-dinner meditation.

Although Rambo and Valverde had been very attentive, their attentions were received with a coldness that was something more than the natural shyness of a Mexican maid. Claudina returned with her aunt to Santa Fé without either of the young men having asked her to wed.

Before leaving Jemez, Mrs. Simpkins was warm in her invitations to the garrison families to visit her, so warm, indeed, that she did not notice that they were not reciprocated. It was different with the Valverdes, invited for Claudina's sake. The Señora Valverde, a charming gentlewoman did Mrs. Simpkins but know it, not only promised to visit Mrs. Simpkins, but entreated Mrs. Simpkins to visit her. Now that she was again in Santa Fé she found herself almost as much alone as ever. Whether Mrs. Simpkins was or was not to be ignored had been a mooted question with the mothers of the garrison. They would be delighted to make of Claudina a companion for their daughters, but they could not tolerate Mrs. Simpkins; and as it was not possible to have the niece without the aunt, both would have to be excluded from their society. So they all declared, with one exception, Mrs. Major Rambo. The Rambos were poor; it was an open secret to the exclusives that the hope of the Rambos, young Horace, was smitten with Claudina Rusk, and Miss Rusk would have a great deal of money some day. In view of this Mrs. Major Rambo stood up stoutly for Mrs. Simpkins. The

exclusives found no fault with this particular standing up; they all said they knew how it was with poor dear Horace; that as a matter of course Mrs. Rambo must receive Claudina's aunt; even promising to receive the objectionable lady themselves when Claudina became Mrs. Horace Rambo.

"Of course it will be a great thing for Miss Rusk to marry Horace; she is uncultured, but when removed from her aunt's influence she will be readily formed," said Mrs. Rambo with much dignity. Not one of the families of the five generals, including brevets; three colonels; of the any number of majors, captains, and inferior officers who commanded the army of ninety-odd men stationed at Santa Fé—indeed no one in the whole great American army—held their heads higher than the Major Rambos. It must be admitted, however, that high and mighty as the exclusives undoubtedly were, their condemnation of Mrs. Simpkins' idiosyncrasies of manner and speech was too severe. For, though the good woman had no more culture than a cow-pasture, she was wholesome and tender of heart, her heart fresh as any herbage that ever grew in field.

Mrs. Rambo did call on Mrs. Simpkins, had Mrs. Simpkins and Claudina to tea, and that was all the social intercourse with which Mrs. Simpkins was favored. It is true the Señora Valverde came to see her; but as the señora spoke in an unknown tongue, her visit was provocative of as much interest to Mrs. Simpkins as would have been a visit of the Sphinx; rather much less so, for the Sphinx would have provoked her curiosity, whereas the Valverde bored her. Horace Rambo and Vincente Valverde were constant in their visits to Claudina; their visits of little profit to her aunt, for whenever Horace Rambo came to the house Mrs. Simpkins, American fashion, left the parlor to her niece and would-be suitor. She had done the same thing when Vincente Valverde first visited Claudina, but she soon found that when she left the parlor Vincente, Spanish fashion, left too. "Es the man afraid you'll bite him?" she asked her niece, as she spluttered over with pent-up laughter.

It would have amused an American girl to hear Rambo converse with Claudina. On one occasion he made an attempt at a sentimental speech more than bordering on the champagne-and-strawberry speeches of Valbezene. It did not startle Claudina as it would have done a year before—the American girls at Jemez had partly civilized her; but she made Rambo to understand plainly that that manner of speech was distasteful to her. After that Rambo stuck to an inexhaustible subject—himself—and he

found Claudina charming because she listened to him with real or apparent attention.

It was at this time that, seeing there was no field for her in Santa Fé, Mrs. Simpkins declared her intention of returning to St. Louis. Before she left for home she would do one thing to make her departure felt. "I'll give a ball such es was never seen," she said, "t' teach them folks what their loss es en me."

Diagonally from the old palace of the governor stands, or stood, the hall in which Mrs. Simpkins gave the dance and supper that eclipsed anything of the kind the little town had ever seen. For a week beforehand the *Courier* had daily items concerning the ball—items that, it was maliciously said, were prompted by Mrs. Simpkins unloosening her purse-strings. The truth was the editor of the *Courier* was only too glad to have news (?) to print. Orders had been given the man who superintended the decorating of the hall not to spare expense, which he did not, but to make the rooms beautiful; whether he did or not is a matter of taste.

It was on the morning preceding the night of the ball that Mrs. Simpkins sat watching her niece try on her ball-dress. The *confection* had been carefully laid aside, and Claudina had resumed her house-dress, when Rosaá, a maid-servant, entered the room and handed Claudina a visiting-card. "Who es et?" asked Mrs. Simpkins. Claudina handed her the card. It would be unpleasant to state of a girl amiable as Claudina that there was an angry look on her face. It would be better to call it a look of annoyance mingled with resignation.

"Horace Rambo," read Mrs. Simpkins. "What can bring him here thes mornin'; won't he hev enough uv us thes evenin'?"

"*Tia*," faltered Claudina, "I have no wish to see him."

"You mus'," said Mrs. Simpkins, "fur et's reel kind uv them Rambos t' be so neighborly."

Claudina gave her skirt a quick twitch, drew a long breath, looked as if she were about to speak, turned about and went down to the parlor, where Rambo awaited her. If ever a young man in a faultless suit of clothes looked ill at ease that young man was Horace Rambo. He generally had a great deal to say for himself; to-day, whether it was because Claudina's manner was several degrees colder than usual, or that some trouble lay on his mind, he was at a loss. Yet he was making an unpardonably long visit; Claudina almost began to believe that he had come to spend the day. He uttered some inanity about the ball that gave Claudina an opportunity to say with more truth than

politeness, and with no grain of malice, "The *tia* and myself we make much work all these days"; at the same time she gave the clock a thoughtless glance.

"Thank you, I *am* going presently," said Horace with much stiffness.

Claudina had a book of English phrases, and one of these phrases now ran in her head, deluding her into the belief that it was the remark she should now make. "Do not let me detain you," she said, giving her hands a slight outward motion.

Rambo stared at her, amazed. To him this was downright coquetry. Was Claudina Rusk, after all, a coquette? he thought, not knowing whether to be pleased or displeased at his supposed discovery. "You'll let me detain you; I came here to-day to speak of something," he said nervously, with an attempt at a laugh, that turned to a cough that sent the blood rushing to his face, giving it an apoplectic appearance.

Claudina did not consider this a very brilliant speech, and she looked at him as much as to say that what he proposed to himself in his visit was not very original.

"Yes, but something in particular," he replied to the look. "You must know—I'm sure you understand what my coming here means"—he hesitated in his speech, then broke down completely; yet he was an adept in the finest grades of the art of flirtation. Claudina did understand. He was in love ,with her, or thought himself to be—not so great a difference as it appears to be. There had been so much of love-making in her short life that she had become inured to it, and the knowledge she possessed did not frighten her as it once would. It annoyed her though, and more than ever she disliked the customs of her aunt's people. Why did not this man speak to Mrs. Simpkins, and let that lady have the trouble of refusing him for her. Her ignorance of what the words she now spoke implied was sublime. "You had better to speak to the *tia*, the Señora Seempkins."

"Claudina, how happy you have made me!" he cried, starting forward as if to embrace her.

"Señor!"

A little abashed and a little doubtful, he said: "You love me a little, Claudina?"

Genuine surprise lit up her face. "No, not at all," she replied emphatically, without hesitation.

"But you told me—you will be my wife, Claudina?"

"No!" There was a heartiness in her negative that would have dashed the most sanguine hope.

"But you told me to speak to your aunt. Why did you tell me to go to her if you don't love me and you won't be my wife?" he asked aggrievedly.

"Eet is now no necessary—you make me to tell you. Señor, I will to wish you *buenos tardes*." It was morning when he came, it was now afternoon. Again Claudina spoke without malice; she did not reflect.

After this series of misapprehensions nothing will ever convince Rambo that Claudina is not a coquette. He rose from his chair and said hotly: "I have no doubt but that you would be delighted were I to tell you that my heart is broken, and all that sort of thing. It is not, I assure you."

Claudina looked puzzled, considered; being enlightened, let a shy glance penetrate him, then said warmly, "You are not displeasé, you do not to care?"

"No, not at all"; his negative not quite so hearty as the one he mimicked.

"Oh! I am *so* pleasé," she cried with unfeigned delight.

Rambo reddened with anger and strode hastily out of the room, leaving Claudina to go to her aunt to relate the result of his visit.

For some hours after this the success of Mrs. Simpkins' ball hung in the balance. Horace told Mamma Rambo how shamefully Claudina Rusk had treated him; mamma, at first, refusing to believe that her "Horry" had been refused by what she culturedly called a half-breed. Convinced of the truth of her son's statement, she vowed and declared that she would straightway see the wives of the generals, etc., tell them of Claudina's perfidy, "And then," she said wrathfully, "we'll see how many of us will be present at that awful Simpkins' ball." Horace vowed and declared that his mother should do nothing of the kind. "I won't have every one know *she* refused me," he cried; adding warningly, "If you let your legs carry you about on such an expedition, you'll be metaphorically kicking yourself the rest of your days." Mrs. Rambo was so cultured that, like a certain queen of Spain, she had no legs, and the vision of her kicking herself was appalling. Nevertheless, she could not resist the temptation to sound her friends as to the possibility of persuading them not to attend the much-talked-of ball. She did not have to take very deep soundings before she was convinced of the futility of any such attempt. At General Crane's, her dearest friends, she ventured to ask the daughter if after all it would not be the better part for the garrison people to keep

aloof from the ball. In response the young lady screamed, and declared with much emphasis: "You must be crazy, Mrs. Rambo; after we've got our dresses, too Why, you were the first to second the motion when our going or staying was debated. I suppose Claudina has given Horry the sack." "Rosina," said Mrs. Rambo gravely, "they call you a belle; take care they do not say it is because of your long tongue."

Mrs. Simpkins heard without interruption Claudina's recital of her refusal of Horace Rambo's hand. It did not astonish her, she had looked for nothing else, and she could not say she was very sorry. "P'raps you're right, Claudiner," she sighed. Claudina had nothing to say to this, nor did her aunt pursue the subject in words, then, or at any time after, however much it might occupy her thoughts. "There's thet Valverde, jest es sure es I'm setten en this cheer; he's a-goin' to propose a secon' time. Beyon' doubt, he's the nices' young man I ever come acrost, an' ef et warn't thet I've made up my min' not to inte'fere, I'd give him fair warnin' 'twarn't no use." This she thought late in the afternoon, dismissing the subject for the more important one of dressing for the ball. She was waddling to her room when she met Claudina, blushing very much and carrying a bouquet of white roses. Holding up the flowers for her aunt to view, she said simply, "He sent to me the roses."

Mrs. Simpkins shook her fat forefinger warningly at Claudina. "What! Mr. Rambo?" she asked.

"Oh! no, *tia*, not him; Señor Vincente Valverde," answered Claudina, with a half-ashamed laugh.

"An' what's thet paper you've got? He an't been writin' you?" questioned Mrs. Simpkins, pointing to an open letter Claudina held in her hand.

"A leetle," said Claudina, handing the letter to her aunt.

"Et's Spanitch. What es et about?" inquired Mrs. Simpkins, as she returned the sheet of paper to Claudina, after a vain attempt to decipher the few words written on it.

"He hopes I will do to him the honor to make fragrance to the roses if I will carry her to-night," translated Claudina.

"En th' name uv sense, gel, what *do* you mean? What *her?*" demanded Mrs. Simpkins somewhat irately.

"The rose, tia," returned Claudina, a little frightened.

"Well, why do you speak uv a rose es ef et were a human? That an't no *her*. Et, et," cried Mrs. Simpkins.

"Pardon, *tia*, eet—and the roses, *tia*?"

"What about 'em?"

"I am to have them?"

"Why not?" queried Mrs. Simpkins with a sniff.

About an hour after this Mrs. Simpkins, at her toilet, felt the need of assistance, and went to Claudina's room, where she found the girl on her knees before a little oratory. Seeing her aunt, Claudina rose hastily, and Mrs. Simpkins observed with keen eyes that there were traces of tears in her eyes. Yet she appeared to be happy, and was now entreating her aunt, with many jocose remarks, not to scold her for not having begun to array herself for the ball.

Unheeding her little sallies of wit, Mrs. Simpkins asked seriously, "What you been crying about, Claudina?"

For answer Claudina hid her face on her aunt's shoulder.

Mrs. Simpkins was not to be put off. "What es et?" she demanded.

"The Señor Valverde will again to ask me to be his wife," was answered in a tremulous whisper.

A stout arm was put about Claudina, and she was asked, "Do you care for him?"

"A vary leetle," was the response.

"Ef he asks you, will you say yes?"

"Of tourse," answered Claudina, raising her head and gazing at her aunt in some astonishment.

The look was returned with interest. "You're past my readin'," said Mrs. Simpkins; "never min' thet, though, jest et presen'; you come do my back hair; Roser an't no sort of use."

At ten o'clock that night Mrs. Simpkins had every reason to congratulate herself on the success of her ball. Of all those who had been invited Horace Rambo was the only one absent. Mrs. Rambo concluded to come; she was anxious to see, she said, how the Simpkins would carry herself. Her weight taken into consideration, Mrs. Simpkins carried herself *very* well. Aware of the fact that she was a stranger to the ways of the exclusives, she did not put herself forward; she sat in the supper-room, where she could see the dancing, and there, as she said, like the mouse that hid in the cheese to escape the cat, found security and comfort. Her greatest delight was to watch Claudina, beyond question the most beautiful girl in the room, in her black mantilla, the lace folds of which covered her shoulders. That was Claudina's way of covering the defect in the *confection.* When Claudina had presented herself for inspection Mrs. Simpkins had been inclined to find fault with the mantilla, but felt herself obliged to say, "Et's outlandish, but et's becomin'—get

along with you, gel," and so had driven her niece before her to the carriage waiting to carry them to the ball. Claudina had all her dances engaged; not many, for there were dances she could not dance, others she would not. To Valverde she had given three—three times as many as she had given any other man. She had not favored him above the others because she cared particularly for him; what she had told her aunt was true—she liked him a little, and what she liked most in him was that he did not make soft speeches. She had never known a man she could find so little fault with. She understood that he loved her, had loved her for a long while, that he was faithful. She had sought counsel of Heaven as to what she should say were he again to ask her to be his wife, and it seemed to her that she had been counselled to marry this man. The thought of marrying him caused her no unhappiness; on the contrary it made her quietly happy—the happiness arising from the thought that at last she would please her aunt, who was so kind to her.

Claudina was going through a minuet with a young officer when Valverde made his way to where Mrs. Simpkins was sitting. "He comes an' he sets hisself aside me," related Mrs. Simpkins to a friend in after days; "an' I knowed jest es well then what he come fur es I did after, but I wasn't goin' to mix myself up with no such wool-gathern's es I once did afore, an' got my purgatory en thes life fur so doin'. 'Good evenin', señorer,' he says, an' goes on to say es how I hed brought parerdise ento Santa Fee, en how well I was lookin', en then he fiddles with his mustache. I was mindin' Claudiner more'n I was mindin' him, an' he seen which way I was lookin', an' then he began, an' uv all the talk I ever did hear, his'n beat it. I an't a-goin' t' say he didn't make some nice compairasons, but he might a put et en few words en said, 'I loves Claudiner.' Then he aisks may he send his par and his mar t' me. 'No,' says I, 'you won't send your par, neither your mar t' me, fur I an't got nuthin' to say one way or t'other. Ef you wants my niece, go to her, I says, an' say, Claudiner, I loves you an' I want you for a wife; ef you will, I'll make you a good husban'; ef you don't, I don't give a darn.' I wouldn't hev said es much only I was en sech sperrets, th' party a success, an' everything. Vincente, he didn't seem t' like it, fur he says sharp an' quick, 'May I hev th' honor uv callin' on Miss Rusk to-morrer mornin'?' 'You may,' I says, 'an' th' mornin' after ef you've a min' to'; an' he did call an' you know th' res'."

Claudina was tiredly getting to bed, the night of the ball,

when Mrs. Simpkins put her night-capped head in the room and said: "Vincente Valverde es comin' here to-morrer mornin'." Claudina cast down her eyes, her aunt looked intently at her for a moment, then bade her get to bed and sleep well.

When a girl goes to meet a man who, she knows, is about to ask her to marry him, for whom she has no love to speak of, and yet has made up her mind to accept, it is not strange she should hesitate and ask herself, though she may have asked and answered the question a thousand times before, whether she is taking the right step to secure her future happiness. Fully ten minutes have elapsed since Claudina was told that the Señor Valverde is in the parlor waiting to see her, and she makes no move to go to him. (To-day he has omitted the ceremony of asking for her aunt.) Much as she disliked to, she could not help comparing the love she once had for the man who jilted her with her liking for Valverde. She committed a great blunder in making this comparison, entirely forgetting that besides a real liking, she had a respect for and trust in Valverde, while she never had respected or trusted that other man. She did not know that when a woman likes a man, and respects and trusts him above every other man who has crossed her path, she is dangerously near loving him. Yesterday she had felt sure that she had been counselled by Heaven to marry this Valverde; now she had doubts, she may have deluded herself. Of only one thing she was sure—having no one to decide for her, she would have to decide for herself. She was still thinking when the sound of her aunt's voice in the next room roused her. Catching up the train of her skirt, she tripped lightly out of the room and down-stairs.

It should have been more difficult for Valverde to make a proposal of marriage than for Rambo. He had no traditions to guide him, whereas Rambo had. The fact is, he made no difficulty of it at all. He asked after Mrs. Simpkins, if Claudina had gotten over the fatigues of the night before, then plunged into the matter that brought him there by asking Claudina in fewest words if she would be his wife. Claudina thought a little while, sighed, and said faintly, "Yes, señor." In its severe simplicity a model asking and accepting, all would have gone well had it ended there. Unfortunately, it did not end there. Valverde knew of that other man, and Claudina knew that he knew of him. Valverde believed he had won Claudina's love, but he wanted to hear her tell him so. "You love me, dear one?" (Of course they spoke in Spanish.)

Claudina raised her frank eyes to his and said softly: "I don't know—a little, perhaps."

Immediately the thought of that other man came into his head. "You love no one else?" he asked in a strained voice.

"No, no, no!" denied Claudina, giving a greater emphasis to each succeeding negative.

He was silent for a moment, then said: "I love you; you are everything to me; but, dear one, if you do not love me, do you think you should marry me?"

"I have asked myself that question very often"—here Claudina halted, blushing violently. She had confessed to having debated the possibility of his asking her in marriage.

"And you told me yes," he said, his voice a trifle husky.

"You are good. I like you better than any one, and my aunt would be very glad if I married you," returned Claudina almost in a whisper.

He loved her with all his heart—his faithfulness was proof enough of that—and he said: "Dear one, you must not marry to please any one but yourself; perhaps I am not so good as you think me to be, but I love you enough not to wish to make you unhappy, and that you would be as my wife if you did not love me. Am I right, dear one?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Claudina, with disheartening sincerity.

"You see," he proceeded, "much as I want you to be my wife—much more, dear one, than I think you can understand—"

"Yes, I do understand," broke in Claudina innocently, having in mind her past sufferings.

Valverde smiled pitifully, continuing as if he had not been interrupted: "I desire your happiness more than my own —" he hesitated before he said: "If you do not love me, we will say good-by, not, to-day, for all time, for I shall come again before you go to St. Louis."

"I am sorry, sorry!" burst out Claudina.

"You must not be sorry," he said, rising to leave the room; "you have done right to tell me you do not love me; and let it be a consolation for us to remember, no loveless marriage can be blessed of God."

Claudina's conflicting emotions would not let her speak. She knew Valverde was leaving her, that she was losing him, and the knowledge did not make her happy. She threw out her hand with a gesture which he mistook for a dismissal, whereas she meant to detain him. A look of pain crossed his face, and he left the room.

She should have been satisfied; she could not decide to her satisfaction whether she should or should not be Valverde's wife, and now the difficulty had been removed by her lover taking the decision into his own hands. She was not satisfied, however, although he had decided as she herself had been minded to decide. She was not only not satisfied, she was exceedingly unhappy. She felt something like the old pain she had once suffered wringing her heart, and it made her afraid. It had not come yet, but she feared, unless she could put Valverde out of her life utterly, that the time would come when her heart would tell her that she *did* love him. She had no doubt now as to the counsel given her in her prayers. Already she was metaphorically beating her breast for not having listened more attentively to the Divine whisperings, and real tears came into her eyes, tears she quickly wiped away, for presently she was to be exposed to the penetrating gaze of her aunt.

Slowly she went up the stairs to the sitting-room where her aunt was dozing over a book. Mrs. Simpkins gave her eyes a quick rub, the better to view her niece, and asked, shaking with laughter: "Well, when es et t' be, Claudina? I'll stop fur th' weddin' ef I never gets back t' Sanc Louis."

Claudina tried to smile, only succeeded to distort her face, and said, making a strong effort not to cry: "Eet is not to be, *tia*."

"Not ter be!" ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins in consternation. "Why, you told me yourself you was goin' t' have him: you told et decided; you said, of course."

"I did say yes to him, *tia*," stammered Claudina.

"Ef you said *yes* t' him, what you mean by sayin' there an't t' be no marriage?" questioned Mrs. Simpkins sharply.

"The señor think eet best not for us to marry," said Claudina coldly. She was now a little angry with Valverde. Why had he questioned her so closely?

"Am I borned, am I livin', or am I gone clean crazy?" cried Mrs. Simpkins frantically, rubbing her fat palms together. "Who'd a thought Vincente Valverde such a unhung rapscal?—a worthless good-for-nothing fellow—"

"He is a grand man!" interrupted Claudina vehemently in Spanish, continuing in a calmer tone in English, her eyes moist: "Do not say of him bad, *tia;* he is a good man; eet is when I tell to him I love him vary leetle, he say—I will never lose his words—God, he will never to bless a marriage where love is not." Tears were now raining from her eyes.

"Claudiner," interrogated Mrs. Simpkins in shocked tones, "did you tell him you don't love him?"

"Yes, *tia*," answered Claudina, sobbing.

"Whatever induce' you t' say thet? Why, gel, you're *dead* en love with him," cried Mrs. Simpkins triumphantly.

Claudina had no idea of the depth of love attributed to her or she would not have answered: "Yes, *tia*."

Mrs. Simpkins sat for some moments lost in thought; suddenly she turned to Claudina, who was aimlessly sorting a collection of different-colored wools in a basket. "Claudiner," she said with some severity, "you an't no more sense then I don't know what, an' I don't understand your ways no more to-day than I did th' first day I laid eyes on you; an' with all thet, I made up my min' *thes* time to have nothin' whatsumever t' do with your gettin' married or your stoppin' single. Now, what *am* I t' do? Here comes along a man en every way your ekel, fur he's a fool ef ever there was, or he wouldn't been quetchening you es t' how much you love him, fur all the worl' like a grown human quetchening a chile an' th' chile stretchin' out et's arms t' show how much. An' you do love him, an' he loves you, an' you breakin' uv th' commandment, bearin' false witness agen your own self, an' sayin' you don't. Claudiner, Sapphirer es a canonize' saint t' you after thet."

Mrs. Simpkins pausing to take breath, Claudina, intensely interested in her wools, said in an off-hand way: "*Tia*, the señor will come to say good-by."

"Now, there!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpkins, "you are an innocent, an't you! Why, Claudiner, there an't words t' express how artful you are. You've got en a quandry an' you wants me t' get you out; thet's th' long an' th' short uv et, an' th' upshot es, I an't a-goin' t' meddle en any no concerns es I an't acquainten with th' managin' uv. I've took thet resolution, an' I holds t' et; an' now et's time t' go t' dinner; Piller's ringin' th' bell."

The next day Mrs. Simpkins informed Claudina that she was going to say farewell to Father Mark (as this was her sixth farewell she may be likened to a *prima donna*). She was gone a long while, and Claudina took advantage of her absence to press a white rose between the leaves of a manual of prayer. Mrs. Simpkins spoke, on her return, as if she had been on a visit to a sibyl, all her utterances enigmatical. Claudina showed no disposition to read the riddles proposed to her, complained of a headache, and soon after supper went to bed, leaving her aunt

to laugh at a joke the point of which she could not perceive.

Early on the following day Father Mark paid a visit to the Valverdes, finding Vincente laid up with a dislocated arm, the result of a fall from the corn-crib a few days before. That afternoon, on his return from a sick-call, the priest had a brief conversation with Mrs. Simpkins. "You can put off your journey for a few days, can't you?" he asked as he was leaving.

"The budwhirr car es engagé fer to-morrer—"

"Bother!" interrupted Father Mark, "what are a few dollars to a girl's peace of mind!"

"She'll get a piece of *my* min' when et's all settle', an' then we'll see how th' pieces goes together," cried Mrs. Simpkins, exploding into a loud laugh.

If to avoid an illegitimate action and choose the legitimate, it would be enough to know the one and the other, it would have availed Claudina nothing. She was thoroughly convinced that Valverde was suffering as she had suffered, that her own heart was not without its pain. Had she known what legitimate move to make to set straight the crooked path she and Valverde had cut out for themselves, she could not have made it. To-morrow she was to be taken far away, and, as yet, Valverde had not come to bid his promised farewell, nor did he come this last evening. Something else happened of so serious a nature as to put Valverde out of her mind, for a time. About dusk Mrs. Simpkins fell sick, so sick, she said, that her trip would have to be put off. Strange to say this woman, who was a liberal income to her physician, would not allow him to be sent for in her present disorder. "He'd jest dose an' dose me, an' ef I'm t' die, I'll die comfortable," she sighed. If she was so very ill should not the priest be sent for, suggested Claudina. "No, don't send for him," her aunt commanded, again sighing. "I'm conwince' I won't be a co'pse before to-morrer evenin' anyhow." Groaning frightfully, she ordered every one to leave her, and when alone laughed under the bed-clothes till, exhausted by sheer good humor, she fell asleep.

In the morning Mrs. Simpkins declared herself sufficiently recovered to come down to breakfast, and whatever the nature of her complaint was it did not affect her appetite, much to Claudina's surprise and comfort. She was still more surprised when her aunt, over a third cup of coffee, announced that she was going out for a walk after breakfast. "You are not well, *tia*," Claudina objected. "Shall I to accompany you?" "Th'

walk 'll do me good, an' you'd bes' stay t' home, an' any bit uv packing you've got t' do, you can finish up," said Mrs. Simpkins.

Claudina found the morning very long, and she was not sorry when Rosá came into the room to sweep and dust. Instead of leaving Rosá to do her work, she set about to help her—not to do Rosá a good turn, rather that Rosá do her a good turn; Rosá *would* talk, she spoke in Spanish, and the sweetness of that sweetest tongue never cloyed on Claudina. Mistress and maid had, each, one of the bronze knights that stood at either end of the mantel-piece, wiping them with cloths, when Rosá uttered a little sigh and remarked what a pity it was Señor Valverde had broken his arm. Claudina looked up quickly, and the bronze knight nearly got a fall, so nervously tremulous were his squiress's hands. Yes, Rosá continued, it was quite true, and Pilar had told her that now fever had set in and most likely he would die. "So sad! he so young and handsome, so noble a young señor."

Claudina suddenly remembered that she had something to do in her room—in her room where was her little oratory. The white statuette with its flimsy lace veil, the lamp dimly burning, the bit of crimson carpet before our Lady strown with the leaves of wilted flowers, wilted as Claudina felt her heart wilting within her. She threw herself on her knees before our Mother and rocked to and fro, lacing and unlacing her fingers, sobbing and weeping, her heart wrung with praying to that good Counsellor for the man she had said she did not love. Ah! they of the South—they who never have lost, never can lose the Faith, for out of the South came the Light of the world—they can feel. We talk pitifully of their passionate natures, and those passionate natures, and by God's grace because of their passionate natures, gave the priceless gift of faith to the nations of the cold North. In what esteem have they held the gift the Southron has not lost? And while she prayed, taking heaven by violence, she grew calmer, and it came to her what to do. She did not pause to think whether it was the legitimate thing to do, but set to work to do it.

The yellow sunlight danced in the Valverde courtyard, surrounded on all sides by four walls; it played over those yellow walls, set fire to the cactus flowers that rose like tongues of flame from out their beds of glittering green needles; chased the shadows cast by the wooden balconies, diamonded the lozenges of glass in the closed lattice windows. Claudina, the

black silk shawl she wore to cover her head drawn close about her face; her black dress, grimed with dust through which she had walked, held up by one hand, stole across the dark portal of the courtyard into the yellow haze of light. There she stood still, neither advancing nor retreating. The child had come far afoot to perform what she felt to be a duty to a dying man, and now she had reached her journey's end she feared she would not be permitted to finish what she had begun. It was not that her heart failed her, that she thought herself unmaidenly in coming to drive away an unhappiness from Valverde's death-bed. She feared the Señora Valverde, who was one of her people, and was not she, Claudina, going very contrary to time-honored customs? Perhaps, though, the señora being one of her people, tender of heart, would understand her, the girl thought. Bang! a gust of wind had driven to the door of the portal she had left open, and at the same moment, as if the same gust of wind had driven it open, a door at the opposite side of the courtyard unclosed, and the Señora Valverde came out on the threshold, threw her head back and drew in long draughts of the fresh, rare atmosphere. This pantomime was perfectly clear to Claudina. "She is just from his drug-tainted room," she thought, "and needs pure air." The señora now let her eyes fall, and she saw the girl clad in black standing before the entrance to the courtyard. Claudina moved to meet her, but the señora was quicker than she; already she was standing before her, gazing curiously into her face. "Señorita?" she said interrogatively, and Claudina not responding, she took her by the hand gently and led her to a room pervaded by a faint odor of pine from the great bough of green piñon in the fire-place. "Is your aunt with you, dear?" she began to ask, pausing abruptly when she saw that Claudina was weeping.

"I am alone. Is the Señor Vincente worse? I have come to see?" said Claudina, quietly, her voice unshaken, though her tears felt fast.

The señora gazed steadily at her. They of the South are quick to understand the heart, and she soon read Claudina's. Gently, with a sort of tender reverence for the girl's innocence, she said, "When he knows this, he will be very happy." Her arm was now about Claudina. "Dear friend," she continued, "he is very ill, perhaps dying; will you come with me?"

She did not say where, nor did Claudina need to be told. She bowed her head, and, the señora holding her hand, they passed together through a succession of rooms, in one of

which a great white cat stretched on a rug raised its head indolently curious to see them pass, into a darkened chamber, where a ray of sunlight streaming through a bowed shutter rested on a vial of medicine and made a star of light in the darkness, that was more akin to the lost Pleiad than to a star of Hope.

"He is the light of my old heart," the señora whispered to Claudina; "if he gets well, I'll gladly give him to you"; adding, unable to restrain herself, "but how long you have taken to discover his worth." Then Claudina, her tears blinding her, was led to a bed-side. There she knelt, and the mother placed his hand in hers, and Claudina bowed over it, and it was moistened by her tears.

"I never was thet mad en my life—never!" Mrs. Simpkins asserted to a friend, some months after the above-related events. "Father Mark an' me, we hed made jest th' most beautiful plan. Father Mark was jest es much en fur et es I was. Vincente was to hev come t' th' house, an' all was t' be made right betwixt them two, an' what does thet Claudiner do—an' who'd ever guessed she'd be up to such carry'n's on—she goes trapesin' down t' Valverde's an' without askin' me a solitary word et was all fix'; and all my trouble went fur nothin.' What's thet you say? Yes, et was a mos' beautiful weddin', an' I don't believe I ever did look better then en that yaller silk, though genually speakin' yaller an't my color."

HAROLD DIJON.

STUDENT LIFE OF DANTE.

I. In the year 1265, under sinister auspices, and in the house of an exile, a child was born—Dante Alighieri. Memorable events surrounded his cradle: the crusade of Tunis, the end put to the great interregnum by the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg, the second Council of Lyons, the Sicilian Vespers, the death of Ugolino—such were the possible topics of conversation to which his ears were first opened. He saw his country divided between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines: the former were the defenders of Italian independence and municipal liberties; the latter were the champions of feudal rights and the old suzerainty of the Holy Empire. His family traditions and his own inclinations attached him to the cause of the Guelfs;* he donned the garb of manhood fighting in their ranks at Campaldino, where they were victorious (1289). Soon after he shared in the dissensions which divided the dominant party, when, under the stormy tribunate of Giano della Bella (1292), the constitutions of the city were modified, the nobles excluded from the magistracy, and the interests of the republic placed in the hands of the plebeians. Entrusted successively with several embassies, when he returned to his own country the highest honors and the greatest perils alike awaited him. When he was made prior (1300) he found the nobles and the plebeians recommencing the struggle under the new names of Neri and Bianchi; his sympathy with the latter procured for him the enmity of the former. While he was on the way to Rome to oppose their influence, they called to Florence Charles of Valois, brother to Philip the Fair; it seemed that a prince of a reigning house was none too exalted a personage to be employed in the struggle against the influence of a great citizen. The prince carried the day, but he dishonored himself and the French name when he caused a sentence of proscription to be pronounced against the chiefs of the Bianchi. Under the shadow of the French lilies two solemn iniquities, in the lapse of a few months, were accomplished in Italy: the exile of Dante and the seizure of Boniface VIII.† Dante uttered maledictions upon his judges, but not upon his country; the memory he retained of her accompanied him as he wandered from city to city, and as he

* Pelli, *Memorie per la Vita di Dante;* Lionardo Aretino, *Vita di Dante.*

† Giov. Villani, lib. vii., ann. 1292; Dino Compagni, in Muratori.

sat by the hearth-stones of the marquises of Lunigiana, of the Scaligeri at Verona, or of the lords of Polenta, a sombre guest, always finding the bread of hospitality bitter. Now by force, and anon by entreaty, by every way except by such as might imply a loss of self-respect,* he attempted to re-enter within the dearly loved walls, the fold that had sheltered his early years.† And, when his disappointed hope left him no other resource, if he seemed to pass into the camp of the Ghibellines, it was because he thought there to find that very cause of liberty to aid which he had fought against them; in fact, the intervention of France, solicited through the imprudence of the Guelfs, menaced Italy with a new peril. Or rather, these two names of rival factions had several times changed meaning amid intestine struggles; they continued as words of ominous augury, inscribed on standards which thenceforth rallied round them little more than selfish interests, passions, and crimes. Dante never ceased to blend in a common reprobation the excesses of both parties,‡ and to look to some loftier sphere for social doctrines worthy of his devotion. The urgent call he experienced to intervene in the affairs of his time, which had brought upon him such singular misfortunes, never left him; he had just returned from the fulfilment of a diplomatic mission to Venice, when he died at Ravenna (1321). The tumult of men and things was not lacking to his later days: there were the revolutions which changed into seigniorial governments the greater number of the Italian republics, the popular triumphs in Flanders and Switzerland, the wars in Germany, the strife between France and England, the pontifical majesty outraged at Anagni, the condemnation of the Templars, and the removal of the Holy See to Avignon These tragic spectacles, which would have left profound images in the memory of Dante if he had remained merely a witness of them, must, when he took part in them, have powerfully affected his conscience; for the moral sense, which is awakened by the aspect of the just and the unjust, is exalted by adherence to the former, as also by experiencing the oppression of the latter. He had known evil through suffering, the chief school in which virtuous

* *Memorie.*—M. Villemain was the first to make known in France the admirable letter wherein the poet refuses to re-enter his native city under humiliating conditions. But nowhere has the history of his exile been traced in a livelier and more lucid way than in the biography issued by M. Fauriel. See also the learned work of Balbo, *Vita di Dante*, and the *Vie de Dante*, by M. Artaud.

† *Paradiso*, xxv. 2, Longfellow's translation:

"The fair sheepfold, where a lamb I slumbered."

‡ *Paradiso*, vi. 34:

"So that 'tis hard to see which sins the most."

men learn it; he had known good by the joy felt in doing it; he had willed it with an ardent, and consequently with a communicative will. In after years the remembrance of his generous intentions was for him as a companion of exile, in whose converse he found the justification of his political conduct, and the excuse for, as well as the consolation of, his misfortunes.*

II. But, to be conceived in exile and therein to die, to occupy lofty positions, and to undergo great misfortunes, has been the lot of many; these are the points which Dante has in common with the crowd of men, and he might be confounded with them if, amid the agitations of his public life, other circumstances had not procured for him a life of the heart, into the mysteries of which we must penetrate. In fact, according to the laws regulating the spiritual world, to lift up a soul there is need of another soul; this attraction is called love; in the language of philosophy, it is known as friendship, and in that of Christianity, charity. Dante was not to be exempt from the common law. At the age of nine years, an age of which the innocence guarantees the purity, he met, at a family festival, a young child endowed with grace and nobleness.† The sight called forth in him an affection which has no name on this earth, and which he preserved still more and more tender and chaste through the perilous season of adolescence. There were dreams wherein Beatrice showed herself all radiant; there was an inexpressible desire to find himself where she was about to pass; it was a salutation from her, an inclination of her head, in which he had placed all his happiness; there were fears and hopes, sadnesses and joys, which worked upon and purified his sensibility, until it reached an extreme delicacy, disengaging it little by little from ordinary habits and cares. But above all, when Beatrice quitted the earth in the full splendor of youth, he followed her in thought into that invisible world of which she had become an inhabitant, and delighted in adorning her with all the blooms of immortality; he surrounded her with the canticles of the angels; he seated her on the highest step leading to the throne of God. He forgot her death while contemplating her in this glorious transfiguration.‡ Thus the beauty that had shown itself to him under a real form

* *Inferno*, xxviii. 39.

† Boccaccio, *Vita di Dante;* Dante, *Vita Nuova.*

‡ *Vita Nuova*, C. E. Norton's translation:

> "Unto the high heaven hath Beatrice gone,
> Unto that realm where peace the angels have,
> . . . . . .
> And dwelleth glorious in a fit abode."

became an ideal type which interpenetrated his imagination, that imagination which was to mount higher and higher until it flowed over upon the outside world. He knew how to tell what was passing within him; he knew, according to his own expression, to take note of love singing within: Dante had become a poet.* When once inspiration had visited him, he found, amid the favorable circumstances of his position, no difficulty in retaining his visitor by his side: the contemporary of Guido Cavalcanti, of Giacopo de Todi, of Dante da Majano, of Cino da Pistoia, men whose poetic utterances called forth similar strains from their fellows, and were re-echoed among themselves as if in endless concert; the friend of the musician Casella, of the architect Arnolfo, and of the painter Giotto, he lived in the days when Florence raised three of the monuments which have caused that city to be surnamed "The Beautiful," the Palazzo Vecchio, Santa Croce, and the Cathedral, and all this under an enchanting sky overarching a land where every art flourished.

III. All this was not yet enough, and Dante was to offer himself to the wonder of posterity under still another aspect. Brunetto Latini, who had known him from his birth and had drawn his horoscope, felt desirous of verifying its predictions; he became his master, and filled the place of the father lost at an early age; he taught him the rudiments of the different sorts of learning collected in his *Trésor*.† Through his care Dante was early initiated into familiarity with the languages. He was not wholly ignorant of Greek, and, if he had not acquired in it sufficient proficiency to be able easily to read the original texts, translations were not lacking.‡ Latin literature was familiar to him; among the authors whose daily converse accompanied his solitude he counted Virgil, whose *Æneid* he knew from beginning to end; Ovid, Lucan, Statius, Pliny, Frontinus, and Paulus Orosius. The different Romanic idioms had occupied his atten-

* *Purgatorio*, xxiv. 19.

† *Inferno*, xv. 19, 28, 41, Cary's translation:

"'If thou,' he answered, 'follow but thy star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven;
Unless in fairer days my judgment erred,'
. . . . . 'In my mind
Is fixed, and now strikes full upon my heart,
The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me
The way for men to win eternity.'
. . . . . 'I commend my *Treasure* to thee.'"

‡ He quotes Greek etymologies quite happily in his dedication of the *Paradiso* to Can Grande, and in the *Convito*, lib. iv. cap. vi. See also the sonnet lxiv., Fraticelli's edition:

"Morning and evening place thee at thy desk."

tion; he quoted Spanish verses and wrote Provençal poetry;* there is no doubt that he knew French, "the speaking of which was already accounted most delightful to hear, and the most common to all nations."† But it was especially in exploring the dialects of Italy that he exerted his indefatigable perseverance; to have consecrated the use of the vulgar tongue was by no means the least glorious of his achievements.‡ Rhetoric and history, physics and astronomy, which he pursued down to the latest discoveries of the Arabian observers, claimed also a portion of his time. Obliged to choose among the various arts under which the inhabitants of Florence were classified, he inscribed himself in the corporation of physicians. This rank was not wrongfully assumed, and yet the variety of his acquirements would have permitted him to take without injustice the title of jurisconsult.§ His youth had passed away amid these wide-reaching preparations; the death of Beatrice (1292) induced him to seek consoling thoughts in the writings of Cicero and Boethius. He there found more—the first vestiges of a science to which he had not yet attained, which apparently was thus lying in wait for him at the close of his preliminary studies—philosophy. From that period he pursued this study by attending the public discussions of such as were accounted philosophers, in monastic schools, in reading so assiduously that his eyesight was for a long time injured by his excessive application, and in meditations which no outside tumult could distract.‖ The two translations of Aristotle, perhaps some of the dialogues of Plato, St. Augustine and St. Gregory the Great, Avicenna and the book *De Causis*, St. Bernard, Richard of St. Victor, St. Thomas Aquinas, Ægidius Colonna—such were the guides whose footsteps his indefatigable thought eagerly followed. And yet, at the very entrance of metaphysics, the mystery of creation stayed him a long while, occasioned him at first some disquiet, and made him turn in preference to ethics.¶ At the end of thirty months philosophy had become his exclusive mistress, to use his own form of speech, the lady of his thoughts. Then he began to find the intellectual sphere wherein he had essayed his

* Dante, *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*, passim. The second canzone of book ii. of his collections is in Provençal, Latin, and Italian.

† Brunetto Latini, preface of the *Trésor*.

‡ This is the special subject of his treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*.

§ *Memorie per la Vita di Dante: Purgator.*, xxv. See the learned dissertation of Varchi on this passage, and the whole book *De Monarchiâ*.

‖ Dante, *Convito*, lib. ii. cap. xiii.; lib. iii. cap. ix.

¶ *Convito*, iv. 1.

first flight too restricted; he visited the universities of Italy and of the lands beyond the Alps, in search of that exchange of the living word, the benefit of oral teaching, which, better than the dead letter of the most renowned writings, possesses the gift of fecundating the mind. Similar motives had led the sages of Greece to the schools of Phœnicia and Egypt. However, the dates and the limits of Dante's travels elude all certain determination. Several cities of the Peninsula, Padua, Cremona, Bologna, and Naples, claim the honor of having counted him in the number of their students, and the most illustrious provinces of Christendom, Germany and France, Flanders and England, have given testimony of their desire that he should have passed their way. There is apparently a possibility of tracing in his writings an itinerary which, passing through Arles, Paris, Bruges, and London, may have extended as far as Oxford.* But we can scarcely doubt the fact of his sojourn in Paris. There, in the Rue du Fouarre, and seated on the straw which served as benches to the crowd of students, he, an immortal disciple, attended the lessons of the professor, Sigier, whom his mention alone rescued from oblivion, until, in our day, a learned hand appeared to retrace the nearly obliterated memory.† There, doubtless after long vigils, when he deemed he had won the right to aspire to the honors of the school, he sustained, with the customary solemnities, a theological dispute, *de quolibet*, wherein he replied without interruption upon fourteen questions, drawn from divers subjects, and proposed, with their arguments for and against, by skilful doctors. He also read and commented in public the Master of the Sentences and the Holy Scriptures, passing through all the probations required in the department of theology. Admitted to the highest rank, he lacked the means necessary to defray the cost of reception.‡ The doors of the university were closed against him, as were the gates of his native city, and thus even science had for him a rigorous treatment. If he left Paris without the title of which he had been judged worthy, he was at least in pos-

* *Inferno*, ix. 38; xii. 40; xv. 2; *Paradiso*, x. 47, etc., etc.

† *Paradiso*, x. 46:

> "It is the light eternal of Sigier,
> Who, reading lectures in the street of Straw,
> Did syllogize invidious verities."

The biography of Sigier, which Italian learning had despaired of elucidating, has been recovered with rare precision by the researches of M. Victor Leclerc, president of the commission of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres for the continuation of the *Histoire littéraire de France*. It is to be found in volume xxi. of that collection.

‡ Boccaccio, *Vita di Dante*. John of Serravalle, bishop of Imola, in his commentary quoted by Tiraboschi, vol. v.

session of an incontestable erudition and a love for serious study; and if, as we may well believe, the lustre of academic triumphs was not indifferent to him, his wishes were gratified in the end. After twenty years of exile (1320), grown grey with age, surrounded by the twofold majesty of renown and of misfortune, we find him in the church of St. Helen, at Verona, in presence of an admiring audience, sustaining a thesis *de duobus elementis aquæ et terræ*. One year later, when his obsequies were celebrated at Ravenna, Guido Novello, Lord of Polenta, his last protector, caused a crown of laurel to be placed upon his bier.* Dante had then lived, so to speak, a third life, which was devoted to scientific labors, and which also had its unequal phases, its sad and its serene days. Political passions and the affections of the heart had not sufficed to occupy his whole being; there remained in his soul a large place, inaccessible to the tumult of opinions and the seduction of the senses, within which his intellect retired as within a sanctuary, and rendered unto truth an exclusive worship. This devotion was not restricted to the limits of any single order of knowledge; it embraced truth, absolute and complete. Universality of knowledge and elevation of the point of view—are not these the constituent elements of the philosophic mind?

IV. Thus in the person of Dante were found the three faculties which, united in certain proportions, constitute genius, namely, intellect to perceive, imagination to idealize, and will to execute. The task still remains to tell by what mysterious bonds these faculties were interwoven into a perfect unity; how three destinies weighed upon a single head which they might bow but could not crush. While our ordinary education, by giving to each one of our faculties a separate and sometimes an exclusive cultivation, often divides and enfeebles them, Dante, a bold and independent genius, allowed his to grow and develop all together, to borrow resources from one another, and occasionally to interchange *rôles* in a way to present the most interesting contrasts. Now it is the statesman who speaks with the tongue of the sage or the muse to princes and to nations that have closed their ears to their customary counsellors.† Again, it is the poet, who, amid the austere occupations of science, has not lost the delicate sense of the beauties of nature, the quickness to generous emotions, the ingenuous credulity which provokes a smile; he bends in loving reverence before the classic virtues of

* *Memorie per la Vita di Dante.*

† *De Monarchiâ; Purgatorio*, vi.; *Paradiso*, vi. etc.

Cato; he believes in the bucklers which Numa saw falling from heaven, and in the geese of the Capitol.* But especially do we find him a philosopher, bearing with him a religious gravity to aid in the accomplishment of his poetic work, in the seclusion of studious habits waiting for inspiration, concealing a learned reminiscence or the conclusion of a long chain of reasoning under the boldest images, ready to give a reason for every line that has ever flowed from his pen: his scruples carried him so far that he desired to explain *ex-professo*, by a rigorous logical analysis, the ballads and sonnets wherein his youthful vigor had made its first essay.† Strong with that real strength which is not rigidity, which is supple because it is living, Dante knew how to take his share in the needs and duties of life, and then to make his wide experiences converge in unwearying devotion to his more especial occupations. He never deemed that application to letters constituted a species of priesthood exempt from public burdens; he did not deprive his country of his time that he might make for himself a life of selfish leisure. His eloquence, never prodigally expended, flowed freely forth in the councils, as did his blood under the standard, of his native city. It was this desire to multiply himself in a certain fashion for the general good, ordinarily confided to inexpert hands, which made him exclaim, when hesitating whether or not to accept a certain diplomatic mission: "If I stay, who goes? and if I go, who stays?"‡ He also knew how to fulfil the gentle requirements of social life. Friendship found him faithful to its demands; his melancholy countenance brightened in the society of women and young people; friends vaunted the grace of his manners and the courtesy of his speech amid such surroundings. As he did not hide himself in haughty retirement, neither did he intrench himself in the domain wherein he was sure of reigning; he did not disdain to cultivate arts, such as music and drawing, in which he could readily meet with others more skilled than himself.§ However, a rare temperance, a self-possession that could seize upon the most fleeting opportunities for learning, an attention so

* *Purgatorio*, i.; *Convito*, iv. 5, 28: "O most sacred breast of Cato, who will dare to speak of thee?" *De Monarchiâ*, ii.

† *Vita Nuova*, passim. Lionardo Aretino, *Vita di Dante*.

‡ Boccaccio, *Vita di Dante:* "S'io sto chi va? e s'io vo chi sta?"

§ Boccaccio, *Vita di Dante*. Villani, somewhere mentioning him, calls him (History, Bk. ix. chap. cxxxiv.), "An ungracious philosopher." But we may well believe that he represents the poet in his darker moments; those, for instance, which he was obliged to pass among courtiers and buffoons, at the courts of some of the great lords. See also *Memorie per la Vita di Dante*, Pelli.

rapt that nothing could deprive it of its prey, and, finally, a memory to which the mournful necessity of re-learning anything was unknown, permitted him to pursue his favorite studies, and made it seem as if time were less avaricious of hours to him than to other men. Thus he was seen sitting in the principal street of Sienna, bending over a book, totally absorbed during the entire continuance of a public festival, of which he seemed not even to be aware.

But, as human nature must always betray in some spot the original wound by which it has been weakened, the noble qualities of Dante were occasionally dishonored by their own very excesses. Amid civil feuds his hatred of iniquity became a blind rage which could no longer grant pardon even to mistakes. Under such circumstances it is said that, in the confusion of his thoughts, he would throw stones at women and children whom he heard calumniating his party. Or again, when in a philosophic discussion he foresaw certain objections on the part of his adversaries, he gave vent to his indignation by saying: "Such brutal doctrines ought to be met, not with arguments, but with a knife."* Likewise, his extreme sensibility, although protected by the memory of Beatrice, made but a feeble resistance to the seductions of beauty: the collection of his lyrics has kept the traces of these passing affections, which he vainly endeavored half-way to veil by ingenious interpretations.† Even study, the refuge of so many sorely tempted souls, had snares for him. The knowledge of one's self, so highly recommended by antique wisdom, is not without danger for great men; it exposes them to share by anticipation in the admiration of posterity. The friends of Dante have regretted that he did not leave to them the entire care of his fame; we are pained when we see him anxious for honors scarcely worthy of him. It is impossible not to recognize in his writings a learning sometimes inopportune, which solicits applause by occasioning surprise, and locutions voluntarily obscure which humiliate the simplicity of the reader. These faults bear their own penalty with them; for, by rendering their author less accessible, they sometimes deprive him of the familiar and affectionate homage proffered by the lips of masses of his fellow-beings.‡ And yet these weaknesses, to make themselves forgotten, are possessed of a wonderful secret—*repentance*. In the thirteenth

* Boccaccio, *Vita di Dante; Convito*, iv. 14.

† Canzoni, *passim; Convito*, ii. Dionisi gravely maintains the hypothesis which makes of the loves of Dante so many allegories, and of Gentucca, simply a figure of the party of the Bianchi.

‡ *Inferno*, xxxiv. 30; *Purgatorio*, ii. 1, etc., etc.

century the art, now so common, of endeavoring to legitimate vice by the advancement of easy-going doctrines, was but little known. Men then came, sooner or later, to ask at the hands of religion the expiation and the grace of which she is the ever-during dispensatrix. And thus our poet did. In one of his most beautiful cantos he represents himself "with downcast eyes like to a child confessing its faults," acknowledging in the face of all the ages the errors of his youth.* Later, he left as his last will and testament the hymn to the Blessed Virgin wherein he offers tears from his heart as the ransom of the evil days that he had lived. He wished to be garbed on his bier in the habit of St. Francis.† Anything further is the secret of God, who alone could judge that character, one of the greatest that ever came forth from his creative hand to play its part here below. His contemporaries failed to comprehend him. Their wonder found expression in fabulous tales, and Dante had his legend. A prophetic dream was spoken of, sent to his mother on the eve of his birth; the reality of his journeys through the realm of the dead was positively affirmed; a double miracle was said to have preserved his poem, twice lost; several days after leaving the earth he was announced as having appeared, crowned with a luminous aureole.‡ If he was not permitted to share in the incense offered to the saints, that due to poets was never lacking to him.

* *Purgatorio*, xxx. 36; xxxi. 12, 22, etc. See also *ibid.*, 14. He confesses himself inclined to pride, *ibid.*, xiii. 43; and to anger, xv., *in fine*.

† See the sonnet, "O mother of virtue!" See also *Memorie per la Vita di Dante*.

‡ Boccaccio, *Vita*; Benvenuto da Imola, *Præfatio ad Divin. Comæd.*

LUCIA D. PYCHOWSKA.

FIRST EVENING AT SEA.

Gray in the fading skies,
Gray in the deep sea under;
And dark on its wide white wings
The good ship quivers and springs,
Dipping across the gloom and cleaving the waves asunder
As a sea-gull circles and flies.

Loneliness half and deep peace,
Twins of the silence, draw near me;
Soft as the cooing of birds,
Kisses and lovingest words
From lips that I touched last night come through the dark to cheer me.
And ere their whisperings cease

Blend with each lingering tone
Voices and words more tender;
That long in the church-yard sod
Have kept the sweet silence of God,
And now, looking backward to earth from heaven's more bounteous splendor,
Are speaking to me alone!

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER IX.

SELF-QUESTIONINGS.

NOT finding any solution of his spiritual difficulties at either Fruitlands or Brook Farm, Isaac Hecker turned his face once more toward the home from which he had departed nearly a year before. He expected little from this step, but his state of mind was now one in which he had begun to anticipate, at any turn, some light on the dispositions of Providence in his regard which might determine his course for good and all. And, meantime, as patient waiting was all that lay in his own power, it seemed the wisest course to yield to the solicitations of his kindred and abide results in his own place. He did not go there at once, however, after quitting Alcott's community, but returned to Brook Farm for a fortnight. His journal during this period offers many pages worthy of transcription.

It is possible that we have readers who may deem us too copious in our quotations from this source. But, if wearisome to any, yet they are necessary to those for whom this Life is especially written. The lessons to be learned from Father Hecker are mainly those arising from the interaction between God's supernatural dealings with him, and his own natural characteristics. This fact, moreover, is typical as well as personal, for the great question of his day, which was the dawning of our own, was the relation of the natural man to the regenerating influences of Christianity. This being so, it is plain to our own mind that no adequate representation of the man could be made without a free use of these early journals. They seem to us one of the chief Providential results of the spiritual isolation of his youth He was in a manner driven to this intimate self-communing, on one hand by his never-satisfied craving for sympathetic companionship, and on the other by his complete unacquaintance with a kind of reading which even at this point might have shed some light upon his interior difficulties. In later years he enjoyed, in the study of accredited Christian mystics, that kind of satisfaction which a traveller experiences who, after long wanderings in what had seemed a trackless desert, obtains a map which not

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only makes his whole route plain, but assures him that he did not stray from well-known paths even during his times of most extreme bewilderment.

That the diary has the character we here claim for it, and is not the mere ordinary result of a morbid and aimless introspection, is plainly shown by the speedy cessation of excessive self-analysis on Father Hecker's part, after he had actually reached the goal to which he was at this period alternately sweetly led and violently driven. But it is also shown by the deep humility which is revealed precisely by this sharp probing of his interior. Though he felt himself in touch with God in some special way, yet it was with so little pride that it was his profound conviction, as it remained, indeed, throughout his life, that what he had all had or might have. But the study of his interior thus forced upon him was far from a pleasing task. "It is exceedingly oppressive to me to write as I now do," we find him complaining; "continually does myself appear in my writing. I would that my *I* were wholly lost in the sea of the Spirit—wholly lost in God."

We preface the subjoined extract from the diary with the remark that Father Hecker's reading of signs of the Divine will in men and events often brought him to the verge of credulity, over which he was prevented from stepping by his shrewd native sense. Though he insisted all his life on interpreting them as signal flags of the Divine wisdom, this did not hinder him from gaining a reputation for sound practical judgment:

"*Brook Farm, July* 31, 1843.—Man is the symbol of all mysteries. Why is it that all things seem to me to be instinct with prophecy? I do not see any more individual personalities, but priests and oracles of God. The age is big with a prophecy which it is in labor to give birth to."

"My experience is different now from what it has been. It is much fuller; every fibre of my being seems teeming with sensitive life. I am in another atmosphere of sentiment and thought. . . . I have less real union and sympathy with *her*, and with those whom I have met much nearer heretofore. It appears as if their atmosphere was denser, their life more natural, more in the flesh. Instead of meeting them on my highest, I can only do so by coming down into my body, of which it seems to me that I am now almost unconscious. There is not that sense of heaviness, dulness, fleshliness, in me. I experience no natural

desires, no impure thoughts, nor wanderings of fancy. Still, I feel more intensely, and am filled to overflowing with love, and with desire for union. But there is no one to meet me where I am, and I cannot meet them where they are."

All his life Father Hecker was on the lookout for the great human influences which run across those of religion, either to swell their volume or to lessen their force. These are mainly the transmissions of heredity, and the environments that are racial, temporal, epochal, or local. This enduring tendency is foreshadowed in the following extracts:

"*August* 2, 1843.—I have been thinking much of late about the very great influence which nationality and the family progenitors have upon character. Men talk of universality, impartiality, many-sidedness, free judgment, unbiased opinion, and so on, when in reality their national and family dispositions are the centre and ground of their being, and hence of their opinions. They appear to be most themselves when they show these traits of character. They are most natural and earnest and at home when they speak from this link which binds them to the past. Then their hearts are opened, and they speak with a glow of eloquence and a peculiar unction which touch the same chord in the breasts of those who hear them. It is well for man to feel his indebtedness to the past which lives in him and without which he would not be what he is. He is far more its creature than he gives himself credit for. He reproduces daily the sentiments and thoughts of the dim and obscure before. There are certain ideas and aspirations which have not had their fulfilment, but which run through all men from the beginning and which are continually reproduced. There is a unity of race, called Humanity; one of place, called Nationality; one of birth, called Kindred; one of affinity, called Love and Friendship. By all these we are greatly influenced. They all make their mark upon the man."

"The faculties which take cognizance of the inner world have been awakened in only a few of the human race, and these, to distinguish them, have been called prophets, miracle-workers, Providential men, seers, and poets. Now, their privilege is that of all men in a greater or less degree, just as is the case with regard to the faculties which relate to the outward world. For when men in general were as ignorant about the exterior world as they now are about the interior, the men of science, the astronomers, the mathematicians, the founders of the arts, were

held to be miraculous, gods, and they were deified. What any one man (and this is a most comfortable and cheering thought) has been or has done, all men may in a measure be or do, for each is a type, a specimen of the whole human race. If it is said in reply, 'These miracles or great acts, which you hold as actual, are mere superstitious dreams,' I care not. That would be still more glorious for us, for then they are still to be performed, they are in the coming time, these divine prophetic instincts are yet to be actualized. The dreams of Orpheus, the inspired strains of the Hebrew bards, and, above all, the prophecies of Christ, are before us. The divine instincts will be realized as surely as there is a God above who inspires them. It is the glory of God that they should be so; it is His delight. This world must become heaven. This is its destiny; and our destiny, under God, is to make it so. Prophecy is given to encourage and nourish our hopes and feed our joys, so that we may say with Job, 'I know that although worms shall eat this flesh, and my bones become dust, yet at the latter day I shall see my Redeemer face to face.'"

The sentences which follow can be paralleled by words taken from all who have truly interpreted the doctrine of Christ by their lives or their writings:

"To him that has faith all things are possible, for faith is an act of the soul; thy faith is the measure of thy power."

"If men would act from the present inspiration of their souls they would gain more knowledge than they do by reading or speculating."

"No man in his heart can ask for more than he has. Think of this deeply. God is just. We have what we ought to have, even according to our own sense of justice."

"The desire to love and be beloved, to have friends with whom we can converse, to enter society which we enjoy—is it not best to deny and sacrifice these desires? It may be said that, gratified, they add to life, and the question is how to increase life, not how to diminish it. But by denying them, would not our life gain by flowing in a more heavenly direction?"

"We are daily feeding the demons that are in us by our wicked thoughts and sinful acts; these are their meat and drink. I make them gasp sometimes. My heart laughs quite merrily to think of it. When I am hungry, and there is something tempt-

ing on the table, hunger, like a serpent, comes creeping up into my throat and laps its dry tongue with eagerness for its prey, but it often returns chagrined at its discomfiture."

"That which tempts us we should deny, no matter how innocent it is in itself. If it tempts, away with it, until it tempts no more. Then partake of it, for it is then only that you can do so prudently and with temperance."

"All our thoughts and emotions are caused by some agent acting on us. This is true of all the senses and the spiritual faculties. Hence we should by all possible means purify and refine our organism, so that we may hear the most delicate, the sweetest, the stillest sounds and murmurings of the angels who are about us. How much fuller and richer would be our life if we were more acutely sensitive and finely textured! How many exquisite delights nature yields which we are not yet aware of! What a world surrounds us of which none but holy men, prophets, and poets have had a glimpse!"

"The soul is a plate on which the senses daguerreotype indelibly pictures of the outer world. How cautious should we be where we look, what we hear, what smell, or feel, or taste! And how we should endeavor that all around us should be made beautiful, musical, fragrant, so that our souls may be awakened to a divine sense of life without a moment's interruption!"

"O God, be Thou my helper, my strength and my redeemer! May I live wholly to Thee; give me grace and obedience to Thy Spirit. May all self be put from me so that I may enter into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Awaken me, raise me up, restore me, O Jesus Christ, Lord, Heavenly King!"

In reading what next follows it must be remembered that at the time when it was written Isaac Hecker had absolutely no knowledge of Catholic mystical theology. It is since that day that English-speaking Catholics have had access to the great authorities on this subject through adequate translations. But what little he had learned from other sources, combined with his own intuitional and experimental knowledge of human capabilities for penetrating the veil, had already furnished him with conclusions which nothing in his devoted study of Catholic mystical writers forced him to lay aside:

"Belief in the special guidance of God has been the faith of all deeply religious men. I will not dispute the fact that some men are so guided, but will offer an explanation of it which seems to me to reconcile it with the regular order of laws established by God. My explanation would be that this guidance is not a miraculous power, specially bestowed upon some men, but merely a higher degree of ordinary divine guidance. Our ordinary life is inspired; the other is only a higher degree of what is common to all. The evil which arises from the contrary opinion is this: men who have received a higher degree of insight believe that it is a special miraculous gift, and that all they may say is infallibly true, whereas they still retain their own individuality though raised to a purer state of being. They have not been so raised in order to found new sects, or to cause revolutions, but to fulfil the old, continue and carry it on as far as they have been given light to do so. In forming new sects they but reproduce their own individualities with all their errors. So Swedenborg did, and Wesley, men of modern times who were awakened in a greater degree than the mass of their fellows. Their mistake lay in their attempt to make universal ends out of their individual experiences. In the ordinary state no man does this, but these, being lifted a little above the mass, became intoxicated. The only one, so far as I have read, who has had humility equal to his inspiration was Jacob Boehmen. Luther, Calvin, Fox, Penn, Swedenborg, Wesley, had self in view. Selfism is mixed with their universalism. None has spoken truth so pure and universal as Boehmen. He is the most inspired man of modern times. He had more love and truth than all the other mystics put together, and fewer faults than either one of them taken singly."

CHAPTER X.

AT HOME AGAIN.

It was the middle of August, 1843, when Isaac Hecker once more took up his residence with his family in New York. His first endeavor was to sink back again as far as possible into the old routine of business.

"To-morrow I commence to work," he writes on the evening of his return. "My interior state is quiet and peaceful. I have not met any one yet. My dear mother understands me better than any one else. How far business will interfere with my inner

life remains to be seen. O Lord! help me to keep my resolution, which is not to let the world enter my heart, but to keep it looking toward Thee! My heart has been in a constant prayerful state since I have been at home. It is busy in its own sanctuary, its own temple, God. O Lord! preserve it."

One of the first noteworthy things revealed by the diary—which from this time on was kept with less regularity than before—is that Isaac not only maintained his abstemious habits after his return, but increased their rigor. For a robust man, working hard for many hours out of every twenty-four, and deprived of all the pleasant relaxations, literary, conversational and musical, to which he had been accustoming himself for many months, the choice of such a diet as is described in the following sentences was certainly extraordinary:

"*August* 30.—If the past nine months or more are any evidence, I find that I can live on very simple diet—grains, fruit, and nuts. I have just commenced to eat the latter; I drink pure water. So far I have had wheat ground and made into unleavened bread, but as soon as we get in a new lot, I shall try it in the grain."

He had evidently at this time a practical conviction of the truth of a principle which, in after years, he repeated to the present writer in the form of a maxim of the transcendentalists: "A gross feeder will never be a central thinker." It is a truth of the spiritual no less than of the intellectual order. A little later we come upon the following profession of a vegetarian faith, which will be apt to amuse as well as to edify the reader:

"*Reasons for not eating animal food.*

"It does not feed the spirit.

"It stimulates the propensities.

"It is taking animal life when the other kingdoms offer sufficient and better increment.

"Slaughter strengthens the lower instincts.

"It is the chief cause of the slavery of the kitchen.

"It generates in the body the diseases animals are subject to, and encourages in man their bestiality.

"Its odor is offensive and its appearance unæsthetic."

The apprehension under which he had labored, that city life would present many temptations which he would find it difficult

to withstand, appears to have been unfounded. Some few social relaxations he now and then permitted himself, but they were mostly very sober-toned. "Last evening I attended a Methodist love-feast," is his record of one of these. "In returning I stopped at the ward political meeting." Then he notes that although the business he follows is especially full of temptations—as no doubt it was to a man keeping so tight a rein over his most natural and legitimate appetites—he feels deeply grateful that, so far, he has had no need to fear his being led away. "What yet remains?" he adds. "My diet is all purchased and all produced by hired labor. I suppose that slave labor produces almost all my dress. And I cannot say that I am rightly conditioned until all I eat, drink, and wear is produced by love."

It was a vivid recollection of these early efforts after an ascetic perfection which had neither guide nor definite plan, which prompted the following vigorous self-appreciation, made by Father Hecker two years before his death. He had been speaking of some of his youthful experiments in this direction, and ended with an amused laugh and the ejaculation,

"Thank God! He led me into the Catholic Church. If it hadn't been for that I should have been one of the worst cranks in the world."

Here are two expressions taken from the diary of a permanent fact of Father Hecker's individuality. They help to explain why he was misunderstood by many in later years:

"Men have fear to utter absurdities. The head is sceptical of the divine oracles of the heart, and before she utters them she clothes them in such a fantastic dress that men hear the words but lose the life, the thought."

"We often act to be understood by the heart, not by the head; and when the head speaks of its having understood, we deny its understanding. It is the secret sympathy of the heart which is the only response that is looked for. Speech is cold, profane."

This must recall, to those who were intimate with Father Hecker, how often he arrived at his own convictions by discussing them with others while they were yet but partially formed. It is a custom with many to do so, mind assisting mind, negation provoking affirmation, doubt vanishing with the utterance of the truth. In Father Hecker's case his perfect frankness led

him, when among his own friends, to utter half-formed ideas, sometimes sounding startling and erroneous, but spoken with a view to get them into proper shape. At such times it required patience to know just what he meant, for he never found it the easiest to employ terms whose meaning was conventional.

By the first of September such faint hopes as Isaac had entertained of adapting himself to the conditions of his home in New York were well-nigh dissipated. But a certain natural timidity, joined with the still complete uncertainty he felt as to what his true course should be, made him dissemble his disquiet so long as it was bearable. After a month or two, by a mutual agreement between his brothers and himself which exonerated him from much of the manual labor which they still shared with the men in their employment, he devoted himself to an occupation more accordant to his mind. He set to work to make single beds and private rooms for the workmen, contriving various conveniences and means of occasional solitude for them, and in other ways doing all in his power to achieve for them the privileges he found so necessary for himself. Of these efforts we get occasional glimpses in the diary. But it is, in the main, devoted to more impersonal and larger topics, and the facts of his daily employment, as just given, have been gained from other sources.

"*September* 1.—There are two ways in which the spirit may live itself out. One is to leave all these conditions, purchase a spot of ground, and live according to its daily dictates. The other is to make these conditions as harmonic as possible by giving the men" (workmen) "an associative interest in the accumulations of our associative labor. Both extremes require renunciation of property and of self. Love, universal love is the ruler, and only by it can the spirit find peace or be crowned with the highest happiness."

"The mystery of man's being, the unawakened capacities in him, we are not half aware of. A few of the race, the prophets, sages, and poets, give us a glimpse of his high destiny. Alas! that men should be on the borders of such mighty truths and stand as blind and dumb as lower animals before them!"

"Balaam sometimes, but ignorantly, utters true prophecies. A remark I heard to-day leads me to say this. Speaking of diet a man said: 'Why, what do you intend? At last you will have men to live on God.' We must become God-like, or God-

full. Live as He lives, become one with Him. Until we are reconciled with our Father we are aliens, prodigals. Until we can say, My Father and I are one, we have not commenced to be. We must fulfil what the Apostle said (and it means, perhaps, more than we commonly imagine): 'In God we live and move and have our being.'"

"The deeper and more profound a truth is, the less proof can you give in its support."

"*September* 8.—On the evening of the 6th I went to see the French Opera Company in Auber's 'Black Domino.' It did not please me as well as some music I have heard, though parts of it were very beautiful. The hymns of the nuns were very sweet. The thought occurred to me that if the Church does not provide religious gratifications for the true wants of humanity, she must be silent if men feed them profanely. It is because the Church has not done her duty that there are so many secular societies for Reformation, Temperance, and so on. The Church has provided for the salvation of the sinner's soul by means of spiritual acts, such as prayer, penance, the Eucharist and other sacraments. But now she must provide terrestrial sacraments for the salvation and transfiguration of the body."

"We should strive constantly to actualize the ideal we perceive. When we do realize all the beauty and holiness that we see, we are not called to deny ourselves, for then we are living as fully on all sides as we have capacity to do. Are we not in this state? Then, if we are sincere, we will give up lower and unnecessary gratifications for the sake of the ideal we have in view.

"I would die to prove my immortality."

"At times we are called to rely on Providence, to be imprudent and reckless according to the wisdom of the world. So I am willing to be thought. Each of us has an individual character to act out, *under the inspiration of God*, and this is the highest and noblest we can do. We are forms differing from one another, and if we are acting under the inspirations of the Highest, we are doing our uttermost; more the angels do not. What tends to hinder us from realizing the ideal which our vision sees must be denied, be it self, wealth, opinion, or death."

"The Heart says, 'Be all that you can.' The Intellect says, 'When you are all that you can be—what then?'"

"Infinite love is the basis of the smallest act of love, and when we love with our whole being, we are in and one with God."

"Increase thy love by being true to that thou hast if thou wouldst be nearer to God."

"To love is to lose one's self and gain God. To be all in love is to be one with God."

"When the Spirit begets us, we are no more; the Spirit is, and there is nothing else."

"There is much debauchery in speaking wilfully.

"Every act of self is sin, is a lie.

"The Spirit will lead you into solitude and silence if it has something to teach you.

"You must be born again to know the truth. It cannot be inculcated.

"To educate is to bring forth, not to put in. To put in is death; to flow out is life."

Lest the reader may have got an impression, from any of the extracts already given, that Isaac Hecker was puffed up by the pride of his own innocence, we transcribe what follows. It shows that he did not fall under the Apostle's condemnation: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." It was written on the last Sunday of September, and, after this long outpouring of confession, longing, and weakness, the diary was not again resumed for nearly a month. The desire expressed in its second paragraph for the kind of spiritual refreshment which in after years he so often enjoyed under the name of a "retreat," seems noteworthy.

"*September* 24, 1843.—The human heart is wicked above all things. The enemy of man is subtle and watchful beyond conception. Instead of being on the way of goodness, I am just finding out the wickedness of my nature, its crookedness, its impurity, its darkness. I want deep humility and forgetfulness of self. I am just emerging out of gross darkness and my sight is but dim, so that my iniquities are not wholly plain to my vision.

"At present I feel as if a week of quiet silence would be the means of opening more deeply the still flowing fountains of divine life. I would cut off all relations but that of my soul with the Spirit—all others seem intrusions, worldly, frivolous. The in-

pouring of the Spirit is checked by so much attention to other than divine things. In the bustle and noisy confusion its voice is unheard.

"I feel that one of my greatest weaknesses, because it leads me to so much sin, is my social disposition. It draws me so often into perilous conversations, and away from silence and meditation with the Spirit. Lately I have felt almost ready to say that good works are a hindrance to the gate of heaven. Pride and self-approbation are so often mixed with them. I feel that nothing has been spoken against the vain attempt to trust in good works which my soul does not fully accord with. This is a new, a very new experience for me."

The foregoing must be understood in the sense of good works hindering better works. Isaac Hecker felt his noblest aspirations to be, for the moment at any rate, towards solitude and the passive state of prayer; and in this he was hindered by the urgency of his zeal for the propagation of philanthropic schemes and his great joy in communing with men whom he hoped to find like-minded with himself. The time came when he was able to join the two states, the inner purifying the outer man and directing his energies by the instinct of the Holy Spirit. This entry goes on as follows:

"By practice of our aspirations, ideals, and visions, we convert them into real being.

"We should be able to say, 'Which of you convinceth me of sin?' before we are fit to preach to others in such a way that our preaching may have a practical effect upon society.

"Did all our efforts flow into realizing the teachings of the Spirit, we should do much more good and be greater in the sight of God than we are now by so much speaking and writing. But let us be watchful that the pride of good works does not take the place of that of speaking and writing.

"By our sins and many weaknesses we are prevented from entering the Promised Land, and must die just in sight of it. Instead of being humble, willing, and self-denying in our youth, and being led by the Spirit of God, we keep on in the spirit of the world and give all the substance of our being to its service. And when we are nearly worn out we flee to God, and die, perhaps, in sight of heaven, instead of having been among its inhabitants, living in it upon earth, in the full bloom of our youthful joy of life. . . .

"The Lord has been good to me and my heart is filled with His warm love. Blessed be Thou, O God! for Thou hast given me a taste of Thy sweetness. Thou hast given me gratitude and thankfulness and an overflowing heart of praise. I would stand still and shout and bless God. It is God in us that believes in God. Without the light of God we should be in total darkness, and He is the only source of light. The more of God we have in us, the more we see beyond us.

"Thy inspiration, O God! is love and wisdom. In Thee they are one, as light and warmth are in the fire.

"Thou art the true, eternal food of life, and he that has tasted Thee can never be at rest until he is wholly filled with Thee. Lord, when we are without Thee we are lost, dead, in darkness. It is in and by Thy presence that we live and move and have our being.

"Ever more, O Lord, increase Thy Spirit in us until between us there is no more we or Thee, but Thou, O Father, art all!

"Like the fixed light in a crystal which flashes back the light of the sun, so does the soul of man reflect God.

"A good life consists in passive as well as active virtues.

"O Lord, so fill me that nothing shall be left but Thee, and I may be no more."

One would be tempted to believe that none but a master in the spiritual life could have written the sentences which immediately follow this outburst of love and praise. Yet remember that Isaac Hecker was not yet twenty-four, and that he knew nothing of the ways of the Spirit except what the Spirit Himself had directly taught him:

"The reason why men are perplexed and in darkness about their being and the questions which their being often asks, is not that these are insoluble, but that the disposition and spirit in which a solution is attempted is so contrary to that in which they may be solved, that they appear as hidden mysteries.

"When we come together to converse, it should be to learn from each other what good we can and ought to do, and so mingle the brightness of one with the dimness of the other. Our meetings should be such that we should go away feeling that God had been with us and multiplied our blessings. The question should be, 'Brother, can you teach me the way of the Lord in a more perfect manner than that in which I tread it, so that my soul may be increased and God abide in me more and more?' Oh! he is my brother, my master, who leads me

to do more and more good and to love and live more of God. He that does not increase my heart in love or my mind in true godly wisdom, is unprofitable and negatively injurious to me.

"Wilfulness locks up while willingness" (docility) "unlocks the portal to the divine mysteries of God. I would not attempt to solve a mystery by intellect, but by being."

"*October* 17.—It is some time since I have written in this book. All my spare time has been occupied in writing letters to my friends, meditating, feeling, arranging matters with my brothers regarding our relations with each other, and attending to the business. I have had little time to read and to visit my friends. Since I have written my feelings have become more definite, my thoughts clearer and more distinct, and my whole mind more systematic. . . .

"The settlement which has been made with my brothers gives me the opportunity of doing what my spirit has long demanded of me. This afternoon I have been working on their bedroom, making it larger and more pleasant for their minds. This is the first movement I have made toward ameliorating their condition. I hope that God will give me strength to continue."

"*October* 18.—I feel this afternoon a deep want in my soul unsatisfied by my circumstances here, the same as I experienced last winter when I was led from this place. It is at the very depth of my being. Ah, it is deeply stirred! Oh, could I utter the aching void I feel within! Could I know what would fill it! Alas! nothing that can be said, no, nothing, can touch the aching spot. In silence I must remain and let it ache. I would cover myself with darkness and hide my face from the light. Oh, could I but call upon the Lord! Could I but say, Father! Could I feel any relationship!"

"*November* 3.—All things considered, could I, under any circumstances, have more opportunities for self-culture and for doing good than I have in my present position?

"For one thing, there is too much demand on me for physical action. My heart and head have not their share of time. But when I consider, I am at a loss to know how we can possibly diminish our business in any way without a still greater demand on us for physical labor in consequence of diminishing it.

"Yesterday afternoon I went alone in my bedroom and I was led to pray, and to think what more I can do for the friends around me than I now do. This morning I arose and

prayed, and felt determined not to let any outward event disturb my inward life; that nothing should ruffle my inward peace, and that this day should be one of interior life, let come what would.

"Often I think of my past life and my present with such a strength of emotion that I would cry aloud, 'O Heaven help me from my course! This is not the life I would lead, but how shall I change it? O Lord! wilt Thou guide me and lead me, no matter what pain or distress I may have to pass through, to the true path Thou wouldst have me go in? Oh! I thank Thee for all Thou hast in any way inflicted on me; it has been to me the greatest blessing I could have received. And, O Lord! chasten me more, for I need it. How shall I live so that I may be the best I can be under any conditions?' If those in which I now am are not the best, where shall I go or how shall I change them? Teach me, O Lord! and hear my humble prayer.'"

The following account of his curious inner experiences tells of the positive interference of God and His angels, supplementing the calmer moods in which Isaac longed for and struggled towards the settled condition only to be attained after his entering the Church.

"*November* 5.—How is it and why is it that I feel around me the constant presence of invisible beings who affect my sensibility, and with whom I converse, as it were, in thought and feeling, but not in expression? At times they so move me that I would escape them, if I could, by running away from where I am. I can scarcely keep still; I feel like beating, raving, and grasping what I know not. Ah! it is an unearthly feeling, and painfully afflicts my heart. How to get rid of it I do not know. If I remain quietly where I am, by collecting its scattered rays it burns more deeply into my soul, bringing forth deep sighs, groans, and at times demanding all my energy to repress an unnatural howl.

"How shall I escape this? By remaining here and trying to bear it, or by travelling? To do the latter has often occurred to me of late. By such a cause I was driven from home last winter. What the result will be this time I cannot tell; but if I did know, I would not wait, as I did then, until it came on me with such power as to be torturing in the extreme. Ah, what nervous strength and energy I feel at such times! If I speak of it to my brothers, they cannot understand me, never

having had the same experience. My timidity, which does not wish to be thought of as desiring anything extra on account of my life, makes me bear it until it is unendurable. Hence I am silent so long as it does not speak for itself, which extremity might be prevented were circumstances other than they are. Since they are not, let it be borne with, say strength and resignation united with hope. 'Tis this that is fabled in Prometheus and Laocoön—and how well fabled, too."

It is significant that after every extraordinary disturbance, such as the above, he experienced the impulse to study the credentials of claimants in the outer religious world, the envoys of the Deity to man; and this especially concerning the Catholic Church. He goes on at once to say:

"Of late I have felt more disposed to look into church matters than for six months past. Last evening I made a visit to the Rev. Mr. Haight" (an Episcopal clergyman) "and conversed with him about that subject for an hour and a half. We differed very little in our opinions. If the Church of Rome has fallen into corruptions from her over-warmth, the Anglican has neglected some of her duties through her coldness. And if the Anglican receives the first five or six councils as legitimate and rejects the Council of Trent as not a full one, still, as an individual, I think Rome did not establish or enjoin anything in those decrees" (the Tridentine) "which was not in harmony with the Spirit of Christ, the Scriptures, and tradition. But the Anglican thinks she has, and hence, in his judgment, they are unwarrantable and unnecessary."

"*November* 15.—How does Jesus commune with Humanity through the Church? Does He now commune with the Church? Was the life given by Him to His immediate disciples all that has been given and transmitted to us, or does He now commune with the visible Church?. And how? He promised to be with His disciples even unto the end of the world, to send the Comforter who should lead them into all truth, and to intercede for us with the Father. The Church holds that its sacraments and forms are the visible means for communing with the invisible—that grace is imparted through them to the worthy receiver. Is it true that such grace is imparted? If it is, it will be shown by its fruits. Contrast the Catholic who believes most in the sacraments with the Quaker who does not believe in them

at all as religious or moral forces. Certainly, if the sacraments have any beneficial effect, it should be shown in the contrast between those who totally deny their efficacy and those who religiously believe in them. Now, does this show what one would naturally expect to flow from faith in the sacraments?

"*November* 20.—I feel in better health than I have ever had, both mind and body, having at the same time an increased sensitiveness, so that the touch of any one I cannot bear. Also, I am conscious of a more constant spiritual communion. I feel more vividly and distinctly the influence and presence—spiritual presence—of others.

"I lie down in my bed at night with the same feelings with which I rise in the morning. I anticipate as much from one as from the other. The events, emotions, and thoughts which come in my sleep are as much a part of my real life as those of the day. Waking and sleeping are two forms of existence. To me the latter state is full of interest and expectation. The two states mutually act upon each other. . . .

"Hope, Faith, Wish, are the presentiments of sight, the evidences of becoming sight to the senses. They are the forerunners of vision. It is by them we know. . . .

"To believe is to see, not with the senses but with the higher faculties of the soul, reason, imagination, hope. . . .

"I believe that every faculty may be elevated to the state of prophecy.

"Reasoning is faith struggling with doubt."

POESY.

NIGH numberless in form is Poesy;
As Nature's self, her phases fancy-free;
Her soul enraptured Nature's warmest breath,
For, Nature lacking, she lies chill in death.

Her presence e'er, herself we scarce descry;
Her draughts we drain, the cup ne'er courts our eye;
And should we seek to solve her mystery,
Nor she herself, nor aught of hers is nigh.

Thus Poesy her peerless beauty shrouds,
Scarce e'er is seen save dimly, as through clouds;
But when she glads the soul of wistful seers,
Through shapes and sounds as these, her spirit peers:—

A gleam they glimpse of Nature's hidden light,
Revealed, in waking dreams, to fancy's sight;
Then, in a setting formed of language fair,
Full featly cased like lambent jewel rare;

Soul-swaying breezes wafted with the flow
Of spirits' softest breath and brightest glow;
The redolence which hope and joy inspires,
When angel censers breathe their fragrant fires;

Distilment of the "music of the spheres,"
In rapture caught by heaven-entrancèd ears,
And artist-wrought to shapes of symmetry,
And caroled forth in dulcet symphony;

Or crystal stream, from out whose depths divine
The face and form of beauty splendent shine,
Fair-mirrored as the nymphs to whose lone gaze
The frighted flood reflects her fond amaze;

Or songful glade, sweet-tuned with ling'ring lay
Of diverse-throated tones, now sad, now gay,
Now soaring high the lissome lark above,
Now sinking low with plaint of doleful dove,

Now flowing soft as cloud-sprent beams of night,
Now panting fierce in floods of rare delight;
Thus changeful flits the soul of Poesy
A viewless power, e'en like Divinity.

W. McDEVITT.

THE LATE FATHER C. P. MEEHAN.

By the death of the Rev. Charles Patrick Meehan, which sad event occurred only three days before the feast of Ireland's great apostle, and one of his patron saints, Ireland has lost one of the greatest ornaments that her priesthood and her literature have ever known. Indeed, while Irish literature lasts the name of Father Meehan will fill therein a great and an honored place. His works, which are numerous, are all connected with Ireland by their subjects, and are in their spirit intensely patriotic—using the word patriotic in its highest and noblest sense. As his name is almost as well known in America—that greater Ireland—as at home, and as a new generation is growing up which will know the man only by his works and the fame which they brought him, I will give a short sketch of his career; and I am the more encouraged to do this from having had the honor and privilege of being numbered among his friends.

Father Meehan was born at No. 141 Great Britain Street, Dublin, on the 12th of July, 1812, the same year and within a few months of the days of the births of his friends Father John Kenyon and Mr. John Martin. But, although Dublin claims his birthplace, his earliest recollections were all associated with Ballymahon, in the County Longford, where his ancestors for thirteen centuries were keepers and custodians of the shrine of St. Molaise, now one of the most famous relics of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. Here he received his primary education, and while still young his mind conceived that taste for history which afterwards, aided by patient research, culminated in the series of brilliant historical works by which his name will be for ever remembered.

While yet a youth of sixteen he evinced such manifest ability and marks of a divine vocation that his parents decided upon sending him to the Irish College in Rome to study for the priesthood, which he did under the presidency of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Christopher H. Boylan. He was ordained priest in 1834, and, returning to Ireland, was appointed by Dr. Murray, then Archbishop of Dublin, to a curacy in the rural parish of Rathdrum, in the County Wicklow. Here his inquiring mind busied itself with local traditions, embodying principally the

exploits of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles, friends of Hugh O'Neill, and for a long time the champions of their native territory against the encroachments of the "Pale." These researches afterwards took shape in a "History of the O'Tooles, Lords Powerscourt." In December, 1835, he was transferred to Sts. Michael and John's parish church, Lower Exchange Street, Dublin, and there he remained till death removed him on the 14th of March, 1890, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and fifty-sixth of his sacred ministry.

The period of his arrival in Dublin and appointment as curate in the old chapel in Exchange Street was a stormy one in Irish history: Catholic emancipation had been but six years granted, and the country was in the throes of the "tithe question." The brilliant band who afterwards came to be known as "Young Ireland" had not as yet come into open existence; but the influences were at work which in a few years sufficed to make them drift away from O'Connell, and seek to rouse the people to more energetic efforts and infuse new life into the patriotic movement. The establishment of the *Nation* newspaper soon furnished an outlet for the rising intellect of the country to pour forth its feelings in fervid prose and thrilling verse; and amongst the earliest contributors was Father Meehan, under the *nom de plume* "Clericus," with some beautiful verses entitled "Boyhood's Years." They appeared in the fourth number of the *Nation*, that for the 5th November, 1842. Father Meehan himself thought so poorly of them that he offered the editor the option of inserting or burning them; but he did himself a great injustice, for they are so very beautiful that it is to be regretted his poetical pieces are so few; they all show that he had true poetic feeling, touched with a tender and melting pathos. But he was so much absorbed by the graver occupation of compiling his historical works that he had not time to cultivate the poetical muse. Although these verses appear in the *Spirit of the Nation*, I may be pardoned for reproducing them here:

"Ah! why should I recall them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet are gathered to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower,
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower;
But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears,
They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's years!

"Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each hour flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them, the past a dream appears;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of boyhood's years?

"Go seek them in the cold church-yard; they long have stolen to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er oppressed:
Life's sun for them in splendor set, no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed, but sweetest flow'rs be flung,
The fittest offering thou canst make to hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has not torn with racking hopes and fears;
For blessed are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years."

The only other poems that he contributed to the *Nation* were "The Patriot's Wife"—founded on an incident connected with William Tell—and "The Fall of the Leaves."

His *magnum opus* is, undoubtedly, the *History of the Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell*, familiarly known as the *Flight of the Earls*. It was while a student in the Seminary of St. Isidore, at Rome, that he first conceived the idea of rescuing from oblivion the history of those ill-fated princes. Visiting the church of Montorio one day, he had observed a broken flagstone with an inscription in Latin upon it; this was the tomb of a prince of Tyrconnell who had died in exile and found a grave in St. Isidore's. Fired with enthusiasm and generous impulses, he continued his researches for years through old and obscure manuscripts abroad and at home, and the reader has the result of those labors of love in one of the most brilliant and remarkable historical works of modern times. It was published in January, 1868, and the praise which was lavished upon it by critics competent to judge of its extraordinary merits would have been sufficient to turn the head of a less modest man; but vanity was foreign to Father Meehan's nature, and he was as humble in the midst of his literary success as he was before his name was known amongst men. But although this is the work which immediately occurs to the mind on the mention of Father Meehan's name, he had before its publication, and while he was preparing it, published other and important works. In August, 1846, was published his *History of the Confederation of Kilkenny*, and at intervals came from his facile and graceful pen other works, notable amongst which are the *History of the Rise and Fall of the Franciscan Monasteries in Ireland in the 17th Century* and the *History of the Geraldines*. These works alone would be sufficient to establish

the fame of any one man, but they only represent a portion of his literary labors extending over nearly half a century. For some years he edited and contributed many valuable papers to Duffy's *Irish Catholic Magazine*. It was in this magazine that first appeared his poem entitled *The Battle of Benburb*. This is his longest and in many respects his best poetical flight.

He also with loving hands collected and edited the essays of his friends Thomas Davis and James Clarence Mangan, besides re-editing Madden's *Literary Remains of the United Irishmen*. In addition to these he edited many of the religious books published by the Messrs. Duffy, a firm whose devotional and national publications are found throughout the universe wherever an Irish Catholic altar exists. He was an accomplished German and Italian scholar, and it is not generally known that he published in 1847 a splendid translation of Manzoni's *La Monaca di Monza*, a continuation of the *Promessi Sposi;* and in 1852 a translation of Father Marchese's *Dominican Sculptors, Architects, and Painters;* also an English version of the *Life of Bishop Kirwan*, modestly called a translation from the Latin, but in many respects an original composition.

In the Repeal Association he became acquainted with Davis, Mitchel, Devin Reilly, D'Arcy McGee, Charles Gavan Duffy, and in fact all the distinguished men of the period. They often gathered together in Father Meehan's room to spend the evening in congenial literary converse, and sometimes they met there Father Kenyon and James Clarence Mangan. Of all the men of '48 those whom he best loved were Mangan, Devin Reilly, and Father Kenyon; for them he had a true brotherly love, and their deaths were among the great griefs of his life. His loyalty to Mangan's memory was touching; no later than 1887, when Mangan had been thirty-eight years in his grave, he thus, in April, defended his memory in a letter to a friend who had drawn his attention to a magazine article which descanted with reckless inaccuracy upon his alleged habits of constant dissipation:

"DEAR FRIEND: Let me tell you that it would be impossible to find *here* a single being, my unfortunate self excepted, who knew Mangan personally. Poor fellow! he did occasionally take what he ought not have taken; a spoonful of wine or whisky upset his nervous system. The Dublin essayist may be a very conscientious man; but, instead of sitting in judgment on the departed, and exaggerating his shortcomings, he ought, in my opinion, give the Irish in America a faithful criticism of Mangan's poems.

"Mangan, be his faults what they may have been, was a *pure man, never* lowering himself to debaucheries or sensualities of any sort—seeming to me all the more praiseworthy when I call to mind what I know of some of his most dis-

tinguished contemporaries. He prayed, heard Mass almost every day, and occasionally knelt at the altar-rail. He dined with me as often as he liked; and, in all our conversations, I never heard him say a word that was not worth remembering. Of how many can we say that?"

No one was more competent to defend Mangan against the slanderer than he who was his life-long friend, death-bed consoler, and the kind protector who knew how to appreciate so rare and gifted a being. The preface to the new edition of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, which Father Meehan edited, is in reality a biography of Mangan, and, read in conjunction with John Mitchel's brilliant sketch, gives us a very good picture of this rarely gifted and not yet sufficiently known poet.

A sight of the walls of Father Meehan's room, where the midnight stars have often looked down upon him still at his labors, indicated in what large measure the associations of bygone days entered into those labors. There were pictures of Mangan, Gavan Duffy, D'Arcy McGee, John Mitchel, and Hugh O'Neill; and in the scrap-books close at hand was all that was worth preserving in Irish journalism for fifty years.

When the "Young Irelanders" seceded from the Repeal Association, Father Meehan left it also, for he was in full sympathy with them; and on the establishment of the "Irish Confederation" he was elected president of the St Patrick's Branch, where, in addition to lecturing on popular subjects, he established a library and contributed to it many valuable works; but he resigned his position of president after some months, and was succeeded by John Mitchel—a worthy successor. John Mitchel was, as I have said, a warm friend of Father Meehan's, and was capable of appreciating his many great qualities of mind and heart. On the day of his (Mitchel's) removal from Newgate he presented him with a copy of his charming *Life of Hugh O'Neill*, which book he informed the present writer he "cherished reverently."

It may be said, indeed, that in recent years Father Meehan lived almost altogether in the past. His most cherished recollections were all of a bygone generation, and he dwelt fondly on olden memories. It is but a few months ago that I was speaking with him about John Martin and Devin Reilly, and he was moved almost to tears at the recollection of the latter's brave young life and early death.

Though an honored member of the Royal Irish Academy, he was full of that modesty and humility which are alike the attributes of the true genius and the true priest; and united with his

great learning was a deep and solid piety, a quality which he was the fortunate means of kindling and keeping alive in others. The recital of his many good deeds would in themselves fill a long chapter. As, like all truly great minds, he bore a deep and lasting love for his native land, so he generously devoted his learning and his influence to her sacred cause, and was the patron of Irish youth cultivating literature. "Friend of the radiant, lucent mind, and boundless charity of heart!" exclaimed John Francis O'Donnell;* and truly his was a large and generous heart; but like all great hearts, to quote the poet-priest of America:

> "Their greatest greatness is unknown;
> Earth knows a little—God the rest."

This brief sketch would be incomplete without some description of his personal appearance. He was below the middle height, of slender build, and his complexion was almost ruddy. There was intellectuality in his forehead and in his quick, perceptive blue eyes, and his mouth betokened a sensitive disposition. Who that has felt it can forget the genial grasp of the hand, which made you feel that he was a man who could feel intensely and love deeply. He was a man of a lofty and generous nature, and lively, quick, impetuous temperament, and a remarkable characteristic of his mind was its peculiar and unique power of appreciating excellent poetry at a glance; his criticisms on such were always singularly impressive and lucid, going at once to the heart of its subject.

Although in this sketch I have dwelt principally on the literary side of his career, it was only one aspect of his good and useful life. In him the poor always had a friend, the sick a comforter, and the orphan a father. As an ecclesiastic he was a fine type of the Irish priest, devotedly zealous and tender to his flock; as a preacher he had few equals in a country rich in its pulpit oratory. He has passed away full of years and honors, but his name and fame will be ever dear to the hearts of all Irishmen, and the splendid literary monuments which his genius has raised will last until time shall be no more.

P. A. S.

Dublin, March 21, 1890.

* Author of *Memories of the Irish Franciscans.*

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

THE moon in heaven is shining
With soft and misty light,
While sleeps the earth, reclining
Upon the breast of Night;
In golden splendors glisten
Valley and stream and hill,
As lone I sit and listen
To the song of the whippoorwill:
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,"
O'er slumbering hill and plain;
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,"
Resounds the sad refrain.

Deep shadows veil the thicket;
The cedars, tall and still,
Like sentries grimly picket
The sky-line o'er the hill;
The fire-flies flash o'er the meadow,
Where spectres of white mist float;
From out the pines' dark shadow
Flutters the plaintive note:
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,'
Like the cry of a soul in pain;
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Echoes the sad refrain.

The moon sinks low in heaven,
The song new meaning takes;
To errors unforgiven,
Life's failures and mistakes,
Youth's high resolves forsaken,
Proud hopes, forgotten long,
Stern conscience doth awaken
And makes her own the song:
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
For all that life gave to thee;
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
What hast thou brought to me?"

Medfield, Mass. EUGENE BARRY.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

An Astonishing and Entertaining Analysis of the Name of the Great Electrician, Thomas Alva Edison.

It has been said so often without contradiction, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," that everybody, or almost everybody, thinks the saying is a mere truism. I take the liberty of dissenting from the honest opinion of the majority. Not that I am fully prepared just here to show what connection there is between the odor of that royal flower and its ruby name; but I haven't any doubt there is some secret harmony between odors, colors—possibly forms—and melody.

There is no possible language without melody, and each word has its own special tone. There, you see! Color has tone too; and, not to stretch the term very much, some odors are decidedly tonic. This therapeutic quality of odors is unquestionably due to their intensity. Now, intensity of tone is in direct proportion to the tension of the body yielding it. Whoever first gave to the flower the name of "rose" undoubtedly endeavored to express not only a ruddy object, since many other flowers are red, but also its peculiar and intense odor. Neither of those theories of language humorously termed by Max Müller the Bow-wow or the Pooh-pooh theory will suffice to explain why men first called the queen of the garden a rose.

But what is all this talk about? It is apropos of a theory of mine that the name of everything and of everybody will be found to have a good deal to do with what they are. I do not say one can always discover the reasons for this "law of appositeness" in every case. May I not also make a "law," as well as every brother scientist, when I have gotten together a pretty good number of instances whose outward correlations are observed to constantly conform to their inward conditions? Are we not told that the famous philosopher Newton affirmed the law of gravitation from observation of only one fact—the falling of one apple from a tree? If there be a case to which my "law" does not seem to apply, all I can say, with my brothers in science, is that you are not skilful enough to apply my law to the case, or you don't state the case right.

I say, therefore, again, the names of people have a good deal to do with what they are and with what they do. For example:

Do you think that Napoleon would ever have been what he was if his name had been Poppé or Peudechose; or that Washington would ever have become the Father of his Country if his name had been plain and honest Snooks? Just try to imagine either case possible if you can.

Now, I propose to offer a most singular example to prove that my theory is not all bosh and nonsense. First of all, I premise my proof by saying that it is unquestionably a singular fact that the names of all great men—rulers, heroes, generals, conquerors, orators, artists, poets, philosophers, and scientists—will be found (with rare exceptions) to end in one or other of the letters *e*, *l*, *n*, *o*, *r*, *s*. Whatever other letters compose their names these six letters monopolize about all of their terminations. Moreover, you will also find that if the name is not the same in other languages it will nevertheless end in one of the list of six.

Look at the name of St. Peter, for example, which is Peter in English, Pierre in French, Pietro in Italian, Pedro in Spanish, Petrus in Latin, *Herpos* in Greek. Look at the variations of the name of Stephen—Stefano, Stefan, Etienne, Esteban, Stephanus. Also of the name of James—Jacques, Iago, Jacobus, Jaime. Try a few names yourself; the experiment will prove interesting. See how it will work with the names of our truly great Presidents. No wonder the great discoverer of our continent, Christopher Columbus, was a genius, with an R at the end of his first name and an S at the end of his patronymic, as we Anglicize Cristofero Colombo in Italian, and Cristobal Colon in Spanish.

I could write a good deal more to the like effect; but it is high time I came to what I was driving at.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

is the full name of our great American magician in Electricity. You will perceive that his first name ends in S and his last in N, both terminal letters of greatness. On the principle of phonetic decay, so ingeniously elaborated by Max Müller, I might also claim the right to add an R to his middle name, as you will hear a great many people pronounce it—Alvar, an addition which is considered as vulgar, but which is defensible on the same principle that the French put a *t* between *a* and *il* when they say *a-t-il*. Some persons cannot easily separate a word ending with a vowel from another following it that begins with a vowel without sticking in a consonant between them.

Now, if Mr. Edison be a great inventor, which nobody can deny, I, who cannot be nor pretend to be a great man in anything, since neither of my names end with any one of the royal six letters, nevertheless claim to be a small, insignificant inventor, in the sense of being a finder. In a word, I have found out and numbered THOMAS ALVA EDISON. From both a numerical and anagrammical analysis of his name I am going to show that we ought to find in the man bearing that name a great, and as some might be led to suppose, fearful wonder, a wizard or worse, and especially a magical expert in electricity.

This examination has proved the truth of my "law of appositeness." The name suits the thing. The rose by any other name would not smell as sweet. The man by any other name than Thomas Alva Edison would not be the magical electrician he is.

I have a startling announcement to make, but one which will be highly satisfactory to those people who "know'd it all along." *His number is* SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX! You know what an awful number that is, and why. When I first discovered that fact I felt the cold chills run down my back, and I wished I hadn't found it. I felt like a man who, in digging for gold, comes upon some appearance of uncanny shape which looks to him like a buried ghost. Surely it must be a mistake. But no! view it as I might; come at it, as I did, from every conceivable quarter, the name was six hundred and sixty-six with most astounding persistence. The more I varied my calculations the oftener it would appear, and I am going to show you those calculations that you may judge for yourself.

I hope Mr. Edison will not only pardon me for the unparalleled audacity of which I am guilty in taking such liberties with his name, but will feel duly complimented by my discovery, for it puts him in company with the greatest and noblest, the wisest and purest of all earth's magicians—the Holy Roman, Catholic, Apostolic Church, which has been proved over and over again by ingenious inventors among the sons of Luther, to their own satisfaction doubtless, to be that Beast of seven heads and ten horns who was to do great signs and make fire (electricity?) come down out of heaven, and whose number is six hundred and sixty-six. After he has read my exposition which followeth, should he, perchance, ever have come across one of those singular numerical applications of prophecy to the Roman Church, I fancy I can see his face beaming with a broad smile as he taps his breast with his forefinger and says—"Me too!"

Let us to the task. I will ask you first of all to look at his name written this way:

T	20			E	5
H	8			D	4
O	15	A	1	I	9
M	13	L	12	S	19
A	1	V	22	O	15
S	19	A	1	N	14
6	76	4	36	6	66

There are, as you observe, six letters in the names of Thomas and Edison, and four in Alva. The figures corresponding to the letters represent the numerical position of each in the Alphabet, as, for example, A, 1; B, 2; C, 3, etc.

The awful number 666 appears at once at the foot of the name of Edison, the result of the addition of the number of letters put "in apposition," or call it juxtaposition, with the accompanying column of figures. There are ten letters in Thomas and Alva, the "horns" to his patronymic. Behold the first evidence of the "ten horns" of the Beast whose number is 666!

There are seven syllables in the full name: Thom-as Al-va Ed-i-son. Here we have the first appearance of the "seven heads" of the same animal. I think that exposition is quite equal to, if not better, than the Protestant one, which made the "seven heads" of the Roman Beast out of the seven hills upon which Rome sits. If the Beast had one or seven heads, it requires a long stretch of the imagination to picture it as *seated* on them.

You flout at once the evident result, and all calculations to come made upon this arbitrary juxtaposition of numbers, as having no logical correlation. I beg your pardon. According to my learned brother scientists there is no such thing as arbitrary juxtaposition in Nature. My juxtaposition of numbers is one of those "logical facts" of Darwinian, Spencerian, and Huxleian philosophy which, it is true, would never have existed if I had not discovered it, but which being now discovered by our experimental logic to be a fact, we affirm to be indisputable, and explain it to our own satisfaction by the general laws we hang upon individual facts, which facts, in turn, depend for existence upon the laws we have formulated. Don't you see? The apparent arbitrary juxtaposition of numbers is clearly explained by the law of atomic correlation, according to our celebrated superior law of all laws—"the survival of the fittest." That is what I am going to show: that the fittest number of Mr. Edison is 666, and is bound to survive the attempt of every other number to sup-

plant it and affix itself to his name. Let us return to our demonstration.

Now let us write the figures we obtained as follows:

676
436
666

Here we see that the number 666 can be read two ways. Let us now add these three rows of figures:

$$676 + 436 + 666 = 1778$$

If I now divide this 1778 by 7 (the number of syllables in the full name), the quotient is 254. That is an important number. Please remember it, for I shall find it again in a singular way and make a surprising use of it.

My next step is to reverse the order of the alphabetical numbers, counting backwards from the last letter, as, for example, Z, 1; Y, 2; X, 3, etc., and write the names as before:

T	7			E	22
H	19			D	23
O	12	A	26	I	18
M	14	L	15	S	8
A	26	V	5	O	12
S	8	A	26	N	13
6	86	4	72	6	96

I call your attention to the fact that there are four 6's in the above sums, and that in the sums of the direct alphabetical order there were six 6's. That offers us the second evidence of the "ten horns": $6 + 4 = 10$.

The sum of the above figures is 1854, $686 + 472 + 696 = 1854$.

The sum of the alphabetical figures taken alone in the direct order, $76 + 36 + 66 = 178$.

The sum of the same figures in the reverse order: $86 + 72 + 96 = 254$.

This number 254 we found in another way, as you remember

The number 666 will be found lurking within the combination of these figures: $178 + 254 = 432$.

Add the same result reversed: $432 + 234 = 666$.

You think it is only an accident that this number 432, whose figures reversed and added make the mystical number 666, should appear once. Let us see if we cannot find it four times more.

The figures $4 + 3 + 2 = 9$. Mr. Edison has three names. Whence, $3 \times 9 = 27$. He has sixteen letters to compose his full name. Multiply $16 \times 27 = 432$.

Once more: I write under the letters of the names the corresponding figures both in the direct and reverse alphabetical order:

T	h	o	m	a	s		A	l	v	a		E	d	i	s	o	n
20	8	15	13	1	19		1	12	22	1		5	4	9	19	15	14
7	19	12	14	26	8		26	15	5	26		22	23	18	8	12	13
27	27	27	27	27	27		27	27	27	27		27	27	27	27	27	27

You have before you the number 27 repeated 16 times.

Again, therefore, $16 \times 27 = 432$.

The name "Alva" has four letters; subtract 4 from the number which appears under it in the direct order: $436 - 4 = 432$.

Fourthly, subtract the remarkable number 254 from the number of "Thomas" in the reverse order and we have: $686 - 254 = 432$.

Again. The sum of the alphabetical numbers in the direct order, 76, 36 and 66, was found to be 178. Subtract each from the whole sum and we have:

$$\begin{aligned} 178 - 76 &= 102 \\ 178 - 36 &= 142 \\ 178 - 66 &= 112 \\ \hline & 356 \end{aligned}$$

Do the same with the numbers in reverse order:

$$\begin{aligned} 254 - 86 &= 168 \\ 254 - 72 &= 182 \\ 254 - 96 &= 158 \\ \hline & 508 \end{aligned}$$

Now add $508 + 356 = 864$, exactly twice of 432. Reverse the figures of this last sum and add both together, $864 + 468 = 1332$, which is twice the number 666.

Just here it occurs to me that some one might ask, Why did I think of calculating the name of Mr. Edison in the order of a numerically reversed alphabet? If you look at his own signature, as he writes it, the suggestion is apparent:

See how he unites the first and last letters of his name by that unusual curve! The correlation of direct and reverse orders *saute aux yeux.*

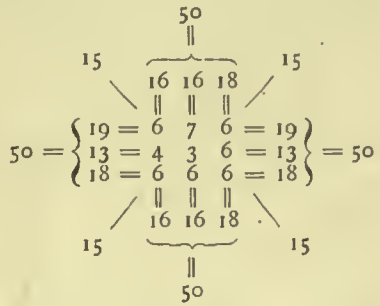
I cannot help calling attention to a fact which shows that the letters composing his name, when subjected to the direct and reverse numerical analysis, appear to amount to precisely the

same sum, the reason of which I must leave to a more astute genius than myself.

Let us see. Subtract from the sum of direct order, 1778, the sum of the alphabetical numbers, viz.: 178 = 1600. Sum of the reverse order, 1854, less the sum of the alphabetical numbers, 254 = 1600.

If there's luck in odd numbers there is wisdom in even ones. What is the "wisdom" in this double 1600?

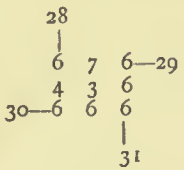
I now come to one of the most remarkable "finds" I have made. In the direct order the figures summing up the three names stand as follows:



In explanation of the above figure, it will be seen that I have added the figures horizontally and perpendicularly just as they stand. Thus, 6 + 7 + 6 = 19. 4 + 3 + 6 = 13. 6 + 6 + 6 = 18. Repeat the process in the opposite direction, and at right angles, and the sum of 50 is obtained in four ways.

Again, by adding the figures diagonally we obtain four times the number 15.

Now examine this:



The above figure shows the sums obtained thus:

Begin with the lower right hand corner figure 6, and add the figures of the lower and left side of the parallelogram:

6 + 6 + 6 + 4 + 6 = 28.

Add the figures of the left and upper sides:

6 + 4 + 6 + 7 + 6 = 29.

Add the figures of the upper and right hand sides:

6 + 7 + 6 + 6 + 6 = 31.

Add the figures of the right and lower sides:

6 + 6 + 6 + 6 + 6 = 30.

The regular order in which these four sums appear as 28, 29, 30, 31 is, to say the least, a little curious, especially when you come to find the very same sums in the same order, only upside down, when you examine the same calculation representing the alphabetical order reversed, as I will show further on.

But before giving it I have one other addition to make, omitting the four 6's occupying the corners:

$$\begin{array}{ccc} & 7 & \\ 4 & 3 & 6 \\ & 6 & \end{array}$$

My addition of these is as follows:

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} 6+3+4=13 \\ 7+3+4=14 \\ 6+3+6=15 \\ 7+3+6=16 \end{array}\right\} = 58.$$

Now we will add together all these sums thus obtained, save the diagonal 15's, of which a remarkable use will be made for another purpose.

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} 28+29+30+31=118 \\ 50+50+50+50=200 \\ 13+14+15+16=\ 58 \end{array}\right\} = 376.$$

Deduct the sum 118, which will be found common to both orders, we will have 258.

Reference to both will be made presently.

Taking the sums as found in the reversed order we obtain similar results, as seen in the subjoined figures:

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} & & & 54 & & & \\ & & & \| & & & \\ & 19 & & \overbrace{\qquad\qquad} & & 19 & \\ & & \diagdown & 16\ 24\ 14 & \diagup & & \\ & & & \| \quad \| \quad \| & & & \\ 54 = & \left\{\begin{array}{l} 20 = \\ 13 = \\ 21 = \end{array}\right. & & \begin{array}{ccc} 6 & 8 & 6 = \\ 4 & 7 & 2 = \\ 6 & 9 & 6 = \end{array} & & \left.\begin{array}{l} \\ \\ \\ \end{array}\right\} & = 54 \\ & & & \| \quad \| \quad \| & & & \\ & & \diagup & 16\ 24\ 14 & \diagdown & & \\ & 19 & & \underbrace{\qquad\qquad} & & 19 & \\ & & & \| & & & \\ & & & 54 & & & \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{ccc} & 31 & \\ & | & \\ & 6\ 8\ 6 - 30 & \\ & 4\ 7\ 2 & \\ 29 - & 6\ 9\ 6 & \\ & | & \\ & 28 & \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{c} 17 \\ \| \\ 8 \\ 19 = 4 \quad 7 \quad 2 = 18 \\ 9 \\ \| \\ 20 \end{array}$$

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} 8 + 7 + 2 = 17 \\ 9 + 7 + 2 = 18 \\ 8 + 7 + 4 = 19 \\ 9 + 7 + 4 = 20 \end{array}\right\} = 74$$

Therefore we have as before:

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} 28 + 29 + 30 + 31 = 118 \\ 54 + 54 + 54 + 54 = 216 \\ 17 + 18 + 19 + 20 = 74 \end{array}\right\} = 408$$

Deduct the common sum, 118, as before, and we have 290.

Having obtained these various results, we are now ready to observe the startling consequences.

Sums of both orders added: $376 + 408 = 784$.

Subtract the common 118 and we have: $784 - 118 = 666$.

Add to the full sum of the direct order the sum of the reverse, less the common 118: $376 + 290 = 666$.

On the contrary, add the full sum of the reverse with that of the direct order, less the common 118: $408 + 258 = 666$.

And if these astonishing results were not quite enough to take one's breath away, please look at one other.

To the full sums of both orders added, *i.e.*, 784, let us add the sums of the four diagonal 15's and 19's which we passed by in our former calculations. Thus we have:

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} \text{Sum of the direct order} = 376 \\ \text{“ “ reverse “ } = 408 \\ \text{“ “ four 15's } = 60 \\ \text{“ “ “ 19's } = 76 \end{array}\right\} = 920$$

From this whole number, 920, please deduct the singular number 254, which we found in different ways in both alphabetical orders, and the same marvellous result again appears:

$$920 - 254 = 666.$$

There! if the "number" of the great magician, Thomas Alva Edison, is not 666, I'd like somebody to assign another and prove it.

But I have not done with the mysterious name of the famous electrician. Though you had only given me the name, and I did not know of him what now all the world knows, I could have told you that if he were destined to be great in anything it

would be in his knowledge of the wonderful powers of electricity and magnetism. The proof is a short and easy one. We will tell his fortune by anagrammical analysis of his name. Once more let me print for your ready inspection his full name:

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Transpose the letters contained in it and you will find the three astonishing sentences:

1. A loadstone has vim.
2. A deinamo has volts.
3. Ah and so atoms live.

You will not object, I am sure, to my spelling the word "dynamo" as I have done. The explanation of the third sentence will be found in *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1890 (article, "Talks with Edison," page 435):

."I do not believe," he said, "that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence. Look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements, forming the most diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence? Atoms in harmonious and useful relation assume beautiful or interesting shapes and colors, or give forth a pleasant perfume, as if expressing their satisfaction, etc."

Do you exclaim, with those who "know'd it all along," "The de'il must be in it"? Even so. But we must own that the demon is only an electrical one, despite the next three horrible-looking anagrams of his eminent and highly respectable name:

4. A devil has a son Tom.
5. Aid Satan love ohms.
6. Si homo valde Satan.

The first two speak for themselves. The last is Latin for "Though he be a man, he is certainly Satan."

There! I think that is about enough to demonstrate satisfactorily all that I set out to prove. I read in a newspaper the other day that Mr. Edison had "given his name as a member of a Theosophical club." Theosophists claim to be in possession of a so-called "occult" science. Perhaps in the light, or rather darkness, of their science the data and marvellous mystical results as given in this essay would all appear as plain as day.

——D ——G.

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.*

THESE words tell us of a great natural virtue and a great supernatural society. Because temperance is primarily a virtue of the mere man—natural—and because the church is a society of men raised above nature, a supernatural organism, many Catholics, laymen and priests, find more or less difficulty in a distinctively Catholic temperance movement. Are not the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity enough? they ask. Do not these supernatural virtues necessarily establish temperance? Is there any holiness which cannot be found in the Catholic supernatural life? Are not the administration of the sacraments by the clergy and their devout reception by the people, attendance at Mass, and hearing the word of God—are not these enough to secure the attainment of any virtue? Are not these the *only* necessary means of securing a virtuous life, reforming men from sin, and enabling them to persevere to the end? Such are the exordium, body, and peroration of the emphatic speech so often privately spoken against our requests to form Total Abstinence Societies, or to join them when already formed.

The relation of the church to temperance, or rather to intemperance, throws us back, therefore, upon the yet more fundamental question of the relation, on the practical side of religion, of the supernatural to the natural. And I believe that the solution of the problem in hand is thus formulated: before you have the Christian you must first have the man. Or put it this way: before the grace of God can do its work well it must have good natural material to work upon. Before the Holy Spirit can infuse the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity into the man, he must have certain natural prerequisites. One may live and die a baptized infant or idiot, and thus be saved by no cooperation of his own. But if otherwise he must have sound sense to understand the truths of faith, free will to stake his life upon them in hope of a future eternity, as well as to prefer God and his law before all things, in holy charity. Or the idea is better expressed thus: Before the supernatural virtues can do their proper work they must do a preliminary work, and that is the establishment of certain natural virtues. Of these virtues, temperance, or self-restraint, stands among the most necessary; it is one

* This paper, since revised and enlarged, was read at the recent Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

of the foremost natural virtues. The command of reason over appetite is a cardinal virtue; it is one of the hinges of the portal closing the inner and outer chambers of the human soul through which the grace of God must pass.

Take a comparison. The business of the farmer is to plough and plant and reap. But multitudes of farmers have done little more than hew down trees and grub up stumps their whole lives long; their children think them the best farmers the land has ever known. It is so with the preparation of the human soul for the supernatural life by the inculcation of the natural virtues, especially self-restraint or temperance. The more highly we appreciate the need of true manhood for a valid Christian character, the more vigorously will we attack intemperance. Whatever is the foe of man's reason is every way, supernaturally and naturally, man's worst foe; and that certainly is intemperance. The lowest degree of Christian character must start with some degree of clear manhood, of intelligence and of freedom and of affectionateness, and against these intemperance wages the most destructive war. Religion does not start with nothing; it must have a man to begin with, and what makes the man is his reason, and what unmakes the reason and the man and the Christian all at once is intemperance.

Hence, wherever the Christian pastor finds a tendency to excessive drink in his parish, he is confronted with the absolute necessity to antagonize it before he can hope to succeed in any way whatever. What he preaches; how, when, and to whom he administers the sacraments; how he shall edify by his conduct; all that he does and says, and prays and preaches must be a two-handed endeavor to place clear manhood in reach of the divine gifts on the altar. If his right hand offers the saving absolution for sin in the confessional, his left must shut the saloon door if he has absolved men addicted to drink. Drink maddens the intelligence which the faith seeks to enlighten; hence the instruction from the altar must condemn fearlessly the drink habit which is the enemy of reason's sovereignty. Drink darkens with despair the soul which hope would illumine with courage; drink demonizes the heart which love would ennoble. "Blind drunk" is the description of the fulness of the evil. Take, then, a comparison from the sorrows of the blind: "What manner of joy shall be to me," says the blind Tobias, "who sit in darkness and never see the light of heaven." What manner of supernatural faith, hope, and love shall exist in a parish darkened by intemperance and infested with saloons.

We call drunkenness a brutalizing vice. Precisely so. And men brutalized by intemperance, and their children brutalized by its heredity and by its evil example, must first be humanized before they can be Christianized. Civilize first and then Christianize, or rather civilize in the very process of Christianizing.

Sacramenta propter homines is a theological maxim—the sacraments are for the sake of men. Give yourself men, then, say the advocates of the temperance movement, that the sacraments may avail them. The more manly—that is to say, the more sober, intelligent, conscious of human dignity, and self-respecting your people are, the better use they will make of the sacraments. Before regeneration comes generation; men were before the sacraments. Their native virtues and excellences were bestowed upon them by God that the sacramental life might the more readily elevate them to union with the Deity. Exactly in proportion to the manhood of a people will the sacraments work a divine work among them. The church can, indeed, adjust itself to the state of savages, as it does to that of children and of the feeble-minded. But religion tends to abolish savagery just as nature tends to develop childhood into manhood. The normal work of religion is not to be sought among the weaklings of humanity, but is found among men and women of powerful intelligence and heroic will.

In view of these principles, let us look at the facts. Is the church in America seriously injured by intemperance? To answer this question intelligently, we must call up sufficient courage to face undisputed facts. Now, the Catholic Church of America is an urban institution. Its members are almost wholly residents of cities and industrial towns. If our people have any vices they are the vices of the city. Are our cities and factory towns infested with saloons and are the working people addicted to drunkenness? There cannot be the slightest doubt of it. The saloons are so numerous in such localities that in many, if not most of them, there is one for less than a hundred and fifty persons. Of these seven score and a half persons to one saloon there are fully five score who pay little, if any, tribute to the tax-gatherer behind the bar, except through their drunken husbands or fathers; all the children, more than half the women, many of the men drink little or not at all. Archbishop Ireland has estimated that the trade of less than fifty persons is the actual support of the average saloon. Drunkards of various grades there must be, then, or the saloon-keeper could not pay his rent from their trade. The number of the saloons thus proves

the prevalence of drunkenness. It is the few heavy drinkers who keep up the beer and whiskey business: men who love drinking for its own sake, or who drink in parties together and are convivial drinkers; who provoke each other to drink, and to drink again and over again till they are made drunk by treating; men in whose rottenness we priests are so often compelled to dabble as we visit their families for sick-calls or on errands of charity in connection with the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences. These are the ones who mainly support the saloons, and they are drunkards.

Now comes the horrible truth. In all the cities of the Union a large proportion of these wretches are Catholics. To deny this is a great weakness; it is folly to try to conceal it. Mr. Powderly ought to know whether the working classes are given to excessive drink, and at the last convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America he affirmed that nine out of ten of the supporters of the saloon are workingmen—the very class which forms nearly the whole of our Catholic community. In many cities, big and little, we have something like a monopoly of the business of selling liquor, and in not a few something equivalent to a monopoly of getting drunk. Scarcely a Catholic family among us but mourns one or other of its members as a victim of intemperance.

This is lamentable. I hate to acknowledge it. But the concealment of such a deadly thing by us eliminates the most necessary element from the discussion—namely, the facts of the case. This would be far worse than petty vanity; for Catholics to refuse to face this fact is to withdraw, defeated, from the controversy with the rum-power. It would be a public and an official lie to conceal such a fact. The Catholic Church in America is grievously injured by drunkenness. Yet who will say that the sacraments have not been duly administered, the word of God—on the routine lines, at any rate—faithfully preached right in the very communities referred to? Yet from Catholic domiciles—miscalled homes—in those cities and towns three-fourths of the public paupers creep annually to the almshouses, and more than half the criminals snatched away by the police to prison are by baptism and training members of our church. Can any one deny this? Or can any one deny that the identity of nominal Catholicity and pauperism existing in our chief centres of population is owing to the drunkenness of Catholics? And can any one deny that this has been the horrible truth for something like thirty-five years, or ever since the Father Mathew

movement began to wane? Yet no one will affirm that the cause is a lack of churches and priests, or a want of any of the supernatural aids of religion. This detestable vice has been a veritable beast in the vineyard of the Lord, making its lair in the very precinct of the buildings containing the confessional and the altar. I will give you an example. For twenty years the clergy of the parish of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, have had a hard and uneven fight to keep saloons from the very church door, because the neighborhood of a Catholic church is a good stand for the saloon business; and this is equally so in nearly every city in America. Who has not burned with shame to run the gauntlet of the saloons lining the way to the Catholic cemetery? Whether it be the christening of the infant or the burial of the dead, the attendance at the ordinary Sunday Mass or the celebrating of such feasts as Christmas and New Year's and St. Patrick's day, the weakness and the degradation of our people has yoked religion and love of country and kindred, the two most elevated sentiments of our nature, to the chariots of the god Gambrinus and the god Bacchus, whose wheels crush down into hell a thousand-fold more victims than ever perished under the wheels of Juggernaut.

We cannot claim a better clergy or people than the Irish in Ireland. Yet listen to a competent witness of the drink-evil in the Irish cities. I quote from "Intemperance in Ireland," published in this magazine for last July:

> "I was four years working as a priest among a dense and poor population, and I can use no language more truly descriptive of what my eyes saw than the homely phrase 'It was a fright!' Such a tangled mass of recollections stares me in the face that I am afraid that I can give no order to my impressions. What was the occupation of the people? Some were messengers uptown; some drivers of vans; some engaged in the factory; some at the docks, and some were fishermen. The wives and daughters of many of them were washerwomen at home who did the laundry work of the city. Half, perhaps two-thirds, of the men themselves belonged to the Confraternity of the Holy Family. Their little girls went to the nuns; their little boys to the Christian Brothers' Schools. There was even a benefit and total abstinence society in the parish, and yet—drunkenness! drunkenness! The place was sprinkled with public houses. There was a huge distillery in full swing, giving employment to hundreds and destined to beggar thousands."

I positively affirm that this is a true picture of many parishes in our American cities, the miserable simulacrum of a neglected Temperance Society included.

The regular administration of the aids of religion to a population defective of so essential a natural virtue as restraint from

excessive use of drink, is like scattering good seed upon the matted sod of the unbroken prairie or rather upon the ash-heaps of the foundry dump.

To attack the vice of drunkenness from an entirely supernatural point of departure is to begin without the beginning. Intemperance is primarily a sin against nature, and the resources of natural virtue should be first called upon to vanquish it. A man should be sober whether he believes in God or not. To overcome drunkenness, the only faith a man need have is belief that he is a reasonable being; the only hope he need have is one for a tolerable existence in this life; the only charity, self-love. Experience and observation prove that these lowest of even the natural reasons for sobriety succeed in reforming multitudes of drunkards of every creed. Drunkenness, therefore, is a vice to assail which the priest must go out of the sanctuary if he would make his apostolate integral; and to make it successful, he must associate with him persons and things not entitled to stand in any holier place than the sanctuaries of pure and upright nature, a happy home and a well-ordered state. The layman is the priest of nature's shrine, which is home, and the family is his sanctuary. To him must be yielded the first place, if he is competent to assume it, in the warfare against a vice which is firstly against manhood, and only secondarily against the Christian character. Yet we know that few parishes can wage a successful fight against drink without the aid of the priest; and often without his entire supervision the whole battle will be lost. But in that case and in every case the attitude of the priest, although it can never lose its supernatural force, must in addition take on the natural. As a fellow-man of the drunkard he must appeal to him, as an equal citizen of the civil community must he antagonize the saloon-keeper, and all this both in public and private.

I am not ordained priest to keep a laundry; but if a class of my people are too dirty to go to church, I must set to work to get them cleaned—unless I am a mere ecclesiastical official. So with the case in hand. I am no policeman, but if a class of my people are going to hell through the Sunday back-entrance of the corner saloon, I must at once set about becoming more than a policeman; at any rate I must be so to the keeper of that saloon.

The supernatural influences of religion, joined to the drink-wounded natural character of man, are like a noble tree whose bark has been girdled at the root. What, indeed, is the bark

compared to the wood, or to the sap, or to the fruit. But the wood must die, and the sap must stop, and the fruit must rot unripe if the bark be cut away. To confine one's self to the assiduous administering of the sacraments, the faithful preaching of the ordinary Sunday sermon, and the usual sacerdotal labors for the sanctification of the people, in an average city parish of America, *without an aggressive crusade against saloons and saloon-going*, is to water and to prune a tree all day long whose bark is gnawed by a beast all night long.

Rev. Dr. William Barry in a defence of his admirable paper, read at the Catholic Truth Conference in Birmingham, quotes in support of his thesis, "First Civilize and then Christianize," some words of the German explorer Von Wissmann, which apply directly to the question we are considering: "Every one who knows the Africans," says this witness of Catholic missionary wisdom, "and, for the matter of that, who knows any savage people, will agree with me that an understanding of the religion of love is not to be expected from people in such a low state of civilization. Therefore the proper way of a mission is first to make of the savage a higher being, and then to lead him to know religion. This is what the Roman Catholic missions do, by adopting the maxim *Labora et Ora*, and not like the Protestant, *Ora et Labora*, which is only suitable for a people of higher civilization." I leave it to any priest experienced in the reform of drunkards whether the absence of the sense of right and wrong he has had to take account of, and the weakness of will he has encountered, would not be worthy of the naked savages of the dark continent. And as the Catholic missionary is successful there because he not only preaches the word, but preaches the wearing of breeches and the cultivating of the soil, so shall we be successful in many places here in America only on condition of in like manner using civilizing influences in preparation for those of the gospel.

A house may be laid upon solid foundations, built of enduring materials, proportioned and adorned by a skilful architect; but let the drainage be defective, and it is turned into a house of death in which miasmatic fevers slay the inmates. So is a city parish presided over by a priest who ignores the prevalence of drunkenness. If asked by his bishop or the missionary what are the people's chief faults, he perhaps names missing Mass, neglect of Easter duty, failure of parents to instruct their children or to send them to Sunday-school. In this he names the effects, and does not even suspect the one only efficient cause of these

sins, and of the worst of the others: the drink-habit. There are not a few such good priests in America, well-educated and devout men, who have many drunkards among their people, and have never preached a temperance sermon. I am persuaded that the reason of this is a delusive idea of the all-sufficiency of the supernatural aids of religion. Such men are neither cowards nor sluggards, but are oblivious to the need of bringing into play the moral forces of nature in order to secure the fruits of supernatural religion. If asked to take a leading part in an aggressive attack on saloons and saloon-going, to organize or to reorganize a temperance society, they answer: "I really have no time to do so. I am kept too busy by my regular clerical duties—my confessional, visiting the sick, paying off my debt, etc., etc.—to attend to *outside matters* like that." They tether themselves in their sanctuaries, and go round and round their lives long with beautiful churches and fine houses, and a drunken people. The solid ground of the faith, the high privilege of the sacraments, the noble brotherhood of the Christian society—what do they avail to multitudes of the dwellers in a beautiful temple beneath which flows the miasmatic sewer of the drink-habit.

Another view of the case is that which arises from the duty the church owes to the community at large in distinction with that which she owes to individual souls. This duty has been continually insisted on by Pope Leo as, in these times especially, something of the utmost importance. The farther the public life of men recedes from the morality of the gospel, the more assiduously should the church endeavor to win men back to that best guarantee of civil welfare. The Church of Christ is the only divinely appointed public guardian of the moral law, that law which is a condition of the happiness of nations as well as of men. Now, this office involves the necessity of *keeping up a good name* for the Catholic parish of every town in the land, the necessity as well as the duty. What God made the church to be to the civil community, that will the civil community instinctively demand that the church shall actually be. The parish priest has no less an obligation to win the respect and to earn the gratitude of the non-Catholic community about him than he has to break the bread of life to his own parishioners. The wise doing of the one secures the performance of the other duty. Yet how many of our priests absolutely confine their efforts, their very thoughts, to their own "ecclesiastical subjects," and that in a strictly exclusive sense. "You are the salt of the earth," applies in their view only to the Celtic or the Teutonic colony of the

busy city in a corner of which they dwell; or to the "exiles" scattered throughout a smaller town. Nay, priests are sometimes found to privately sneer at the efforts of public-spirited citizens to lessen the number of the saloons, to break up gambling dens, to secure the observance of Sunday laws; and this in spite of the earnest exhortations of the American hierarchy that priests and laymen should do all in their power to aid such movements. Those who deem themselves but Celts transplanted or Teutons transplanted are too absorbed by backward glances regretfully cast across the ocean to seriously grapple with an American evil present everywhere about them. This is true also of their use of theologians. The theorizings of distant men on distant facts are respected by some priests more than the positive injunctions of the American hierarchy itself, stamped with the broad seal of Rome; I have often been met with the allegation of customs tolerated in Europe as an answer to the express decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. All priests who have been active advocates of the total-abstinence movement and the anti-saloon movement will tell you how often they have been knocked about with theological "stuffed clubs," stuffed with words and sentences written in "temperate wine-drinking France" or Italy, or "sober beer-drinking Germany"; as if this land were Italy, or Germany, or France; as if moral theology were not a practical application of principles; as if the bishops were not the divinely appointed legislators of the church to judge of circumstances and apply principles.

Now let me ask what use have the American people at large for Catholicity? Not one in six of them is a Catholic, nor is there much in the signs of the times to indicate that they are going to become Catholics. What use have they for our religion? Will they thank us for building big churches and convents? Do you perceive any sign of gratitude for our parochial schools? As a matter of fact, the people of the United States, though without ill-will towards us, yet look upon us as besotted with love for our faith because it is an heirloom of our race, or as men and women of little independence of character who are willing to delegate our thinking to an hierarchical caste. Our non-Catholic Americans are a kindly people, and will not molest us until sorely provoked. But, taking their standpoint to judge from, what use have they for us? The Sister of Charity is the only answer, so far given them, which they can understand. Were it not for our hospitals, asylums, reformatories, we should be without any cause at all in the court of public opinion, apart from the feelings born of personal acquaintance between members

of all forms of religion among us. Our great works of charity make us good Samaritans, by proxy at any rate. Charity is always lovely, and the mere spectacle of Catholic benevolence wins honest men's hearts. In its charities, too, the Catholic Church helps to solve the most threatening of the social problems—that which is pictured by the poor man's hand stretching towards the rich man's purse. But the *faith* of the Catholic people, the *sacramental life* of them—these are things known as of use to the civil order only by whatever fruits of natural virtue they may bring forth. Industry, truthfulness, obedience to law, love of country, cleanliness, honesty, and above all sobriety, are what men outside the church look for as the signs of her utility. Without such fruits as these bare toleration is what we may count on, and that will be swept away in the first burst of passionate religious excitement. Unless a religion makes men better *men* and better citizens its insignificance must be its only enduring guarantee of perpetuity in the state.

On the other hand, show me a town in which the Catholic priest lives publicly up to the Third Plenary Council, and is the declared enemy of the saloon, and his church the shrine of a sober people: that priest is sure of the honor of his religion in public and in private: He is among the foremost citizens because he represents an organism which is a powerful conservator of the commonwealth. Whoever hurts him or his church cuts the state to the quick. More: his church presses upon all honest minds for an answer to her claims, because those claims, if supernatural in themselves, have nature's universal credentials of validity to support them, the manly, natural virtues everywhere seen among a Catholic sober people.

"How can you expect conversions," demands Canon Murnane in his paper read to the Catholic Truth Conference at Birmingham—a most terrible because a most undeniable confession of the infection of the body Catholic with the drink-plague—"how can you expect conversions when a Catholic prison chaplain can assert that of six or seven thousand women brought into the prison yearly, more than eighty per cent. are Catholics?" Can we deny this of American penal institutions? Alas! no. I remember witnessing the horror of an American bishop after a visit to such a place near one of our large cities, his horror and his shame that a prodigious majority of the inmates were unmistakably of our own people, though in population we are not one-third of the city. This moral cesspool filled from Catholic "homes" through the open sewers running from the saloons to

the police courts, daily revealed in the press, is the extinction of the hope of converting the "other sheep not of this fold." What the above authority, in addition to his quoted words, says of England is true of America: "The people of this country understand nothing of supernatural virtues, they see not the life of the soul; but they do see and do hear what takes place next door and in the street. They know and appreciate the moral virtues, temperance, honesty, etc. *These must be our motives of credibility and the notes of the true Church.* The conclusions are obvious."

No career can have so calamitous an end as that of a body of Christians tried, found wanting, and rejected by the application of its Founder's own test, "By their fruits ye shall know them." If the drunken neighborhood is the Catholic neighborhood; if the drunkards' names in the police reports are notoriously those of Catholics; if the saloon-goers and the saloonists are Catholics; if the "Boodlers" who thrive by saloon politics are Catholics; if the saloon-made paupers and tramps are Catholics, then as a moral force among men Catholicity is done for in that community; whatever individual good it may do to its members its public force for morality is nothing. Chrysostom and Bossuet, aye or Paul and Patrick, could not convert men to such a Catholicity; nor can twenty universities discover a truer test or a fairer one than that the tree shall be known by its fruits.

If drunkenness were prevalent in a bad priest's parish, "Like master like man," we could say. But the poison of the sting is that the evils we have been considering are often enough found in the parishes of our best priests, judged so by the standards of education and piety; and that in the midst of it all the sober Catholics are not led to show their hatred of drunkenness publicly. It is seldom that most of the people are drunkards; as a minority of the Catholic population support the saloons in the Catholic neighborhoods, so does a minority of wicked men blight the fair fame of the entire Catholic community. The virtues cultivated in societies and for public show are unfortunately too often exclusively such as are appreciated only by the faithful themselves, as is the case with the usual confraternities and sodalities. They are most excellent for us who have the supernatural standard to judge by; they are nothing, are generally never known, to the outside world. The case is totally different where the priest preaches openly against saloons and against convivial drinking, and gets his sermons into the daily press; where he joins reform movements, lends his name and influence to public efforts for the

suppression of drunkenness and its occasions; joins with all and any citizens, Protestants, Jews, and Gentiles, in every lawful effort for the relief of human misery and the elevation of men. In the parishes of such priests Catholic laymen take heart. They soon become conspicuous for their political virtue and public spirit. If drunken Catholics are upcast to them, they can answer by pointing to flourishing Catholic Total Abstinence Societies; they can offset the Catholic boodler with the Catholic reformer, and the Catholic saloon-keeper with the Catholic temperance hall.

The priest without a good temperance society, but a flourishing devotional society, in a parish full of flourishing saloons, is like a lawyer who has a good case but lets his antagonist get judgment by default; or he is like a certain kind of bankrupt: assets in the form of securities far in excess of debts, but the securities cannot be realized on. Show that you hate drunkenness and saloon-going publicly, for the vice is public, and the good name of a public society like the church can only be safeguarded by public conduct. If you have got good fruits of sobriety to show, show them; they shouldn't be all hustled away out of sight into pious sodalities.

The words written in this article will be hot words to some of my readers, but they will burn no one who reads them more painfully than they have burned me in writing them.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The Broughton House, by Bliss Perry (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), is a story of New England life which, from the purely literary point of view, certainly presents valid claims to attention. The author (whose name is non-committal, and about whose sex the men of the story also leave one doubtful), having the literary sense in what was probably great native perfection, has cultivated it with fidelity and in accordance with recognized native models. The Broughton House and the quartette who play whist on its piazza through the summer are done to the life, and with a fine taste and discrimination which give unusual distinction to the novel. But the story of "Tryphena Morton Floyd" and "Billy," of "Sonderby" and "Bruce D. Collins," with its lame and impotent conclusion, strikes us as inept and feeble. And yet there is very good work in it. The vagabond artist, with nothing but an eye for color and a mean self-indulgent love for his own ease to distinguish him; without principle, without manliness, with nothing, in fact, which explains why his wife should ever have loved him, is like a study from the life. The scene in which he shows her, after three years of marriage, a letter from his patron offering to give him money enough to go to Munich to study, providing he will go alone, is extremely clever. "Billy" is tired of marriage, tired of cheap boarding-houses and inappreciative people; moreover he is secretly convinced that what the critics say of his poor drawing is well said, and he has a wish to begin anew at the foundations of his art which is entirely commendable in itself. There is the making of an artist in him, but not the making of a man. He has a sneaking pleasure in the thought that, once away from his young wife, he will vagabondize for good and all, and leave her to shift for herself. She owns the little house in Broughton where they were married, and she will be able to get along somehow. So he goes, without having the courage to say good-by to her, at the end of the month into which the action of the story is compressed. Meanwhile, there has been a little fluttering about Mrs. Floyd on the part of the school-teacher, Sonderby. He has partly appreciated her situation; something in her has appealed to his imagination and his heart. He is about to proffer her his friendship when he sees her with Collins, the woollen manu-

facturer who fishes the Broughton streams every summer, in an attitude which seems compromising. The sight drives him into such profound self-communing that he comes out determined to keep out of all temptation by leaving Broughton.

But he has misjudged Mrs. Floyd. She is innocent, she is high-principled. But she is also friendless and disillusioned. She has loved her husband, but she has seen through him and knows herself to be abandoned. She has divined Sonderby's respectful friendship and returned it. But Collins, who is a "man of the world," and who understands her position thoroughly, takes advantage of her ignorant recklessness to propose to her to go away with him. She is by nature timid, and the time and opportunity he takes for his infamous proposal is such that, with the coward's instinct to gain time, she agrees to go, providing he will leave her at once and not see her again until the hour of departure from the village has arrived. Collins passes the interval in packing up, and in concocting a story which may pass current in Broughton for a while; then, finding the last moments drag, as they will upon nerves strung up to more than common villainy and not yet able to spend themselves in action, he goes down to the Broughton Hollow at night, to spear a trout which has evaded him all summer. And in the Hollow, at the bottom of the great pool where his prey has always hidden, the light of his torch illuminates the face of Mrs. Floyd, lying white and cold. And that, it seems to us, is a stupid and most unnatural ending; dramatic, if you will, but dramatic at the expense of truth to New England nature. There is nothing whatever in the situation contrived for Mrs. Floyd which would push any ordinarily right-minded young woman of twenty-two to suicide. She is not heart-broken by "Billy's" absence; she has a true esteem for Sonderby; she is not in dread of want; she has a refuge and may earn a living. And yet Bliss Perry can find no better use for her than drowning! She neither points a moral nor adorns a tale by such a death.

The American publishers of *Paul Nugent, Materialist* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), announce it as "a powerful and weighty rejoinder to Robert Elsmere." The announcement is misleading, to say the least about it. Our remark is not necessarily uncomplimentary to its authors. To be "powerful and weighty" in fact and argument, with "Robert" for antagonist, would be sure to land the adventurous person who tried it in serious earnest in such a strait as Private Mulvaney's when he "let go from the shoulter" at Flahy's ghost. "I put my body weight behind the blow," said he, "but I hit nothin' at all, an'

nearly put my shoulter out. The corp'ril man was not there." But then, Mrs. Ward's book was considerably more than an abortive essay in Biblical criticism.

Criticism for criticism, German name against German name, with little scraps of physiological science thrown in for make-weight, we are not going to say that the new novel—which, by the way, has a lady and a parson for its joint authors—is not more ponderous than the old one. Truth is like the gold in the digger's pan; in however small quantity it exists, its specific gravity enables it to resist the action of the water which carries off as so much refuse the mass of worthless ore in which it was embedded. The general aim of Miss Helen F. Hetherington and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton is praiseworthy, and in their effort to combine a society novel and a Ritualistic tract they had no doubt a serious purpose to put on all their weapons and "go up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." And in one way—perhaps it is not the way of profound erudition or subtle criticism—they have touched the key of the position. If the world is again to be reconquered to Christianity, it must be by sacrifice and endurance and the courage of their conviction on the part of Christians. It was by such means that paganism was overthrown in the first centuries, and it is these, and not criticism of documents and experiments in physiology, which are needed most in the ranks of those who are enrolled to-day beneath the Christian banner. One is obliged to smile at the Elsmere position, that Christianity never was and never will be more than "a great literary and historical problem, *a question of documents and testimony*"; knowing that if it were that only, it would have been dead before it was fairly born. What one cannot afford to smile at is the easy-going Christian of these latter days who would be at such a sorry pass if summoned by the Apostle's challenge: "Show me thy faith without works." Faith, to be a thing to safely die by, must be a thing to have honestly lived by.

Paul Nugent, to go back to it, is, in the first place, a moderately entertaining English society novel. To speak candidly, we should suppose it likely to give pleasure to a score of ordinary novel-readers where Robert Elsmere succeeded in pleasing one such. This is not to claim for it any special immunity from trashiness, or to find it in any way but that of motive particularly meritorious. It is too carelessly written to stand any sort of comparison with the book which is its objective point of attack, for Mrs. Ward's novel has marked distinction in point of style. Nor is there any character-drawing in it which bears any mea-

surable relation with that devoted to Catherine Elsmere, or Langham, or Rose Leyburn. Paul Nugent is a mere puppet, set up in order that the curate and the doctor may bowl him down—a task which they perform with an ease which makes the result more pleasing than the process was exhausting. The conversations which lead up to his final overthrow are instructive rather than argumentative. But if Paul the Materialist shows a docility a trifle surprising in an atheist known to be so virulent that a whole village stands aloof from him, while his social equals would fain drop him with polite firmness, one remembers that Robert the Christian made not much more fight. He was simply borne down by case after case of German books, whose weight the lay reader was mostly obliged to estimate from their crushing effects upon a very flabby faith. There is little to choose between the two heroes in point of intellectual backbone and original strength of conviction, and a great deal in point of artistic presentment.

Paul is an Oxford man, "one of the first scholars of the day," with an "intellect on which he prided himself more than any other possession," and a personal beauty which is something phenomenal. He falls wildly in love in the first chapter with the blue-eyed, inane, and flirty Perdita Verschoyles, and pursues her with such resistless passion that he forces from her a half-reluctant yes. They marry, and he takes her at once to his ancestral home, "The Thickets," "the only spot on earth where he could be sure of an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* with his lovely wife. Could any folly be greater?"

Apparently not, responds the reader. In less than a month Paul has discovered that he and his wife have not one thought in common, and she, out of sheer *ennui*, has reverted to her maiden ways with any and every available man in the outlying social desert which surrounds "The Thickets." The joint authors here neglect so grossly their first chance to convince Paul of his lack of practical logic that they possibly failed to see it. Since, in his belief, they are both mere lumps of soulless clay, there is injustice in his disdain for his wife's preference for lively society and the small pleasures with which her marriage has so unexpectedly interfered. His own tastes are graver and more conventional, but not more unselfish. "You can't talk of anything but books and politics, and I hate them both," his wife tells him when he remonstrates with her on neglecting all the women in their circle and addressing herself only to the entertainment of the men. "Men have always understood me—women never." In spite of his materialism it seems not to occur to Paul that this

is the nature of Perdita Verschoyles, and that in a world of mere matter nothing can well be more worthy than to act in strict accordance with one's earthly nature. It occurs to him, instead, to be as wrathful and contemptuous as if some higher standard for action than mere impulse, and one to which we are all amenable, did actually exist. The consequence is that Perdita takes to strong drink and stronger flirtations, and dies from an accident when not quite sober. Here ends the Prologue to the novel, leaving Paul once more a free man, but "no nearer to Christianity than he was before Perdita's death."

The next scene opens in "the orthodox village of Elmsfield," where the eccentric will of a lately deceased uncle has made Paul a large landed proprietor with a title, and an obligation to make the place his usual residence. A crafty scheme for his conversion has been hidden under this provision, and to its elucidation the rest of the tale is mainly devoted.

Elmsfield has been converted into a most religious village by the combined efforts of its two curates, the Rev. Herbert Lovel and the Rev. "Charlie" Conway, young gentlemen of the highest Ritualistic type, who are kindly left to their own devices by a rector who spends his large income at "the most delightful places on the Continent." It is, perhaps, needless to say that both of the curates are in love—"Charlie" successfully so with Nellie, the niece of Squire Dashwood, the village magnate, and Lovel less successfully with Maude, his only daughter. A strong attachment exists between the latter pair, however, which it is Lovel's effort to keep as spiritual as possible—enough so, at all events, to prevent Maude from suspecting his real feelings.

"For, even supposing that he wished to give a more mundane turn to the tie that existed between them, he could not do it, for he had bound himself by a vow of celibacy for ten years, and only three of them had already gone by. And perhaps it was better so."

It certainly was better so, if the astute avuncular scheme was to be carried out and this "weighty rejoinder" to *Robert Elsmere* written. Maude Dashwood is the perfection of all that is best and brightest in Ritualistic piety, and when a silent, mutual glance betrayed to her that she loved a materialist and was in turn beloved,

"She buried her secret deep down in her heart, as if it were a crime of which she alone were conscious. She was really aghast, as if she had committed 'the unpardonable sin'; for what could seem worse to a girl brimful of religious devotion than to give her love to a man who denied her God?"

At once she hastens to church, and before the altar, with its "brazen cross set with amethysts," makes a real renunciation, and obtains a real peace. The skilled novel-reader foresees the sequel. The means by which it is attained are of not very great importance.

Maude seems to us a singularly charming and suggestive specimen of what may be expected to issue from an atelier occupied jointly by a Ritualistic parson and a lady novelist. She is a St. Agnes, arrayed now in "a simple black evening dress, which showed off the beauty of her exquisitely moulded neck and shoulders, and the softly rounded arms which might have belonged to an Aphrodite"; now with "the lines of her bodice following those of a perfect figure, her brown hair coiled on the top of her well-shaped head without a jewel or a flower, and the diamond cross, hanging from a solid gold necklet, her only ornament"; now, "in a dark-blue serge which fitted her slight figure to perfection, a sailor hat with an Oxford ribbon, a lace scarf tied carelessly round the smooth round pillar of her throat." The charms of her person and the contents of her wardrobe and jewel-box share the attention of her biographers, and attract that of the curate and the materialist, almost as profoundly as the Christian heroism whose anguish, and courage, and felicitous success they clothe so prettily. Of course she marries Paul after his baptism, having first accepted him "in a white dress and a large hat trimmed with soft white feathers," in which "she looked lovely"; and almost equally of course, Lovel, who performs the ceremony, thinks he will not live very long after it.

To how many Christians of this stamp does it ever occur that it was not to an earthly hell, but to that kingdom of heaven which is within us, that our Lord invited those who were given the faith to "make themselves eunuchs for its sake"? It marks a period of religious decadence when celibacy and virginity have lost their true significance as rewards, and stand only as the mark of painful and heroic sacrifices. "I would that all men were even as myself," wrote St. Paul; and surely not because he was hard-hearted, or considered sacrifice as an end in itself. "There is no man," said our Master, "who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, who shall not receive *in this world an hundred fold*, and in the world to come life everlasting." What if there were more in that promise than "ten-year celibates" have found, or seem likely to find?

The prevailing craze for natural mysticism, which under the various forms of hypnotism, spiritualism, and theosophy is making

protest against the materialism of certain scientists, shows itself as a matter of course in current fiction. *The Soul of Pierre*, Georges Ohnet's latest novel (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.), finds its motive in it—as did that rather clever mixture of real science with fond vagary, Camille Flammarion's *Uranie*, also a recent issue from Cassell's. Ohnet keeps closer to the ground than Flammarion chose to. His reader, who begins by suspecting that he is to be treated to a *bit* of consistently realistic idealism, in which his author will be contented to play, at least, at profound conviction, soon discovers that Ohnet had no real transmigration of Pierre's soul in view, but was treading the old and well-known road known as the power of imagination to kill or cure. Ohnet has something of a reputation for aiming at decorum and decency in his work, and, we suppose, deserves it when one estimates decorum and decency according to more objectionable French standards. But if one selects a less conventional gauge, he falls measurably below it.

So does Pierre Loti, one of whose earliest tales, *Rarahu*, has just been admirably translated by Clara Bell (New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co.) But Loti comes into quite another category than would include Georges Ohnet. There is a subtle grace and a charm about everything from his pen that we have seen, which seize and enchain the imagination. But it is never a wholly salutary spell which they exert—the "trail of the serpent is over it all," faint though its traces be in books like *An Iceland Fisherman*, and *From Lands of Exile*. Rarahu is a little Maori maiden of fourteen who "goes to the Protestant missionary church at Popeete every Sunday," and with whom the hero, Harry Grant, an English midshipman, renamed "Loti" to suit the Polynesian throats which found the harsh English consonants impossible, contracts a "marriage," with the consent of her relatives and by the advice of Queen Pomaié.

"I need hardly say that the queen, who was a very judicious and sensible woman, did not mean a marriage according to European laws, a bond for life. She was very indulgent to the manners and customs of her people, though she often did her best to reform them and bring them into closer conformity with Christian principles. It was only a Tahitian marriage which she proposed to me. I had no very real motive for resisting her majesty's wish, and little Rarahu of Apiré was a sweet person."

Every charm of language and description, including that of a reticence which having once been frank about the actual fact is content to leave it, is thrown about this situation. The day comes when the ship sails away, carrying with it the "husband"

who tries to persuade his broken-hearted "wife" to be faithful to him, in the hope of reunion in a future life which her union with him has sapped her original belief in. Her grief is great, so is Loti's; but, as he hears in Regent Street some three years later,

"in six months she went to live with a young French officer whose passion for her was quite out of the common; he was jealous even of your memory. She was still known as Loti's little wife."

This story brings to mind a question lately addressed to the present talker apropos of François Coppée's *Henriette*, briefly mentioned in this magazine some few months since: "Why characterize as 'pernicious' a tale so charmingly written, so full of truth to human nature in by no means its worst aspect, so pathetic in its close, and, for that matter, so religious? Is not the priest called in at the end, and does not the sinner die repentant?"

Well, grant, as we do, that the priest gives but one added touch of truth to nature, yet the priest who listens to a story of wrong-doing and forgives it in the name of God, differs in one most obvious way from the novelist. He listens and keeps silence. That is his affair. But the affair of Coppée in this novel was to elaborate details, and cast the charm of his art about one of those sins which, St. Paul reminds us, ought not so much as to be named among Christians. And the sinners are both of them Christians who know better. He paints vice as if under given circumstances it might be as much nobler a thing than virtue, as it is an easier one. And the more charmingly that sort of thing is done, the more pernicious it becomes. The poison in *Henriette* would go farther toward corrupting innocent souls than that of a dozen books like *The Ragpicker of Paris*. That it is true to nature is, under the circumstances, but one reason the more for putting it out of the reach of those who are consciously seeking a supernatural end by supernatural means.

Bret Harte's last story, *A Waif of the Plains* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a very good book for boys. His young hero, who comes first into view in an emigrant wagon on "The Great Plains" at the age of eleven, and passes out of sight four or five years later from the parlor of a Jesuit college in San José, shows now and again a slight family likeness to David Copperfield, but is none the worse for that. He is innocent, courageous, truthful, and high-minded, and has plenty of adventures on the plains. The sketch of Father Sobriente is pleasant.

With the Best Intentions, a Midsummer Episode, by Marion Harland, is reprinted by Charles Scribner's Sons from its author's magazine, *The Home-Maker*, in which it is still running as a serial. It is most lady-like in style and construction, and besides delineating with considerable skill and veracity a well-known type of too-conscious virtue in Clara Morgan, it abounds with geographical, historical, and other useful information. We hardly know which we admire most in that lovely and injured innocent, Mrs. Dumaresque—her beauty, her taste in dress, her charity, her wit, her encyclopedic knowledge, or her "talent for recitation." It must have been a great treat to hear and see her do "Curfew must not Toll To-night" in the parlor of the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island—or was it "Lasca"? This is the way it was:

"As the regal figure stepped again upon the improvised dais at the head of the great room, silence that could be felt descended upon the crowd. Before she uttered a word, she had passed in spirit away from sight and sound of her audience. The wistful eyes looked over and beyond the sea of heads to snowy-browed Sierras, her nostrils dilated slightly, and lips parted to inhale breezes wild with the sweep across a hundred leagues of treeless prairie."

To quote Clara Morgan, this "must have been intensely scenic"!

A most interesting and delightful book, and one which we should be glad to see put to use as a reader in the upper classes of our convent and collegiate schools, is a reprint of some papers on natural history, by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, have just issued it under the title of *Science and Scientists*. Father Gerard is a Stonyhurst Jesuit whose articles on topics similar to those treated in this volume have often given us a singular pleasure in the pages of *The Month*. His style has a lucidity, a lightness and firmness of touch, and a suavity of tone which wonderfully adorn the subject he is otherwise so well qualified to handle. George Eliot pronounced the book which upset her belief in Christianity "full of wit," because it gave her "that exquisite laughter which comes from the exercise of the reasoning faculties." We get a similar gratification from these essays of Father Gerard's, which bring theory and assumption to the simple test of the unaided eye and ear of whomsoever will look attentively at the work going on in the ordinary workshops of nature, her fields, hedgerows, and running waters. His object has been to subject to their own test, and to destroy by means of it, the popular expositions of the evolutionary theory made by such writers as Mr. Grant Allen,

who undertake to demonstrate to the unlearned the absence from the universe of what has been known, at all events since Paley's time, as design and contrivance. To our notion he has accomplished his purpose with admirable skill, and something more than that. He is not merely convincing but entertaining as well, and to a high degree. Of the half-dozen essays of which the present volume is composed there is not one which is not a model of easy, unconstrained, and yet scholarly English, as well as a repertory of first-hand observation, good-tempered logic, and telling facts.

M. H. Gill & Son (Dublin) send us a new edition, in paper covers, of Mr. John James Piatt's *At the Holy Well, with A Handful of New Verses.* We are glad to see it so soon attain the honors of a reprint. The first edition was noticed in this magazine when it came out, some two years since.

The new story-teller, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has gained his vogue in a way which is speedy but not astonishing. Of the volume called *Forty Tales from the Hills* (New York: J. S. Ogilvie), there is nothing to be compared in point of construction and finish to the "Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," which made its first appearance in *Macmillan's.* But even taken by themselves, and without any acquaintance with that most amusing and fantastic tale, there is quite enough in them to mark a new man and to inspire the hope that his pen may not soon run dry. Still, the longer story is needed to correct the impression of entire artlessness made by the slighter sketches. It seems at first glance as if any one of half a dozen *raconteurs* of one's acquaintance might reel off their like at a moment's notice. They sound as unliterary and as devoid of any effort or pretence as the whinny of a horse. One inclines to believe that the novelty of scene and subject is all, or mainly all, that gives them their unique flavor. But Mr. Kipling's equipment is not so narrow. In a late *Lippincott* he showed himself capable of touching with singular suggestiveness and effect that difficult subject, the supernatural. And then his people are thoroughly alive. Will any one who has once caught sight of Private Mulvaney in the pink silk palanquin lining, tooting celestial melodies to the praying queens at Benares, ever be likely to forget him? Graceless scallawags as they are, and as unfit, being private soldiers in the British army, for admittance "to the outer door-mats of decent society," Mr. Kipling's three friends have a suspicion of immortality about them which suggests kinship with that other long-lived trio, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. Still, perhaps we should not recommend their acquaintance to the fastidious.

THE KINDLY LIGHT.

"The path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forwards and increaseth even perfect day."—Prov. iv. 18.

I saw a Kindly Light stream upward at the Dawn;
And souls, awakened by its gladd'ning rays of hope,
Beheld the night of doubt, with gloom encircled, flee.
Though as at some far distance, then that Light revealed
Truth's own pure form, erewhile by mists of pride disguised,
Now calling with courageous voice and beck'ning smile
To pass o'er moor and fen, o'er torrent and steep crag,
Up to the lofty plain of heaven-illumined faith.
How happy they who answering saw the leading Light
And sought the way that "brightens to the perfect day"!

I saw the Kindly Light at Mid-day; and behold!
A show'r of jewelled rays fell sparkling o'er the fields
Whose furrows told where Truth's broad ploughshare and the feet
Of those who sow Truth's seed had passed. The puissant gleam
Shed all around a wealth of warmth and quick'ning strength,
Assuring a rich harvest. But, with scorching heat,
It blazed upon and shrivelled all sham fruits to dust.
Swift as the lightning's stroke and keen as Damask blade,
Its brilliant shafts pierced through the boastful lie, which shrank
Unnerved and shamed to show its face against the sun.
Alone to eyes diseased by their own lusts and pride
This Kindly Light unkindly and unwelcome proved.
Yet, nobly tender and, as sheen of moonbeam, chaste,
Stooped low and, temp'ring its strong glance, soothed weary hearts;
And leading faltering steps o'er rough and thorny ground
Made smooth the way that "brightens to the perfect day."

I saw the passing of the Kindly Light at Eve;
And lo! the gracious Beam, its radiant course complete
And thick bestrewn with brilliant trophies of its pow'r,
Now, master of its day, sought tranquil, full-earned rest,
As sinks the wearied sun on couch, no less a throne
Of gorgeous splendor, in his royal purple clad,
Casting a ruddy glow o'er all th' admiring world.

Then I, and yet not I alone, with eyes upturned
Unto the love-sought West—the goal of faith and hope—
Gazed wond'ringly upon the brilliant halo that bedecked
The Christian sky; as full of kindness as of light.
No one so high, no one so low, if friend or foe,
Whose heart now warmed not 'neath its calm, benignant rays.
So, for a long, last, glorious hour, we ling'ring stood
Entranced and awed. Still gazing, heavenly strains were heard
As signal of the end; but not an end in night.
The smiles of long-loved angel faces ushered in
Another Morn; and, though to our dull sight it waned,
The Kindly Light passed bright'ning to its Perfect Day.*

ALFRED YOUNG.

* "I hear the music of heaven; all is sunshine." The last words of Cardinal Newman.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of The Catholic World:

The article in the April number of The Catholic World entitled "The Use of the English Language in Catholic Public Worship," by George H. Howard, pleased me very much. At the same time I was surprised that the writer should timidly think the novelty of his suggestions could arouse opposition or unfavorable criticism. For in almost all the children's Masses in the German churches (and the German priest invariably insists that all school children shall attend Mass every morning during the session) the bi-lingual service is conducted more or less in the manner suggested, except that, instead of literal translations of the Mass prayers, other suitable prayers are often used. I myself should prefer literal translations. The children sing and pray alternately. The same practice is usually observed at First Communions, and when sodalities make their Communion in a body; and this at the regular Masses for the congregation on Sundays. The Germans have never feared, never thought of, any incongruity, or anything against the spirit of Catholic faith, in this old custom.

So, also, at public adorations (as the Forty Hours or others) the priest simply makes and gives out the regulation for the day, assigning for the children, or the different societies, the several hours of the day for adoration; and one of the lay-people takes the lead in prayer, making the selection of suitable prayers, litanies, and hymns as he thinks best. In this way there is a constant supply of adorers with a quasi-public prayer. The zeal, heartiness, and force with which German Catholics engage in the Forty Hours' Devotion is no doubt attributable, very largely, to the congregational and responsive nature of the prayers employed, and the singing in unison of appropriate, familiar, and favorite hymns. I have never seen such heartiness and devotion at that service among English-speaking Catholics in this country, where no organized effort at worship is attempted, and the poor attendance, as compared with that in the German churches, must also be attributed to the want of such effort.

I have never seen such a service as the writer suggests practised regularly on Sundays; and it would seem that for grown-up people the individual, silent prayer is preferred on ordinary Sundays. On Sundays a great many who do not go to church on other days have private and individual needs and exercises during holy Mass. Some prepare for confession, others for Communion; they desire special prayers, and would feel embarrassed in joining in prayers with others. Surely, there are some, not a few, who generally prefer private prayer. But on more solemn occasions, as when a society communicates in a body, there is a greater common interest, the members feel more closely drawn together, and even the congregation at large is more in sympathy with them than on other days. So at Forty Hours' Devotion, the main and unique object is the praise and glory of the Blessed Sacrament; and even then there should be left free considerable time for individual inclination.

The Catholic Church stands more on a democratic than on a republican platform. The centralization is more perfectly formed and forcibly expressed in the general exterior government; but in detail the church always allows us great liberty of individual action. *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in*

omnibus charitas. This is the cause why the church, so strong in a strict unity, shows such great variety in ways and means, and in the application of stern principles.

I think no special approbation of the bishop would be necessary, but that any priest might put in practice the service suggested in the article. But if the bishops would take the matter in hand, and recommend the practice, and perhaps give some plan for it (for such a service undoubtedly should have the important advantage of uniformity), such official sanction would be all-important.

Chicago, Ill. A Western Priest.

We must request the members of the Columbian Reading Union to wait till our next issue for their usual instalment of correspondence and information.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHAT SHALL OUR CHILDREN READ? Report of Special Committee on Reading, New York State Teachers' Association, Forty-fifth Annual Convention.

Within the brief space of the pamphlet before us is compressed much of interest both to admirers and detractors of the public-school system. It contains a confession of failure which, coming from the upholders of the system, is worth more than tons of diatribe and argument from its opponents. Its enemies are left wordless and agape when its friends admit, as does this report: "It is no exaggeration to say that to-day the ordinary public-school course leaves the child without literary taste or ambition, misses the very idea of mental culture, and thus robs him of much of the happiness of life."

The Special Committee calls the attention of the association to two points, one being the unlimited opportunity a teacher possesses of cultivating in children "a sound literary taste, from the very beginning of school-life"; the other, as the report words it, "*our utter and complete failure, both as individuals and associations, properly to utilize our unrivalled opportunities for doing such work.*"

The italics are ours, given most willingly to the committee as the visible sign of our sincere approbation of its honesty in, at last, admitting what we could have told committee and association long ago. Literary culture, in the public schools, has never been a growth. It has been an ingenious system of boosting by which the pupils have been gradually shoved, and pushed, and tugged up to a bird's-eye view (grammatical, rhetorical, or elocutionary, never ethical or critical) of the world's literary masterpieces.

Let us hear the committee. It proclaims: "The question is a serious one. . . . Its discussion embraces not only the subject of mental culture, but also the entire moral and spiritual training that our schools, as at present constituted, can give."

Pending the time when the child's "entire moral and spiritual training" will not be quite synonymous with the good or bad course of literature pursued, let us hope that the literary training in the public schools will become the active, arousing, and developing force in the moulding of character that such training ought to be.

To attain this desirable consummation the Teachers' Association has resolved to appoint a permanent committee on literature, whose duties will be "to prepare suitable lists of proper reading matter for children, to prepare and circulate leaflets on reading for the young, to review current juvenile works, and to aid, in every way, this association in its efforts to cultivate in our young people the taste for the reading of good literature."

It is a significant fact that the association aims at doing for the pupils of the public schools what, for more than a year, the Columbian Reading Union has been accomplishing for American Catholics, children and adults. Those of our people who need to have the merits of their own undertakings pointed out to them, for their recognition and encouragement, by non-Catholics, will, we hope, realize more clearly and more cordially the need filled by the Columbian Union, now that they can perceive that its work is being achieved in parallel lines with that to be undertaken by the committee organized by the Teachers' Association.

CARMEL IN AMERICA. A Centennial History of the Discalced Carmelites in the United States. By Rev. Charles Warren Currier, C.SS.R. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

There is probably no religious community in our country whose history is more interesting than that of the Carmelite Sisters. They established the first convent of religious women in the United States. Shortly after the Revolution a number of devout Catholics of Maryland petitioned the Rev. Mother of the English Teresian Convent at Antwerp for a new foundation of their order in our midst. The strongest argument that could be adduced for this project was that put forth at the time by Rev. Ignatius Mathews, an American priest: "Now is the time to found in this country, for peace is declared and religion is free." The funds necessary for the undertaking were furnished in part by devout Catholics in Europe, the most generous offering being from M. de Villegas d'Estainbourg, a member of the Grand Council of Brussels, the rest coming from American families, mostly relatives and friends of the members of the new community, among whom was Rev. Charles Neale, who from his patrimony purchased the land for the convent and assisted in the erection of the buildings.

The year 1790 saw the Order of St. Teresa established on an old and valuable estate near Port Tobacco, Charles County, Md. The four members of this infant community proved themselves to be heroic and saintly women, whose names deserve to remain on our religious annals for all time. The Rev. Mother was Clare Joseph Dickenson, an English lady who had left her country and entered the English convent at Antwerp. The others were Sister Bernardina Teresa Xavier Mathews, and her two nieces, Sister Mary Eleanora Mathews and Sister Mary Aloysia Mathews, all natives of Maryland who had gone to Europe to become Carmelites. Mother Clare Joseph governed the community for thirty years, and at her death left an American Carmel in a prosperous condition.

A century has passed, and now there are three flourishing communities of Carmelites in the United States, one in each of the cities of Baltimore, St. Louis, and New Orleans. Their roll of membership contains, we might almost say, a list of saints. The very choicest vocations have been vouchsafed to them from heaven. It is well known how from time to time society has been startled by what was thought an impossible sacrifice, when some lady favored with beauty and fortune took the veil within their cloister. Their prayers and holy examples, furthermore, have led countless souls in the world to seek and follow the counsels of perfection in various religious communities. Bishops in whose dioceses they live have looked upon them as their strongest support before the court of heaven. Priests and religious—particularly the Jesuits, Sulpitians, and Redemptorists—have looked up to them and continually sought a share in their fervent petitions. The Paulists feel especially grateful for the prayers which the Carmelites have offered for them as a body and individually, and for the success of their missionary labors.

As soon as Father Currier's book came upon our table it was eagerly sought for and read. He has written in a clear and wholly unaffected style, and, what is very meritorious in a historian, kept the order of events unbroken, so that they can be easily followed. We admire, especially, his simple description of the virtues of the different sisters of whom he separately treats.

CONFERENCES OF AGOSTINO DA MONTEFELTRO. Delivered in Rome during Lent, 1889. Translated from the Italian by Dalby Galli. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Bros.

Every age has its characteristic preachers, and the present has in Padre

Agostino one of its representatives. A great authority on pulpit oratory has said that successful preaching depends, first, on the personality of the preacher, and, secondly, on the matter of the sermon. As regards the former, it may be said that these discourses reveal a man whose character compels admiration; his thoughts are evidently the sincere convictions of his mind; no one can suspect otherwise. That faith which enlightens and enlarges the understanding makes his arguments clear and irresistible, while his heroic life of religious observance and labor among the neglected ones of Christ's fold attracts vast numbers to the service of God. He is known to be an active doer as well as a faithful preacher of the Word. Of the matter of his sermons it may be remarked, that he has invariably chosen subjects which are practical, and in another would perhaps be called very commonplace, but he has invested them with such realism and life that they impress his hearers as forcibly as if they were just newly discovered.

His style is not the dull, traditionary, but the lively, epigrammatic; and his comparisons and illustrations are not drawn from modes of thought that are past and gone, but from the current ideas of men.

We think this little volume of sermons of priceless value.

SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. With two courses of Lenten Sermons and a Triduum for the Forty Hours. By Rev. Julius Pottgeisser, S.J. Translated by Rev. James Conway, S.J. (Two vols.) New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The author of these sermons is a distinguished priest of the Society of Jesus who spent many years in giving missions and retreats, and who in his latter years divided his time between prayer, contemplation, and the preparation of these volumes for the press. Ripe with experience and assisted by the Divine Spirit, he did a work with his pen which will leave his name in benediction among priests and people who read these discourses. They have already been widely circulated and unanimously praised by German-speaking Catholics, and English-speaking Catholics—particularly priests—will fully appreciate their worth. We most heartily thank the zealous translator and the enterprising publishers for giving us this valuable work in our own tongue.

ABRIDGED SERMONS FOR ALL SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

These are sermons adapted to general use both by missionaries and the parochial clergy, going over the subjects of the usual Sunday routine and the various topics for extraordinary seasons of devotion. They are the productions of one of the most powerful preachers whom the Spirit of God ever gave to the church, and bear the impress of natural genius as well as of extraordinary supernatural gifts.

As indicated by the word *abridged* in the title, the reader is here given only the substance of the discourses, but that is amply sufficient to give the characteristics both of style and matter. Under the head of "Instructions to Preachers" the saint gives, by way of introduction, an excellent summary of the rules of sacred eloquence, drawn from a thorough knowledge of the classical models of both pagan and Christian eloquence, and especially resulting from more than half a century of incessant public speaking by the great missionary himself. Every

word of this introductory part of the work might be profitably learned by heart by beginners in that public vocation which is the foremost method of spreading the light and holiness of Christ among men.

Natural Religion. From the *Apologie des Christenthums* of Franz Hettinger, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Würzburg. Edited, with an introduction on Certainty, by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Before Dr. Hettinger's *Natural Religion* was placed in our hands for notice we had read the last two chapters of his work, entitled "God and Man" and "The End of Man." The impression left on us was that here is wonderfully good reading for educated laymen. It was with some satisfaction, when we came to a more complete and serious study of the work, that we found the author's preface to state that some of the conferences "were also delivered to large audiences of educated laity." With the greater diffusion of a knowledge of philosophy, made possible by a more extended course of philosophy in Catholic institutions for higher education, has come the appreciation and study of just such works as Dr. Hettinger's *Natural Religion*. A good education must direct the thought and study of Catholic laymen to a more scientific investigation of what are termed questions of the day—materialism, evolution, pantheism, Darwinism—questions which may be discussed in the light of reason alone. To such as find pleasure and profit in the study of these questions, and also to those who by virtue of their profession must needs be posted—in fact, to every layman who aims at a finished education and would be able to hold his own in the field of contemporary religious and ethical discussion, Dr. Hettinger's book will be found most acceptable. The questions treated are: Doubt in Religion; The three Orders of Truth; God, His Existence and Essence; Materialism; Pantheism; Soulless Man; Man, Body and Soul; God and Man; End of Man.

It were impossible in a notice like the present to give any adequate idea of the method in which the writer discusses his subjects, much less to show his research and profound learning displayed. However, some notion of both may be formed by reproducing here a summary of that portion of Chapter iv. which treats of Darwinism. In this chapter Dr. Hettinger devotes some fourteen pages to Darwin, treating of Objections to Darwinism; Absence of transitional forms; Fixity of species; Identity of primitive and existing types; Sudden appearance of new groups of species; Variations of type limited and determined; Survival of the lowest organisms; Mutual completion of exemplars and species; Various species in the same locality, and the same species in various localities; Morphological qualities unsusceptible of change, functional the reverse; Uninherited peculiarities; Neuter ants; Higher instincts in lower organized animals; Different instincts in similar organisms, and *vice versa*; Independent formation of species and organs. When we state that use is made of over two hundred authors either by direct quotation or by reference, one may form some notion of the immense learning of the author.

The work contains a little less than three hundred pages, and has been edited with great care and exactness by Father Bowden, whose excellent essay on "Certainty," which precedes the subject-matter of the work, will aid very materially in its better understanding and appreciation. The translation is well done, the style being plain and direct. The work is copiously indexed by chapters and on the margin, and at the end of the volume there is an index of authors and quotations. Father Bowden tells us in his preface that Dr. Hettinger died while

the English version of *Natural Religion* was in press, and thus beautifully refers to the fact: "Whilst this version was preparing for press the author of the *Apologie* reached the term of his pilgrimage. . . . Gifted and learned, yet single-minded, humble, and warm-hearted, Franz von Hettinger stood out to do battle for the faith like some well-appointed knight of old, and he died lance in hand, as the knight of old hoped to die, for God and his church. Our loss is, then, we trust, his gain, for they that are learned as he was 'shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity (Daniel xii. 3)."

MAY BLOSSOMS. By Lillian. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A pretty volume of seventy-five poems by a child, but not at all a collection of childish poetry. We are assured in the preface, and as a special "index of ages" points out, several of the little author's effusions were dictated by her before she could read or write. They are all composed between the ages of seven and thirteen, the largest number are credited to the ages of nine and eleven. Moreover they are given without correction or change, and evidence on every page the truth of the saying: *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*

These verses are chiefly poetic descriptions of the beauties of nature as the child-author saw them in field and garden, in the forest or by the sea-shore, in winter and summer; in praise of her pet birds, cat and cow, etc. All are readable, singularly correct in their rhythm and in the variety of their metrical forms. A few poems show her Catholic faith and devotional spirit. This would be an excellent work to go upon the catalogue of gift books and convent prizes.

THE LEADING FACTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By D. H. Montgomery. Boston: Ginn & Co.

If ever there was a giant in intellect, heroism, and piety, that one was Christopher Columbus. For him, whether intentionally or not, Mr. Montgomery has put forward a puny-souled dwarf. The best he can say of him is in a foot-note quotation from Walckenaer. And here is his epitome of the man the world is about to celebrate: "Christopher Columbus, with Marco Polo and Alexander the Great, have contributed the most to the progress of geography." Taken in conjunction with the consistent belittling of Columbus, it is hard to acquit Mr. Montgomery of malice in his relation of the infamous fable of the tearing out of tongues and the one hundred lashes. It is true, the author acknowledges it to be false that Columbus commanded any such atrocities; but if false, why put the fable into a book of "Leading Facts"? We should hope that Mr. Montgomery has some veneration for the man who gave a greater world to a lesser, but he certainly has managed to conceal it in *Leading Facts.*

We sincerely congratulate the author on his chapters concerning the Puritan Pilgrims of Massachusetts and the Catholic Pilgrims of Maryland. In both instances he has endeavored to be just, and in great part he has succeeded. If he has been rather tolerant of the intolerance of the Puritan, he has not been chary in his praise of the wonderful tolerance and whole-souled hospitality the Maryland Catholics displayed towards their bitterest enemies. Neither has he failed to sound some of the praises due to the noble band of French Jesuits "who braved all dangers; enduring hunger, cold, and torture without a murmur in their zeal for the conversion of the Indians."

So used are we to misleading histories of the Revolution that we are not surprised that Mr. Montgomery's narration of *Facts* is so largely the relation of

New England facts and fancies. We refer to the belief, more or less prevalent, that the war for independence had its origin in Massachusetts and received its chief support from New England. The truth is, that not only sections of New England but of Pennsylvania, and to a certain extent of New York, were hotbeds of Toryism. The aid given the colonies by Catholic France is referred to; that of Catholic Spain finds no mention in this compilation of *facts*. The Boston "Tea-party" is given its usual prominence, the Annapolis "Tea-party" and the burning of the *Peggy Stewart* are not mentioned.

In his relation of the chief events of the Civil War the author gives the strongest evidence of a wish to be just to the South and to the North, to tell nothing but the truth, to hurt the feelings of no man.

CATHOLIC JEWELS FROM SHAKESPEARE. Selected by Percy Fitzgerald. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This small volume may well be commended to those who have doubts as to the Catholicity of Shakespeare. And that other class, were it possible for them to step from the narrow grooves they have roughened out for themselves, who doubt or deny the spirituality of this great teacher of spiritual things, might read these *Catholic Jewels* with profit to their souls. We do not think it requires a great temerity to assert, what can be readily proved, that the spirituality of Shakespeare's writings is surpassed only in the inspired books and the writings of the saints and servants of God. It would be a curious study to learn how much of the growing distaste of atheists and materialists for Shakespeare is due to his prominently Christian attitude, the word Christian being used as synonymous with Catholic.

Shakespeare is an ever-living reproach to those who would deny God a place in literature. They seem to be unaware that there has never been a literature worthy the name that has not had a God for its theme. And the greater a literature the more largely has it dealt in the supernatural. To strike the supernatural out of the literatures of Greece and Rome would be to destroy them. Strike out God from our own literature, and we should have the same result. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has but added to the debt the literary public owes it by printing Mr. Fitzgerald's selection of *Catholic Jewels from Shakespeare*.

THE LIFE OF SAINT PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND With a Preliminary Account of the sources of the Saint's History. By William Bullen Morris, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Fourth Edition. London: Burns & Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This remarkable work has already been noticed in our pages. In the present edition it is much altered in form and dimensions, and the introduction rewritten. Were it not for the reverence inspired by the learned author's humility, a smile would be aroused at being told that he awaits the verdict of the benevolent reader with trepidation. There can be but one opinion of the work among men of literary taste, and that is the opinion we expressed, and which is coincident with every one of the numerous reviews of the book, that "Father Morris has produced the best life of St. Patrick yet written." While it is a work of solid biographical character, it is at the same time as interesting as one of the great novels, and as a historical study it is a model. The style is excellent, and the English exceptionally beautiful. Too much praise cannot be given to the author's treatment of the miracles of St. Patrick.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE Publisher knew in many ways that last month was August, but better even than by the thermometer was it evident from the size of his daily mail. August is a month of lessened business activity, and so if the mail was light and the payment of bills had more of the character of scattered firing than a lively fusillade it was not abnormal, even if it was inconvenient. The inconvenience was by no means slight, however, for the Publisher has to meet his bills in August just as in January, even though his receipts so widely differ in these months. This is said in reply to some of our friends who were inclined to think us too persistent during the past month. Such people forget that THE CATHOLIC WORLD is not published to make money, and is, therefore, without capital to sustain it: its continuance and prosperity depend upon the *regular and prompt* payment of subscription bills.

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With September, however, business revives, and the Publisher looks forward to a share in the activity that follows the August heats. He would again remind the friends of the magazine that upon their good will and practical interest in its welfare must the chief reliance of the Publisher be placed if the aims of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are to be realized. Don't forget that every one of our readers is invited to send us names for sample copies. It may not always and in every case secure a subscriber, but it will do good, and often in a way one little suspects.

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As an example of this the Publisher takes the liberty of reproducing a part of a private letter received during the past month:

"The remarks by the Publisher in the August CATHOLIC WORLD encourage me to acknowledge my own debt to that publication 'in its cultivation of the truth.'

"The January number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for 1889, sent to me by a friend, a convert, found me an agnostic who from recent experiences was ready, as never before, for the truth

of God. It was the beginning of a course of Catholic reading which in a little more than three months caused my reception into the Church. . . . I have taken THE CATHOLIC WORLD since last September. . . . With a grateful heart I wish it prosperity."

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Such a letter is most encouraging to those who are engaged in the labor of realizing the object of this magazine, and fortunately, even though many are reluctant to speak of such experiences, the letter cited above is not an isolated instance of the good work begun or supplemented by THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In that good work every subscriber has a share. Don't forget that. Your support is a very "efficient cause" of the good to be accomplished.

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While encouraging our friends to greater activity, we have not in the meantime been idle ourselves. You were urged to look to this department for news of important changes in the magazine. It gives us great pleasure to announce that with the next issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the magazine will be sixteen pages larger in the future; and as there are many of our readers who complain of the small type used in certain departments, the whole magazine will hereafter be printed in uniform type. The added pages will not be devoted to any special department, unless in time it should become evident that a number of our readers would so desire it. For the present, at least, these pages will be taken up with short and pithy comments on current events that have a bearing on the questions usually discussed in the magazine, and short papers of a character such as those published hitherto under the department of "With Readers and Correspondents."

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This "new departure" will inaugurate the fifty second volume of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We are grateful for the support that made this increase in size possible and practicable, and we trust that with a larger magazine, it will improve in every good quality it has possessed hitherto, and will double the number of its present subscribers within—well, a reasonable time.

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The Catholic Publication Society Co. has issued, in conjunction with Messrs. Burns & Oates of London:

A History of the Passion: being the Gospel Narrative of the Sufferings of Jesus Christ and the Dolors of Mary. With notes and comments. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist.

They have also in preparation and will issue shortly:

Peter's Rock in Mahommed's Flood. By T. W. Allies. This will be the seventh and concluding volume of his great work on the *Formation of Christendom.*

A new edition of Moehler's *Symbolism*, in two vols.

A new edition of Père Grou's *Interior of Jesus and Mary.*

An Intermediate Grammar and Analysis. This text-book, bound in cloth, will be the cheapest Grammar at present on the market, the introduction price in schools being 12½ cents a copy.

Mary in the Epistles; or, The Implicit Teaching of the Apostles concerning the Blessed Virgin set forth in devout comments on their writings. Illustrated from the Fathers and prefaced by an introduction from the pen of the Rev. T. Livius, C.SS.R.

Meditations on the Gospels for every day in the year. By the Rev. P. Médaille. A new edition enlarged by the Besançon missionaries. Translated from the French, and edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J.

Benziger Bros. announce an important work, to be ready some time in September:

De Philosophia Morali Prælectiones, in Collegio Georgeopolitano habitæ anno 1890, a P. N. Russo, S.J. 8vo, half leather, net $2.

Macmillan & Co. announce for early publication the first volume of Prof. Alfred Marshall's *Principles of Economics;*

A new volume of stories by Rudyard Kipling, and a reprint in attractive form, from the Collected Works of Edward Fitzgerald, of his famous version of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation the third volume of McMasters'

History of the People of the United States. In this volume the author treats of that period of our history embraced between the Louisiana purchase and the conclusion of the War of 1812.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

ÉTUDES SUR L'AVENIR DE L'ÉGLISE CATHOLIQUE SELON LE PLAN DIVIN OU LA RÉGÉNÉRATION DE L'HUMANITÉ ET LA RÉNOVATION DE L'UNIVERS. Par l'Abbé E. A. Chabauty, chanoine honoraire de Poitiers et d'Angoulême. Tome I. Poitiers: Oudin & Cie.

REFERENCE HANDBOOK FOR READERS, STUDENTS, AND TEACHERS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By E. H. Gurney. Boston: Ginn & Co.

VEN. P. LUDOVICI DE PONTE, S. J. MEDITATIONES, de novo editæ cura Aug. Lehmkuhl, S.J. Pars V., Pars VI. Friburg in Brisgau and St. Louis: Herder & Co.

PLAIN SERMONS ON THE FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By the Rev. R. D. Browne. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

MAXIMS AND COUNSELS OF ST. PHILIP NERI. Arranged for Every Day in the Year. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

VERSES AND A SKETCH. By John Acton. Philadelphia: Billstein & Son.

THE NINE WORLDS. Stories from Norse Mythology. By Mary E. Litchfield. Boston and London: Ginn & Co.

TURF-FIRE STORIES AND FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND. By Barry O'Connor. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

STATEMENT OF THE CHIEF GRIEVANCES OF IRISH CATHOLICS IN THE MATTER OF EDUCATION, PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND UNIVERSITY. By the Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; M. H. Gill & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

PAMPHLETS.

THE ETHICAL PROBLEM. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE KING'S PEACE AND THE ENGLISH LOCAL PEACE-MAGISTRACY. By George E. Howard, Professor of History in the University of Nebraska.

EVOLUTION OF THE UNIVERSITY. First Annual Address before the Alumni Association of the University of Nebraska, June 11, 1889. By George E. Howard, Professor of History in the University of Nebraska. Lincoln: Published by the Association.

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